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# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME LV  
JANUARY-JUNE



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SCRIBNER'S  
MAGAZINE

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME IX  
JANUARY-JUNE

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*Drawn by W. J. Aylward.*

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## SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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NO. 1

## STUDENT SONG

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THEY say that at the core of it  
This life is all regret;  
But we've scarce yet learned the lore of it,  
We're only youngsters yet.  
We only ask some more of it, some more of it,  
We only ask some more of it  
—The less we're like to get!

Though ill may be the close of it,  
It's fair enough at morn;  
And the manner to dispose of it  
Is just to pluck the rose of it  
When first the rose is born.  
Is first to pluck the rose of it, the rose of it, the rose of it,  
Is just to pluck the rose of it,  
The de'il may take the thorn!

The opinions of the old of it  
Depict a doleful land;  
For the guide-books that are sold of it,  
The ill that we are told of it,  
Would make Columbus stand.  
But come let's take a hold of it, a hold of it, a hold of it,  
But come let's take a hold of it  
With Alexander's hand.

When sages call the roll of it  
How sad their looks appear!  
But there's fire in every coal of it  
And hope is in the soul of it  
And never a word of fear.  
So love we then the whole of it, the whole of it, the whole of it,  
So love we then the whole of it  
For as long as we are here.

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# MAJE: A LOVE STORY

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

"In dreams she grows not older,  
The lands of dream among,  
Though all the world wax colder,  
Though all the songs be sung,  
In dreams doth he behold her,  
Still fair and kind and young."

—ANDREW LANG.



HERCULES!"

His eyes shone with an unaccustomed light, and his stride was elastic as he came out on the long, rickety portico, on whose bottom step Hercules stood waiting for him. His speech was that of the centurion.

"Hercules, get my portmanteau out of the closet, and put my white shirts in it. Put in at least half a dozen. Take the clothes-brush, and dust off my broadcloth suit. Get my Wellington boots from behind the bed and black them!"

"What dat you say do, Maje?"

"I want my pleated shirts put in the portmanteau, and my black broadcloth suit dusted. And I want my boots blacked."

Maje's wishes were repeated in a high-keyed voice that betokened excitement. A burst of loud laughter came in response to the speech.

"Jes lissen at him now! His completed shirts, an' his broadclop suit! An' his boots behine de bed!"

"Maje, you know you ain't got no completed shirts. All de shirts you's got is hickory ones, like dat one you got on yo' back; an' two o' dem is in de tub from lars' week. You ax Faus'. She got 'em."

The voice of Maje's interlocutor waned from an unrestrained accent of amusement, as at the antics of a little child, to a softer note that was conciliatory and coaxing.

"You go and do what I tell you," responded Maje. "Don't you stand there talking back to me, you black rascal!"

"Dus' yo' broadclop suit! Well, well, well, an' sho' enuf! Black yo' Wellin'ton boots! Tooby sho', tooby sho'! Now,

Maje, honey, lissen! Don't you know you ain't had on dat suit sence de man come here wid de wagon-load o' vittles what yo' ma sont back? Maje, de moths is done corrupted dem clo'es 'twel dey ain't nothin' but holes in 'em."

A cloud came over Maje's withered countenance.

"An' dem boots? Dey ain't been no boot, nur shoe nuther, blacked in dis here house for thirty year. But dem Wellin'tons sho'ly did have a shine on 'em dat mornin' when de man come here, an' mis' she put on her rustlin' robe o' silk an' trail' down fur ter see him. Don't you remembrance it, Maje? She made me shine dem boots dat day, while she kep' de man an' his ambylance waitin', untwel a rooster could ha' sho' nuf seed hisse'f in 'em, like dat chicken dat was on de blackin' box top."

The cloud vanished from Maje's brow. A vision arose in the little man's memory of a day in the far past, when the spot on which he stood was in the enemy's country. He was convalescing from his last wound at the time,—a time when things were drawing to a climax in the South. It was a wound in the arm, and not so dangerous as that which had left its visible and ineffaceable scar there above his left eye. Hercules was right. At his mother's request he had put on the long-tailed coat, the baggy black trousers, and the low-cut vest, showing a broad expanse of white pleated shirt-bosom. He remembered, too, that the boots had shone that morning with an unwonted and resplendent lustre.

"We'll let these people understand that we will accept no favors from them," she had said to him, as they came down the stairs together to where the front door was flung wide open to the summer morning. She was arrayed in her watered-silk best; and he recalled now that Hercules had



said, watching her in admiration from the back part of the hall:

"Jes lissen at mis' silk coat! Every step she take, it say: 'Ain't we rich? Ain't we rich?'"

Standing almost where Maje now stood, an orderly in blue uniform had touched his cap and had said to her:

"The general, madam, has sent you some provisions. He hopes that you will pardon him, madam; but he knows that food is scarce and hard to get where two armies have passed."

He had made a gesture as he spoke in the direction of an army-wagon drawn by four horses, which stood at the door on the driveway. It was stored with bacon and flour and tea and coffee and sugar, and a hundred articles to which she and her household had long been unaccustomed. Maje recalled now across the years that at the time there was not a dust of meal or a cupful of flour in the store-room, or a rasher of bacon in the plundered smoke-house.

"Tell the general," Maje's mother had said serenely to the orderly, "we do not need his provisions. We have enough of our own."

There was not a fowl or other domestic animal within a radius of miles, and she knew that he knew it.

"But, madam," the soldier protested, "he has sent these articles to you for your brother's sake. The fact that your brother is on our side ought not to influence you in such a matter as this. He is one of our most distinguished generals."

The color had risen to her cheeks and her eyes had kindled; but her visage was one of Spartan sternness in all its lines.

"I have no brother," she had said; and the watered silk rustled for a moment, and then was still.

"You have no brother?" the blue-uniformed soldier had queried in astonishment; "why, madam, he is——"

"He is dead," she had replied. "He died on the 17th of April, 1861."

The puzzled look had faded from the orderly's face, as he recollected that it was the fateful day when the State had left the Union to which her brother had remained loyal.

The whole proud story now flashed through Maje's mind in the suggestion

wrought by the simple words of Hercules. Moths had destroyed and rust had corrupted many other and finer things than the old suit since then.

"Well, what am I going to do?" Maje queried of his companion. "You know your Mars' John is coming to take me back home with him this morning. It's nearly time for him to be here, now."

Maje cocked his eye at the sun. It was the only time-piece on the place, but it was sufficient.

"I wrote to him about Mary's letter," he continued, "and I told him that I wanted to pay him and Sally a visit before I go to call on her."

"Maje, you done forgot. He ain't no Mars' John o' mine, nuther o' Faus'es. De war done over dese pars' thirty year. I ain' got no master. I'm a free nigger, jes as free as any white man, even ef me an' Faus' is stayed here wid you sence yo' ma died."

"I think I see a wagon now," said Maje irrelevantly. "It's turning the bend in the old road, near where the big barn used to stand, close to the high pine. Isn't that a wagon, Hercules?"

"I 'clar ter Gord, Maje, I'm glad you's gwine away wid your cousin. Dat man been beggin' you an' beggin' you; an' when he offer ter do fur ye, an' offer an' offer, you treat him like yo' ma done treat de soljer wid de amblyance. You jes as proud as yo' ma was."

"It's undoubtedly a wagon, with two mules," said Maje. "I'm afraid they'll have a terrible time getting through the brush."

"Yes," responded Hercules, "I'm 'feard dey will. It's a scandalous shame fur a man ter shet hisse'f off f'om de worl' fur nigh forty year, like you's done, 'twel eben de road up to yo' front porch is growed up wid pines and sassafrage. You done driv all yo' frien's away, wid yo' proudness; an' y'aint got no kin, 'scusin' yo' cousin John, neither. Ef 'twa'n't fur me an' Faus', dey wudden eben be a foot-paf, f'om here to Kay Martin's, fur ter go an' git a meal's vittles fur ye."

It was a strange story thus interwoven with the faithful and half-regretful speech of the black man; and it was a strange



pair of friends who now stood together on the broken steps of the dilapidated mansion, awaiting the slow and labored approach of a vehicle, which its driver sought to direct along what had once been a carriage-way, but was now, as Hercules had described it, literally a patch of ground, covered with broom-sedge and grown up with scrub pines and sassafras bushes.

A giant negro, six feet six inches high, towered above the attenuated figure of a small white man, who had apparently addressed his last remark to his companion's waist-line. The negro's face was as black as ink; but his hair, like his expansive teeth and rolling eyeballs, was white. Maje was accustomed to say of it, whenever Hercules had recently washed it, that it reminded him of the vision which Saint John the divine beheld in the Apocalypse, of him whose head and his hairs were white like wool,—as white as snow.

As the larger man responded to the smaller man's talk, where they stood facing each other on a middle step, he stooped down to him, half-squatting, as a grown person stoops to speak to a little child. Yet there was nothing infantile in Maje's appearance. His bearing was the perfection of accustomed dignity. His beard was long, and his hair hung in untrimmed locks about his shoulders, over the collar of the rough shoddy jacket that he wore; and his hair and beard were also white. But, unlike the negro's, the locks of the white man were straight to where they curled at the extremities; and they were silvery in their whiteness from frequent combings. Maje always protested against Faustina's trimming his hair and beard with the old sheep-shears, though she and Hercules both made a point of insisting on it at least once a year, in summer. He did not like to be "fingered," and, moreover, the gentlemen of the old school had all worn their hair long in his boyhood. The daguerreotype of his father on the library mantelpiece showed the hair worn that way. It was a species of unspoken protest on the part of those vanished men of his father's day against the puritanism of a more northern and ascetic region.

Maje's shoulders were slightly bent, and this made him look even smaller than he was. But it was the stoop of the

scholar, and not of old age, and bore testimony to the perusal of the worn volumes and the study of the well-thumbed dictionary in the library, which had kept him from going mad in the long period of his self-imposed solitude. He saw no new books or magazines or papers, but lived in the atmosphere of the far past.

Once Hercules had brought him back from Kay Martin's a newspaper wrapped about some rashers of country bacon—"a streak o' lean and a streak o' fat"—and Maje had chanced to pick the paper up and to read in it some fugitive verses that, beginning

"In close communion with the mighty dead,  
I spend the pleasant years,"

continued with a rhymed recital of the books which the poet loved.

They pleased Maje so much, as being applicable to himself, that he cut the verses out with the sheep-shears, and tacked them up on the wall by the library window, where he could peruse them whenever he wished.

One day he read the lines to Hercules, who squatted down, after his custom, to listen:

"In close communion with the mighty dead,  
I spend the pleasant years."

"Umhum!" said Hercules, maintaining his attitude, and with a simulated interest.

"Giving to all for laughter, laughter,—dread  
For dread; and tears for tears."

"Umhum!" said Hercules, still affecting the interest he did not feel.

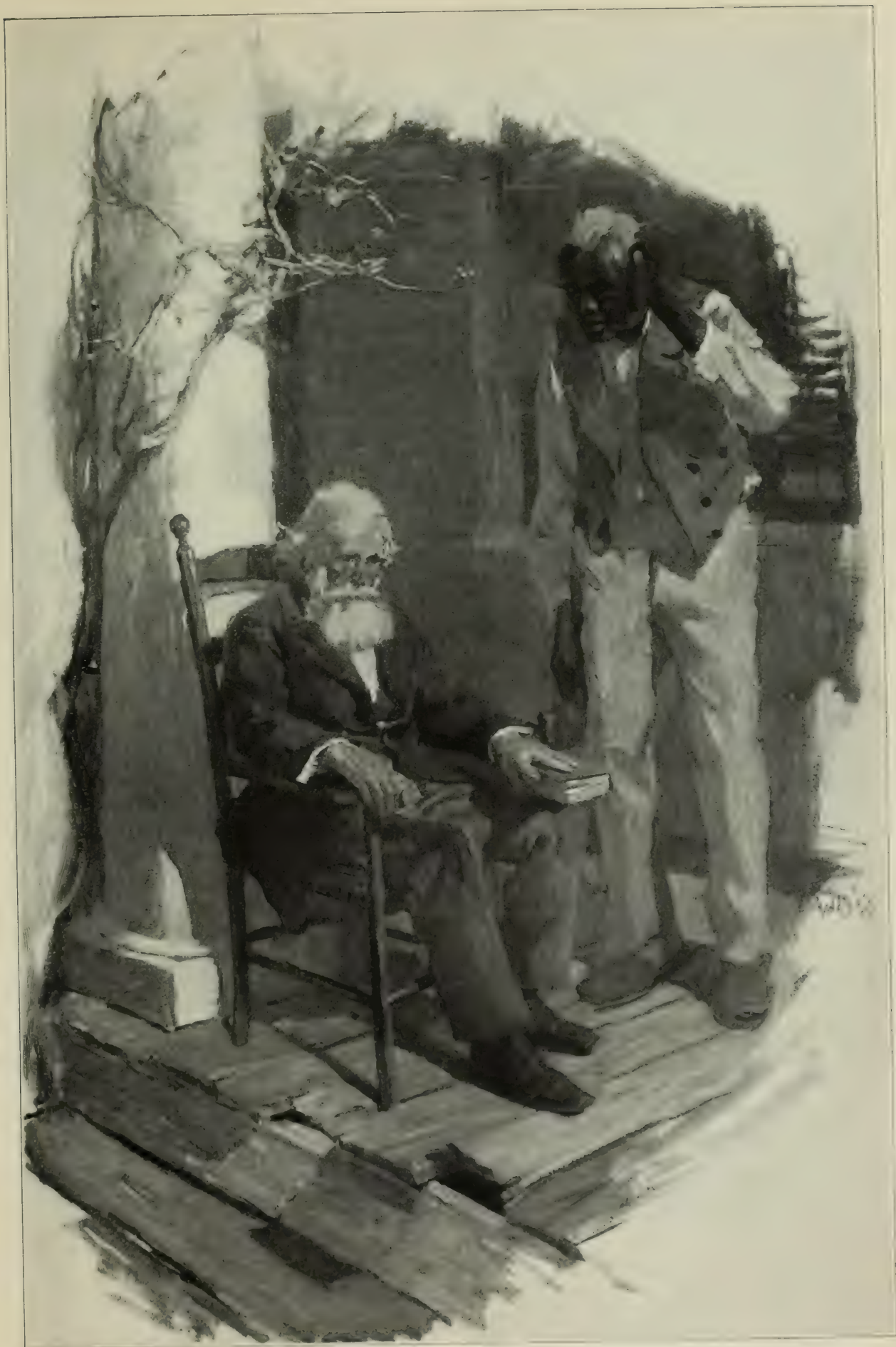
"With Homer's warriors on the plains of Troy  
Fighting I seem to be;  
I hear the conquering Greeks, all flushed with  
joy,  
Shouting for victory!"

"What was dey fightin' 'bout, Maje?" queried Hercules. "Gord knows, I ain't never found out yit what none o' de fightin' was 'bout,—Bloody Wrangle, an' de balance."

"It is the way of the world, Hercules," said the major. "We all have to fight—with weapons, or some way."

"Umhum!" said Hercules, accepting the statement as he had accepted the verses.





*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

He saw no new books or magazines or papers, but lived in the atmosphere of the far past.—Page 4.

The negro stood as clean limbed as the Apollo Belvedere. It was his proud boast that mis' had told him he was no ordinary Guinea nigger, but that his grandfather had been the chief of a tribe on the Congo River back in Africa.

These two, white man and black man, had been born on the same night, and on the same plantation, sixty-one years before.

The nativity of the one had been in a chamber of the now desolate mansion on whose decrepit steps they stood, at a time when it was furnished forth with purple and fine linen, as are kings' houses; and he had come into the world amid light and color and with rejoicings that a man child was born.

The outhouse was still standing also, but now roofless and deserted out there in the back yard, where the other had been ushered at once into life and slavery two hours before the birth of him who was thenceforth to own and possess him, body and heart and soul.

The family doctor boasted that on this auspicious night he had killed two birds with one stone.

The big black baby, clad in scant raiment had been formally presented next day as a birthday gift to the little white baby in his silken-lined cradle; and neither had dreamed of the tremendous tragedy that lay behind the giving and the receiving.

"He'll make a likely fellow when he's a man," was the judgment passed upon Hercules, as he received his name. "The boy couldn't have a finer body-servant."

That next day was a festive and red-letter one on the plantation, wherein no man had worked.

Thenceforth the two had grown up together, friends and comrades; and to neither of them ever came the thought that the bondage of the one might mark the degradation of the other. Playmates and companions, they had shared with each other the joys and delights that youth squanders with prodigal hand, and had each been happy in the happiness of his associate. They had fished for mullets in the river a mile away, shaded by overhanging willows; they had set hare-traps and made partridge-pens in eager

partnership; they had gone swimming together, symphonies in ivory and ebony, among the lily pads of Boler's mill-pond, and had dashed diamonds at each other through the summer air in innumerable water-battles. Theirs was the fine and not uncommon story, long since told to the end, of the white boy and the black boy on the old plantation.

They had even gone to school together. But this part of their association had been solely in the going; for the Congo had stopped at the door of the "old-field school-house," when the Caucasian had entered in.

"He got de eddication when me an' him was boys," Hercules often said to Faustina. "He reads all o' dem books in de liberry; but I kin lose him in ha'f a mile o' de front po'ch. I done been ter town, an' rid on de kyars an' seed things. Maje, he ain't nuver lef' de place, nur uver eben read a newspaper, sence de s'rrender. Let alone dat, he ain't nuver eben been ter Kay Martin's."

As long ago as their boyhood now seemed to Hercules, with all its glow of unselfish mutual affection, the big man found it hard to realize that there had grown almost as far into the past a later time, when he had been close by the little man's side as he fell with a bullet in his head at the Bloody Angle. Hercules could scarcely remember the day when Maje did not have that scar there on his forehead.

"He picked me up and carried me out like I was a baby," the major said to the hospital surgeon.

"Yes," the latter had cheerfully acceded; "the general was here this morning to ask about you. He said he saw your big black man taking you to the rear like you were a bundle of cheese and crackers."

"Dat what mis' tole me ter do wid him," Hercules had commented, as he stood by the invalid's bedside and watched the doctor bandage the wound, whose mark remained thenceforth. "Dat what she tole me; an' I done it. I been totin' him roun' all his life. I 'spec' I gwi' tote him 'twel he die."

Hercules had spoken in concrete language, and the surgeon had never learned





*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

"Ef he ain't done an' gone an' put on his sword, too!"—Page 13.





that, figuratively, the big black man did not cease to "tote" the little white man till the end came.

It was at this Bloody Angle that, after the colonel fell, Maje had led the regiment into the jaws of death.

His name was in the commanding officer's report; and he had won his promotion there from captain to a staff position as major. The lasting memory of it, incomprehensible to Hercules, was a proud one for the old veteran. More than a hundred times since then a conversation, that came at length to be almost stereotyped in its main features, had taken place between them on the subject.

"Herc'!"

"Whatche want now, Maje?"

Hercules had a hurried way at times of running his words together.

"You remember the Bloody Angle, don't you, Hercules?"

The negro squatted to where Maje sat, in order to get their faces on a level.

"Duz I remembrance it? I reck'n I duz. I ain't nuver gwi' furgit it. I was leety-moty skeered ter death! Whatche-comin' over it ag'in fur, Maje?"

"Hercules, stand up, sir!"

Hercules arose, and the major arose also.

Stepping back a pace from where the black giant surveyed him, the little man drew himself up to his full height and said:

"Hercules, I'm as poor as a rat. Nobody knows it better than you do."

"Gord 'lmighty knows dat's de trufe," interjected Hercules.

"The four thousand acres of the old plantation, running for two miles along the river, and rich as cream, have dwindled away now to—to how many acres, Hercules?"

"'Bout a hunnerd an' thirty seben is lef' sence de lars' deed——"

"And the house hasn't had a coat of paint on it for thirty years. The barns and stables have fallen down. The back porch is propped up with beams, that are also dropping with decay. The window-panes are smashed, and the frames are stuffed with rags and scraps of paper."

He cast a tragic glance about him.

"Umhum," commented Hercules.

"Hit's jes like you say, Maje. Hit's de Gord's trufe."

"The front yard is grown up with broom-sedge and scrub pines and sassafras. The very jimson weeds blossom at the back door in summer. Even the paling-fence about the old graveyard has rotted down. Herc', I'm as poor as Lazarus. But, by the shining heavens, Hercules, a million dollars couldn't buy the memory that I was the first man who got into the Bloody Angle!"

"Look-a-heah, Maje!" said Hercules; "you ain't got no sense. What you want ter git in dar fust fur, anyhow? Fur ter git yo' brains blowed out? All you got fur it was ter have dat man shoot a hole in yo' haid. He'd ha' kilt you nex' crack, ef I hadn't a hit 'im. I busted his crus' wid my fis'. Fo' Gord sake, Maje, don't talk ter me 'bout no million dollars alongside o' dat turrible place."

Hercules's admonition was unnecessary. Maje by this time had resumed his seat, and his mind had gone elsewhere.

But the negro rambled on.

"A million dollars! Umph! I wudden 'a' gi'n twenty-five cents fur ter ha' got dar fust. I did got dar; but I'd 'a' gi'n a five-dollar bill ter ha' been fur, fur away! Dat 'ar awful place ever-lastin' skeered de liver an' lights out'n me. Wheneber Faus' hear me hollerin' in my sleep dese nights, she say she knows I's a-totin' you out o' de Bloody Wrangle. Nor, sir! No million dollars! You's foolish. You could buy back de whole plantation wid dat, an' paint de house, an' stock de place, an' clear out de brush on de lawn, an' live on de fat o' de lan', like yo' pa did; an' we could open up an account at Kay Martin's, an' pay by de mont', stidder by de week, an'—an'—good Lord, Maje! a million? Dat hole in yer haid is done pair-erlyze yo' brain!"

Life was a fierce and endless struggle for the ex-slave and his wife, who with unquestioning fidelity made the misfortunes of the ex-slave-owner their own, and kept up with the very sweat of their dark faces what was left of the place and its helpless master. That he long since had ceased to take any care for the future was a joy to their simple hearts. His peace of mind, and his almost childish content-



*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

“He has sho’ly stood by the maje,” commented Mr. Rogers.—Page 14.



ment in his books and his garden fulfilled their dearest wish.

Sometimes Hercules would tiptoe to the library door, where in summer the lord of the devastated domain sat serenely reading some ancient story of another world by the open window through which the honeysuckle vine intruded the fragrance of its bloom in despite of the ever-encroaching broom-sedge,—or where in winter-time he sat before the blazing hearth, which his black friend kept ever replenished, and perused in its turn some other well-worn volume; and, seeing him thus happy there in his undisturbed realm of the imagination, would go back to the kitchen and say to Faustina:

“Faus’, Maje he ain’t got no money nur nuthin’, an’ he don’t want nobody aroun’, ’scusin’ you an’ me,—jes we-all,—but he’s happy, all de same. I reck’n hit’s de man dat don’t want much, dat’s de happies’.”

And Faustina would never dream that her liege lord had solved, in this sage conclusion, the profoundest problem that vexes the philosophy of the thing called life.

To the distorted imaginations of those who dwell long in physical solitude, apart from their kind, come at times odd impulses to abnormal action.

In some strange freak of fancy Maje had taken it into his wounded head, after nearly forty years, to write a love-letter to his old sweetheart, from whom the circumstance of war and later penury had long separated him. He did not know, indeed, when with painful and unaccustomed penmanship he indited his belated epistle upon the cheap paper, with the cheaper pen and ink of Kay Martin’s grocery, whether the witching girl of his young manhood was yet in the land of the living. But an answer had come to Kay Martin’s store at the crossroads, which was now a post-office on a lately established government star-route.

It was the old, sweet story. She had never loved any other man. She had never married. She had been as faithful as he was. She knew of his gallant record as a soldier. She loved him, as she had always loved him. She hoped to see him again some day. She was,

as she had been for thirty-seven years, his own Mary.

“What the devil am I going to do, then?” queried Maje of Hercules. “I certainly can’t wear this suit!”

He regarded ruefully the coarse and threadbare habiliments that had been patched by Faustina, at elbows and at knees, until they looked as if they would hardly hang together.

“De moth ain’t corrupt’ yo’ uniform,” responded Hercules.

“My what?” asked Maje, surprised.

“Yo’ uniform! I say: yo’ uniform! Dem clo’es you had on when you got dat hole in yo’ haid! Dat’s what I’m talkin’ ’bout. I done looked in de cedar chis’ whar yo’ ma put ’em. Yo’ hat’s in dar, too.”

A smile lit up the wrinkled face of the major. The carryall with its pair of huge mules, had at last wound its tortuous way to within fifty feet of the door.

“Wait, John! I’ll be back in a minute!” Maje called to the thicket of pines; and the man on the rear seat of the vehicle straightened himself up, and lifted his derby hat in response, and blew a cloud of smoke from his Havana, as in salutation. He was Maje’s far-off cousin and only living relative—a prosperous young banker in the city, which the old man, after years of repeated refusals, had at last consented to visit, moved by Mary’s letter.

Maje vanished through the door, and Hercules remained on the steps to do the honors.

“He done gone to put on his clo’es,” he explained to the visitor, as the equipage drew near to the porch.

Hercules spoke apologetically, as if it were Maje’s habit to live ordinarily in a state of nature.

Cousin John looked up at the giant negro with interest. He was not unfamiliar with the story of his devotion; and he had seen him once before, ten years ago, when he and Sally, uninvited and unwelcome, had ventured to come to the place, because Hercules had got Kay Martin to write and say that the major was not well.

When they had come then, Cousin Sally’s cool hand on the old soldier’s scarred fore-



head had brought back the past all too vividly. He could not stand it.

"I haven't got any place to keep you," he had said, removing her hand from his hot brow with a touch of his own. "I should be glad to see you and John, if I were well, and you could be comfortable. But you can't be. I have no room for you to spend the night. Has your carriage gone back? I didn't know that you were coming. The company-apartment has not been aired."

It was so evident to the visitors then that their visit irritated and vexed him that they assured him that they had only come for half an hour; and when the time had elapsed, they drove away again.

Now things were different; and, though his stay was to be equally as brief, John was tremendously welcome.

"How is he, Hercules?" queried Cousin John. "What made him run up the steps and into the house? What did he say?"

"He's all right, sir. He say he jes gone after his clo'es. He's a-lookin' for-rud ter goin' wid you wid considible pledjer, sir. He ain't visit nobody fur a long time,—not sence his ma died."

The boy who drove the team wondered at the old negro's dignified courtesy and at his great height.

"Ef I might make so bold, sir," Hercules continued almost breathlessly, after he had asked the visitor to come in and the invitation had been declined until the major should return—"ef I might make so bold, would you mind me goin' wid you-all ter de train? I tole Faus' I war gwine ter ax ye; an' she say I'm a fool, an' what I want ter ride ter de depot twenty-five miles, jes ter walk back ag'in? I tole her, I'll walk back. Duz ye know how-come I want ter go?"

The black man's voice had subsided to a whisper. He stooped in the direction of the carryall as he spoke. He seemed to be afraid that Maje would return before he could tell why he was so anxious to go to the depot.

"No, I do not," answered Cousin John, smiling. "I have no idea."

"He ain't seed no train fur thirty-odd year, Maje ain't. He ain't niver seed no train like de one he gwine git on—dat Lightnin' Express. I jes want to see Maje when he gits in dat 'ar kyar."

"But it will be at night," protested John.

"Dat'll make it all de mo' turrible fur him," responded Hercules with the tone and air of one telling the story of Bluebeard to a little child.

"And you'll have to walk home in the night."

"De moon's shinin'," said the black man. "Hit'll be about perched up yonder on de limb o' de big pine, when I gits home in de mornin'. I know dat moon."

The steam poured from the nostrils of the mules upon the cold February air; and Cousin John buttoned his fashionable beaver overcoat more closely about him, and thrust his gloved hands deeper into his pockets as he surveyed the house.

Hercules resented the critical contemplation by the stranger of the obtrusive squalor and desolation of the old mansion.

"Maje, he been talkin' 'bout gittin' somebody ur 'nuther from de cote-'ouse ter come down here an' paint it," he said deprecatingly. "Hit do need paint, some. But I been discouragin' him ag'in it, on-twell de summer-time come."

"You ought to cut these pine bushes off the lawn, and dig up this broom-sedge," said Cousin John.

He could see that Hercules was annoyed. The presence of the pines and the broom-sedge had been a secondary matter to the black man in his struggle for the household's daily bread.

"Maje say he gwi' have dat done, too, when he paint de house. Dat'll be time enough."

His brow grew wrinkled and he rolled the whites of his eyes in such an alarming fashion that Cousin John thought he was going to have a fit.

Hercules was wondering how he could get away without seeming to be impolite.

"I gwi' git him!" he said at length, and turned to ascend the creaking steps. But before he reached the top he halted.

Maje stood in the doorway clad in the old uniform. There were two rusty gilt stars on either side of the collar of the long-tailed gray frock coat, which was buttoned to his chin over his hickory shirt; and on each sleeve were frayed bands of gilt, and gilt "worms," that were



corroded to the color of rust. A double row of brass buttons ran up the front of the coat. The pale blue trousers had a stripe of rusted gilt cord down the outer seam of each leg; and on Maje's head was a battered and mildewed black felt hat, the brim of which was pinned up on one side, and bore the broken remnant of what had once been an ostrich plume.

"For Gord's sake!" exclaimed Hercules at the apparition, and hastened toward it. "Ef he ain't done an' gone an' put on his sword, too!"

Maje stood erect, at attention, with kindling eyes, and grasping with his left hand the hilt of the long unused weapon. His scholar's stoop was gone. It seemed as if time had lifted three decades from his thin shoulders.

The big negro squatted down in front of the small military figure, until his white head was on a level with the broken plume.

"Now, Maje," he murmured in a tone of pleading, "don'tche do dat, honey, don'tche do it! You ain't gwine ter no Bloody Wrangle now, dearie. Jes lef' de sword here wid Faus', Maje. She gwi' keep it fur ye 'twell you come back. Jes lef' it wid her, honey!"

As he spoke, he gently unbuckled the belt; and taking the weapon in both hands, he carried it into the house.

Ten minutes later Hercules came out with a pair of leather saddle-bags swung over his shoulders; and the mules began their slow and tortuous way back through the pines, toward the old road where the barn once stood. The driver and the big black man sat in front; and on the seat behind them were Cousin John and the major, both very erect.

The broken plume in Maje's hat danced in the chill February air.

Kay Martin's saw them go by.

The star-route carrier had just thrown his slim mail-bag on the stoop of the little crossroads store. The mail to and from Kay's was scant and irregular. There were seven or eight men and boys from the sparsely settled neighborhood who were accustomed to gather at the post-office twice a week on the pretence of getting the mail. Their real object was to loaf and hear the news.

As Kay stepped out on the porch to

pick up the bag, the carryall went by, with the mules at a swinging trot.

"War's bruk out ag'in, an' the maje an' Herc' air on thar way back ter the Bloody Angle," said "Coon" Rogers, peering over Kay Martin's shoulder, as he arose with the mail-bag in his hand. "Fus' time I've seed him since Appomattox."

"Is that him?" queried the others with one acclaim, pressing forward to get a view of the passing show.

"Does he always go that way?" one of them asked.

Maje was unknown by sight to these, his nearest neighbors, the haunters of Kay Martin's grocery. "Coon" Rogers and Kay himself, alone of all the gathering, had ever beheld him. They were of his generation, and had been of his regiment in the blurred and misty past.

"That's surely him," said Kay Martin, "and old Herc'. I don't know the t'others. I saw 'em go by a pair o' hours ago, and took 'em for drummers.

"First time I've saw the old man fur five year," said Mr. Martin. "Then he was out in the fields when I went to the old place."

"He needs a shave an' a hair-cut," remarked one of the younger loafers irreverently.

"Don't ye say anything ag'in him," said Kay Martin, turning on the speaker and making a hostile demonstration with the mail-bag.

The black hat and the gray uniform vanished down the road.

"He ain't no bigger'n a pound o' soap; but, by whillikins, thar warn't no gamer fightin' man in the whole army than he was. Ain't that so, Coon?"

"Coon" assented.

"Ef he wants ter live ter himself, and sell his plantation by the acre, and act foolish, by whillikins, he's got a right to. It's his'n. And that hole he's got in his head gives him leave, too. Don't it, Coon?"

Again "Coon" assented.

"I seen him when he got it," said "Coon" Rogers, reminiscently. "Hercules was thar with him jes' like he's been ever since. I seen the black man tote him out when he was hurt."

"Maje has been openin' up a corre-

spendence," observed Kay Martin to Mr. Rogers, as he flung the mail-bag on the counter and proceeded to fit a key from his pocket into the brass lock. He seemed oblivious of the gaping interest of the crowd.

"He has? You don't say!" responded "Coon" with emphasis. "Well, well, I do declare!"

"He's written one letter to a lady, and he's got one letter in a lady's handwrite, from the same post-office. He's also been writing to his cousin John. But I don't think that counts."

"Looks like he's a-breakin' his spell," commented "Coon" Rogers.

"I'll find out all about it the next time Hercules comes here," said the postmaster.

"Well, I'm plum' glad to hear it," said "Coon" Rogers. "Thar ain't no better man in the worl' than him. An' he's a scholard, too; an' that's what you don't come acrost ofting these days, 'spite o' all the free-schools. Why, Kay, they tell me that man knowed all o' them books thar in the liberry befo' he went into the war; an' that while he's been a-sellin' off the lan', an' a-sellin' off the lan', till it's most gone, he ain't never sold any book yet."

"He jes reads 'em an' reads 'em," said Kay Martin, holding a newly arrived post-card to the fading light of the little window, in order that he might the better decipher its message. "But he don't take any newspaper. Herc' says he don't want to know nothing about what's goin' on. All he wants to know is what's done gone on."

"I've heerd tell," responded Mr. Rogers, "that his cousin John has offered him money, an' a home an' whatever he wants. He won't leave the place, an' he won't accept favors from nobody. He'd starve fust."

"But don't he take all he can get from the black man?" asked the irreverent youth, who had suggested the shave and the hair-cut.

"Looky here!" said Kay Martin, glaring at him fiercely. "Don't you know that's a different thing?"

He dignified no further explanation to his interlocutor; but, turning again to Mr. Rogers, said:

"Maje ain't never got it out of his head yet that Hercules belongs to him now,

just as he did when his pa gave him to him."

"He has sho'ly stood by the maje," commented Mr. Rogers.

"Yes," responded Kay, as he sorted a slim package of newspapers, sticking them in their respective pigeon-holes above the counter. "Yes. But Maje knows. That old nigger told me the last time he was here that the major, long time ago, before he had sold off so much of the land, had wrote his will, and left the place to Hercules and Faustina. Herc' said he had seen the paper, an' that Maje had read it to him in his own handwrite."

"Yes, but that will—it ain't never cut no figger to Hercules," responded "Coon" Rogers contemptuously. "Them thar two have loved one another since the night they were born. Herc' ain't toted Maje all this time, along of no will!"

Which was, as Hercules would have expressed it, "the Gord's truth."

It was ten o'clock at night when the mules and the carryall reached the station, and the driver and passengers alighted.

The moon had not yet risen; and the light from the window of the little railroad depot, where the agent sat in his shirt-sleeves manipulating the telegraph key, seemed to Maje and Hercules to be burning a hole in the darkness. They paused side by side on the platform outside the room and peered in, while John paid the boy and dismissed him and the team to their home a mile farther up the road.

When John got back to where he had left the two old men on the station platform, he heard Hercules admonishing the major in a low and confidential voice.

"You ain't been nowhar fur so long, I can't he'p bein' sort o' anxious 'bout you," he said. "I wish dey had axed me ter go wid you. Dey oughter done it. But dey didn't. How is a white gent'-mun gwi' git along widout no body-servant? You jes boun' ter have one. But dey niver axed me; an' we-all ain't got no ready money, an' too proud ter beg."

"I don't need you. I'll do all right," responded the major somewhat testily.

"Now, lemme tell you sump'n, Maje," protested Hercules, while Cousin John



stood back in the shadow. "You dunno what you talkin' 'bout. You duz need me; an' what's mo', you needs me all de time. Dat's de reason how-come I come here wid you dis night. Duz you reck'n I wants ter walk home twenty-five miles fur fun? 'Ca'se I don't.

"I tole him I wanted ter come here fur ter see you git aboard de kyars, 'ca'se you ain't niver seed no kyars like what you's gwine ter see. But I was jes foolin' him. I knows dem kyars ain't gwi' faze you. I done seed you in de midst o' fire an' brimstone 'fo' now. Hell ain't got nuthin' hotter. Ef dem kyars was ter come along outen de firmymment, 'stid o' on de railroad track, 'twudden set you back none. You ain't 'feard o' nothin', Maje; an' you niver ain't been. What I come along ter dis here depo' to-night fur is to take keer o' you, an' keep you out o' trouble. I warn't suspicionin' de train would skeer you, nur nothin' like dat. I was suspicionin' you was gwine ter git on de track onbeknownst, an' git runned over, ur sump'n'."

"Hercules, you black rascal, I'm no baby!" said the little man in the uniform indignantly.

"I knows ye ain't, Maje; but, Maje, honey, when you git dar, you jes stick close ter him, an' don't you walk in de middle o' no street."

John went to get the tickets.

"How's the train?" he queried of the man with his hand on the instrument; while the sleepy young negro sitting on the bench in the little waiting-room, in front of the red-hot stove, stared at the stranger from the city.

"On time," was the laconic response.

"How long now?"

"Five minutes."

John moved out of the close, hot room into the coolness of the winter night.

Hercules was still admonishing the major, whose interest seemed absorbed in the telegraph-instruments and the wires on the table inside.

"Now, Maje, honey, I wants you ter promise me fur ter be keerful. I don't want nothin' ter happen ter you——"

Hercules was stooping down to him, in his most persuasive attitude.

Maje saw John emerge from the opened door three feet away.

"Shut up, you confounded idiot!" he said to his body-servant.

"Railroad!" yelled the sleepy-looking young negro, rushing from the stove-heated room out into the open air.

A deep roar, increasing in volume and strength, smote on the ears of the company.

"Railroad!" yelled the young negro again.

A semaphore, with a red light on it, went up in the darkness above the roof of the station; and Maje thought of the lights of the signal corps of long ago. Down the blackness of the night a glitter and shimmer appeared, and ran with lightning-like rapidity along the iron rails until, with a reduplication of the roar, it illuminated the depot, the platform, and the surrounding vicinity.

A great mogul engine swept by, followed by many cars.

"My Gord!" shouted Hercules above the tremendous din, "she done gone on an' lef' him!"

The train stopped, and Hercules saw Maje mount the steps of the long green sleeping-car nearest them, with the serenity that marked his customary ascent of the stairway in the hall at home.

There was a groaning and puffing and starting of confined and released steam for a few minutes, and then a creaking and rattling of the train as it resumed its journey.

"Good-by, Maje!" called the black man to the rear platform of the last coach; and he rubbed the back of his horny hand across his eyes.

Then he set out homeward down the road by the light of the newly risen moon.

"I b'longed ter him," he communed with himself, "an' I always is gwine ter b'long ter him—freedom, nur no freedom!"

It was a confession of the self-denying servitude of love.

(To be concluded.)

# TUNISIAN DAYS

BY G. E. WOODBERRY



WAS fortunate in my first landfall at Tunis. It was a fine sea-picture framed in that chill November dawn. On my left, over the rippling watery gold to the few pink clouds eastward, lay the great blue mountain headland, stretching far behind. In front, a little to the right, was Goletta, the port, hard by; and ranging off northward the line of the ocean-beach ran stern and solemn, with the lighthouse above. That rise, there, was the hill of Carthage. Westward over the hollow space of waters swept the crescent horizon inland, low and misty, centred a little to the south by the obscure white of far Tunis. Carthage is the first thought of the traveller; his instant memory is of Phœnician ships, and his imagination is of Scipio and Regulus—these are the sights they saw.

The steamer plied up the long canal that makes the shallow broad lake navigable to the docks some miles beyond; flamingoes flew to the right and left over the level lapping waters, fresh in the raw, damp, almost rainy air; and gradually Tunis drew in sight, like a great white flower on the bosom of the sloping uplands, strange, solitary, unexpected, with minarets and the island-look of a Moslem city.

## II

BARREN enough was my first acquaintance with the land-side, weary, cheerless, desolate, like windy prairies in autumn, uninhabited, uninhabitable: and I was chilled to the bone when I came back to the hotel, then in the bud of its first season. It is more sober now, but then it had a near cousinship to Monte Carlo; it was delightfully irresponsible, vivacious, gay. One passed to the picturesque bar and the *café*, thick with interesting groups; or with equal ease to the "kirk horses" with their ever-dissolving banks of faces, a covey of all nations,

round the bell-timed play, and to the vaudeville stage with gymnasts, French acting, fat Jewess dancers, and a world lightly enjoying itself, as it looked from railed low boxes on the spacious floor—men, women, children, with tables, glasses, straws, and bright-colored things to drink, waiters, musicians—always a pretty scene, with incidents, and rich in human relations; or one went more gravely by a stairway to the privacy of baccarat in its upper seclusion of the visiting-card. It was a pleasant and polite place wherever one might stroll about, and in every corridor and at all hours the grand toilette of capitals, men and women—even adventurers—of the world. The old beylick of Tunis seemed far away; at least, one was still in Christendom.

I stepped out on the sidewalk after dinner, on a broad avenue with trees. At the brilliant crossing carriages were passing with drawn screens; and, as they drove slowly by, fingers held back the curtains, and from time to time glimpses of women's figures were disclosed of quite a different type from any within doors—ladies of wealthy native families taking the air, and curious to see the French streets by night. So I learned that it was the eve of *Lailat-el-Kadir*, the twenty-sixth of Ramadan, the night of power commemorating the descent of the Koran on earth, a grand Mohammedan feast; and I went forthwith into old Tunis on my first voyage of discovery. Festivity reigned. On every hand were lights of all varieties; the minarets aloft were outlined with them; in the narrow streets they were as the multitude of the stars for number, colored and clustered, hung and looped and festooned, flaring and lanterned, a fine illumination in the obscurity; and under them an animated throng of all ages, beautifully dressed for the occasion—a city, a race, and a faith *en fête*.

I sat down at last in the cold-crowded Place Hallouine, one of the principal open spaces or squares of the old city, not large, and surrounded by low, rather mean, buildings. It was a night-scene, closed in by



shadows, the foreground brightened by irregularly placed open cafés with tables outside and benches within, all completely filled with men, drinking, smoking, playing at simple games, quite orderly, without boisterous noise or muscular disorder, or joking—admirable public behavior. It charmed by its novelty—costumes and persons, mass without individuality—the scene of a new land. What folly to think that there are no more worlds to discover! The scene was to me as if no one had ever looked on it before. I observed the faces, the attitudes, the doings of this strange people as if I had just landed from another world; and I would gladly have stayed longer, but with the early closing habits of Moslems, the square began to thin, and I went with the rest through the fast emptying street with a glad feeling that in a world, now grown altogether too small and neighborly, I had happened upon one last true relic of the “far away.”

It was four days later, however, that the true holiday came, the feast of rejoicing after Ramadan is over—Little Bairam. It is celebrated at Tunis with special zeal. The morning streets were overflowing with men and children in their best apparel; but the latter, in particular, beautifully attired. Such gold jackets, such tiny burnouses, such scarlet and crimson, turquoise and emerald—and pinks! Such chubby fat faces in their barbaric borders of clothes—or delicate refined features, stamped with race, set off by their greens and blues! Such vivacity, too; pure childish fun and pleasure in a national holiday! There were strings of open carts of the rudest construction—like tip-carts for gravel—completely filled with these children heaped up like nosegays, their brilliancy of color set off by the rudeness of the common cart. This seemed one of their principal pleasures—taking a ride. But there were others. In a packed cross-street I was addressed by two gallant lads of perhaps fifteen, who were selling tickets at an entrance; with faces and figures full of hospitable welcome to the stranger they invited me in, and I went. Inside was a small barn-like theatre, with a curtain, a stage and an audience; and there I saw “the shadows,” pictures thrown upon a screen, and the histrionic art was thus practised with lifelike effect. I had read of “the shadows,” but I never expected to see them. I came out after a while, and

the boys saluted me with very cheerful and animated smiles as I passed them. I spied another show, a little further on; and this, undaunted by my former experience, I also entered. It was the puppets—also a traveller’s treasure-trove—the French gendarme was the universal and unpitied victim, and the plots were realistic incidents from things as they are. The audience was almost wholly of children, from six or less to twelve or more, many of them with nurses or attendants; they took an active and even excited interest, and did the necessary reckonings and sums which the transactions on the stage called for, and shouted out the answers as at a school exhibition, it might be, though the transactions in question were not of a sort ever shown at an American school, and would have evoked much remonstrance; but the children were very happy through it all, thoroughly enjoyed it, in fact. I went behind the curtain and saw the puppets engineered; and I left the little theatre-goers with fresh ideas of juvenile amusements.

So all the morning I passed among the gayly decked crowd, with one and another small adventure, always handsomely treated, aided, saluted. A people of kind and gentle manners, old and young; and I am glad that I first saw them so fortunately in their days of pleasantries and taking pride in their own. The experience threw an atmosphere of cheerfulness over the land and the people, and softened many a darker scene of their common days, of their penury and hardship—their load of life. I could always think, even when all was at its worst, that they still “had seasons that only bade live and rejoice,” when many went bravely clad and fed full, and the whole city was vivid with a spirit of general joy. The fixed expression of the crowd was one of resigned patience under habitual control; the gayety, the happiness, the holiday were relieved on a grave background—a temperament, a character, an essential living, unknown to me, something secret, profound. It was my first true contact with Islam. One way, at least, by which a religion may properly be measured is by its efficient power on those who profess it; certainly the Moslem faith is very effective on its believers; the sincerity of that faith is the first thing one learns about it in practical observation. How often since then have I gathered with them at this and other fêtes, and seen the carpeted streets,



the tapestried walls, the solemn processions, the robes of state, the fine horses, the men and the arms, all the barbaric display—illuminations, fireworks, parades; but I have never been so struck, as in these first Tunisian days, with the spirit of gentle happiness that made my earliest impression of the race as I met it on the shore of the sea.

### III

RANGING through the country by rail, I found one of the oldest lands of earth wearing the signs familiar to my eyes years ago, of the American West. It seemed, at times, like a hallucination of memory with odd differences, such as one might have in a dream. Now and then one came to a larger and well-gardened station, some watering-place of the richer citizens in summer; or to a thriving seaport; but, in general, the stops were at way stations, as in all thinly populated districts—a simple crossing of the long gray roads, with a few buildings for the business of the line, vast spaces round about, possibly slightly improved, with fields or orchards or little groves, a crowd of loafers hanging on the gates or fence of the enclosure to whom the arrival of the train was the day's event, a farm-wagon of modern make, with horses, awaiting some expected passenger and driving off to some home lost in the expanse; in a word, the impression was of colonial things, of the opening-up of a country, of reclaiming the soil. What one really saw everywhere was a frontier.

In the newspapers there was the same absorbing theme—colonization; the local news, the daily happenings, were characteristic of an agricultural, industrial, commercial life of the nature of an invasion of the waste. Here large depots for machinery were rising; there men of broad enterprise, or syndicate companies had planted olives, or corn, or vines, on a vast scale over miles of territory; further on, a new line was making accessible the phosphate wealth of Gafsa. Modern civilization, mechanism, communication, organized exploitation, penetrating a new country, were what one felt, as if that region were truly new like a savage land. Yet how many times civilization, in one or another form, has rolled over it! In reality, it is one of the most ancient beds of the human torrent, bare and forsaken as it looks now. And now it is

again a new frontier—the place of the invasion of a new era by a new race with new designs.

This impression, nevertheless, is mainly a thing of the mind, of recollection and observation; to the eye it is not so noticeable, such is the extent of the natural spaces, the contour and atmosphere of things held in these far horizons, the new temperament of that landscape, and so characteristically native still is the aspect of indigenous human life not yet displaced. The earth has the look of the wild. Whatever may have formerly been its culture and occupancy, all had lapsed back to the primitive; a land of plains—melancholy tracts under a gray sky or vast empty spaces under a brilliant sun—edged in far distance by lone mountains, caressed on broken shores by a barren sea; full of solitude, sadness. Here and there some great ruin stood, not unlike Stonehenge on Salisbury plain, or even cities of ruins; the land is strewn with them—temples, courts, baths, cisterns, floors, columns, reliefs, arches of triumph, theatres; but they seldom count to the eye. Antiquity, like the frontier, is also a thing of the mind, in the main; the past and the future are both matter of reflection, in the background of memory and knowledge it may be, but not noticeable in the general landscape. It is a place where human fate seems transitory, an insignificant detail, as on the sea—or like animal life in nature, indifferently.

### IV

ONCE on such an excursion on the eastern seacoast, the Tunisian Sahel, I left Sousse behind in the noon glare, a busy, thriving, pleasant place, swarming with Arab life in its well-worn ancestral ways and with French enterprise in its pioneering glow. The old Saracen wall lay behind me towered and gated, a true mediæval girdle of defence, and I gazed back on the white city impearling its high hillside in the right Moslem way, and then settled myself to the long ride southward as I passed through cemeteries, criss-crossed with Barbary fig, and by gardens adjoining the sea, and struck out into the plain, spotted with salty tracts and little cultivated. It is thus that a ride on this soil is apt to begin—with a cemetery; it is often the master-note that gives the mood to a subsequent landscape, a mood of sadness that is felt to be sterile also,



impregnated with fatalism. A Moslem burying-ground may be, at rare places, a garden of repose; a forsaken garden it is usually, even when most dignified and beautiful with its turbaned pillars in the thick cypresses; but it is always a complete expression of death. The cemetery lies outside at the most used entrance of a town; and, as a rule, in the country it is of a melancholy indescribable—it lies there in so naked a fashion, a hopeless and huddled stretch of withered earth in swells and hummocks, hardly distinguishable from common dirt and débris—the eternal potter's field. It is a fixed feature in the Tunisian landscape, which is made of simple elements, whose continuous repetition gives its monotony to the land. A ride only rearranges these elements under new lights and in new horizons.

Here the great plain was the common background; my course to Sfax lay over it, broken at first by a blossoming of gardens round a town or village, and twice I came out on the sea; but always the course was over a plain with elemental mark and quality—with an omnipresence as of the sea on a voyage. The line between man's domain and nature is as sharply drawn on this plain as on a beach; where man has not labored the scene stretches out with nature in full possession, as on the ocean; his habitations and territory are islands. Everything is seen relieved on great spaces, individualized, isolated; fields of grain, green and moving under a strong land wind; or olive groves—silvery gleams—on the hillsides, clumps of trees, or long lines of them, whole hillsides, it may be; or there are gardens, closed, secluded, thickly planted with pear or peach or fig or other fruit, with vegetables, perhaps, beneath and palms above. The figure scenes, too, are of the same recurring simplicity,—a man leading a spirited horse in the street, a camel meagre and solemn and solitary silhouetting the sky anywhere within a range of miles, boys in couples herding sheep in the middle distances. The town or village emerging at long intervals is a monochord—a point of dazzling white far off, dissolving on approach into low houses, a confused mass of uneven roofs skirting the ground except where the minaret and the palm rise and unite it to heaven—to the fire-veined evening sky, deep and tranquil, or the intense blue noon, or the pink morning glory of the spiritualized scene of the dawn. The streets are silent; by the Moor-

ish café lie or sit or crouch motionless figures, sometimes utterly dull, like logs on the earth, or else holding pipes or gazing at checkers, or vacant—always somnolent, statuesque, sedentary. There are no windows, no neighborhood atmosphere—only a stagnant exterior. The feeling of a retreat, of repose, of being far away is always there. These towns have a curious mixture of the eternal and the ruined, in their first aspect; as of things left by the tide, derelicts of life, all. A ride in the Sahel is a slow kaleidoscopic combination of these things, a reiteration without new meaning,—the town, the cemetery, the grove, the garden, the plain, the fields, camel and sheep, and herdboys,—horizons, somnolence, tranquillity. What a ride! and then to come out on the sea at Monastir and Mahdia,—such a homeless sea! There may be boats with bending sails, the fisher's life, suggesting those strange outlying islands they touch at, exile-islands from long ago, where Marius found hiding, and where the Roman women of pleasure of the grand world were sent to live and die, out of the world—still the home of a race, blending every strain of ancient blood. Mahdia, once an Arab capital and long a seat of power in different ages, is a famous battle-name in Mahometan and crusading and corsair annals; it stood many a great siege on its rocky peninsula, in Norman and other soldiering hands, however lifeless it may seem now; but as one looks on its diminutive harbor, a basin hewn in the rock, it seems now to speak rather of the enmity of the sea and the terror of tempest on this dangerous coast—shallow waters and inhospitable shores. History, human courage, was but a wave that broke over it, and is gone like the others, a momentary foam; but the sea is always the sea. Everywhere one must grow familiar with the neighboring coast-line before the sea will lay off that look of enmity it wears to all at the first gaze; it is foreign always by nature. To descend here at Mahdia, and to walk by its waves, to hear its roll, to look off to its gulfs and hill-tops afar, however brilliant may be the scene, is to invite the deepest melancholy that the waste sea holds—so meaningless that world lies in its monotony all about. I remembered the Moorish prince who here, after his long victories, stood reflecting on the men who were great before him, and how their glory was gone. It is a more desolate port now. One gladly turns to the land



and there meets the plain, equally vaguely hostile.

So I rode on by the unceasing stretch of the way, through town and by garden and grove, into the ever-enveloping plain that opened before. It was like putting to sea at every fresh start; and late in the afternoon, on the last far crest of the rolling plain, I saw the great ruin, El Djem, that rose with immense commanding power and seemed to dominate a world of its own sterile territory. It is a great ruin,—a colosseum: arches still in heaven, and piled and fallen rocks of the old colossal cirque; it still keeps its massive and uplifted majesty, its Roman character of the eternal city cast down in the waste, its monumental splendor,—a hoar and solemn token of the time when there were inhabitants in this desolation to fill the vast theatre on days of festival, and the line of its subject highway stretched unbroken to Tunis and southward, a proud, unending urban way of villas, a road of gardens, where now only stagnates the salty plain, sterile, lifeless. The hamlet beside it is hardly perceptible, like a mole-hill, a mere trace of human life. I sat out the sunset; and after, under a cold starry sky, Orion resplendent in the west and the evening star a glory, I set off again by the long road through the sparkling April darkness and a wind that grew winter-cold with night, southward still—the vast heavens broken forth with innumerable starry lights—till after some hours of speeding on a route that was without a living soul, I came again on belated groups of walking Bedouins and fragrant miles of gardens dark by the roadway and many a thick olive grove, and drew up at Sfax.

## V

SFAX is the southern capital of Tunisia. It has always been an important site, and under the new rule of the French thrives and prospers commercially in true frontier fashion as the chief market and base of the country being opened up in the inland behind it, whose seaport it is. It is also an old Mahometan stronghold and its inherited life and customs go on, as at Sousse, in the immemorial Arab ways. I remember it as the city of the olive and the sponge. In the early morning light the open spaces about the market were littered with young boys at their open-air breakfast, which may be seen at

most Mediterranean seaports on the Moslem side—the vender beside his cooking apparatus, the boys with saucers of soup or sops of bread, and on all sides the beginnings of labor; but all this meagre human life was framed in an exquisite marine view beyond. The wharf was thickly lined with the strange-looking boats of the sponge-fishers, their Greek flags at half-mast in honor of Good Friday, their sailors in Albanian costumes, their gear heaping the open spaces with ropes and nets and endless tackle. It was all charming, one of the vignettes of travel that will haunt the memory for years—the odors, the little tasks, the look of the toil of the sea, the sponges in dark heaps, the blue limp morning air crossed with strange spars and ropes, and the host of fluttering flags.

Later in the day I got its companion scene from a hilltop some miles south of the city whence one commands a view of olive orchards sloping down in one vast grove, in lines of regular intervals, as far as the eye can reach, and lost to sight on all sides, with nothing to break the expanse—only millions of olive-trees regularly planted, filling the entire broad circling landscape. A little tower surmounts the hilltop and from its round apex one surveys the whole; the sense of this dot-like centre enhances the impression that the scene makes of a living web of mathematical lines, like an endless spider's web. It is a unique sight. The geometrical effect is curious, like an immense garden-diagram; the similarity of the round bullet-like heads of the trees, all alike in shape, is a novel trait of monotony; the silver-gray of the foliage, mixed with the reddish tones of the soil, gives, in so broad a view, a ground earth-color quite new to the eye; and the sense of multitude, in which nevertheless individuality remains persistent and acutely distinct on so vast a scale, makes an indelible impression.

## VI

I SEEK in vain the secret of the charm that Tunis lays upon me. Coming back to it, one feels something intimate in the city, such as there is in places long lived in and cherished, impregnated with memories, subtilized by forgotten life and feeling. It has sunk deeper into the senses, the affections. Can the charm be merely its soothing air, its weather, which after all is our physical ele-



ment? It has a marvellous sky; all hues that are celestial and live in heaven are there. The clarity of its changeable blues excites and calls the eye, from hour to hour; and on rainy days its grays are soft enveloping mantles for the sight. Its peculiar trait is a greenish tint in the blue, pervasive but not defined, an infusion of clear emerald, translucent, such as one sees in winter sunsets in New England; but here in early summer you will distinguish it at high noon, after the rainless days of late spring. Tradition associates heat with this coast, as with the Mediterranean generally; but that is an illusion of the foreigner. Tunis is often chilly, bitterly cold at times, though without the fall of snow: it lies under the heights of the Atlas, and the winds bring down the snow-chill on their wings. I remember one February when there were no trains from Algiers for five days, the snow blocking the road; it lay, at some places on the line, nine feet deep. But whatever may be the weather, the atmospheric charm remains; it is always soothing, and has narcotic quality.

A fine landscape in fine weather is always captivating, and assimilates the traveller to the land. One is always at home in the sun; and a noble view finds a friend in every eye. One or two such experiences will make the fortune of a whole journey, and after a while be its whole memory. But in some regions, some cities, the spell is perpetual: it is so at Tunis. The prospect is broad, and wherever one turns, the eye wanders off delightfully. The most complete view is from the western hill, where is a beautiful great park of rolling land with woods whence you will see the white city southward; it lies like a great lily on its pads of green background, with its motionless blue waters round about—a lake-country scene: level waters like a flood, all floored and streaked with purple and blue bands and reaches—a water-prairie—to where Carthage gleams white on its own green hill, amid a horizon of snowy villages dazzling in the sun; and between, nearer, isolated roofs that flash emerging from their obscure green gardens and tree-clumps, here and there; farther still to the southeast, as the eye travels out over the long lake into the gulf and the sea, rises a mass of mountain blues that bound the entrance to the land and its harbors. It is a view fit for a Greek amphitheatre.

Wherever you go you are always coming out on these massive, spacious, beautifully colored prospects, white strips of city or village amid the spring, set in the master-tone of blue that envelops and combines them—sky, and lake, and sea, themselves infinitely changeable with the light and the distance and the hour. Even in the most unexpected places Heaven will open these far-off ways over a new land. I remember going into an obscure and blind street, in the Arab quarter, among buildings in all stages of apparent decay. I lifted the knocker at the lovely nail-studded door of an ancient-looking house, and passed at once into an inner court with a fountain, beautifully decorated, cool, shadowy, exquisite in repose and the sense of luxury; and I was led on through a maze of stairways and passages till I came out on a large room below the roof, with a balcony; and stepping forward I saw unrolled as if by enchantment the whole sea view. There must be many such commanding points of vantage in the houses on the crest of the thickly built hill—old Tunis, where the Arabs live. From this station I overlooked the lower city with all its roofs and streets. The multitude of green-tiled roofs on different levels made the color-ground, whence rose the numerous low white domes, the slender minarets also touched with green or tipped with golden balls, the greater domes of the mosques, the mass of the citadel; broad French faubourgs and avenues were enclosing and defining lines, with irregular masses of foliage, and deep, narrow streets sank in the near scene, full of their native life. It was an architectural wilderness of form and color, arresting, vivifying, oriental in mass, feeling, and detail, with the suggestion of a dream, of evanescence, and round it was poured on all sides the still blue element—sky, ocean, air. In Tunis, I noticed, everything seemed to end thus, in something beyond, in a mood; life constantly distilled its dream, and it was a dream of the senses.

The senses are constantly appealed to; they are kept awake, alert, attentive, and they are fed; they have their joys. We do not habitually use our senses for joy; and this is a part of the spell of Tunis, that there, under a Southern sky, the senses come into their own again. It is not merely the instinct of curiosity that is kept active by an *ensemble* so variously novel and insistent—



for example, those pavilioned minarets, a square set on a square, ending in a green pyramid, or else octagonal in shape with the gallery and its awning, tipped by the three gold balls and crescent—haunting one like a strange sky—or the same instinct crudely excited by the *ensemble* of a population so foreign in physiognomy, garb, and physical behavior as the Arab in its multifarious aspects, its color and movement, all the unaccustomed surface of life. A street in old Tunis is truly seen only when there is no one in it; it is then that it is most impressive, and yields up its spirit. What privacy! those blank walls! those rare high windows beautifully set! those discreet hanging balconies of latticed wood and iron! those nail-studded doors in exquisite patterns, that seem to have been rarely opened. An old house, set in some deep forest, is not more retired. And, if one passes within—silence, and soft footfalls, and refinement of all sense-impressions, the constant presence of delicately moulded handiwork, tiles cooling to the eye, wrought stucco, carved wood; and in those interiors, with their beautiful ceilings and wainscoting, are columns that seem of pagan purity, fountains as of woodland solitude, courts of garden peace. It is wonderful, how this effect of harborage and seclusion has been attained by an art so simple—flowers, water, plaster, wood, traceries, colored tiles. The city must be full of beautiful objects of this old art. It is not in this or that house only, nor in the public museums where rare examples are collected and massed, that one feels this artistic quality in the old race. It is felt in the handicrafts everywhere, the decoration of the surfaces, the enamelling, the gilding, the effort and liking for what is wrought in lovely patterns and relieved work of every description. There is a detail in the Tunisian sense of beauty, an omnipresent and conscious decorative spirit, something native and human. It is not only in the palace, but in the street, as one treads the narrow ways, and looks into the bright shops, and loiters in strange corners. It is an art of the senses—decoration is most obviously that. Rooted in barbaric taste? possibly; but most things human are rooted in barbarism. Unintellectual? perhaps, in the European sense. Unemotional? certainly not on the European scale of the emotions. Not developed from the beauty of the human form? of course.

But there is a spirit of the senses, as there is a spirit of the intellect; and it has its own art, a distillation of its life, as I intimated in speaking of the landscape, that leads one into the mood of a dream—a dream of the senses. This art is akin to that landscape—it is of the life of the senses; and the Arabs were always frankly a sensual race. And, however it be, the city has an artistic temperament, to me; it has no factory qualities, in its aspect, its wares or its people; it is yet virgin of the future, a dying perfume of the past. This flavor that I find in its art is not Arabian, though it flowered from that desert root; it is Andalusian, and comes from the skill and temperament of those old exiles who were driven out from the southern shores of Spain in successive waves of the Moorish emigration, each in turn sowing broadcast seeds of the most exquisite Arab art all along the shores of North Africa, and richly here at Tunis. It was an hereditary art, in families of builders, wood-carvers, stone-cutters, stucco-moulders, painters, gilders, dyers, embroiderers, leather-workers, damaskeen-workers, illuminators—the Tunisian arts of daily life, that gave to life that brilliant and exquisite surface in dress, utensils, interiors, and also broad urban artistic effects of luxury in the look of its commerce, the display of its multi-colored crafts and the vistas of its minaret-haunted sky. Tunis, in fact, is not altogether native, not of the pure desert blood; from the thirteenth century well into the times of the Renaissance, it had a flavor not unlike that of a Greek colony in Sicily or on old Italian coasts; it was grafted with the flower of Andalusian culture, transplanted in adversity and flourishing on the African soil—blossoming, perishing, and leaving this exquisite memory of itself, this intuition of vanished refinement and elegance, like a perfume.

To this Andalusian infusion is also traced the charm of the manners of the Tunisians, that gentleness of breeding, softness, and urbanity blended with an immovable dignity, which is so indescribable a racial trait. It is not the least foreign thing about them, and adds to the *fond* of mystery that they exude; for, notwithstanding all that can be seen or told, or gleaned from the past, mystery is of the essence of the traveller's impression at his first contact with the Arab race. It is a silent landscape, a speechless folk, an incommunicable civilization; it is



not only the closed mosque, the secluded house, the taciturn figures strange in garb and pose, immovably contemplative; but their life—all that they are—seems a closed book in an unknown tongue, a scroll unrolled but unintelligible. The feeling of racial mystery is intense, and all external impressions lead the traveller finally back to that—the insoluble soul of the race. It is not merely Islam. These shores from the dawn of knowledge have been one of the most fertile couches of the animal, man; here the young barbarian has been born and bred, and passed away, through all the centuries, and every civilization of the West has been seeded in conquest, and has flowered in cities, typical capitals, and withered away, leaving among the native race its ruins in their fields, in their blood, on their faces—like the Christian cross still tattooed on Kabyle foreheads. It is a race that assimilates but is not assimilated. It has taken the color and form, more or less impregnated with the spirit, of the genius of Carthage, Rome, Byzantium, Islam, France; it has felt the impact of Greek, Norman, Spaniard; but it was ever a race of inexhaustible resistant power, independent, tenacious, rebellious. It was never submerged or exterminated. It is a fine race. Tunis is one of its cosmopolitan cities, where it has drunk of every foreign stream and influence, has been civilized, softened, informed—a city of the various Mediterranean world, with great colonies of other folk in it, Italians, Jews, Maltese—a New York, as it were, on its own scale. In old Tunis, Arabized as it is, the desert race is itself only an infusion; yet so persistent is the ideal of race on its own soil, and so nomadic is the provincial population, that one feels the presence of that old racial soul, rightly or wrongly, into which the strength of the desert and the mountains has passed, which never breathed the breath of Europe, which remains in its own loneliness as in a fastness. It attracts and perplexes the human mind that would fain make acquaintance with it, but is oppressed by a feeling of impotence. And the exquisite personal demeanor of the Tunisians is enigmatic in its impression; it is like the charm of some Chinese painting or scroll that only emphasizes the unintelligibility, the incommunicability of the too variant spiritual past. With such delightful manners, such identical refinements of taste,

it would be so easy to be friends! But no; it is more rational to think of it all as an artistic growth of a foreign culture, a part of the lovely Andalusian inheritance of the land.

To a mind with a historical background it is odd to find Tunis so completely a modern city. The Andalusian tradition is unconcentrated, and slight in its elements of reality, in things; its full experience is rather an imaginative memory; and of the times before that there is nothing left. In the suburban country there are more, though few, relics of past ages, but there the memory works more freely. One recalls, looking off to the sea-towering Mountain of the Two Horns, that on one of those peaks rose the ancient temple of Baal. The harbors of Carthage are fascinating to the eye of the imagination; but the specific remains there are scanty and mediocre, they arouse no reaction deeper than thought; and, in the museum of Carthage one dwells most on the curious fact that what little has come down to us of that far-off life has found its way only by the grave itself; here, as in so many places, the tomb has been the chief conservator of life in its material aspects and what may be inferred from them of the soul of dead populations. It is rather in the neighborhood of the Cathedral that memory expands, for beside the near home of the White Brothers, who have spread their mantles and left their bones throughout the Sahara, a noble mission nobly done, here survives the only recorded anecdote of the history of this ridge, that must have been the place of innumerable tragedies—the marvellously vivid Christian story of St. Louis's death. The narrative is as fresh and poignant as if it were written yesterday; and on the spot one likes to remember that the chivalrous and good French crusader and king is a Moslem as well as a Christian saint. It is a symbol of peace and conciliation. The past, however, is here a barren field. Antiquity is felt, not in the survival of its monuments, but in the sense of the utter waste, the annihilation of the past, the extinction that has overtaken all that human life and its glory and struggle,—Punic, Roman, Visigothic,—the emptiness of the place of their battles, religions, pleasures, buildings and tombs. It is all debris: it is of the slightest—little archaeological heaps and pits in a vast horizon of silent sky



and sea. The mind becomes merely pessimistic, surveying the scene; the mood of fatalism invades it,—the mood of the frozen moon and the solar catastrophe,—floods of the eternal nothingness,—a mood of the pure intellect; and one is glad to come back to some nook, like Ariana, a village midway between Carthage and Tunis, where ruin becomes again romantic and human. The very roses bloom there as in a deserted garden of long ago. It was there that the Hafsides, the rulers of the golden age of Tunis in the thirteenth century, had their country-seats,—fair as the paradise at Roccada, where one “was gay without cause and smiled without a reason,”—surrounded by gardens, with great lakes shadowed by pine and cypress, and gleaming with kiosks lined with marble and faience, with ceilings of sculptured wood gilded and painted, and cooled by the fresh waters of many fountains. The love of the country was always a trait here,—an Arab trait,—the rich like to get out of the city to some place of quiet, privacy and repose, such as La Marsa to-day by the sea near Carthage. The sense of the reposeful country mingles with that of the beautiful city in the past as well as now; and the Hafsides were great civilizers, builders, favorers of trade, patrons of the arts and of science. Their works and their gardens are gone alike. Time drives his ploughshare often and deep in an African city; and it is not alone on the green and shining levels of the suburban country, with its great spaces and imperial memories, where every maritime and migratory race has written some half-obliterated line of history, that the mountains look on the sea and there is a great silence; but ruin is a near neighbor in the city as well. How many nooks and corners, full of the romance of places left to decay! That, too, is an Arab trait; to leave the old to decay and forgetfulness. It is natural that things should die, and be let lie where they fall. Oblivion is never far off.

What lassitude at last! Is it only the nerve-soothing weather, which cradles and lulls, week after week, the wearied Western mind? Is it only a renaissance of the senses, coming into their own, restored and vivified with strange forms and colors, accepting the impermanence of things human, and content to adorn and refine the sensual moment, to withdraw and enjoy? or is it a new world, a new mode of human life, with its

own perceptions and intuitions and valuations, a new form of the protean existence of men on the earth, with another memory, psychology, experience? Whatever it be, it is a spell that grows.

## VII

I LIKE to pass my afternoons in the shop of the perfumer in old Tunis. I come by covered ways, where the sunlight sifts through old rafters on stained walls and worn stones, and soon discern in the softened darkness the low small columns wound with alternate stripes of red and green—bright clustered colors: down the winding way of dimmed light in the narrow street opens on either side the row of shallow shops, shadowy alcoves of bright merchandise; and there in the heart of old Tunis, each in his niche, canopied by his trade, and seeming an emanation of the things he sells, sit the perfumers. A throng passes by, now dense, now thin,—passes forever, in crowds, in groups, in solitude, rarely speaking; and over against the silent movement sit the merchants,—tranquil figures in perfumed boxes—whose business seems one long repose. A languid scent loads the dusky air.

Just opposite the venerable Mosque of the Olive, an isle of sanctity still uncrossed by the heathen Frankish sea, right under the shadow of its silence-guarded doors, stands and has stood for centuries the shop where I love to lounge away hours that have no attribute of time. My host—I may well call him so, we are old acquaintances now—salutes me, his robe of fading hues detaching the figure from the background as he rises; his serene face lightens with a smile, his stately form softens with a gesture, he speaks a word, and I sit down on the narrow bench at the side, and light the cigarette he has proffered, while his only son quickly commands coffee. How well I remember years ago when the child's soft Arab eyes first looked into mine! He is taller now, beautifully garbed in an embroidered burnoose; and he sits by me, and talks in low tones. What a relief it is, just to be here! What an ablution! The very air is courtesy. There is no need to talk; and we sit, we three, and smoke our cigarettes, and sip our coffee, with now and then a word, and regard the street.

A motley street, like the bridge at Stam-



boul—a provincial form of that unfathomable sea of human faces; and, here as there, an unknown world in miniature, diverse, novel, brilliant—the African world. The native predominates, with here and there a flash of foreign blood, round-faced Sicilians, Spaniards whose faces seem in arms, French in uniforms; but always the native—every strain of the littoral and the highland, every tint of the desert sun: black-bearded Moors of Morocco, vindictive visages; fat Jews of Djerba laughing; negroes—boys of Fezzan or black giants of the Sudan; Arabs of every skin, hints of Gothic and Vandal blood and the old blond race long before all, resolute Kabyles, fair Chaouia, Touaregs with white-wrapped faces, caravan-men, Berber and Bedouin of all the land; women, too, veiled or with children at the open breast. That group of Tunisian dandies—how they stroll! olive faces, inexpressive, with the jonquil stuck over the ear, swinging little canes, clad in fine burnouses of pale blues or dying greens or ashy rose! Those bare-legged Bedouins, lean shoulders looped in earth-brown folds—how they walk! Every moment brings a new challenge to the eye. What life histories! what unspeaking faces! how closed a world! and my eyes rest on the shut gates of the ancient Mosque of the Olive over against me; I feel the spell of the unknown sealed in that faith, this life—the spell of a new life of the spirit of man, the mystery of a new earth-life of his body.

One falls into revery and absent-mindedness here, as elsewhere one falls asleep. But not for long. A lady, closely veiled, stands in the shop with her shorter low-browed attendant. I hear low syllables softly murmured; I am aware of a drop of perfume rubbed like dew on the back of her hand just below the small fingers, not too slim; I watch the fall of the precious, twinkling liquid in the faceted bottle; I mark the delicate handling of the small balances. It is like a picture in a dream, so still, so vivid in the semi-darkness of the booth. She is gone, and the fancy wanders after her—whither? The boy's *taleb*, his teacher of the mosque school, passing, sits down for a moment—an alert figure, scrutinizing, intelligent, energetic. There has been some school excitement, some public commotion; master and boy both scan the last paper with eagerness. I ask about the boy's les-

sons; but with a kind look at my young friend, and a half-reply to me, he puts the question aside, as if one should not say pleasant things in a boy's hearing too much. He is soon off on his affairs; and other friends of the shop come and go, not too often, some hearty, some subtle, but all cordial, merchants who would woo me away to other shops behind whose seemingly narrow spaces lies the wealth of great houses—oh! not to buy, but only to view silken stuffs, trilles of wrought silver, things begemmed, inlaid sword and pictured leather, brass, mosaic, horn, marvels of the strong and deft brown Arab hand in immemorial industries; the wealth of a large world is nigh, when I please—it is but a step here to Samarcand or Timbuctoo; but I say, lightly, "Another day."

I love better to sit here, flanked by the huge wax tapers, overhung by the five-fingered groups of colored candles, amid the curiously shaped glasses and mysterious boxes, the gold filagree, the facets, the ivory eggs—and to breathe, only to breathe, diffused hidden scents of the rose and the violet—jasmine, geranium—essences of all flowers, all gardens, all odorous things, till life itself might seem the perfumed essence of existence and the sensual world only an outer dusk. Oh, the delightful narcotism! I was ever too much the Occidental not to think even in my dream,—I am conscious of the feeling through all,—“What am I, an alien, here?” But it is sweet to be here, to have peace, and gentleness, and courtesy, young trust and brave respect, and breeding; it is balm. The darkness falls; the passer-by grows rare; it is closing-time. There is a drop for my hand now, for good-by. The boy companions me to the limit of old Tunis. It is good-night. It is a departure—as if some shore were left behind. It is a nostalgia—a shadowy perception that something more of life has escaped, of the irretrievable thing, gone, like something flown from the hand. And as I come under the Gate of France into the lights of the brilliant avenue, I find again him I had eluded, whom I heard as the voice of one standing without, saying, “What am I, an alien, here?”—I am again the old European.

### VIII

QUICK music comes down the evening street—the clatter of cavalry—the beautiful rhythm of horses' backs—flash of French



uniforms so harmonized with the African settings—spades, shillings, guns—a gallant and lively scene in the massed avenue! I love the French soldiers in Africa: but it is with a deeper feeling than mere martial exhilaration that one sees them to-night, for this is an annual fête-day, and their march commemorates the entry of the French troops into Tunis. One involuntarily looks at the faces of the natives in the crowds—impossible. But the old European cannot but feel a thrill at the sight of France, the leader of our civilization, again taking charge of the untamed and reluctant land and its intractable people to which every mastering empire of the North, from the dawn of our history, has brought in vain the force of its arms and the light of its intelligence. The hour has come again, and one feels the presence of the Napoleonic idea, clad, as of old, in the French arms; for it is from Napoleon, that star of enlightenment—Napoleon as he was in his Egyptian campaigns—that the French empire in Africa derives; and if, as the heir of the Crusades, France was through centuries the protector of Christians in the East, and that rôle is now done, it is a greater rôle that she inherits from Napoleon as the friend of Islam, with the centuries before her. Force, demonstrated in the army, is the basis of order in all civilized lands; that is why the presence of the French uniform delights me; but it is not by brute force that France moves in the essential conquest, nor is it military lust that her empire in Africa represents and embodies. It is, rather, a striking instance of fatality in human events that her advancing career in North Africa presents to the historical mind: a slight incident—a bey struck one of her ambassadors with a fan—forced on her the occupation of Algiers, and in the course of years she found herself saddled with a burden of colonial empire as awkwardly and reluctantly as was the case with us and the Philippines. There were anti-colonialists in her experiences, as there were anti-imperialists with us; and the arguments were about the same, essentially, in both cases—the rights of man, a new frontier, an alien people, with various economic considerations of revenue, tariff, exploitation. That obscure element of reality, however, which we call fate, worked on continuously, linking situation with event, difficulty with remedy, what was done with what had

to be done, till the occupation spread from Algiers into the mountains, along the seaboard, over the Atlas, into the desert, absorbing the neighboring land of Tunis, skirting the dangerous frontier of Morocco—and now the vitalizing and beneficent power of French civilization, as it might almost seem against the will of its masters, dominates a vast tract of doubtful empire whose issues are among the most interesting contingencies of the future of humanity. It is a great work that has been accomplished, but is greater in the tasks it opens than in those already achieved.

The policy of pacification and penetration is, indeed, one of the present glories of France. There has been fierce fighting, hard toils of war; the land has been the training-school of French generals; and, were it known and written, the story of French campaigning in the mountains and the desert would prove to be one of those heroic chapters of fine deeds obscurely done, rich in personal worth, that of all military glory have most moral greatness. The *esprit* of the soldiers was like that of devoted and lost bands—they were there to die. But it belongs to military force to be initial and preparatory, occasional, in its active expression; thereafter, in its passivity, it is a guarantee; it is order. The great line of French administrative policy, whether playing through the army or beyond it, was, nevertheless, the child and heir of Napoleon's idea; amity with Islam. To respect rites, usages, prejudices, to make the leaders of the people—chiefs, judges, religious heads—intermediaries of power, to find with patience and consideration the line of least resistance for civilization by means of the social and racial organization instead of in opposition thereto, and to display therewith not a spirit of cold, proud, and superior tolerance but a frank and interested sympathy—that, at least, was the ideal of the French way of empire. It had its disinterested elements—respect for humanity was implicit in it. What strikes the close student of the movement most is not the military advance, but the extraordinary degree to which the military advance itself was impregnated with intelligence, scientific observation, scholarly interest, economic suggestion, engineering ambition, as if these French officers were less men of arms than pioneers of knowledge and public works.



The publications through fifty years by men in the service on every conceivable topic relating to the land and its people in scientific, economic, and historical matters, are innumerable; they constitute a thorough study of vast areas. Such a fact tells its own story—a story of devotion in a cause of civilization.

Peaceful penetration does not mean merely that the railroad has entered the Sahara, and the wire gone far beyond into its heart, and the express messenger crossed the great waste; nor that the school, and with it the language, are everywhere, subduing and informing the mind; nor that agricultural science, engineering skill, economic initiative, and even philanthropic endeavor, hospitals, hygiene, are at work, or beginning, or in contemplation; but it means the restoration of a great and almost forsaken tract of the earth—from the Mediterranean and Lake Tchad to the Niger and the Atlantic—with its populations, to the benefits of peaceful culture, safe commerce, humane conditions, and to fraternity with the rest of mankind. It is not the brilliant military scene that holds my eye in the packed avenue, with its double rows of trees shadowy in the air, lined with brilliant shops and stately urban buildings, opera, cathedral, residence—the familiar modern metropolitan scene in the electric glare; but I see the work of France all over the darkened land from the thousand miles of seacoast, up over the impenetrable Atlas ranges, down endless desert routes—carrying civilizing power, like a radiating force, through a new world.

## IX

TUNIS is the gateway by which I entered this world—the new world of France, the old world of the desert. It was almost an accident of travel that I had come here, refuting myself from the life I had known, and seeking a place to forget and to repose, away from men. I had no thought of even temporary residence or exploration; but each day my interest deepened, my curiosity was enlivened, my sympathies warmed, and slowly I was aware that the land held me in its spell—a land of fantastic scenery, of a mysterious people, of a barbaric history and *mis-en-scene*, a land of the primitive. I coursed it from end to end.

The best description of North Africa as a visual fragment of the globe is that which delineates it as a vast triangular island, whose two northern horns lie, one off Spain at Gibraltar, the other, with a broader strait, off Sicily—with a southward wall overlooking the Sahara like an ocean, and running slantingly to the Atlantic, whose seaboard makes the narrow base of the triangle. This immense island is gridironed through its whole mass with mountains, ranging southwest and northeast, and hence not easily penetrable except at those remote ends; it is backed by table-lands of varying breadth between the Northern and the Saharan Atlas, which form its outer walls, and the conglomeration of successive ranges at varying altitudes, with their high plateaus, is cut with deep gullies, valleys, pockets, fastnesses of all sorts—a formidable country for defence and of difficult communication. Under the southern edge of the Saharan Atlas, like a long chain of infrequent islands, runs the line of oases in the near desert from the northeasterly tip of the lowlands of the isle of Djerba southwesterly the whole distance to the Atlantic, and here and there pressing deep into the waste of sand and rock; under the northern wall stretches the arable lowland here and there on the Mediterranean coast where lie the mountain-backed ports. At the highest points, in Morocco, lies perpetual snow, and the land is snow-roofed in winter.

Among these wild mountains in antiquity lived an indigenous blond race, whose blue-eyed, clear-complexioned descendants may still be met with there, and mixed with them a darker population from the sunburnt desert and lowlands, the Getulæ and Numidians of history, of whom Jugurtha was a fine and unforgotten type; on these original and tenacious races, whose blood was inexpugnable, poured the immigrant human floods through the centuries from north and south, west and east, but the natives maintained their hold, and the stock survived. The Punic immigration, with its great capital of Carthage, only touched the coast; the Romans established a great province in Tunisia, founded cities and garrisoned the country as far as the desert and into the Riff, and made punitive expeditions among the nomads to the south; the Visigoths flocked from Spain, overran the whole country, and passed away like sheets of foam; the

Byzantines rebuilt the fortresses, and their human fall away; the Arab hordes in successive waves carried Islam to the western ocean, and, swirling, Arabized great tracts of the Berber blood, and made the land Moslem, but with a deeper impregnation than when it had been Romanized and Christianized; while through all the years of their slow and imperfect dominance new floods of fresh desert blood poured up from the Sahara, much as the barbarians fell from the north upon Rome. The massive island was thus always in the contention of the human seas, rising and falling; yet the Berber blood, the Berber spirit, continually recruited from the Sahara, seems never to have really given way; taking the changing colors of its invaders, it persisted—a rude, independent, democratic, fierce, much-enduring, untamable race. It wears its Islam in its own fashion. It keeps the other stocks, that dwell in it, apart—the Jews, the Turks, Italians, Maltese, Spaniards, they are but colonies, however long upon the

soil, and even though in some instances they adopt native costumes and ways. And now it is the turn of France—that is to say, of dominant Western civilization in its most humane and enlightened form.

How many interests were here combined! a land of natural wildness, of romantic and solemn scenes, of splendid solitudes and varying climates; a past dipped in all the colors of history; a race of physical competency, savage vitality, where the primitive ages still stamped an image of themselves in manners and actions and aspect; the fortunes of one of the great present causes of humanity, to be paralleled with Egypt and India, a work of civilization! It could not but prove a fine adventure. And so I turned nomad, and fared forth. Bedouin boys, rich with my last Tunisian copper, gave me delighted good-bys, as they ran after my carriage, screaming bright-eyed; and I felt as if I had already friends in the lonely, silent land as the long level spans of the high aqueduct marched backward, and the train sped on.

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## THE MOTHER

By Laura Spencer Portor

AND there, mayhap, tall angels, wide of wing  
And full of glory bring thee gifts, and play  
About thee on the holy Christmas-day,  
While I, without thee,—I stand far away.

And one, I think, more gentle, blue of eye, one other,  
Being herself a mother,  
Brings thee a sprig of heavenly rosemary,  
Or some small heart-shaped bauble which thy hands  
Feel, and know not what mighty pain and joy  
Wrought it, and says (not understood of thee),  
"It is thy mother's love,"—because she understands.

O thou, my little boy!  
My little, little boy!

Go spend thy Christmas happily.  
I would have thee remember nought.  
Yet if of me thou hast a thought,—  
Hang it upon God's Christmas-tree  
Low down, low down, dear, within reach of me!







*Drakon by W. J. Ayerward.*

Cast their officers adrift in a boat.—Page 43.



# THE OLD MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN

ENGLISH NAVAL LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By W. J. Aylward

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



THE English navy of the latter half of the eighteenth century is especially interesting, not only because it was then approaching the height of its renown as a mighty engine of destruction but because out of the complex customs and usages in vogue then have been evolved the present-day standards of all navies.

One has only to rummage a very little among the splendid archives of a nation given to preserving its history to realize how all-important, how all-engrossing, was the floating defence of the England of that period to the man in the street as well as to the lord in his castle. The one never knew when he would be rudely snatched away from his home, the other when his castle might be taken from him.

The necessity of the times demanded harsh measures. It was no phantom German airship in the sky then but a very real France which up to Trafalgar boldly threatened invasion. Those were literally days of wars and rumors of wars; of immense fleets afloat and building, calling incessantly for recruits; and the profession of a fighting sailor was one of active employment. In that century also the British navy found itself and abuses began to disappear. It became the standard then as it is to-day—a position due to a people wise enough to spend at one time four fifths of the public revenue upon its floating defence.

Ever since the time of William the Norman's landing at Hastings, Britain has always relied on its sea service to repel the invader by destroying him abroad. It must be confessed this scheme succeeded fairly well, for somehow those old ships which snatched their power from the tempest and fought the sea on his own terms eventually found their quarry and had it

out with him in any quarter of the watery globe in which they happened to meet.

We may sniff in this day of high-powered steel-clad fortresses at the quaint wallowly ships of a bygone age with their tiers and tiers of guns peering out from red-lidded ports. But those same old picturesque ships had advantages that the later breed will never possess, nor did they become obsolete in a few short years. What ten-million-dollar battle-ship of to-day can keep the sea in active service for six months? Yet it was not uncommon then for a ship of the old school to remain on a foreign station for ten years, and Collingwood on one occasion went for twenty-two months without making port!

They were singularly simple and self-sustaining, and with their timber hulls and hempen rig could grapple in a death-struggle in mid-ocean, throw a prize-crew aboard a captured enemy, patch both ships, send the prize home, and proceed on a voyage quite as a matter of course.

Let a battle-ship to-day once run out of coal and—as coal is contraband of war—be in a position where she is unable to replenish her bunkers and she will be not only absolutely defenceless but in a short time be untenable for her own company. Literally, coal means existence to her, and her effectiveness is dependent wholly upon her bunker supply.

What life was like in the tween-decks of an old line-of-battle ship, crowded as the men were amid the wilderness of heavy guns and their confusion of gear, we can pretty well guess. Of the millions who have lived it a few, fortunately, have left a record. Sometimes it is decidedly warped in judgment, and again it is frankly antagonistic to the service; but still these men had opportunities for observation denied ourselves, and somewhere on a cross-bearing between the bitter satires of

Ward and the caricatures of Smollett, on the one hand, and the pictures by Marryat in a milder hue and of a somewhat later day, is the truth.

Naturally, the point of view had much to do with the writer's views on his environment. Marryat wrote from the vantage of the quarter-deck, while most, if not all, the other writers were men on the lower deck, who from quieter walks in life had been brutally pressed against their will into a service for which they were in most cases unfitted. As the real man-o'-war's man who formed the backbone of the ship's company was not given to literary effusions, we are left in the dark as to his valuable opinions, except where he has been quoted to suit the purposes of a more gifted shipmate. He usually despised as unseamanlike such things as reading and writing.

There can be no question about it—life in the Georgian navy was insufferably hard. According to Mansfield: "It was brutalizing, cruel, and horrible; the kind of life now happily gone forever; a kind of life which no man to-day would think good enough for a criminal. There was barbarous discipline, bad pay, bad food, bad hours of work, bad company."

This is putting the case strongly, and to one not born or bred to the sea it is exactly what it must have seemed. How then did they get men to enter the service? There were several ways in vogue. A captain on being appointed to a vessel, besides attending to her armament and equipping her for a voyage, had also the responsibility of furnishing her with a crew. He set about this by establishing a recruiting-office ashore, generally at a sailors' tavern, and placarding the fact through the town and the surrounding country with the announcement that "Captain Blank, R. N., was now fitting out H. M. Ship *So and So* for a cruise in foreign waters." Following this came promises of unlimited rum, prize-money, and the King's bounty. When the gullible one came to the bait he was plied generously with drink and flattery, the King's gold jingled before his staring eyes, and his befuddled brain filled with stories of the joys of life in the King's navy loudly bawled in the sea ballads of the day. That these joys were not unknown

is shown by the fact that the bounty was at one time above seventy pounds sterling. When these gentle means failed to complete his number the captain sent a few boat-loads of sturdy fellows ashore after dark in charge of an officer. This party, or "press-gang," proceeded to the resorts of merchant sailors and picked up any stragglers they found in the streets. In times of need no male between boyhood and old age was safe.

"The lieutenant and his band dogs together make a woful noise in all the seaport towns around the kingdom; he beats up all quarters and rummages all the Wapping ale-houses as narrowly as he would a prize from the Indies. . . . In fine, he is a perfect hurricane in a little town and drives the laggard dog along the street with as much noise and bustle as butchers do swine at Smithfield."

Once aboard and under the hatches the impressed man's fate was sealed, and a sentry placed over him with orders to shoot him if he attempted to escape. At the captain's convenience the men were brought on deck, and then it was—

"Brown, don't look so blue! How long have you been to sea and how old are you?"

"Twenty years, your Honor, and I am thirty-two years old."

"You can hand, splice, reef, steer, and heave the lead, eh, Brown?"

"Why, yes, I doubt I might, your Honor."

Brown refuses to accept the King's bounty: "Then you'll go without, that's all." Another man is brought up:

"Jennings, how long have you been at sea?"

"Four years, your Honor."

"Where have you served?"

"Nowhere, your Honor."

"Come, sir! No impudence or I'll marry you to the gunner's daughter! Forward there! Send the boatswain's mate aft with the cat!"

"Beg your pardon, your Honor, I meant I never served in a man-o'-war——"

"Time you should and amongst other things learn manners!"

A third man is brought up on deck and it is—

"Baker, who are you?"

"A tailor, your Worship."





*Flogging by W. J. Ayer.*

Flogging was the most common form of punishment. . . . At eleven in the forenoon the word was passed to call all hands to witness punishment. . . . Page 33







Petty officers ashore.

"Don't worship me. What brought you here?"

"That air lieutenant and his gang, sir, took me as I was going home last night."

"Tell the truth, sir! You were guzzling and cackling like a goose at the Magpie." The captain enters the man. "Well, Mr. Baker, for all that you are just going to ship, instead. We want tailors aboard as well as ashore, so you'll drive your needle and be an idler in one of his Majesty's ships."

It explains if it does not excuse the barbarous punishments for even small offences dealt out to hapless culprits to know that it was the custom for magistrates to send their condemned prisoners aboard a man-o'-war with a request to the captain to ship them. Sheriffs in inland counties found this an easy way to get rid of undesirable citizens and sent thieves, beggars, and poachers in shoals to the nearest port, while criminals at the assizes were sometimes given the hard alternative of choosing between a long jail sentence and service in the King's navy. A man-o'-war, like the gallows, refused nothing.

Naturally, a ship's company under such conditions became a highly flavored assortment of rogues with every species of jailbird represented, and had to be ruled with an iron hand, if at all.

These creatures, with the scum drawn by a high bounty, were loathed and despised by the decent sailors who were forced to associate with them, for the genuine seaman of the period was quite a different man. Ned Ward, so harsh on his officers, boldly describes him as the most "Glorious piece of the Creation!"

"He can no more sleep in sheets than in a horse-pond, and put him in a feather-bed and he shall fancy he is sinking straight, but put him in a hammock and he shall lie a whole night dormant as Mahomet between two loadstones. He looks most formidable when others appear most drooping; for see him in bad weather in his fur cap and Wapping Watch-coat and you swear the Czar was just returned from Muscovy, and yet he is never in his true figure but in a pitched jacket when he is as invulnerable to a cudgel as a hog in armor."

## The Old Man-of-War's Man



The paymaster.

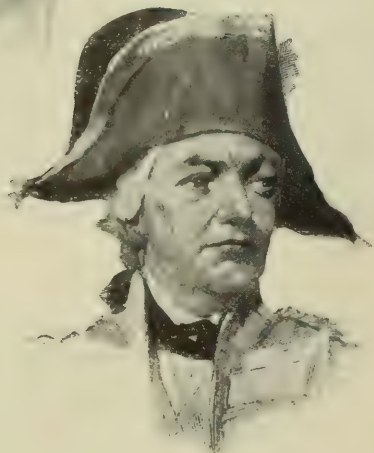
"He was ever ready to spend his blood on any quarrelsome occasion," we are told, and on pay-day—"If he be sober at that juncture, he is damnably puzzled in contriving ways to spend his hatful of money. But if—as he commonly is—devilled with flip, he scorns to spend one thought upon the matter but straight, while it is still warm in his cap, fairly sits down to the cards or hazard and generally throws it away before sunset."

He extols further virtue of "this blunt sea-animal," declaring him to be of more value to the nation than the most fluttering beau in it, but ending, alas, with the seaman's usual lament that "sailors are no longer what they used to be."

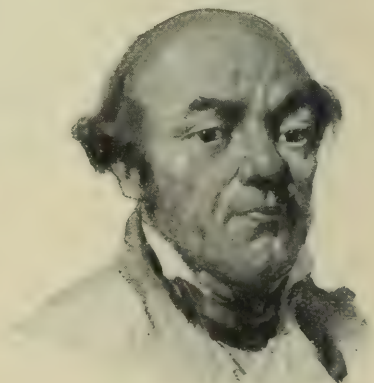
Such a man was always placed in a position of semi-authority or at a responsible station. The young and spry aloft as captain of a top, perhaps; the steady, reliable men on the forecastle or as gun-captains in the batteries, while the more or less inefficient—those "without art or judgment"—were placed in the waist, in the despised afterguard, to fetch and carry

for the officers or to crawl on obscure missions with the rats among the casks and cables in the gloomy depths of the lower hold. Only the hopelessly unfit were sent ashore.

After all, there was something of a democracy in the little world of a ship's company, even under a system that seemed to inspire each man to look down upon those beneath him. Men of birth and breeding did men's work aloft and aloft, and we hear of a disgusted lieutenant hailing the mizzen-topsail yard with "My Lords and Gentlemen." The lieutenant of that speech himself may have been of gentle birth or he may have "crawled through the hawse-pipes" and so worked aft. For all we know he may



The captain.



A boatswain.

have been the very same of whom Lord Cochrane tells, who received him on reporting for duty "with a lump of grease in one hand and a marlinespike in the other, dressed in seaman's clothes well daubed with tar, for he had been interrupted in setting up the rigging."

"A ship," says Glascock, "is a little world governed by its own laws and customs." And over this little world, dealing out its rough justice, was the captain. On him depended the safety and happiness of the whole ship's company and on his shoulders rested the heavy responsibility of the successful outcome of a cruise or expedition. Interest, or "pull" as we call it now, had much to do with obtaining a command, but it must be said that no interest was strong enough in



those days to keep inefficient in responsible positions. The execution of Admiral Byng on his own quarter-deck is but a dramatic example of how severely failure was punished.

In the rough sea life of the period nobody lived well in a man-o'-war or any other ship, for that matter. Pickles and a table-cloth did not materially lessen the discomforts and dangers suffered by the officers and men alike in being "half-baked in the tropics or wholly frozen in Spitzbergen," or the abject misery of standing watch and watch of a winter's night in dreary blockade of a channel port. The sailors realized this, for we find one philosopher saying: "No one grum-



The chaplain.



A seaman.



The lieutenant.

bles at his lot in an engagement or curses the bullet that unlegs him, because all aboard are alike exposed to misfortune"; but for a port admiral they had the utmost contempt. To one of these who sent them to sea without necessity on Christmas Eve they dedicated a ballad in the nature of an anathema.

There is something truly fine about the absolute devotion of a seaman. Even under treatment scarce human he was always ready to do his duty. Fielding, in his "Voyage to Lisbon," notes this and extols him for virtues he knew not of till he made his memorable voyage a dying man. Though properly indignant at the cruel gibes that greeted his appearance aboard ship, he was amazed at the cheerfulness and faithfulness under stress, and

tells of a sailor leaping overboard to save a kitten when the ship was under way and at sea. He rightly decided there were two kinds of flesh—land flesh and sea flesh.

From the comfortable vantage of a softer age the life of a man-o'-war's man in the eighteenth century seems an incredible thing. That a hu-

man being could be triced up and his bared back cut into ribbons on the mere whim of an officer is now happily impossible, although not so then. That there were tyrants who abused their powers is only too patent from the records of mutinies that occurred, but that they were as common as many writers would have us believe is not true. The victories of that day could not have been won by galley-slaves.

As a matter of fact, the men preferred a "taut hand" to a lenient master. The one meant a smart ship, one in which he could have a proper pride, while with slack discipline inevitably came disorder and slovenliness.

Sir Peter Parker was a good deal of a martinet, but a prime seaman. He swore

he'd make the men under him "touch their hats to a midshipman's coat, if it were but hung on a broomstick to dry." Yet his crew worshipped him, while another who flogged daily would have his crew half in mutiny all the time. Despite their difference in rank and social status a captain had to have something more than the respect due to his legal authority to get the most out of the force under his command. It was that "something" which in Nelson they say double-manned the ships off Cadiz by his merely joining the fleet.

When we think of the old fighting ship we naturally see her thundering broadsides and glorified in brilliant clouds of her own smoke. But battles and yacht-races and football games, or any encounter between men, are won or lost in the long hours of preparation. Collingwood blockading the French and Spanish fleets in Cadiz for months, after Nelson pursued them for nearly two years, is but one instance of fighting under old conditions. It was the long-sustained gruelling grind that tried men's souls. The German general in 1870 expressed it when he said that, "Having done with the pastime of war, we will now take up the serious business of life, which is drilling."

An action indeed was hailed as a break in the dead monotony of heavy routine under an iron discipline, though in itself a battle could be the severest kind of toil, and men have been known in a long-sustained fight to drop exhausted by their cumbrous guns and sleep amid the roar of broadsides and splintering crash of shot striking home.

Captain Hull, writing of the man-of-war's man, says: "His range of duty includes the whole world: he may be lost in the wilderness of a three-decker, or be wedged into a cock-boat of a cutter; he may be half-fried in Jamaica or wholly frozen in Spitzbergen; he may be cruising six days in the week in the midst of an hundred sail and flounder in solitude on the seventh; he may be peaceably riding at anchor in the morning and hot in action before sunset."

Whether open to a fresh breeze off blue water or to a pleasant view of peaceful harbor the open ports meant much to the comfort and health of poor Jack; but in

anything like rough weather this boon was impossible.

The food was notoriously bad, and it was said that "where one died by shot ten died by bad provisions." To cite one case alone Admiral Hosier on the West India station buried his ship's company twice over. This was largely due to the habit of men demanding the same fare which they were accustomed to eat in home waters and the fact that the daily ration included a gallon of usually spoiled beer. This, with a salt diet, ran up the mortality to a fearful extent. The scourge of the sailor, merchant or naval, in those days was scurvy. What the annihilation of yellow fever on the Isthmus meant to the building of the Panama Canal the elimination of scurvy meant to the efficiency of a sailing fleet.

The man-of-war's man would have been made more content by an occasional run ashore; but this was necessarily denied him. The navy was so big and men so precious that those in command dared not give them an opportunity to desert. There was little risk of this happening to any extent, however, as during the wars the penalty for such an offence was disgraceful death, and the reward for the capture of deserters was so tempting to greedy folk ashore that the very people whose existence he guaranteed were glad to deliver the sailor to the executioner.

That loyalty was the rule need not be stated here and that such a precious thing was bestowed on some unworthy masters is also true. That the men were ill-used there is no denying, and even under a humane commander it was quite within the power of a boy of a midshipman to follow the best man in the crew from day to day and vent upon him all the indignity and abuse the little demon could invent. The bo's'n and his mates as a rule carried canes and "starters" or "persuaders" with which they were accustomed to beat men striving to do their duty.

No wonder Johnson remarked that he didn't see why men went to sea when there were jails ashore, and that a proverb ran: "Those who would go to sea for pleasure would go to hell for pastime." The top-men especially came in for more than their share of ill treatment. Their work was





The prison hulk.

always under the eye of the deck officer and they lived in continual terror lest something should go wrong aloft and bring instant punishment. That this punishment was severe is proved by the case of one man called to the deck to receive it. Instead of obeying the order he deliberately walked to the end of the yard and jumped overboard.

Flogging was the most common form of punishment inflicted, sometimes for trifling offences.

At eleven in the forenoon the word was passed to call all hands to witness punishment. The captain then appeared with the curt order to "Rig gratings!" He then called the first name on the list of offenders:

"Drunk aboard ship! What had he to say?"

There was nothing much to be said except to express the "'ope that his 'onor would overlook it this time." Vain hope; and in a jiffy he was triced with his bare back ready for the cat. After the article of war relating to the offence had been read and sentence pronounced, at the curt command of the captain the boatswain's mate transformed the groaning victim's muscular back into a mass of bleeding

flesh. No doubt many hardened offenders received their medicine and were carried groaning or weeping by their comrades below to the surgeon's care; but sometimes up would come an athletic young giant, straight as an arrow, with the bearing of a lion, a topman. He had "transgressed his Majesty's laws," it seemed, in being responsible for bungling the furling of a topgallant sail, with the admiral looking on! What had he to say?

There were extenuating circumstances, it appeared. It was true that he had offended, but it was also true that the clew-line had fouled in its block. In faltering tones he begged forgiveness and hoped.

"Strip, sir!"

Slowly off came the blue jacket with its brightly polished gilt buttons, Jem's red weskit and Bill's gay silken handkerchief from his choking throat and dropped in a pitiful heap of foolish finery, unavailing, to the deck. Off came the checkered shirt and striped guernsey leaving a sinewy torso above his snowy wide trousers bare to the breeze. In a deathlike silence he stepped to the blood-clotted spot beneath the grating and extended his square

wrote to the delf hands of his executioners, then each of his silk-clad ankles:

"Staked up, sir!"

Then the fatal command:

"Boatswain, do your duty!"

But life was not all gloom and work and cruel punishment for Jack. It had its bright spots too, and meal-time was a real relaxation—dinner-time the pleasant hour of the day. This, too, was the hour when the grog was served out to a lively tune, and, grog being a sort of legal tender, bets were settled and accounts squared, those who did not care for navy rum purchasing many perquisites from their more bibulously inclined mates. The latter got into trouble at once by any over-indulgence. The temptation was great, for by saving the noon-day ration and putting it with his evening tot quite a fair state of illumination could be attained, as each man drew half a pint of raw spirits a day. Admiral Vernon, nicknamed "Old Grog" because of a coat he wore, was the first to dilute the seamen's drink. His name survives to-day for the enticing mixture served on board British naval vessels.

Though anything like organized sport was unknown, save perhaps boat-racing, the men had certain rough amusements of their own and always were much given to buffoonery. This hilarity had to be kept within certain strictly defined limits, as anything like soldiering on duty or gaming at cards and dice out of season was strictly punished. To this end the master-at-arms had his petty spies among the crew to apprise him of any quiet little game going on between the guns. These spies were called "white mice" and were loathed by the men, who often had revenge for their treachery. Nor was the master-at-arms entirely free from this danger as he went about with his dim lanthorn on his rounds in the black night of the lower hold.

Among other changes in this period of development music was introduced. Besides taking the place of the chantey at hauling and heaving it gave an added comfort to the quiet dog-watch when the men gathered on the forecastle in little groups to listen to their own country songs and to dance a lively reel to an inspiring air or sing "ship-made" verses of their own. Where a little attention

was paid to the need of recreation among men full of animal spirits and suppressed by a hard code there was little danger of mutiny raising its ugly head.

But mutiny was rare and never broke out without good reason. The one at Spithead, where the fleet was in revolt, was managed so judiciously, the demands were so moderate and just, and the behavior of the men so restrained, that they gained their point and immunity was given the offenders. That of the Nore was quite a different matter and was instigated and managed largely by a man named Parker, self-styled "Admiral of the Mutiny." Parker was the type of man whom the sailor always despised and even called "sea-lawyer." His history is brief: he was of smooth and polished address, but a crook who entered the navy to escape a jail sentence. Within eighteen months he had hoisted his rebel flag and entered upon his brief day of power. He strutted the quarter-deck for a time before dangling with some of his luckless mates at the end of a yard-arm.

During these mutinies some of the fine qualities of the sailors show to advantage, while others are more amusing. It seems the self-appointed officers were not above enforcing honors to themselves, and one bo's'n upon refusing to pipe a boatload of what Jackey called "delicates" up the side was triced up and given three dozen of his own cat. In another ship the delegates were told to sheer off and, refusing to do so, the marines were ordered to fire over the heads of those in the boat. This so infuriated the men that they were going to hang the lieutenant of marines, when the captain of the ship, stepping forward, said that his subordinate had but done his duty in carrying out an order that he had given, that he himself was the guilty one if any, and that he was ready to die if need be. Fortunately the men, appreciating so brave an act, refused to punish either.

In another instance of a fleet mutiny the men of a ship sent each day a boat ashore with a message to the wife of the captain to allay the fears of that lady for her husband's safety and at the successful termination of the revolt the men celebrated their victory by a tremendous parade ashore in which the popular com-





*Drawn by W. J. A. J. G.*

A victory usually meant a jolly day in port.







Building a three-decker.

manders were carried on the shoulders of their men or drawn by them in carriages through the streets.

Quite different from these successes was the sordid tale of the *Hermione* and Pig-gott her captain. He was one of the worst type, and a series of cruelties culminated in the death of two men. During sail exercise one day, to induce extra spryness, he said that he'd flog the last man down off a yard. In the mad scramble to escape that distinction two sailors fell at his feet in broken heaps. He coolly ordered them hove overboard. That night the men rose, murdered their commander, and next day cast their officers adrift in a boat; later sailing the ship into a South American port and turning her over to the Spaniards.

The "press" was a horrible cruelty, but it had the merit of success. When a bounty equal to almost a thousand dollars to-day did not attract men in sufficient numbers the necessity of the times demanded se-

vere measures. One of its many hard-ships, and one which brought trouble with us later, was the practice of bringing-to a merchant-ship at sea and taking so many men out of her that sometimes the captain did not have enough men to work her home.

Under favorable circumstances this treatment was resented forcibly, and somewhat earlier merchant-ships, being armed, sometimes fought the King's smaller ships successfully. Strangely enough, no steps were taken to punish offenders in this respect, and the captured men who found themselves in unwelcome service bore no grudge against their captors for broken heads. As Commander Robinson puts it: "No bad blood seemed to be engendered by these encounters, as the King's officers were but doing their duty, while conceding the right of the men to resist."

The practice of not allowing the men liberty in a home port led to a disgraceful

state of affairs. The ship was surrounded by bum-boats and infested with shore people. Jack with a pay-day has always been popular, and with such a pay-day as he often had then, with perhaps three years' wages and several hundred pounds prize-money heaped in a glittering pile in the crown of his tarpaulin hat, he was fair

added to the ordinary trials of departure, the ship, surrounded by shore boats that pour a motley throng into her, became pandemonium. The Jews, trying to close out their stock—or worse, trying to realize on unwise credits—added their wails to the clamorous cries of wash-ladies and other bum-boat folk who, with their long bills,



Deserters.

plunder for those who supplied him with delights and comforts he was unable to obtain for himself.

Jew peddlers scented afar a ship to be paid off and flocked in droves with tin watches and all the petty gewgaws and finery dear to a sailor's heart. Although all visitors were searched for liquor and sentries placed in the chains saw to it that none came through the ports, it came aboard somehow in a steady stream. And with the drink came the ladies and with the ladies came trouble. Discipline under the circumstances was impossible. The ship became dirty, the rigging slovenly and neglected, while the shrill cries of the bargainers in the lower deck mingled with the discordant music of the fiddlers and the wildly suggestive stepping of the reels on the fore-castle.

All this hilarity came to a head on sailing-day, a day of confusion anyway, when,

shrilly demanded payment or coaxingly entreated tipsy Jack, who hoped to settle all "out of the bunt of the fore-topsail." The sailors' wives and sweethearts, lovingly disputing the long accounts run by their swains, added their little mites to the general mêlée, while Jack himself, feeling he was being defrauded, often enough entered the noisy argument with a blow of his fist which sent a Jew sprawling on deck and his wares into the hold to be seen no more. All disputed points were settled, and the combatants parted by the rough hand of the sergeant of marines with his guard, when the word was passed to clear the ship at sunset.

We can picture the actual morning of sailing. The dawning day finds the ship astir with the bustle of departure and the sun's low slant strikes its first warm shaft on great folds of loosened canvas hanging



in the gear and swaying in the crisp air. On top of the fresh breeze tiny cloudlets come tumbling over the dark-wooded and castellated hill and hover above the sleeping town gray by the water's edge. The ship chafes fretfully at her cable as though anxious to be off.

Floating over the green ruffled surface of the water come the shrill pipe and hoarse bawl of the bo's'n, the thin melody of a fife and with it the rhythmic undertone and steady clank of the capstan-pawls as round and round the marines and waisters go. The ship slowly crawls up on her anchor.

"Short, sir!" roars from the head to the quarter-deck. At the order the panting men rest on the bars. Then along the gear and gun cluttered deck orders fly thick and fast, echoed by the bawling bo's'n and his mates. Like mad hares the men scurry about alow and aloft, when suddenly, as if by magic, the delicate spars and lace-like rigging disappear and the ship is clothed in shimmering canvas billowing in a great mass against the masts and shrouds on yards already trimmed.

Once more the men strain at the capstan, and as the anchor breaks its hold, she pays off, and fills away, the yards are squared, the water gurgles around her forefoot, and through the silent roadstead and its silent ships she glides majestically down to the sea. Only a few fishermen returning with their night's harvest are there to bid farewell and make obeisance as she passes by letting fly their sheets. As the hour is long before colors, this homely sea tribute is unanswered.

Clear of the head her bluff bows squarely meet the old swell coming up channel and she lifts her gallant beak from dripping cascade that flies to leeward in shimmering spindrift, to flash for a moment in the great billow rolling there, and then

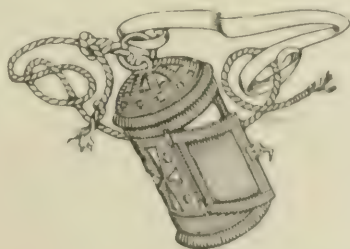
join her foaming wake that sparkles in the morning sun.

The ports are thrown open to the sweet land-breeze and through them the green-carpeted white cliffs of his native land seem especially radiant to the homesick, heartsick, or seasick lad in the lower deck, fresh from the pangs of a parting that may last a dozen years. His reveries are rudely disturbed by the bo's'n, for there is much to be done in the way of cleaning ship and removing the traces of a long stay in port.

Off Falmouth she swings into the wind and with her main-yard aback makes her final courtesy to the land of her birth, while the pilot clammers down into his bobbly boat. He stands there for a moment and with his cap in his hand wishes his lordship "a pleasant and successful cruise," a kindness which his lordship acknowledges with a cold nod. Another nod to the lieutenant and he enters his cabin. Once there, removed from the gaze of his subordinates, perhaps he too, as the land comes in range of his cabin windows, gazes back where dwell all he holds most dear.

Off Ushant he opens his orders and lays his course northerly, southerly, westerly—he knows not till then where public business or "private occasion" may lead him. And out on the deepening blue water with him, his fortunes bound with his, goes Jack.

As the day grows old and gilds her flaxen sails the beautiful old ship plunges on in perfect unison with an empurpled sea that lifts her on in an embrace she still seems to keep for wood and hemp and canvas alone. The red sun dips, the shadows creep, the stars steal out, and into the great void of night called the Past the ship gently disappears, and with her goes that "blunt sea-animal" sometimes called Jack.



# THE TORTOISE

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould



HERE are only three things worth while—fighting, drinking, and making love.” It was Chalmers who said it to me as we came out of the theatre, and were idling along towards the club. We had been seeing a very handsome—almost elegant—melodrama. Very impressionable chap, Chalmers, I thought, for I was quite sure that he had never done any fighting; he was apparently a total abstainer; and he positively ran—as whole-heartedly as a frightened cow—from a petticoat.

“What about work?” I asked, as we turned into the club. Chalmers is a fiend for work: always shut up in his laboratory, dry-nursing an experiment.

“Work is an anodyne—a blooming anodyne.” He hunched his shoulders, and his brown coat—the coat of a toilsome recluse, if ever there was one; there’s something peculiarly unworldly about brown tweed for a man’s wear—creased into lumpier curves than ever.

“It’s a mighty slow one. If I wanted a quick effect, I think I’d take to cocaine. Must be exciting, slewing round the corners of Montmartre, dropping your francs into a basket that swings down from God knows where, with the blessed stuff all in it waiting to be inhaled. And all over inside of a year.” Thus I to Chalmers, knowing that we were very far from Montmartre. Chalmers, I should say, was magnificently dependable; you were as safe in dropping a lurid suggestion on him as on the shell of an ancient turtle. I rather liked that idea, which struck me just then; in fact, his clothes were much the color of tortoise-shell.

“But I don’t want it over. You see . . . I’ve agreed to hang on.” His keen glance at me, more than his words, savored of explanation.

“Oh!” I made the syllable as non-committal as possible. The lips that are at one moment so fluent in confession will

grow stiff with resentment after the hour of confidence is over. For that reason I dislike to have people tell me things: I always expect that they will some day hate me merely because they told.

We sat down at a table, and I ordered a highball. Chalmers fussed for a moment, and then committed himself to a *pâté* sandwich with *apollinarié*. I didn’t think of asking him to join me. We had been trying for five years to get Chalmers to take a drink. For a year there were always bets going on it; but it had been a long time now since any of us had made or lost anything on the chance of Chalmers’s potations.

At the same time, my curiosity was aroused. There had never been any mystery about Chalmers. There isn’t any about a tortoise, if it comes to that. The beast has been made much of mythologically, I believe; but even in India they only accuse him of holding up the world. No one pretends, so far as I know, that he keeps anything under his shell except himself. But Chalmers didn’t seem to be even bearing a burden. He was simply Chalmers. He had come among us, an accredited student of physics, with letters of introduction from German professors and Colonial Dames; he had performed the absolutely necessary conventional duties; he was vaguely related to people that every one knew; he was so obviously a gentleman that no one would ever have thought of affirming it. His holidays were all accounted for—in fact, he usually spent them with one or another of our own group. There wasn’t—there isn’t now—a single thing about Chalmers that any one could have the instinct to investigate. It had never occurred to any of us that we didn’t know as much about Chalmers as we did about the people we had been brought up with. We happened not to have been brought up with him, because he had happened to be brought up abroad. His father had been a consul somewhere.

On this occasion, anyhow, my curiosity



got the better of my fixed rule. I decided to lead Chalmers on.

"Do you mean to say that your noble industry is nothing but a poor substitute for a drug?"

He smiled quaintly. His green eyes shone under his dark eyelashes. Very taking eyes they were: well set in his head and pleasantly intimate, with a near-sighted brilliancy.

"I didn't say it was a poor substitute. And, anyhow, cocaine might charm away the hours, but only work can charm away the years. I've got into my stride—for eternity, it would seem. And some day, you know, I may, quite incidentally, do something in spectrum analysis that will be significant. I've got all the time in the world."

"Are you so sure?"

"Well—it looks as if I were in for a long wait."

He spoke as unconcerned as if he had his lease of life locked up in his safe-deposit drawer.

I drank some whiskey, and waited a minute, wondering whether to push his confidence over the edge, send it spinning into an abyss of revelation. Finally, I decided.

"I didn't know that anything but a contract with the devil could make you so sure."

"Oh! it doesn't have to be with the devil." He sipped his virtuous apollinaris. "Did you notice the heroine's sister?" he went on.

I hadn't noticed her much. I had been paying my money to see Maude Lansing act, and my frugal eyes had attached themselves to her exclusively from the first act to the last.

"A vague little blonde thing, wasn't she?"

"Blonde, but not so vague as you'd think. At least, I don't think she'd be vague if you gave her anything to do. She had to be vague to-night, of course. But didn't you see her deliberately subduing herself to the part—holding herself in, so as not to be too pretty, too angry, too subtle, too much in love? She did everything vaguely, I imagine, so as not to hog the stage. But give her a chance and she'd play up. I was always expecting, you know, that she *would* hog

the stage. She could have done it. . . . It quite got me going."

"Did you think her better than Maude Lansing?" It was something new, at least, to have him notice a woman so closely.

Chalmers tasted his *pâté* and half-nodded approvingly at it.

"Oh! I don't know anything about that. She is the only woman I have ever seen who looked like the girl I married."

I set down my glass quickly. I had drunk most of the whiskey, and therefore none of it was spilled. Chalmers married! Why—why—we knew all about him, from cradle to laboratory; or, at least, as much as men do know of other men who have no scrapes to be got out of. I looked narrowly at Chalmers. Was it possible that he had been lying low all these years, with the single intention of perpetrating eventually the supreme joke? And if he was merely a humorist of parts, why had he not assembled the crowd? Why had he selected only one of his intimates? His intimates! That was precisely what we were. Yet none of us knew that he had been married. Chalmers himself might easily not have mentioned a dead wife, but no end of people, first and last, had turned up and contributed to Chalmers's biography, and it was odd that none of them should have mentioned his bereavement. Unless——

"No one knows I am married. No one has ever known. If I told you all about it, you'd see why. And I think I shall. That girl started it all up again."

He leaned across the table and laid his hand on my arm. His eyes glinted encouragingly at me. "Cheer up, old man! You're not in for anything sordid. But curious—oh, very, very curious! Yes, I think, without vanity, I may say *very* curious. . . . I meant what I said just now, coming out of the theatre. There aren't but three things worth while—and I mayn't have them. I mayn't fight, because I might get killed before I've a right to; I don't drink, for the sake of the paltry hours that might be subtracted from the sum of my years if I did; and, being married, I naturally can't very well make love. Can I?" He turned on me with such a tone of ingenuous query that I wondered if it was a joke, after all.



I tried to be cynical. "That depends

"Oh, no, it doesn't!" It was the old Chalmers who smiled at me—ingratiating, youthful, adventurous, gay. I had often wondered why Chalmers looked adventurous, his habits being, if ever any man's were, regular to the point of monotony. It occurred to me now that perhaps he looked adventurous because he had had his adventure already. In any case, it was very satisfactory to find at last something in his life that matched with the look in his eyes—something that would take the curse off his even temperament and equable ways.

"Very, very curious," he repeated. "And all these years I've wanted to tell somebody, just in case I should drop out suddenly. I've left written instructions, but I should really like some one to understand. It's all rather preposterous."

"It's preposterous that you should suddenly be married."

"Yes—of course. Well: I've got on pretty well, and I'd rather you didn't mention it to any of the others. But if anything should turn up, you can say you knew it all along."

"Fire ahead."

On the strength of the narrative about to come I ordered another highball. Sometimes you want something to fiddle with, something to intervene between you and your friend when it is hard for eyes to meet. But he had promised me that it should be nothing sordid, and when the drink came I set it trustfully to one side—in reserve, as it were. . . .

"Time was when I knocked about the world a bit. My parents were dead, I had no close kin, and there was money enough to do what I wanted to, provided I wanted something modest. I had a great notion, when I came out of Göttingen, of a Wanderjahr. Only I was determined it shouldn't be hackneyed. There was a good deal of Wilhelm Meister in it, all the same, with a strong dash of Heine. I fancied myself, rather, at that time: wanted to be different—like every other young pilgrim. I didn't want the common fate—not I. I hadn't any grievance against the world, because I had a complete faith in the world's giving me what I wanted in the end. But I distinctly remember prom-

ising myself to be remarkable. I sha'n't, of course, unless there is something in spectrum analysis. I used to quote Heine to myself:

'Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!  
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,  
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,  
Und jetzo bist du elend.'

Of course, I never believed that I should be 'unendlich elend,' but I should have preferred that to anything mediocre. At that age—you know what we're like. The man who would look at the stars by daylight, and tumbled into the well. That's us, to the life.

"I met her in a villa above Ravello. Some charming French people—or at least Monsieur was French, though Madame and the money were American—were keeping guard over her. The American wife had known her somewhere, and was being good to her in her great misfortune. I won't go into explanations of how I came to frequent their villa. They were among the scores of people I had met and known in this or that pleasant, casual way. I used to go up and dine with them; I prolonged the Italian interlude in my Wanderjahr more or less for the sake of doing so. I had notions of going on to Egypt, but there was time enough for that. I stayed on even more because I liked the villa—an old Saracen stronghold on the edge of the Mediterranean, modernized into comfort—than because I liked them, though they were pleasant enough.

"At first I wished the girl were not there. She never talked; she was just a stiff figure, swathed in black up to her throat, sitting day by day almost motionless on a parapet. She was a harsh note. Wherever you were, she was in the middle distance, a black figure looking out to sea. It didn't take many days for her to get on my nerves. She was like a portent. I fancy she got on theirs, too, but they were helpless. I gathered that Madame C. had a good deal of talk with her daily, in hours when they were alone; and before very long she permitted me to share her perplexities. She didn't want to desert her young friend; but the girl seemed to have sunk into a kind of apathy. She thought perhaps a specialist ought to see her. A very American touch, that! Un-



luckily, the girl had no close kin; there was no one to turn her over to officially.

"Before long I knew the whole story. The young lady's fiancé was a civil engineer, and had been employed by Portuguese interests in East Africa. He had gone into the interior—more or less—on a job for the Nyassa Company: headquarters Mozambique. There was supposed to be money in it, because the Portuguese had been growing ashamed of their colonial reputation, and had been bucking up to some extent. Hence the job with the Nyassa Company. She had wanted to go out with him, but he would not permit it. Quite right, too: Mozambique's no place for a woman—or Lourenço Marques, either. *I* know. Damn their yellow, half-breed souls! . . . She had been waiting for him to finish his job in the interior, and come home to marry her. The date of their marriage, I imagine, had not been very far off.

"Suddenly, letters had ceased to come. There had been a horrid interval of months when there was no word out of Africa for her. Cablegrams were unanswered. The people at the other end must have been very unbusinesslike not to give her some inkling of the reason why they couldn't deliver them. I suppose it was the uncertainty. There he was, up on the verge of Rhodesia or beyond, prospecting, surveying, exploring: it was quite on the cards that he should lose his way, or be infinitely delayed, or fail somehow of his communications with headquarters on the coast. Beastly months for her, anyhow! Then letters did come. . . . I never saw any of them, but I can imagine just the awkward vocabulary of them: a Portuguese head clerk in Mozambique trying to break it to her ornately that her man had died of fever up-country. Can't you imagine those letters—in quaint, bad English, on thin paper, worn to utter limpness and poverty with being clutched and carried and cried over? I never saw them, but I can. . . .

"Well: I don't need to go into it all. Indeed, there were many details that Madame C. had forgotten, and that she naturally couldn't ask the girl to refresh her memory of for my benefit. What was troubling Madame was the girl's condition. Apparently she had loved the man

consumingly; and considered herself virtually dead—entirely negligible, at least, as pitiful and worthless a thing as a child widow in India. But you've noticed, perhaps, that the very humble are sometimes positively overweening about some special thing. The damned worms *won't* turn—any more than if they were elephants in the path! And so it was with her.

"She was determined to go out and fetch his body home. The people in Mozambique had to confess that they didn't know where those sacred remains were. The epidemic had run through the little camp, and, by the time the man himself had keeled over, the few natives that were left hadn't nerve enough to do anything for him. They remembered him, raving with fever and dropping among the corpses. A few, who were not already stricken, got away—probably considering that there was a lively curse on his immediate neighborhood. There had been complete demoralization. A few of them had eventually strayed back, as I said; joining any one who would take them home. Their casual employments delayed them a good deal, and by the time they turned in a report—to use formal language in a case where it is a sore misfit—there was nothing to be done. I didn't get this from Madame C.; I got it from her, later, when she told me everything she knew about it. But I put it in here, which is, after all, where it belongs."

Chalmers stopped—he had been talking steadily—and lighted a cigarette. I took the opportunity to sip a little whiskey. Through his introduction, I had been staring at him fixedly. My own cigarette had burned to ashes in my fingers; when I felt the spark touch them, I dropped the thing, still without looking at it, into the tray. He hunched his shoulders in the speckled brown coat and bent forward, his arms folded on the table. The little movement of his head from side to side was very like a tortoise. . . .

"Well, you see, . . . of course she couldn't go alone, and of course there was no one to see her through a thing like that. I am sure she hadn't money enough to pay any one for going with her. If she had tried to go, she wouldn't have succeeded in doing much except get into the newspapers. She had sense enough to



realize it, or the C's had sense enough to make her. But if she couldn't do that, she wouldn't do anything else. She simply sat and brooded, looking seaward. She apparently intended, at least, not to let go of her idea. She may have had some notion of mesmerizing the universe with her obsession—just by sitting tight and never for a moment thinking of anything else. There she sat, anyhow, and Madame C. sent out her doves in vain. They all came back from the parapet, drenched with Mediterranean spray. So it went on. The girl might have been watching for some fabulous creature to rise up from the waves and take her to her goal. She would cheerfully have embarked for East Africa on a dolphin, I think. At all events, she wouldn't leave her parapet, she wouldn't leave the villa, she wouldn't descend to the conventional plane. I don't mean that she didn't talk like a sane woman; I mean only that she sat at the heart of her obsession, and that when you came within a few feet of her you knocked up against it, almost tangibly. A queer thing to meet, day after day. . . . It ended by my being distinctly impressed.

"Very like the girl in the play! Just the same blonde vagueness, just the same effect of being cast inevitably for an unimportant, a merely supplementary part. But one is never fooled twice by that sort of thing. I tell you, Maude Lansing will find herself some day doing chambermaid to that girl's heroine. . . . If I was impressed, it was by the *cul-de-sac* she had got herself into. She couldn't go forward, and she wouldn't go back. She sat there, waiting for the world to change. In the end—after Madame C. had wrung her hands for your benefit a few hundred times—you began to damn the world for not changing. It seemed to be up to the perverse elements to stop the regular business of the cosmos and waft her to her goal.

"I could hardly have talked to her about anything but her plight. It was a week or two before I talked to her at all; but in the end I found that if I wanted to continue to come to the villa, I should have to brave that presence on the parapet—domesticate myself in that pervasive and most logical gloom. So I did. She was a positive creature: there wasn't

the faintest hint of apology or deprecation in her manner. She would see you on business, and only on business—the business being her tragedy. Don't misunderstand—" (Chalmers frowned a little as he looked at me). "She was neither lachrymose nor hard; she was just infinitely and quite decently preoccupied with her one desire and her helplessness to achieve it. She didn't magnify herself. It isn't magnifying yourself to want a proper funeral for the person you love, is it? She was even grateful for sympathy, though she didn't want a stream of words poured out over her. She—she was an awfully good sort."

Chalmers dug his cigarette-end almost viciously into the tray, and watched the smoke go out. We both watched the smoke go out. . . .

"Before long we had talked together a good deal, especially during the hour before dinner, when the sun and the sea were so miraculous that any other miracle seemed possible. Such easy waters to cross they looked, in the sunset light! You forgot the blistering leagues beyond; you forgot that it took money and men and courage and endurance, and all kinds of things that are hard to come by, to get to the goal she was straining for. I suppose it wouldn't be honest to say that she ever passed her personal fervor on to me—I couldn't in the nature of things care so much about recovering that poor chap's bones as she did—but I did end by wishing with all my heart that I could help. Little by little, it seemed a romantic thing to do—to go out searching for the spot where he had died. Of course, getting the bones themselves, except for extraordinary luck, was all moonshine; but she didn't see that, and her blindness affected me. Finally, my Wanderjahr began to shape itself to new horizons. Why shouldn't I have a try? . . . I dare say I posed a little as a paladin, though not, I hope, to her. Anyhow, I decided to broach it.

"I don't suppose you can understand it—any of it—for the simple reason that I can't describe her. She was the kind of person who sees very clearly the difference between the possible and the impossible; who never attempts anything but the possible; yet who sets every one about



her itching to attain the impossible. Not 'for her sake,' in the conventional sense; no, not that at all. Simply, she has set before you so clearly the reason why a thing can't be done that you long to confute her, just as you sometimes long to confute fate. She was as convincing and as maddening as a natural law. Each of us, sooner or later, has tried to get the better of some little habit of the universe. You felt like saying: 'Stop looking like that; I'll do it—see if I don't.'

"That was the spirit in which I went to her late one afternoon, on her parahet. The C's had been away all day and were not to return until evening. Madame C. had exasperated me the night before by proposing, quite baldly and kindly, that the girl be decoyed into a sanatorium. The C's couldn't keep her much longer—they were off for Biskra—and it was up to me. I had lain awake half the night, exploring the last recesses of disaster into which my idea might lead me; I had sailed far out on the bright waters all day, perfecting my courage. I could have written as bitter a little allegory about it all as Heine himself. Secretly, in a tawdry corner of my mind, I thought Wilhelm Meister was a poor stick compared to me. But it was honest romance: I was willing to pay."

I finished my whiskey as Chalmers's voice dropped and died down, and he busied himself a little nervously with lighting a pipe. His green eyes had flecks of brown in them. Once more in the speckled brown figure opposite me I saw the tortoise beyond the reach of biology, which upholds the world, which carries the burden of all human flesh and spirit.

"I told her that I was ready to go; that I could scrape together enough money for the expedition without entirely impoverishing myself. My figures hadn't been quite so reassuring as that when I totted them up on a piece of hotel paper at dawn, but at least I had left magnificent margins for everything.

"She smiled—I had never seen her smile before, and at the moment it made her thanks seem profuse—but she shook her head. She was beautifully simple about it. I liked her for that.

"'It wouldn't do. Not that it isn't di-

vinely good of you! But, you see, the point is that—' she stopped.

"'Well?' My heart was beating hard. I had become enamoured of my idea. I no more wanted to be balked than she did.

"'The point has always been that I should go myself.'

"'Then go yourself!'

"'Carrying off all your money? I can't—Don Quixote.' There was nothing playful in her tone; and she had me all the more because there wasn't. She was merely registering facts. Even the 'Don Quixote' was, to her mind, a fact that she was registering. She was splendidly literal.

"'Come with me. I don't propose that you should go alone.'

"She frowned a little; and in that frown I read all the weariness of the hours of past talk with Madame C. Presently she looked up at me, very kindly, a little questioningly, as if for the first time my personality in itself interested her.

"'You know that—even for me—that is impossible.'

"I knew what she meant: that she would have been ready for any abnegation, being, herself, as I have said, negligible; but that the world must be able to pick no flaw in the rites paid to the shade.

"'If you will marry me, it is not impossible.'

"That is what I said—just like that. I had determined that nothing should be an obstacle. She didn't change her posture or her expression by the fraction of a millimetre. She looked silently past me at the ilexes as if she had not heard. But she had heard. I think that at that moment—no, I don't except all that came after—I touched the highest point of my romance. . . . She thought for a moment or two while I waited. I suppose she was considering what in the world to say to that, and deciding that the world would have no right to say anything; that it would be, and legitimately so, between her and me. The dead themselves, of course, can be trusted to understand. It didn't take her long—you see, she was a girl of one idea, and of one idea only.

"'Very well, I will marry you.' The words came as simply from her lips as any others. We didn't at that time, or at any time before our marriage, have any discussion of the extremely—shall I say?—



individual nature of our relation. That was the one thing we couldn't have talked of. It would have been—you see?—quite impossible for either to imply, by approaching the subject, that the other perhaps didn't understand. I couldn't even be so crass as to say, 'Look here, my dear girl, of course I quite recognize that you don't in any sense belong to me'; or she be so crass as to say in turn, 'I know it.' No. . . . I suppose I have never been so near the summit as I was that evening, after she had 'accepted' me, and we had both silently laid our freedom on the altar of that dead man. Neither of us realized all the inevitable practical results of such a compact. We simply thought we had thrown the ultimate sufficing sop to Cerberus, and that all our lives we should hear him contentedly crunching it. I am quite sure that her mind turned as blank a face to the future as mine. Quite."

His voice rang authoritatively across the table. I said nothing. What could I say? What is the proper greeting when you cross the threshold of such an habitation? I offered him a silence that was at least respectful.

"Well: I won't bore you with too many details. She pulled herself together and said her visit must end. We did not tell the C's. We merely let them get off to Tunis. It would not have been easy for her to explain to Madame C. all the things that we had never condescended to explain to each other. She was a Catholic, by the way. We were married by a parish priest in—no, on second thoughts, I won't even tell you where. The place has kept the secret hitherto. It is better so. I left her at once to make arrangements for the quest. It took some time and a good deal of frenzied journeying to realize on my securities. I gave her a letter of credit, so that she could be in all incidental ways independent of me. That was necessary, because I was to go out to Mozambique first, and she was to follow only when I sent for her. Very soon, you see, I began to realize the practical inconveniences of travelling with a woman who bears your name and who is a total stranger to you. It's damned expensive, for one thing." Chalmers's smile was nearer the authentic gleam of irony than anything I had seen before during the evening.

"Well: I went. I interviewed the proper people; I saw one of the creatures who knew the spot where our man had died. Eventually, I arranged the expedition. Then I cabled for her. She took the *Dunvegan Castle* at Naples. . . . By the time I met her at the steamer she had grown incredible to me. I could more easily have believed her a sharer in some half-forgotten light adventure than my duly registered wife. She was unreal to me, a figure recurring inexplicably in a dream, a memory—of exactly what sort I was not quite sure. My feet lagged along the pier. . . . She soon set all that straight. I had wondered if the sop to Cerberus would require our seeming to kiss. She managed it somehow so that no stage-kiss was necessary. She dissipated the funk into which I had fallen by practical questions and preoccupations; she came upon my fever like a cool breeze off the sea. She had made her point; she had achieved her miracle; and in every incidental way, little and big, she could afford to show what a serviceable soul she was. She was a good thing to have about. There were times when the situation got on my nerves, in Mozambique, before we started. It's such a small hole that we seemed always to be bumping into each other. I couldn't make out her private attitude towards me: I used to wonder if she had any, or if she simply thought of me as a courier in her own class. I was so endlessly occupied with engaging men and beasts, and camping kit and supplies—what was I but a courier? The paladin idea was fading a little; though now and then at night I'd look up at the Southern Cross and let the strangeness of the thing convince me all over again. I don't think I wanted anything so commonplace as gratitude from her; but I did want in her some sense of the strangeness of our alliance, with all the things it left unsaid. Perhaps I wanted her to realize that not every man would have responded so quickly to the call of impersonal romance. I can look back on all that egotism of youth and despise it; but there's something not wholly ignoble in an egotism that wants only good fame with one's self and one's secret collaborator. Anyhow, there were moments when my dedication seemed solemn; just as there were other



moments when I seemed like an inadequate tenor in a comic opera. I never knew just how she hovered between those two conceptions. We were destined to see each other only by lightning flashes—never once in the clear light of day.

"I can't tell you how I came to hate the Portuguese before we left that mean little hole. You laughed at me once for rending Blakely to shreds over Camoëns. I've read Camoëns in my day and hated him, as if something in me had known beforehand that I was eventually to have good reason to loathe every syllable of that damned language. My stock is southern, too—South Carolina—and you can imagine how I enjoyed seeing, at every turn, the nigger the better man. Portugal ought to be wiped off the map of Africa.

"Well—I got our arrangements made as well as I could. It was lucky I had left handsome margins for everything, because the graft was sickening. They wouldn't let your own approved consignments leave the dock without handing out cash to at least three yellow dogs that called themselves officials. I had hoped to find some sort of female servant for her—I shook at the thought of having her go off on a trip like that without another woman to do things for her that I, in the circumstances, couldn't very well do. But there wasn't a wench of either color or any of the intervening shades that a nice woman could have had about her. She was very plucky about it all. As I say, she had made her great point and didn't care. The morning we started she stuck a gentian in my buttonhole and another in hers—and she smiled. A smile of hers carried very far. And so we started.

"I needn't give you the details of our trip. People write books about that sort of thing: keep diaries of their mishaps, and how Umgalooloo or Ishbosheth or some other valuable assistant stole a bandanna handkerchief and had to be mulcted of a day's pay—all very interesting to somebody, no doubt. To tell the truth, the concrete details maddened me; and we seemed to live wholly in concrete terms of the smallest. I, who had planned for my Wanderjahr a colossal, an almost forbidden, intimacy with Platonic abstractions! I had always rather meant to

go in for biology eventually, but I got over that in Africa: we were much too near the lower forms of life. And to this day, as you well know, I can't bear hearing Harry Dawes talk about folk-lore. He's driven me home from the club a good many nights."

I caught my breath. It was almost uncanny, the way Chalmers's little idiosyncrasies were explaining themselves, bit by bit. I felt the cold wind of a deterministic law blowing over my shoulder—as cold as Calvinism. I had always loved temperament and its vagaries. Now I wasn't sure I wanted the light in Chalmers's eyes explained, to the last gleam. Mightn't any of us ever be inexplicable and irresponsible and delightful?

"Of course they had given us maps in Mozambique—not official ones, oh, no! those would have come too high. The Nyassa Company had to pretend to be amiable, but they didn't fork out anything they didn't have to. Small loss the official maps were, I fancy; but those we had weren't much good. It wasn't, however, a difficult journey to make, from that point of view, and the cheerful savage who had abandoned our hero swore he knew where to take us. In eight weeks we reached the spot that he declared to be the scene of the death from fever. I dare say he was right: he knew the villages along the way; he had described the topography, more or less, before we started, and it tallied. We pitched camp and spent three horrible days there. It is needless to say that we might as well have hunted for the poor fellow's bones under the parapet at Ravello. I saw—and if you'll believe me, I positively hadn't seen before—what moonshine it all was. She ought to have been put to bed and made to pray God to make her a good girl before she dragged anybody—even me—out on such a wild-goose chase as that. There wasn't a relic—except certain signs of some one's having cleared ground there before, and one or two indescribable fragments, picked up within a five-hundred-yard radius, that might have been parts of tin cans. Why should there have been? If there had been any plunder, natives would have found and taken it, as they would inevitably have removed and destroyed any corporal vestiges out of sheer



superstition and hostility. I had learned their little ways, since Ravello. The rank soil in the wet season would have done the rest. I wondered—cruelly, no doubt—whether she had expected him to bury himself with a cairn atop, and a few notebooks (locked up in a despatch-box) decorously waiting for her in his grave. On the strength of the savage's positive declaration that at such a distance—two days—from the last village, beyond such a stream, beneath such and such a clump of trees, he had seen the white man fall in the last delirium, she searched the place, as you might say, with a microscope. I thought it extremely likely that the fellow was lying for the sake of our pay, but I had to admit that I couldn't prove it. Certainly, his information was the only thing we could reasonably go on: we couldn't invest all Portuguese East Africa with an army and set them to digging up every square inch of soil in that God-forsaken country. If this clue failed, we could only return. But there was a moment when, in her baffled anguish, I think she could have taken a good close-range shot at the inscrutable nigger who had been with him, and had left him, and could not even bring us to his body. The girl on the stage to-night was like that, though you don't believe it. Vague, indeed! Maude Lansing's a fool if she keeps her on.

"You see"—Chalmers shifted his position and, ever so little, his tone of voice. It was extraordinary how straight he went with his story, considering that he had never told it before. He seemed to have dragged it out from some receptacle, intact, not a thread frayed, in perfect order, ready to spread before me. The pattern was as clear as if it were just off the torturesome loom. He seemed to know it by heart.

"You see"—he went on—"she had been changing steadily, all through that march of ours. You would have said that the tropical sun had forced her growth. She had been a cold, immature thing in Italy—passions dormant and sealed. Now they had worked their way up to the surface, and were just beneath the skin. She *would* have shot the nigger. Before, I suppose, she had lived with ideas only; even *he* must have been chiefly an idea,

though a tremendous one. The daily contact with all sorts of unsuspected facts, the hopeless crudeness of the hinterlands most of us never get into, had worked on her. There may be something subtle in the tropics—people talk as if there were. I should say they were no more subtle than the slums. The body demands a hundred things, and it becomes a matter of the utmost moment whether you get them for it or not. You can't achieve subtlety until the body is lulled. That life has complications of its own; but I shouldn't call it subtle. Very far from it. And savages make you feel that it's subtlety enough merely to have a white skin: there's something irrelevant and ignoble in pushing subtlety further. In the end the sun wears you out, I suppose, and makes you want nothing very much; but at first it merely makes it intolerable not to have everything on the very instant. . . . I merely meant to explain that she was a changed creature—a good sport always, but inclined to impatiences, angers, delights, and fervors, that I fancy she had never felt before. Her tongue was loosed; she was lyric about cool water, violent about native trickeries. I don't mean—Heaven forbid!—that she was vulgar. She had a sweet distinction all her own. She was merely real and varied and vital. And I dare say the fundamental formality of our relation was all the subtlety we could stand. It put an edge on everything.

"We were very near the line of Rhodesia, and for various reasons we decided to cross over and come down far enough south through British territory to strike the Zambezi and its boats. If there was any information to be picked up, we should be more likely to find it in that direction than by going back the way we had come, which was utterly barren of clues. I had reason to suppose that the others who had survived the fever had gone on to the Rhodesian villages. We started in the cool of dawn; and I ought to say that there were no backward glances on her part. She was convinced that there was nothing in that precise spot for her; and I think she had hope of finding something in the miles just beyond. I could see that she did not more than half-believe the identifications of the



negro who had been on the earlier expedition. True, his guttural gibberish did not sound like information; but, after all, he was the only link we had with that supreme and sordid adventure. We pushed on."

Chalmers threw back his head and stretched his arms, but went on presently in a more vibrant, a more intimately reminiscent tone. The club was nearly empty—it was getting on for midnight. I seemed to myself to be quite alone with the tortoise that upheld the world.

"I suppose this is the point in the narrative to say rather a difficult thing—though it ought to be clear that I've no cause or wish to paint myself anything but the mottled color most of us are. I spoke of what the tropics had done to her: fulfilled her in all kinds of ways. We had strange talks by the fire at night; moving on, after the necessary practical discussions, into regions of pure emotion. The emotion was all over the incidents we encountered; we marshalled our acts and made our decisions, and then leaned back and generalized with passion. Whatever Africa had done to her inwardly it had at least taught her to talk. I had never had any particular sense of her being on guard—there *was*, from the very first, something strange and delicate in the flavor of our understanding—but now I had the sense of her being specifically and gloriously off her guard. We seemed to know each other awfully well." Chalmers's face, as he looked down at his pipe-bowl, was curiously boyish, for an instant. He might have been speaking of a playmate in his childhood.

"Put it that I fell in love with her. I don't choose to analyze my feeling more than that. There was everything in it to make me the prey of a passion for her—so long as we hadn't begun, in Mozambique, by hating each other. She was straight, she was fine, she was thoroughly good; she was also, in her unfailing freshness and her astonishing health, infinitely desirable. By the law of every land she was my wife. There wasn't a barrier between us except the frail one built of things that had never been said. Of course, I knew that to her the barrier doubtless looked insuperable. She considered herself the inalienable property of

the man whose bones we were fantastically hunting for. Well: can't you see that that very fact was peculiarly constructed to whet my hunger? It was maddening to know that shadows could effectually keep two strong, sinewy creatures apart. Our utter isolation in our adventure flung us upon each other.

"Doch es tritt ein styg'scher Schatten  
Nächtlich zwischen mich und ihn."

"One night she had a bad dream; she moaned and cried out in her sleep, and I had to stand outside her tent and listen while she woke and wept and finally quieted down with little sobs like a child's. I couldn't even go in and lay my hand on her forehead to soothe her."

He shook his head, and over his face crept the shadow of the burdened.

"Well: that was what I was in for, and I knew I was in for it as long as I should desire her. Finally, I only prayed that we might get safely back to Mozambique where I could leave her forever. I knew that before my fever ebbed it would rise in a horrid flood. I wanted her desperately; I should want her more desperately before I got through with it, and I had, for my honor's sake, not to let her know. It's odd how many situations there are in life that make it an insult to tell a woman you love her. But I think you'll agree with me that this is rather an extraordinary case of it.

"All this time I hadn't the faintest inkling of what she felt: whether she knew or what she would have thought of me if she had known. There's something tremendous in the power of ideas. Think of how easy it would have been for me—I won't say to take what I wanted, though against that background it wouldn't have seemed such a preposterous thing to do—to insist on her talking it out with me some night by the fire; how little she could have turned her back on me if I wanted to ask her a question. But I was as tongue-tied as if we had been in a drawing-room, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of chaperonage. And yet sometimes it didn't seem possible, with her face and her speech changing like that week by week, that there shouldn't be some change in it for me.

"I often wondered if she ever had mo-



ments, as I did, of thinking that that man had never lived. But I could only go on assuming that she gave him every thought she had. I never knew, by the way, what she felt—she never told me. I said, a little while back, that we never saw each other in the clear light of day—only in lightning flashes. In spite of our semblance of intimacy, that was true. For when a man is obsessed with the notion of wanting to make very definite love to a woman, her impersonal conversation is a kind of haze at best. I know that we talked; but I know that, after the fiasco, when we ate our meals, when we rode side by side along those unspeakable trails, when we sat by the fire in the evening, I hardly knew or cared what we talked of. I kept a kind of office in my brain quite tidy for the transaction of business: the rest was just a sort of House of Usher where I wandered, wanting her. By the time we struck the first Rhodesian village I didn't even feel sure I could hold my tongue all the way south and east again. I only prayed to God to deliver me from being an utter and unspeakable brute. That was what my romance had led me to—that I was hanging on to common decency by the eyelids!

"You understand there was added to my most inconvenient and unfitting passion for the girl all the psychology of return from a lost battle-field—if you could in name so dignify that pitiful clearing which was our frustration. Everything was over, and why the devil shouldn't something else begin? That was the refrain my blood kept pounding out. I dare say you don't understand—you live among the civilized and are used to reckoning with shadows. It's different out there on the well-nigh uninhabited veldt. A platitude, I know. Funny how people despise platitudes, when they're usually the truest things going! A thing has to be pretty true before it gets to be a platitude at all. Humph!

"We struck into northeastern Rhodesia—days and days over the veldt; and after the rains it was blooming like the rose. *Gladiolus* everywhere—'white man's country, past disputing.' No 'baked karroo' there. Pretty starkly uninhabited, though. Of course we were hundreds of miles north of the mines and the other activities on the

edge of the Transvaal. Mashonaland, it would really be more properly called; and it describes it better, sounds wilder—as it was. We were heading west across the tail of Nyassa, and then south—to the Zambezi or the railroad, it didn't much matter which. That man was as lost to us, every corporal vestige of him, as if his ashes had been scattered like Wycliffe's. But there on the rampart above Ravello both she and I had felt that the search was imperative: I no less than she. We were both pretty young."

His head dropped on his breast for a moment. He looked as if he felt his burden. I suppose the tortoise sometimes wonders why. . . .

"Then one afternoon we dropped into the heart of a storm—tropical thunder, tropical lightning, skies blacker than you've ever seen, a wind that churned the heavens into a pot of inky broth. I had been wondering for days what we should do when we struck something besides the eternal huddled villages of the natives with their tobacco-plots and mealie-fields, their stupid curiosities, their impudent demands for gifts—something more like a house, people you could count people, with a touch of white in their complexions. Strange coincidence, that it was by the real lightning-flash that I, for the only time in my life, saw her clear; strange, too, that the revelation should have come on the heels of our first approach to anything like civilization. It was only the plantation of a man who had made his little pile by trading in Kimberley, and had trekked up to the edge of the wilderness to live there in peace with his aged wife, and his cattle, and the things that without too much trouble he could coax out of the good-humored soil. His establishment was the first earnest of European activities seething somewhat to the southward; the first reminder of Europe that we had had since leaving the last Portuguese outpost on the way to the Nyassa. The trip had not been hard, as such trips go: we had run into no wars; no famine or drought or disease had visited us. We had been in luck; for I was a shocking amateur, and anything like a real expedition I could not have managed, of course. Yet, even so, I had been straining my eyes for the sight of a white man; for some



form of life that more nearly suited my definition of 'colonial.'

"And so we stumbled into his compound at eight in the evening, after endless floundering about in the storm. We had had to dismount from our donkeys and lead the frightened beasts by the bridle. Eventually we could discard them for horses or ox-carts, but for a little while still we might need them, and we clung to them, though the temptation was to let them go—with a kick."

Chalmers hesitated. "Why do I find it so confoundingly hard to come at? I'm not writing a diary of accidents and self-congratulations like the explorer fellows. The only point in the whole thing is just what I can't manage to bring out!" He mused for a moment. "The whole place white with hail after the storm . . . thick on the thatch of the big, rambling house . . . the veranda eaves dripping . . . then the rain stopping, and a miraculous silence after the tumult . . . no light anywhere except long, low continual flashes on the horizon at the edge of the veldt—and then she came out, dressed in something of the poor old vrouw's that hung about her lovely, slim figure like a carnival joke. I was wondering thickly where I should spend the night. I had introduced her as my wife, of course . . . and they had muttered something about the other room's being in use. The good old souls had gone off to bed with the ceasing of the storm, after our little caravan was housed down in the farm niggers' quarters. But naturally I couldn't have explained to them, anyhow. . . . The lightning was about as regular as a guttering candle set in a draught—but about a thousand candle-power when it did come. And by one apocalyptic flash, I saw her face. She didn't say anything; she merely laid her hand on my shoulder. And I, who had been bursting with the wish to talk, to tell her, to lay my head on her knees and weep, out of pure self-pity and desire—all those cublike emotions—didn't say anything, either. I only saw—in that one flash—the working of her lips, the prophetic brilliancy of her eyes. We turned and went into the house without a word. She wanted me, too: that was what it came to. Other things being equal, the utter isolation of a man and a

woman must do one of two things—must put a burning fire or the polar ice between them. I knew what it had done to me; I hadn't been able to guess what it had done to her. I had rather been betting on the polar ice."

Chalmers ruffled both hands through his hair and leaned back from the table. His mouth took on a legal twist. "It's the only thing I blame myself for—bar all the egotism that youth has to slough, and that I think I sloughed forever before I reached the damned coast. I ought to have known that half her impulse was the mere clinging of the frightened child, and the other half the strangeness of our journey, which made us both feel that all laws had ceased to work and that all signs had failed. I ought to have reflected, to have put her off, to have made sure, before I ever took her into my arms. And yet I'm glad I didn't—though I'm ashamed of being glad. Even then, you know, I didn't envisage the rest of life. I still thought, as for months I had thought, that there could be no conventional future for that adventure. When my curious Wanderjahr was over, I expected to die. And I wanted to have some other face than the barren visage of Romance—the painted hussy!—press itself to mine before I went out. I got it; and I'm not yet over being glad, though it has made a coil that grows tighter rather than looser with the years."

I made no answer. There was nothing to say. He had not got to the end, and until the end what was there for me to do but light another weary cigarette and summon all the sympathy I could to my non-committal eyes? On the face of it, it was merely an extraordinary situation, in which if a man were once caught he could do little—a new and singular kind of hard-luck story. But, as he told it, with those tones, those inflections, those stresses, he certainly did not seem to be painting himself *en beau*. I looked at the patient figure opposite me—Chalmers always seemed pre-eminently patient—and, for very perplexity, held my tongue.

"The next morning I got breakfast early, and went to see about my men and beasts. I was a little afraid of finding the men drunk, but they weren't—only full-fed and lazy and half-mutinous. The



guide who had led us to the historic spot had vanished—deserted in the night, with half his pay owing him. No one in that black crew could explain. We had had desertions before, and I should have considered us well enough off simply with one coast nigger the less, if he hadn't been my interpreter as well. There were very few things I could say to the others without him, and though we were out of the woods we were by no means done with our retinue. I strode back to the house in a fine rage. I think I minded the inconvenience most, since it would be the inconvenience that would most affect her. Frankly, you see, I couldn't suppose she felt, any longer, a special concern with that particular black sample of human disloyalty.

"When I entered the house, I saw her at once. Her back was turned to me, and she was talking with a man I had not hitherto seen—evidently some inmate of the house whom we had not encountered the previous evening. The other room had been in use, I reflected in a flash. He was stretched on a ramshackle sofa, with some sort of animal skin thrown over him. He—but I won't describe him. I know every feature of his face, though I saw him, all told, not more than five minutes, and have never seen him since. I have a notion"—Chalmers's voice grew very precise, and his mouth looked more legal than ever—"that when he wasn't pulled down with a long illness and protracted suffering he would be very good-looking. As it was, he was unhealthy white, like the wrong kind of ghost. One arm was quite limp.

"At the instant I didn't place him—naturally! But as soon as she turned her face to me, I did. Only one thing could have induced that look of horror—horror in every strained feature, like the mask of some one who had seen the Medusa. I started to her, but stopped almost before I started; for I saw immediately that I was the Gorgon. It was for me that her face had changed; God knows what, two minutes before, her face had been saying to that half-lifeless form. It was about *me* that she felt like that. Since, with all the years to work it out in, I've seen why; but just at the moment I was overwhelmed. She sat down in a chair and covered her face with her hands. I

heard the man babbling tragic and insignificant details. I can't say I listened, but before I could pull myself together and leave I caught mention of fever, accident, loss of memory, broken limbs, miraculous co-operation of fate for good and evil alike—the whole mad history, I suppose, from his side, of the past year. I have sometimes wished I had caught it more clearly, but just at the moment I could take in nothing except the insulting fact that this was the man whose grave we had not found. That was what her face had told me in that horrid instant. I never saw her face again. It was still bowed on her hands when I went out of the door.

"I don't know how I got off—I don't remember. I suppose I had the maniac's speed. If I hadn't been beside myself, I think I could recall more of what I did. The patriarchal creature under whose roof it had all happened helped me. I think I gave him a good many directions about the negroes and the kit. Or I may have paid them off myself. I honestly don't know. I know that I left nearly all of my money with him, and started off on horseback alone. I had a dull sense that I was causing her some practical difficulties, but I also had a very vivid sense that she would kill herself if she had to encounter me again. She had looked at me as if I were a monster from the mud. And the night before, on the veranda, in the lightning . . ."

Chalmers stopped and looked at me. The brilliancy had gone out of his eyes. He said nothing more.

"Well?" I asked finally.

"Well?" There came a wide shrug of the shoulders, a loosening of the lips. "I got back somehow. I seemed to be riding, day and night, straight to hell. But eventually I got to Salisbury and took a train to Beira. It was immensely steadying to take a train. I think any more of the veldt would have driven me quite definitely mad." He stopped; then, in a moment, jerked out: "That's all."

"Do you mean that you've never heard anything more?"

"Never a word. But I know that, eventually, she drew out every penny of her letter of credit. She had hardly dipped into it when we left Europe."



"Good God!" I don't know why I should have sat stolidly through the rest and have been bowled over by that one detail, but I was. It made the woman extraordinarily real.

"And of course she knows several places where a letter would reach me, if she ever had reason to write," he went on. "Perhaps you see now why I have to hang on. By holding my tongue I've been grub-staking them in Arcadia, you might say—but, damn it, I know so little about it! The time might come . . ."

"Why haven't you divorced her long since?"

His face hardened. "Didn't I mention that she was a Catholic? We were married by the most orthodox *padre* imaginable. There's no divorce for her. She's the kind to chuck heaven, perhaps, but not her church. And unfortunately"—he spoke very slowly and meditatively—"our marriage, you see, just missed being the kind that can be annulled. 'Unfortunately,' I say, but, even now, I'm glad—damned glad. It's quite on the cards, you know, that some day some priest may send her back to me. I might divorce; she couldn't. So it seems decent for me not to."

"Well, of all the . . ." I got no further. The whole Laokoönesque group had now completed itself before me.

Chalmers leaned back and whistled a bar or two from *Rigoletto*. Then, "Never marry a Catholic, old man!" he said in his lightest voice. But immediately he bent forward and laid his hand on mine. "You do see why I have to hang on, don't you?"

I merely compressed my lips tightly that no word should come.

"After all," he said, turning his head away, "I should like a chance to get back

at Romance, some day. And the time may come—what with spectrum analysis and all."

I shook my head. "You love the woman still, Chalmers."

"Not I." His headshake was more vehement than mine. "But I want to be on deck if anything should turn up. I want to see it through. At least—I can't quite see that I've the right to go out."

I sighed. Chalmers had always gone his own way; and certainly in this greatest matter he would be tenacious, if ever. He seemed for the moment to have forgotten me, and sat once more, his arms folded on the table, his shoulders hunched, as beneath a burden, in the speckled brown coat, his head moving slightly from side to side—again fantastically like the tortoise that bears up the world. I didn't quite know what to do with him.

Then a charitable impulse came to me. The bar, I knew, didn't close until one. I ordered up a bottle of brandy. When it came, I poured out enough to set the brain of any abstemious man humming. Chalmers was still staring in front of him at the table. I wanted him to sleep that night at any cost. Pursuing my impulse, I pushed the glass across to him. "Here: you'd better take this," I said. He reached out his hand mechanically, and mechanically drank. I waited. The stuff had no visible effect on him. Five minutes later I repeated the dose. As before, he obeyed me with a mechanical, almost mesmerized, implicitness. Then I took him home in a cab, and put him to bed. I never told, myself, but it leaked out—he had such a bad hang-over—and I was much and enviously congratulated. You see, we had all tried, for five years, to get Chalmers to take a drink.



# MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

I—AT THE MINISTRY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

1876-77



WAS married in Paris in November, 1874, at the French Protestant Chapel of the rue Taitbout, by Monsieur Bersier, one of the ablest and most eloquent pastors of the Protestant church. We had just established ourselves in Paris, after having lived seven years in Rome. We had a vague idea of going back to America, and Paris seemed a first step in that direction—was nearer New York than Rome. I knew very little of France—we had never lived there—merely stayed a few weeks in the spring and autumn, coming and going from Italy. My husband was a deputy, named to the National Assembly in Bordeaux in 1871, by his Department—the Aisne. He had some difficulty in getting to Bordeaux. Communications and transports were not easy, as the Germans were still in the country, and, what was more important, he hadn't any money—couldn't correspond with his

banker, in Paris—he was living in the country). However, a sufficient amount was found in the country, and he was able to make his journey. When I married, the Assembly was sitting at Versailles. Monsieur Thiers, the first President of the Republic, had been overthrown in May, 1873—the Maréchal de MacMahon named in his place. W.\* had had a short ministry (public instruction) under Monsieur Thiers, but he was so convinced that it would not last that he never even went to the ministry—saw his directors in his own rooms. I was plunged at once into absolutely new surroundings. W.'s personal friends were principally Orleanists and the literary element of Paris—his colleagues at the Institute. The first houses I was taken to in Paris were the Ségurs, Remusats, Lasteyries, Casimir Périers, Gallieras, d'Haussonville, Léon Say, and some of the Protestant families—Pour-

\*"W." here and throughout these articles, refers to Madame Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.

\*\* Mary Alsop King Waddington is a daughter of the late Charles King, president of Columbia College in the city of New York from 1849 to 1864, and a granddaughter of Rufus King, the second minister sent to England by the United States after the adoption of the Constitution.

Miss King was educated in this country. In 1864 she went abroad with her father and his family, residing in Italy several years. In 1871, after the death of her father, she went, with her mother and sisters, to live in France, and in 1874 became the wife of M. William Waddington.

M. William Henry Waddington was born in Normandy, France, in 1826. His grandfather was an Englishman who had established cotton manufactories in France, and had become a naturalized French citizen. The grandson, however, was educated in England, first at Rugby and later at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took first classic honors, entitling him to the chancellor's medal. He rowed in the Cambridge boat in the university race of 1849. Soon after leaving the university M. Waddington returned to France and entered public life. In 1871 he was elected a representative for the Department of the Aisne to the National Assembly, and two years afterward was appointed Minister of Public Instruction in place of M. Jules Simon. In January, 1876, he was elected a senator for the Department of the Aisne, and two months later again became minister of public instruction, which office he resigned in May, 1877. In December of that year he accepted the portfolio of minister of foreign affairs.

M. Waddington was the first plenipotentiary of France to the Congress of Berlin, 1878. In the winter of 1879-80 he refused the offer of the London embassy and paid a visit to Italy, where he was received by the Pope and the King. In 1883 he accepted the London embassy and remained ten years in England. M. Waddington died in 1894.

Madame Waddington is the author of "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," "Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," and "Château and Country Life in France," published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

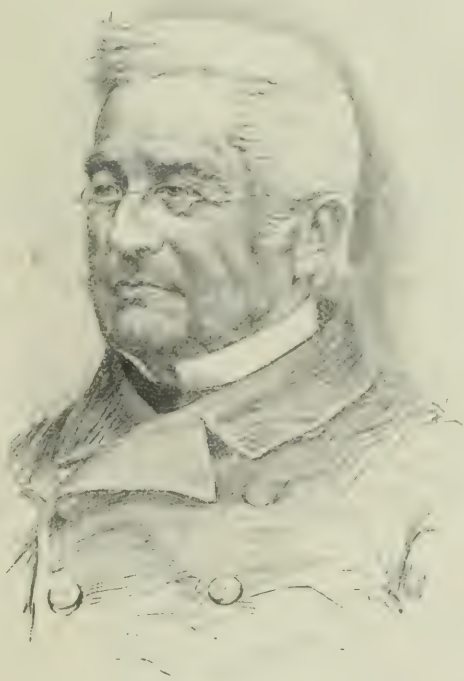


talès, André Bartholdi, Mallet, etc. It was such an entirely different world from any I had been accustomed to that it took me some time to feel at home in my new "milieu." Political feeling was very strong—all sorts of fresh, young elements coming to the front. The Franco-German war was just over—the French very sore and bitter after their defeat. There was a strong underlying feeling of violent animosity to the Emperor, who had lost them two of their fairest provinces, and a passionate desire for the "revanche." The feeling was very bitter between the two branches of the Royalist party, Legitimists and Orleanists. One night at a party in the Faubourg St. Germain, I saw a well-known fashionable woman of the extreme Legitimist party turn her back on the Comtesse de Paris. The receptions and visits were not always easy nor pleasant, even though I was a stranger and had no ties with any former government. I remember one of my first visits to a well-known Legitimist countess in the Faubourg St. Germain; I went on her reception day, a thing all young women are most particular about in Paris. I found her with a circle of ladies sitting around her, none of whom I knew. They were all very civil, only I was astonished at the way the mistress of the house mentioned my name every time she spoke to me: "Madame Waddington, êtes-vous allée à l'Opéra hier soir," "Madame Waddington, vous montez à cheval tous les matins, je crois," "Monsieur Waddington va tous les vendredis à l'Institut, il me semble," etc. I was rather surprised and said to W. when I got home, "How curious it is, that way of saying one's name all the time; I sup-

pose it is an old-fashioned French custom. Madame de B. must have said 'Waddington' twenty times during my rather short visit." He was much amused. "Don't you know why? So that all the people might know who you were and not say awful things about the 'infecte gouvernement' and the Republic, 'which no gentleman could serve.'"

The position of the German embassy in

Paris was very difficult, and unfortunately their first ambassador after the war, Count Arnim, didn't understand (perhaps didn't care to) how difficult it was for a high-spirited nation, which until then had always ranked as a great military power, to accept her humiliation and be just to the victorious adversary. Arnim was an unfortunate appointment—not at all the man for such a delicate situation. We had known him in Rome in the old days of Pio Nono's reign, where he had a great



Monsieur Thiers.

position as Prussian minister to the Vatican. He and the Countess Arnim received a great deal, and their beautiful rooms in the Palazzo Caffarelli, on the top of the Capitol Hill (the two great statues of Castor and Pollux standing by their horses looking as if they were guarding the entrance) were a brilliant centre for all the Roman and diplomatic world. He was a thorough man of the world, could make himself charming when he chose, but he never had a pleasant manner, was curt, arrogant, with a very strong sense of his own superiority. From the first moment he came to Paris as ambassador, he put people's backs up. They never liked him, never trusted him; whenever he had an unpleasant communication to make, he exaggerated the unpleasantness, never at-

position as Prussian minister to the Vatican. He and the Countess Arnim received a great deal, and their beautiful rooms in the Palazzo Caffarelli, on the top of the Capitol Hill (the two great statues of Castor and Pollux standing by their horses looking as if they were guarding the entrance) were a brilliant centre for all the Roman and diplomatic world. He was a thorough man of the world, could make himself charming when he chose, but he never had a pleasant manner, was curt, arrogant, with a very strong sense of his own superiority. From the first moment he came to Paris as ambassador, he put people's backs up. They never liked him, never trusted him; whenever he had an unpleasant communication to make, he exaggerated the unpleasantness, never at-



innated, and there is so much in the way things are said. The French were very hard upon him when he got into trouble, and certainly his own government was merciless to him.

One of my first small difficulties after becoming a Frenchwoman was to eliminate some of my German friends from my salon. I could not run the risk of their being treated rudely. I remember so well one night at home, before I was married, seeing two French officers not in uniform slip quietly out of the room when one of the Germany embassy came in, yet ours was a neutral house. When my engagement was announced one of my great friends at the German embassy (Count Arco) said to me: "This is the end, I suppose, of our friendship; I can never go to see you when you are the wife of a French deputy." "Oh, yes, you can still come; not quite so often perhaps, but I can't give up my friends."

However, we drifted apart without knowing why exactly. It is curious how long that hostile feeling toward Germany has lasted in France.

The sittings of the assembly were very interesting in that wonderful year when everything was being discussed. All public interest of course was centred in Versailles, where the National Assembly was trying to establish some sort of stable government. There were endless discussions and speeches and very violent language in the chambers. Gambetta made some bitter attacks on the Royalists, accusing them of "mauvaise foi" and want of pa-

triotism. The Bonapartist leaders tried to persuade themselves and their friends that they still had a hold on the country and that a "plébiscite" would bring back in triumph their prince. The Legitimists, hoping against hope that the Com-

te de Chambord would still be the savior of the country, made passionate appeals to the old feeling of loyalty in the nation, and the "centre droit," representing the Orleanists, nervous, hesitating, knowing the position perfectly, ardently desiring a constitutional monarchy, but feeling that it was not possible at that

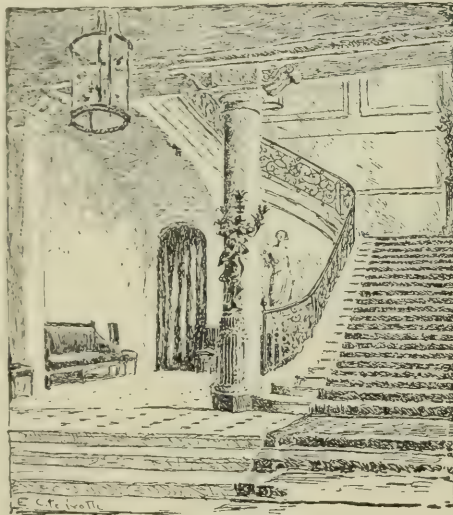
moment, yet unwilling to commit themselves to a final declaration of the Republic, which would make a royalist restoration impossible. All the Left confident, determined.

The Republic was voted on the 30th of January, 1875, by a majority of one vote, if majority it could be called, but the great step had been taken, and

the struggle began instantly between the moderate conservative Republicans and the more advanced Left. W. came home late that day. Some of his friends came in after dinner and the talk was most interesting. I was so new to it all that most of the names of the rank and file were unknown to me, and the appreciations of the votes and the anecdotes and side-lights on the voters said nothing to me. Looking back after all these years, it seems to me that the moderate royalists ("centre droit") threw away a splendid chance. They could not stop the Republican wave (nothing could) but they might have controlled it and di-



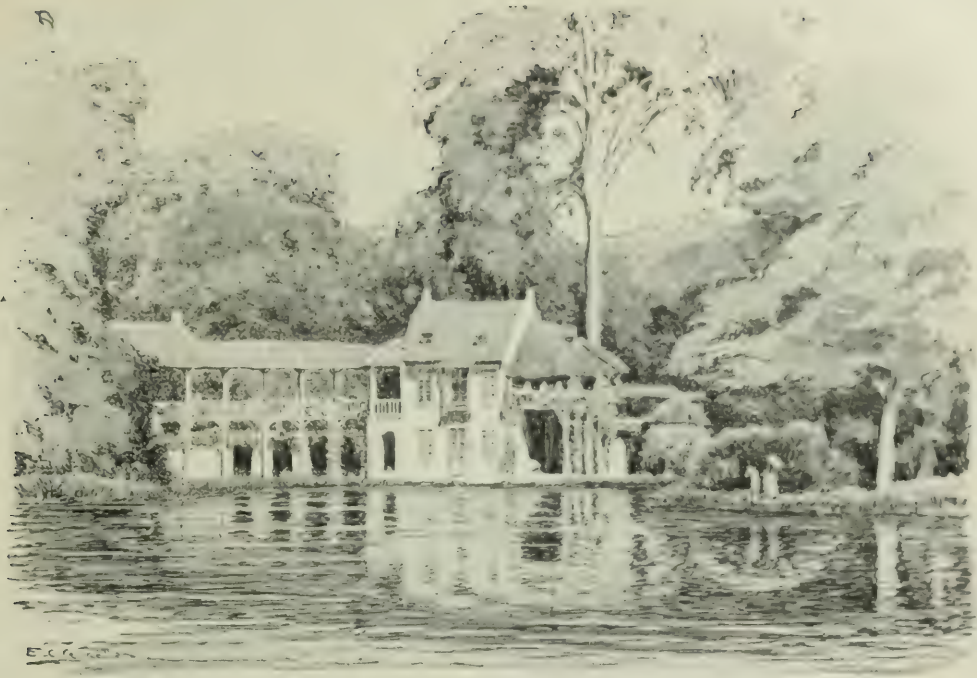
Court of honor.



Grand staircase.

Palace of the German embassy.





Marie Antoinette's cottage at the Little Trianon, Versailles.

rected it instead of standing aloof and throwing the power into the hands of the Left. We heard the well-known sayings very often those days: "La République sera conservatrice ou elle ne sera pas" and "La République sans Républicains," attributed to M. Thiers and Marshal MacMahon. The National Assembly struggled on to the end of the year, making a constitution, a parliament with two houses, senate and chamber of deputies, with many discussions and contradictions, and hopes and illusions.

I went often to Versailles, driving out when the weather was fine. I liked the stormy sittings best. Some orator would say something that displeased the public, and in a moment there would be the greatest uproar, protestations and accusations from all sides, some of the extreme Left getting up, gesticulating wildly, and shaking their fists at the speaker—the Right generally calm and sarcastic, requesting the speaker to repeat his monstrous statements—the "huissiers" dressed in black with silver chains, walking up and down in front of the tribune, calling out at intervals: "Silence, messieurs, s'il vous plaît,"—the President ringing his bell violently to call the house to order, and nobody paying the slightest attention,—the ora-

tor sometimes standing quite still with folded arms waiting until the storm should abate, sometimes dominating the hall and hurling abuse at his adversaries. W. was always perfectly quiet; his voice was low, not very strong, and he could not speak if there were an uproar. When he was interrupted in a speech he used to stand perfectly still with folded arms, waiting for a few minutes' silence. The deputies would call out: "Allez! allez!" interspersed with a few lively criticisms on what he was saying to them; he was perfectly unmoved, merely replied: "I will go on with pleasure as soon as you will be quiet enough for me to be heard." Frenchmen generally have such a wonderful facility of speech, and such a pitiless logic in discussing a question, that the debates were often very interesting. The public was interesting too. A great many women of all classes followed the sittings—several Egerias (not generally in their first youth) of well-known political men sitting prominently in the President's box, or in the front row of the journalists' box, following the discussions with great interest and sending down little slips of paper to their friends below—members' wives and friends who enjoyed spending an hour or two listening to the speeches—newspaper

correspondents, literary ladies, diplomats. It was very difficult to get places, particularly when some well-known orators were announced to speak upon an important question. We didn't always know beforehand, and I remember some dull afternoons with one or two members making long speeches about purely local matters, which didn't interest any one. We looked down upon an almost empty hall on those occasions. A great many of the members had gone out and were talking in the lobbies; those who remained were talking in groups, writing letters, walking about the hall, quite unconscious apparently of the speaker at the tribune. I couldn't understand how the man could go on talking to

empty benches, but W. told me he was quite indifferent to the attention of his colleagues,—his speech was for his electors and would appear the next day in the *Journal Officiel*. I remember one man talked for hours about "allumettes chimiques."

Léon Say was a delightful speaker, so easy, always finding exactly the word he wanted. It hardly seemed a speech when he was at the tribune, more like a "causerie," though he told very plain truths sometimes to the "peuple souverain." He was essentially French, or rather Parisian, knew everybody, and was "au courant" of all that went on politically and socially, and had a certain "blague," that eminently French quality which is very difficult to explain. He was a hard worker, and told me once that what rested him most after a long day was to go to a small

boulevard theatre or to read a rather lively yellow-backed novel.



Marshal MacMahon.

In March, 1876, W. was made, for the second time, "Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux Arts," with M. Dufore Président du Conseil, Duc Décazes at the foreign office, and Léon Say at the finances. His nomination was a surprise to us. We didn't expect it at all. There had been so many discussions, so many names put forward. It seemed impossible to come to an understanding and form a cabinet which would be equally acceptable to the marshal and to the chambers. I came in rather late one afternoon while the negotiations were going on, and was told by the servants

that M. Léon Say was waiting in W.'s library to see him. W. came a few minutes afterward, and the two gentlemen remained a long time talking. They stopped in the drawing-room on their way to the door, and Say said to me: "Eh bien, madame, je vous apporte une portefeuille et des félicitations." "Before I accept the felicitations, I would like to know which portfolio." Of course when he said, "Public instruction," I was pleased, as I knew it was the only one W. cared for. My brother-in-law, Richard Waddington, now senator of the Seine Inférieure, and one or two friends came to see us in the evening, and the gentlemen talked late into the night discussing programmes, possibilities, etc. All the next day the conferences went on, and when the new cabinet was presented to the marshal, he received them



graciously if not warmly. W. said both Dufaure and Décazes were quite wonderful, realizing the state of affairs exactly, and knowing the temper of the house, which

most Frenchwomen are. I was very much struck with her writing-table, which looked most businesslike. It was covered with quantities of letters, papers, cards, circulars



From *L'Illustration*, March 11, 1870.

Meeting of officers of the National Assembly, and of delegates of the new Chambers, in the salon of Hercules, palace of Versailles.

was getting more advanced every day and more difficult to manage. W. at once convoked all the officials and staff of the ministry. He made very few changes, merely taking the young Count de Lasteyrie, now Marquis de Lasteyrie, grandnephew of the Marquis de Lafayette, son of M. Jules de Lasteyrie, a senator and devoted friend of the Orléans family, as his *chef de cabinet*. Two or three days after the new cabinet was announced, W. took me to the Elysée to pay my official visit to the Maréchale de MacMahon. She received us up-stairs in a pretty salon looking out on the garden. She was very civil, not a particularly gracious manner—gave me the impression of a very energetic, practical woman—what

of all kinds—she attended to all household matters herself. I always heard (though she did not tell me) that she read every letter that was addressed to her, and she must have had hundreds of begging letters. She was very charitable, much interested in all good works, and very kind to all artists. Whenever a letter came asking for money, she had the case investigated, and if the story were true, gave practical help at once. I was dismayed at first with the number of letters received from all over France asking my intercession with the minister on every possible subject from a “monument historique” to be restored, to a pension given to an old schoolmaster no longer able to work, with a large family to

support. It was perfectly impossible for me to answer them. Being a foreigner and never having lived in France, I didn't really know anything about the various questions. W. was too busy to attend to such small matters, so I consulted M. de L., chef de cabinet, and we agreed that I should send all the correspondence which was not strictly personal, to him, and he would have it examined in the "bureau." The first few weeks of W.'s ministry were very trying to me—I went to see so many people,—so many people came to see me,—all strangers with whom I had nothing in common. Such dreary conversations, never getting beyond the most ordinary commonplace phrases,—such an absolutely different world from any I had ever lived in. It is very difficult at first for any woman who

marries a foreigner to make her life in her new country. There must be so many things that are different—better perhaps sometimes—but not what one has been accustomed to,—and I think more difficult in France than in any other country. French people are set in their ways, and there is so little sympathy with anything that is not French. I was struck with that absence of sympathy at some of the first dinners I went to. The talk was exclusively French, almost Parisian, very personal, with stories and allusions to people and things I knew nothing about. No one dreamed of talking to me about my past life—or America, or any of my early associations—yet I was a stranger—one would have thought they might have taken a little more trouble to find some topics of general interest. Even now, after all these years, the difference of nationality counts. Sometimes when I am discussing with very

intimate friends some question and I find that I cannot understand their views and they cannot understand mine, they always come back to the real difficulty: "Écoutez, chère amie, vous êtes d'une autre race." I rather complained to W. after the first three or four dinners—it seemed to me bad manners, but he said no, I was the wife of

a French political man, and every one took for granted I was interested in the conversation—certainly no one intended any rudeness. The first big dinner I went to that year was at the Elysée—the regular official dinner for the Diplomatic Corps and the government. I had Baron von Zuylen, the Dutch minister, one of our great friends, on one side of me, Léon Renault, préfet de police, on the other. Léon Renault was very interesting, very clever—an excellent préfet de



Count Harry von Arnim.

police. Some of his stories were most amusing. The dinner was very good (always were in the marshal's time), not long and mercifully not too hot. Sometimes the heat was terrible in those crowded rooms. There were quite a number of people in the evening—the music of the garde républicaine playing, and a buffet in the dining-room which was always crowded. We never stayed very late, as W. always had papers to sign when we got home. Sometimes when there was a great press of work his "signatures" kept him two hours. I don't think the marshal enjoyed the receptions very much. Like most soldiers he was an early riser, and the late hours and constant talking tired him.

I liked our dinners and receptions at the ministry. All the intelligence of France passed through our rooms. People generally came early—by ten o'clock the rooms were quite full. Every one was an-





From *L'Illustration*, March 11, 1876.

Sitting of the National Assembly at the palace of Versailles.

nounced, and it was most interesting to hear the names of all the celebrities in every branch of art and science. It was only a fleeting impression, as the guests merely spoke to me at the door and passed on. In those days, hardly any one shook hands unless they were fairly intimate—the men never. They made me low bows some distance off and rarely stopped to exchange a few words with me. Some of the women, not many, shook hands. It was a fatiguing evening, as I stood so long, and a procession of strangers passed before me. The receptions finished early—every one had gone by eleven o'clock except a few loiterers at the buffet. There are always a certain number of people at the big official receptions whose principal object in coming seems to be to make a comfortable meal. The servants always told me there was nothing left after a big party. There were no invitations—the reception was announced in the papers, so any one who felt they had the slightest claim upon the minister appeared at the party. Some of the dresses were funny, but there was nothing eccentric—no women in hats, carrying babies in their arms, such as one used to see in the old

days in America at the President's reception at the White House, Washington—some very simple black silk dresses hardly low—and of course a great many pretty women very well dressed. Some of my American friends often came with true American curiosity, wanting to see a phase of French life which was quite novel to them.

W. remained two years at the instruction publique, and my life became at once very interesting, very full. We didn't live at the ministry—it was not really necessary. All the work was over before dinner, except the "signatures," which W. could do just as well in his library at home. We went over and inspected the "Hôtel du Ministère" in the rue de Grenelle before we made our final decision, but it was not really tempting. There were fine reception-rooms and a pretty garden, but the living-rooms were small, not numerous, and decidedly gloomy. Of course I saw much less of W. He never came home to breakfast, except on Sunday, as it was too far from the rue de Grenelle to the Étoile. It was before the days of telephones, so whenever an important communication was to be made



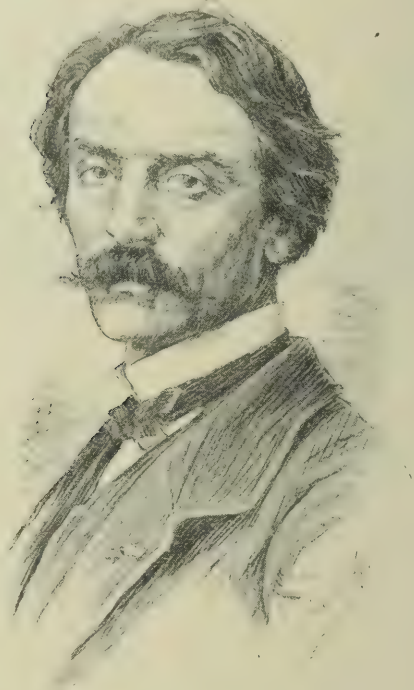


Ernest Renan.

to him when he was at home in the evening, a dragoon galloped up with his little black bag from which he extracted his papers. It made quite an excitement in our quiet street the first time he arrived after ten o'clock. We just managed our morning ride, and then there were often people waiting to speak to W. before we started, and always when he came back. There was a great amount of patronage attached to his ministry, nominations to all the universities, lycées, schools, etc., and, what was most agreeable to me, boxes at all the government theatres,—the Grand Opera, Opéra Comique, Français, Odéon, and Conservatoire. Every Monday morning we received the list for the week, and, after making our own selection, distributed them to the official world generally, —sometimes to our own personal friends. The boxes of the Français, Opéra, and Conservatoire were much appreciated.

I went very regularly to the Sunday afternoon concerts at the Conservatoire, where all classical music was splendidly given. They confined themselves generally to the strictly classic, but were beginning to play a little Schumann that year. Some of the faces of the regular habitués became most familiar to me. There were three or four old men with gray hair, sitting on the front row of the balcony (most un-

comfortable seats) who followed every note of the music, turning around and frowning at any unfortunate person in a box who dropped a fan or an opera-glass. It was funny to hear the hum of satisfaction when any well-known movement of Beethoven or Mozart was attacked. The orchestra was perfect, at its best I think in the "scherzos" which they took in beautiful style—so light and sure. I liked the instrumental part much better than the singing. French voices, the women's particularly, are thin, as a rule. I think



J. L. Gérôme.

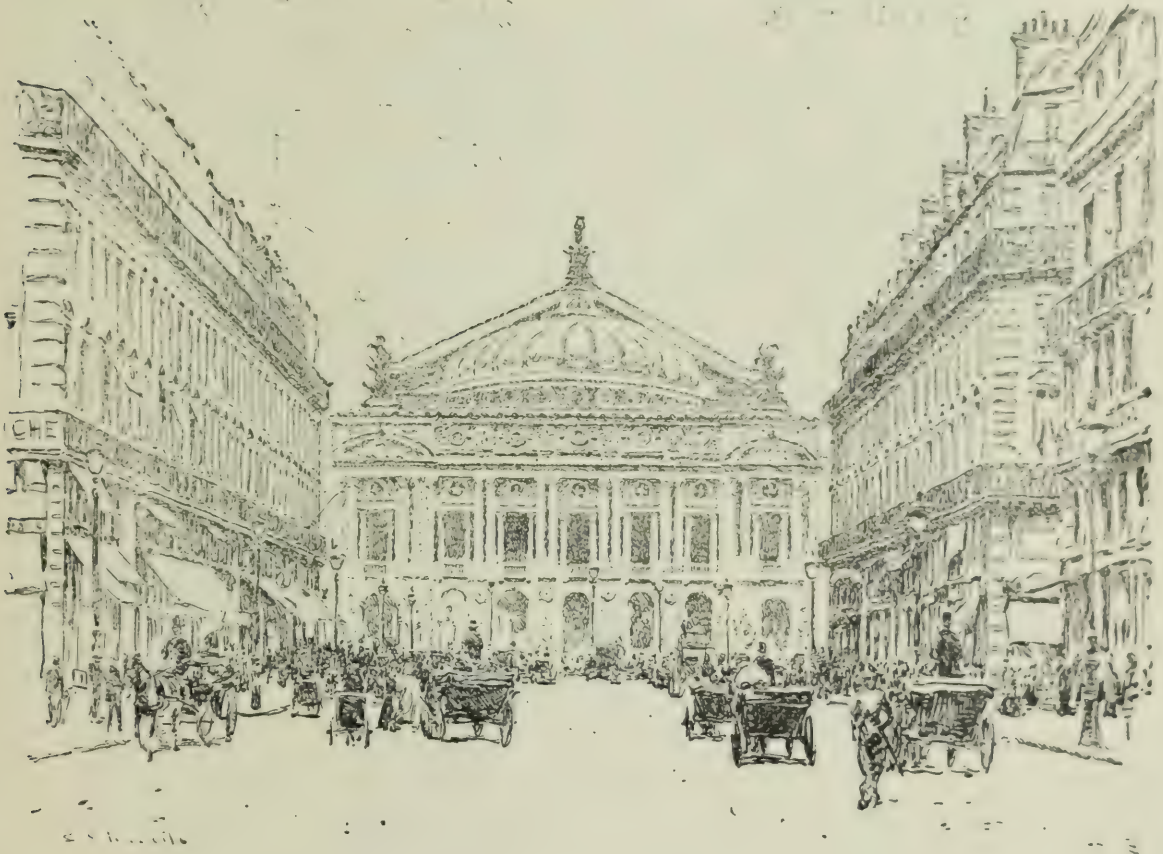
they sacrifice too much to the "diction," —don't bring out the voices enough—but the style and training are perfect of their kind.

The Conservatoire is quite as much a social feature as a school of music. It was the thing to do on Sunday afternoon. No invitation was more appreciated, as it was almost impossible to have places unless one were invited by a friend. All the boxes and seats (the hall is small) belong to subscribers and have done so for one or two generations. Many marriages are made there. There are very few theatres in Paris to which girls can be taken, but the Opéra Comique and the Conservatoire are very favorite resorts. When a marriage is pending the young lady, very



well dressed (always in the simplest "tenue de jeune fille") is taken to the Conservatoire or the Opéra Comique by her father and mother, and very often her

They are generally made by people of the same "monde," accustomed to the same way of living, and the fortunes as nearly alike as possible. Everything is calcu-



The Paris opera-house.

grandmother. She sits in front of the box and the young man in the stalls, where he can study his future wife without committing himself. The difference of dress between the "jeune fille" and the "jeune femme" is very strongly marked in France. The French girl never wears lace or jewels or feathers or heavy material of any kind, quite unlike her English or American contemporaries, who wear what they like. The wedding-dress is classic, a simple, very long dress of white satin, and generally a tulle veil over the face. When there is a handsome lace veil in the family, the bride sometimes wears it, but no lace on her dress. The first thing the young married woman does is to wear a very long velvet dress with feathers in her hair.

I think on the whole the arranged marriages turn out as well as any others.

lated. The young couple usually spend the summer with parents or parents-in-law, in the château, and I know some cases where there are curious details about the number of lamps that can be lighted in the rooms of the young couple, and the use of the carriage on certain days. I am speaking of course of purely French marriages. To my American idea it seemed very strange to me when I first came to Europe, but a long residence in a foreign country certainly modifies one's impressions. Years ago, when we were living in Rome, four sisters, before any of us were married, a charming Frenchwoman, Duchesse de B., who came often to the house, was very worried about this family of girls, all very happy at home and contented with their lives. It was quite true we danced and hunted and made a great deal of music, without ever troubling our-



Léon Say.

selves about the future. The duchesse couldn't understand it, used often to talk to mother very seriously. She came one day with a proposal of marriage—a charming man, a Frenchman, not too young, with a good fortune, a title, and a château had seen Madame King's daughters in the ballroom and hunting-field, and would very much like to be presented and make his "cour." "Which one?" we naturally asked, but the answer was vague. It sounded so curiously impersonal that we could hardly take it seriously. However, we suggested that the young man should come and each one of the four would show off her particular talent. One would play and one would sing (rather like the song in the children's book, "one could dance and one could sing, and one could play the violin"), and the third, the polyglot of the family, could speak several languages. We were rather puzzled as to what my eldest sister could do, as she was not very sociable and never spoke to strangers if she could help it, so we decided she must be very well dressed and preside at the tea-table behind an old-fashioned silver urn that we always used—looking like a stately "maîtresse de maison" receiving her guests. We confided all these plans to the duchesse, but

she was quite put out with us, wouldn't bring the young man nor tell us his name. We never knew who he was. Since I have been a Frenchwoman ("devant la loi")—I think all Americans remain American no matter where they marry,—I have interested myself three or four times in made marriages, which have generally turned out well. There were very few Americans married in France all those years, now there are legions of all kinds. I don't remember any in the official parliamentary world I lived in the first years



Jules Simon.

of my marriage—nor English either. It was absolutely French, and rather "borné" French. Very few of the people, the women especially, had any knowledge or experience of foreign countries, and didn't care to have,—France was enough for them.

W. was very happy at the "Ministère de l'Instruction Publique,"—all the educational questions interested him so much and the "tournées en province" and visits to the big schools and universities,—some of them, in the south of France particularly, singularly wanting in the most elementary details of hygiene and cleanliness, and it was very difficult to make the necessary changes, giving more light, air, and space. Routine is a powerful factor



in this very conservative country, where so many things exist simply because they have always existed. Some of his letters from Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Montpel-

the days were fatiguing. He said he hadn't worked so hard for years. He started at nine in the morning, visiting schools and universities, came home to



The foyer of the opera.

lier were most interesting. As a rule he was very well received and got on very well, strangely enough, with the clergy, particularly the "haut clergé," bishops and cardinals. His being a Protestant was rather a help to him; he could take an impartial view of things.

At Bordeaux he stayed at the Préfecture, where he was very comfortable, but

breakfast at twelve, and immediately after had a small reception, rectors, professors, and people connected with the schools he wanted to talk to, at three started again seeing more schools and going conscientiously over the buildings from basement to garret,—then visits to the cardinal, archbishop, general commanding, etc.—a big dinner and reception in the evening,

the cardinal present in his red robes, his coadjutor in purple, the officers in uniform, and all the people connected in any way with the university, who were pleased

ple were always coming to ask for something for themselves or some members of their family, always candidates for the Institute, anxiously inquiring what their



Theodor Mommsen.

From a painting by Franz von Lenbach.

to see their chief. There was a total absence of Bonapartist senators and deputies (which was not surprising, as W. had always been in violent opposition to the Empire), who were rather numerous in these parts. W. was really quite exhausted when he got back to Paris—said it was absolute luxury to sit quietly and read in his library, and not talk. It wasn't a luxury that he enjoyed very much, for whenever he was in the house there was always some one talking to him in his study and others waiting in the drawing-room. Every minute of the day he was occupied. Peo-

chances were, and if he had recommended them to his friends. It is striking even in this country of functionaries (I think there are more small public employees in France than in any other country) how many applicants there were always for the most insignificant places—a Frenchman loves a cap with gold braid and gilt buttons on his coat.

All the winter of '76, which saw the end of the National Assembly and the beginning of a new régime, was an eventful one in parliamentary circles. I don't know if the country generally was very much ex-



cited about a new constitution and a change of government. I don't think the country in France (the small farmers and peasants) are ever much excited about the form of government. As long as the crops are good and there is no war to take away their sons and able-bodied men, they don't care, often don't know, whether a king or an emperor is reigning over them. They say there are some far-off villages half-hidden in the forests and mountains who still believe that a king and a Bourbon is reigning in France. Something had to be decided; the "provisoire" could no longer continue; the country could not go on without a settled government. All the arguments and negotiations of that period have been so often told, that I will not go into any details. The two centres, "Centre Droit" and "Centre Gauche," had everything in their hands as the great moderating elements of the assembly, but the conflicting claims of the various parties, Legitimist, Orleanist, Bonapartist, and advanced Left, made the question a very difficult one.

W. as a member of the "Comité des Trente" was very much occupied and pre-occupied. He came back generally very late from Versailles, and, when he did dine at home, either went out again after dinner to some of the numerous meetings at different houses or had people at home. I think the great majority of deputies were honestly trying to do what they thought best for the country, and when one remembers the names and personalities on both sides—MacMahon, Broglie, d'Audiffret-Pasquier, Buffet, Dufaure and Thiers, Casimir Périer, Léon Say, Jules Simon, Jules Ferry, Freycinet, and many others, it is impossible to think that any of those men were animated by any spirit other than love of the country and an ardent desire to see some stable government restored which would enable France to take her place again among the great powers. Unfortunately the difference of opinion as to the form of government made things very difficult. Some of the young deputies, just fresh from the war and smarting under a sense of humiliation, were very violent in their abuse of any Royalist and particularly Bonapartist restoration.

My first big dinner at the ministry of public instruction rather intimidated me.

We were fifty people—I the only lady. I went over to the ministry in the afternoon to see the table, which was very well arranged with quantities of flowers, beautiful Sèvres china, not much silver—there is very little left in France, it having all been melted at the time of the Revolution. The official dinners are always well done in Paris. I suppose the traditions of the Empire have been handed down. We arrived a few minutes before eight, all the staff and directors already there, and by ten minutes after eight every one had arrived. I sat between Gérôme, the painter, and Renan, two very different men but each quite charming,—Gérôme tall, slight, animated, talking very easily about everything. He told me who a great many of the people were, with a little commentary on their profession and career which was very useful to me, as I knew so few of them. Renan was short, stout, with a very large head, almost unprepossessing-looking, but with a great charm of manner and the most delightful smile and voice imaginable. He often dined with us in our own house, "en petit comité," and was always charming. He was one of those happy mortals (there are not many) who made every subject they discuss interesting.

After that first experience, I liked the big men's dinners very much. There was no general conversation; I talked exclusively to my two neighbors, but as they were always distinguished in some branch of art, science, or literature, the talk was brilliant, and I found the hour our dinner lasted a very short one. W. was very particular about not having long dinners. Later, at the ministry of foreign affairs, where we sometimes had eighty guests, the dinner was never over an hour. I never remained the whole evening at the men's dinners. As soon as they dispersed to talk and smoke, I came away, leaving W. to entertain his guests. We often had big receptions with music and "comédie." At one of our first big parties we had several of the Orléans family. I was rather nervous, as I had never received royalty,—in fact I had never spoken to a royal prince or princess. I had lived a great deal in Rome, as a girl, during the last days of Pie Neuf, and I was never in Paris during the Empire. When we went back to Rome



one winter, after the accession of King Victor Emmanuel, I found myself for the first time in a room with royalties, the Prince and Princesse de Piemont. I remember quite well being so surprised by seeing two of the Roman men we knew very well come backward into the ball-room where we were sitting. I thought they must be anticipating the Mardi Gras and were masquerading a little, didn't realize that every one was standing. I remained sitting for a moment (much to the horror of one of the English secretaries who was with us and who thought we were going to make a spread-eagle American demonstration and remain sitting when royalty appeared). However, by some sort of instinct, we rose too (perhaps to see what was going on), just as the princes passed. Princess Marguerite looked charming, dressed in white, with her splendid pearls and beautiful fair hair.

When it was decided that we should ask the Orléans princes to our party, I thought I would go to see the Duc Décazes, the foreign minister, a charming man and charming colleague, to get some precise information about my part of the entertainment. He couldn't think what I wanted when I invaded his cabinet, and was much amused when I stated my case.

"There is nothing unusual in receiving the princes at a ministry. You must do as you have always done."

"But that is just the question, I have *never done*. I have never in my life exchanged a word with a royal personage."

"It is not possible!"

"It is absolutely true; I have never lived anywhere where there was a court."

When he saw that I was in earnest he was as nice as possible, told me *exactly* what I wanted to know,—that I need not say "*Altesse royale*" every time I spoke, merely occasionally, as they all like it,—that I must speak in the third person, "*Madame veut-elle*," "*Monseigneur veut-il me permettre*," etc., also that I must always be at the door when a princess arrived and conduct her myself to her seat.

"But if I am at one end of the long enfilade of rooms taking the Comtesse de Paris to her seat and another Princess (Joinville or Chartres) should arrive; what has to be done?"

"Your husband must always be at the

door with his *chef de cabinet*, who will replace him while he takes the Princess to her place."

The Marquise de L., a charming old lady with white hair, beautiful blue eyes, and pink cheeks, a great friend of the Orléans family, went with me when I made my round of visits to thank the royal ladies for accepting our invitation. We found no one but the Princesse Marguerite, daughter of the Duc de Nemours, who was living at Neuilly. I had all my instructions from the marquise, how many courtesies to make, how to address her, and above all not to speak until the Princess spoke to me. We were shown into a pretty drawing-room, opening on a garden, where the Princess was waiting, standing at one end of the room. Madame de L. named me, I made my courtesies, the Princess shook hands, and then we remained standing, facing each other. She didn't say anything. I stood perfectly straight and quiet, waiting. She changed color, moved her hands nervously, was evidently overcome with shyness, but didn't utter a sound. It seemed very long, was really a few seconds only, but I was getting rather nervous when suddenly a child ran across the garden. That broke the ice and she asked me the classic royal question, "*Avez-vous des enfants, madame?*" I had only one, and he was rather small, but still his nurse, his teeth, and his food carried me on for a little while and after that we had some general conversation, but I can't say the visit was really interesting. As long as I was in public life I regretted that I had but the one child,—children and nurseries and schoolrooms were always an unfailing topic of conversation. Frenchwomen of all classes take much more interest in the details of their nurseries and the education and bringing-up of their children than we Anglo-Saxons do. I know several *mammas* who followed all the course of their sons' studies when they were preparing their *baccalauréat*, even to writing the compositions. The head nurse (English) who takes entire charge of her nursery, who doesn't like any interference, and brings the children to their mother at stated hours, doesn't exist in France.

Our party was very brilliant, all sorts of notabilities of all kinds, and the leading



Paris artists from the Grand Opera, Opéra Comique, and the Français. As soon as the performance was over W. told me I must go and thank the artists; he could not leave his princes. I started off to the last of the long suite of salons where they were all assembled. Comte de L., W.'s chef de cabinet, went with me, and we were preceded by a huissier with sword and chain, who piloted us through the crowd. I felt very shy when I arrived in the green room. All the artists were drawn up in two rows, the women on one side, the men on the other, all eyes of course fixed upon madame la ministresse. Madame Carvalho, Sarah Bernhardt, and Croizette were standing at the head of the long line of women; Faure, Talazac, Delaunay, Coquelin, on the other side. I went first all along the line of women, then came back by the men. I realized instantly after the first word of thanks and interest how easy it is for princes, or any one in high places, to give pleasure. They all responded so smilingly and naturally to everything I said. After the first two or three words I didn't mind at all, and found myself discussing acoustics, the difficulty of playing any well-known part without costumes, scenery, etc., the inconvenience of having the public so near, quite easily. We often had music and recitations at our parties, and that was always a great pleasure to me. I remember so well one evening when we had the chorus of the Conservatoire and they sang quite beautifully the old "Plaisirs d'Amour" of our childhood. It had a great success and they were obliged to repeat it. W. made one great innovation in the dress of the ladies of the Conservatoire chorus. They were always dressed in white, which was very well for the young, slight figures, but was less happy for a stout middle-aged lady. So after much discussion it was decided to adopt black as the official dress and I must say it was an enormous improvement.

All sorts of interesting people came to see us at the instruction publique,—among others the late Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro de Bragance, who spent some months in Paris that year with his daughter, the young Comtesse d'Eu. He was a tall, good-looking man, with a charming easy manner, very cultivated

and very keen about everything—art, literature, politics. His gentlemen said he had the energy of a man of twenty-five, and he was well over middle age when he was in Paris. They were quite exhausted sometimes after a long day of visits and sightseeing with him. He was an early riser. One of the first rendezvous he gave W. was at nine o'clock in the morning, which greatly disturbed that gentleman's habits. He was never an early riser, worked always very late (said his best despatches were written after midnight), and didn't care about beginning his day too early. Another interesting personality was Mommsen, the German historian and savant. He was a picturesque-looking old man with keen blue eyes and a quantity of white hair. I don't think anything modern interested him very much. He was an old man when I first saw him, and looked even older than his age. He and W. used to plunge into very long, learned discussions over antiquities and medals. W. said the hours with Mommsen rested him, such a change from the "shop" talk always mixed with politics in France.

We often had political breakfasts at home (more breakfasts than dinners). Our Aisne deputies and senators were not very "mondains," didn't care much to dine out. They were pleasant enough when they talked about subjects that interested them. Henri Martin, senator of the Aisne, was an old-fashioned Republican, absolutely convinced that no other government would ever succeed in France, but he was moderate. St. Vallier, also a senator from the Aisne, was nervous and easily discouraged when things didn't go smoothly, but he too thought the Republic was the only possible government now, whatever his preferences might have been formerly.

W.'s ministry came to an end on the famous 16th of May, 1877, when Marshal MacMahon suddenly took matters in his own hands and dismissed his cabinet presided over by M. Jules Simon. Things had not been going smoothly for some time, could not between two men of such absolute difference of origin, habits, and ideas. Still the famous letter written by the marshal to Jules Simon was a thunder-clap. I was walking about the Champs-

Ellysées and Faubourg St. Honoré on the morning of the 16th of May, and saw all the carriages, our own included, waiting at the ministry of the interior, where the "conseil" was sitting. I went home to breakfast, thought W. was later than usual, but never dreamed of what was happening. When he finally appeared, quite composed and smiling, with his news: "We are out of office; the marshal has sent us all about our business," I could hardly believe it, even when he told me all the details. I had known for a long time that things were not going well, but there were always so much friction and such opposing elements in the cabinet that I had not attached much importance to the accounts of stormy sittings and thought things would settle down. W. said the marshal was very civil to him, but it was evident that he could not stand Jules Simon any longer and the various measures that he felt were impending. We had many visitors after breakfast, all much excited, wondering what the next step would be,—if the "chambres" would be dissolved, the marshal trying to impose a cabinet of the Right or perhaps form another moderate liberal cabinet without Jules Simon, but retaining some of his ministers. It was my reception afternoon, and while I was sitting quietly in my drawing-room talking to some of my friends, making plans for the summer, quite pleased to have W. to myself again, the butler hurried into the room telling me that la Maréchale de MacMahon was on

the stairs, coming to make me a visit. I was very much surprised, as she never came to see me. We met very rarely, except on official occasions, and she made no secret of her dislike to the official republican ladies (but she was always absolutely correct if not enthusiastic). I had just time to get to the head of the stairs to receive her. She was very amiable, a little embarrassed, took a cup of tea,—said the marshal was very sorry to part with W., he had never had any trouble or disagreement with him of any kind, but that it was impossible to go on with a cabinet when neither party had any confidence in the other. I quite agreed, said it was the fortunes of war; I hoped the marshal would find another premier who would be more sympathetic with him, and then we talked of other things. My friends were quite amused. One of them, Marquise de T., knew the Maréchale quite well, and said she was going to ask her if she was obliged to make "visites de condoléance" to the wives of all the fallen ministers. W. was rather astonished when I told him who had come to tea with me, and thought the conversation must have been difficult. I told him, not at all, once the necessary phrases about the departing ministers were over. The piano was open, music littered about; she was fond of music and she admired very much a portrait of father as a boy in the Harrow dress, asked who it was and what the dress was. She was a perfect woman of the world, and no one was uncomfortable.

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## LIVE THY LIFE

By Florence Earle Coates

LIVE thy life gallantly and undismayed:  
 Whatever harms may hide within the shade,  
 Be thou of *fear*, my spirit! more afraid.

In earthly pathways evil springeth rife;  
 But dread not thou, too much, or pain or strife  
 That plunge thee to the greater depths of life!

What though the storm-cloud holds the bolt that sears?  
 The eagle of the crag, that nothing fears,  
 Still, still is young after a hundred years!



# POLITICIANS AND THE SENSE OF HUMOR

By Henry S. Pritchett



OUR age is that of the expert. The politician—if that term is used in the true sense—is the most important expert whose services a free people can make use of, for the politician is selected to organize and conduct the government of a State or a nation in such way as to conserve its safety, its peace, and its progress. Have we in America any politicians who are entitled to be considered real experts? What are the qualities which are essential to the expert practice of this profession, for politics is, or at least it ought to be in a democracy, the noblest and most honored of all professions?

As a people we stand face to face to-day with these questions. And when these are answered, when the essential qualities which the expert must possess are agreed upon, there still remains the hardest question of all: Where can the American find politicians so qualified?

There have been many attempts in the political journals to answer these questions during these late months, and in these piping times nearly all journals are political in the party sense. The weeklies, with few exceptions, have been swept bodily into the sea of personal politics, and many of the monthlies are dragging their anchors.

The trouble about the answers to these questions that one finds in these excellent publications lies in the personal form in which they are given. They are like the patent-medicine advice to the man who thinks he has many diseases. All is comprehended in the simple formula—take me!

There has been only one thing in which all these authorities have agreed, and that is that, whatever the qualities of the great politician are, Lincoln had them. There are more different kinds of politicians to-day who describe themselves as the simon-pure followers of Abraham Lincoln than have ever appeared at one time in all our

previous history. And the interesting part about all this is that they are generally quite honest and serious in their belief. It is altogether wrong to conclude that all these excellent gentlemen are insincere. On the contrary, when a gentleman with political aspirations gets fairly started on a warm campaign, it is the easiest thing in the world to make himself believe that he is not only treading Lincoln's path, but that he is on a hot trail. This is, of course, made easier for the politician when sympathetic and admiring friends burn the right incense under his nose. It is a rare man that could resist the suggestion that he alone can save the country after a few hundred patriots have assured him of the fact.

And all this brings us back to the original question: Are there any fundamental qualities which a politician must have and without which he cannot serve the public in a high place? What are the indispensables? Or, to accept the verdict of the campaigners, what prime qualities did Lincoln have which have made him pre-eminent among politicians?

Expressed in its lowest terms, a man must have two qualities if the people are to trust him as a political leader—he must have moral purpose and he must be able to think straight.

There is a simple law in mechanics which expresses the momentum of a moving body as equivalent to the mass multiplied into the velocity. The efficiency of a man in political leadership can be expressed in some such way—it is pretty nearly equal to his moral purpose multiplied into his ability to think straight. It would be difficult to say whether nations have suffered more at the hands of politicians who were morally weak, but had clear heads, or from those who meant well morally, but failed to think straight. A dishonest mind will do as much harm in politics as a dishonest heart. There was never a time when straight thinking was more necessary to our political life. There



was never a time when high moral purpose was more essential. No man ought to be taken for high public leadership who has not both. Efficiency in politics cannot be expressed in lower terms.

Now, the difficulty does not come in finding men who have this combination of character and intellect. The world is fairly supplied with such men, and (contrary to a certain popular fallacy) there is a fair proportion of such men in public life in America. I have been at one time or another thrown into close contact with a university faculty, a denominational association of Christian ministers, and the Congress of the United States. From my experience I would say that the last-named body was morally and intellectually about on the same plane as the other two. The difficulty does not come in getting moral men or intelligent men into public life, or even men who are both moral and intelligent, although it would be far from my thought to intimate for a moment that all the men who become prominent in public life have either the one or the other of these fundamental qualities. The difficulty is that even these fundamental qualities are not alone sufficient to guide a politician in the highest places of authority. Even when yoked together in one human soul they may be led into strange paths unless quickened by another great humanizing quality, a wholesome sense of humor.

It is not entirely simple to define what is implied in a true sense of humor. Very naturally we have come to think of it as a certain facility in joking, because the ability to joke nearly always accompanies the possession of a true sense of humor. Then, too, we all possess that rudimentary quality of humor which enables us to enjoy a joke, at least on our companion. A much smaller proportion are able to appreciate, even though we do not enjoy, the joke on ourselves. All this is one of the common characteristics which go with a sense of humor. Not always. Some of the greatest jokers have been the least humorous of men, and some men who do not joke at all have the sense of humor in its finest form. Perhaps it can be best described as that faculty of imagination so humane and sympathetic in its nature that it can perceive at the same time serious and

jocose things. It can feel the pathos of a scene on life's stage and yet have an eye at the same time for the incongruities of the actors. It is imagination—but imagination endowed by a friendly human spirit. It is the feel of kinship with the universal human soul.

Now, the reason why this sort of humane imagination is so necessary to the successful practice of politics lies in two facts. First of all, the politician more than any other man has to do with all sorts and conditions of men. The sense of humor will take off the friction of his many-sided human contact. It will temper sternness with mercy, ridicule with good nature, abuse with the soft answer. It answers the bitter question of the pharisee with a parable and the yellow-journal lie with a good story. It is the best lubricator for the machinery of civilized society. It is the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin by lighting up the good motives as well as the bad. Yet, after all, these are external relations. Moral purpose and clear thinking—and we are assuming always that our politician has both—can be trusted in the long run to find the right path in these relations, even if they lead through some unnecessary stony places. But the point at which these two indispensables fail to serve the politician is in the preservation of a true perspective of himself. When once a man has risen to high political station, when his hands have felt the thrill which comes with the handling of the reins of power, his real test comes, for then the subtle voice of praise comes day by day to his ear. As his power and influence grow, those about him reflect back to him more and more the things he likes to hear. More and more the circle of those who talk to him is made up of such reflectors. The process ministers to the growth of that universal human egotism which springs up only too easily in the noblest human soul. It disturbs the whole perspective of human relations. In all ages it has been the undoing of the wisest politicians. Good and true men rise to eminence and are sterilized by its poison. Neither good morals nor high intelligence is proof against it. For the salvation of the political leader in high place from the blight of the all-devouring human egotism a wholesome sense



of humor is the saving grace. It is the only antitoxin which can deal with the microbe of egotism.

No man can appreciate, unless he has watched the process day by day, the constant stream of influence brought to bear on a President, a governor, a man high in party control, by the steady ministry of praise, for it is praise, not criticism, which sterilizes character and intellect. No other influence which a ruler has to face is so subtle and so difficult to resist. It is the strong man's greatest danger.

And the politicians are right about Lincoln. He is pre-eminently the greatest of our political leaders. But we accord him this praise not on the ground of a larger moral purpose and a clearer intellect than the other leaders of his day. Other men there were in the great political drama in which his part lay whose devotion was as great as his. There were those who stated the case for freedom as clearly. But the difference is this: All these leaders—honored as they are and as they deserve to be—lost their perspective at one time or another. Lincoln never did. He never took himself too seriously. He never harbored the notion that he was indispensable to the country's progress. He never deceived himself into thinking that the whole American people were passing by when only a brass band was coming up the street. Above every other political leader of his time he had the saving grace of a humane imagination, a true sense of humor. It was out of the true sense of perspective which this combination of qualities brought that he was able to realize clearly two truths which were vital to the politics of his own day and which are equally important to our own: first, that waiting is sometimes the highest form of action; and, second, that patience is oftentimes the finest expression of courage. It requires something more than good morals and high thinking to wait and to be patient. It is possible only to him who has a human perspective, to him whose morals and intellect are vitalized by a humane imagination. And this endowment comes rarely except to him who rises directly out of the common people. Humanity renews itself by its own children. It is rarely saved from without. One cannot imag-

ine Shakespeare or Lincoln born to the purple.

In the tradition now fast gathering about the name of Lincoln we are prone to think of his story-telling as a minor element in his character, useful indeed, but, after all, trivial as compared with his moral and intellectual qualities. To do this is to confuse the external mark of humor with the deeper underlying spirit. Lincoln's stories had the same relation to his political arguments which the parables of Christ had to his preaching. Both arose out of that imagination which visualized in a true perspective humanity and human relations. As we recede farther from Lincoln's day, it will be no small loss to the lesson of his life to future generations if we strip him of the quality which made his other great qualities effective, the quality which makes him intensely human.

Two good stories have recently come to me—the one about Lincoln, the other related by him—which illustrate the moral quality of the man, in the one case, and his keen appreciation of human reactions, in the other.

The first was told me by one of the few men now living who knew Lincoln well, and relates to that period in his life when he was practising law in Springfield, but thinking day by day over the problems of the country's future. For some years before the Lincoln-Douglas debates it was the custom of Senator Douglas to come to Springfield from time to time and speak on political questions. Even at that date it was Lincoln's habit to reply to these speeches.

On the occasion to which I refer Senator Douglas had made one of his most brilliant efforts. His audience was carried away with enthusiasm. Nevertheless, at the end of the meeting a friend of Mr. Lincoln announced that one week later, from the same platform, he would undertake to reply to the arguments of Senator Douglas.

The next morning, at an early hour, the man who told me the story (he was then a boy of eighteen) was sweeping out the store in which he was employed when Mr. Lincoln came along on the way to his office. In his usual kindly way he stopped to have a word with the boy, whom he



knew well, and the talk turned naturally on the speech of the night before. "Mr. Lincoln," said the boy, in his enthusiasm, "do you think you can reply to Senator Douglas's speech? Why, Mr. Lincoln, Senator Douglas is the greatest man in the United States, and that speech was the finest speech that was ever made." "My boy," said Lincoln, "that wasn't a great speech and Senator Douglas isn't a great man, and the reasons are these: three times in that speech Senator Douglas made a false statement, and he knew in each case that the statement was false. Some time or other, even in politics, falsehoods catch up with the men who start them."

One can well imagine that it was under the stress of those days that Lincoln hammered out the phrase which has become part of the currency of political discussions: "You can fool part of the people all the time, you can fool all the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

The other story belongs to the darkest period of the Civil War. It was at the time when the emancipation of the negroes was under heated discussion. Lincoln was being pressed by the radicals on the one hand, demanding immediate emancipation, and by the border statesmen on the other, who insisted that such action would throw their States into the arms of the Confederacy. Not every American, even at this day, appreciates the service of the border States to the Union. Missouri sent nearly as many men to the Union army as Massachusetts!

During this period the President received one day a visit from a delegation of border-State representatives, who urged their case with passionate earnestness. They had entered this war, they said, to save the Union, not to free the negro, and they insisted that an emancipation of the slaves would alienate their States from the Union cause.

Lincoln, grave and troubled, listened to their story, the deep lines in his face testifying to the anxiety under which he labored. He replied to their statements and in calm and sympathetic tone assured them that as a border-State man he could understand their point of view. But he insisted it was the duty of the border

States to help save the Union either with or without slavery, and that his own duty compelled him to look at the matter from other points of view. He argued that large weight must be given to the opinions of the men in the great States of New England and New York. "I have just had a visit this morning," he added, "from Senator Sumner, Senator Wade, and Mr. Stephens, the leaders of the Senate and the House, who assure me that unless the abolition of slavery is made clear these great States will refuse further troops and money for the war. And, what is more, they are coming back at one o'clock to get my answer." And then, as a smile broke over his care-worn face, he continued: "My situation reminds me of an incident in my own short experience in school." And here followed a delightful description of a primitive Indiana or Kentucky field school, with its one room, its split puncheons for seats, and its modest equipment for teaching. "There were few books among the pioneer families of those days," continued the President; "the one book which every family possessed was the Bible, and it was commonly used as a school reader. The class stood up in line before the teacher and, beginning with some chapter, each scholar in turn read a verse. The boys very soon learned to count the number standing in line, and then from the numbered verses to prepare themselves on the verses coming to them on the second reading, and by this means to make a better showing. On one occasion we read that chapter which tells the story of the Hebrew children and their adventures in the fiery furnace. It so happened that the verse containing the three hard names—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—came to a boy larger than the others, but backward and shy. He made sorry work of the names of the three Hebrew children, but finally floundered through, to the relief of everybody, and the reading continued. His turn to read had almost come round again when, to the astonishment of teacher and pupils, he burst out into sobs. 'Why, Sammy,' inquired the teacher, 'what is the matter?' 'Well,' sobbed Sammy, digging his fists into his eyes and glancing sidelong at his book, 'them three blamed fools is coming round to me again.'" And with this the



conference ended, leaving the matter *in statu quo*, which was exactly what the story was intended to accomplish. The emancipation proclamation was at that moment lying in the President's desk waiting a victory of the Union arms to furnish a fit occasion for its announcement. Antietam set it free.

If Charles Sumner could have told a story like that, he never would have inflicted upon his country the frightful wrong of an immediate enfranchisement of a whole race of slaves—a wrong which has worked misery and injustice to both

racess. And yet no politician of his day had a finer moral purpose, a keener intellect, or a better knowledge of history.

The American who has to choose to-day the men who are to govern in State and nation may well be hopeful if he can find politicians who possess the indispensable qualities of morals and brains. These protect a man against all foes except himself. For the highest leadership there must still be sought one who has also the gift of imagination in its kindest human form. Where shall we turn for such a leader?

## THE GENIUSES OF LUTTON'S HILL

By Philip Curtiss

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGUS MACDONALL



THE city of Lutton's Hill was normal in most regards, but sadly deficient in one. It had some hundred thousand inhabitants, four department stores, ten banks, twelve churches, a country club, and a packing-house; occasionally it had an investigation—in all of which institutions it could fairly hold up its head with Reading Village and Parsons Hollow, the former of which could boast but eight banks and the latter of which had not even one single club. But Lutton's Hill had only two men of genius, in which particular it fell woefully short of the average—or healthfully above it, according to the point of view; for, in the opinion of the ten bank presidents, the twelve clergymen, and the owner of the packing-house, with ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight people left to work for a living, the commercial future of Lutton's Hill was exceedingly rosy. So Lutton's Hill waxed fat and grew prosperous and, for the most part, completely forgot its geniuses, with which the latter were indeed entirely content.

To spend, then, no more on the banks and churches, the geniuses of Lutton's Hill were Anson MacFarland and George

F. Connor, both of whom were geniuses because each had been born with a single soul. There is no other test of the genius than this. The head of the National Bank of Lutton was by very good way of being a genius, as he had 'a talent for investments which was little short of uncanny. But yet he was not a genius, for he also played a good game of golf. The strenuous young rector of Saint George and The Dragon's might also have been a genius, for his sermons were almost inspired and his work in the settlements marvellous. And yet he was not, for the simple reason that he also could sing.

But Anson MacFarland and George F. Connor were not of such mould. The former could do not one single thing in this world but wring strange melodies out of the English language and the latter could simply balance himself on a ladder.

The city of Lutton's Hill was, in a way, proud of its geniuses, but the world was delighted and the seeming deficiency in enthusiasm on the part of the city was not due to obtuseness but rather to long familiarity with the geniuses' quieter selves. For whereas Anson MacFarland was known to the world at large as "Byram Smith" and George F. Connor as "Wil-mot the Wizard," the city of Lutton's Hill

knew them chiefly by their given names, and failed, without other reminders, to connect them with "Smith" and the "Wizard."

Anson MacFarland did not wear his hair long or affect a soft tie, while George F. Connor did not run to diamonds. They were each about medium height, each had red hair, and each was a little bit shy. Anson MacFarland owned one hundred and twenty-five shares in the packing-house, and George F. Connor owned a saloon. They were, moreover, the best of friends.

Gold runs in veins, and orchids no doubt grow in bunches. So it was with Lutton's Hill and its geniuses. They were both born at No. 126 Grove Street on a plot about thirty feet front, and with that the lode was exhausted. You could have dug to unimaginable depths at Nos. 124 and 128—even at 127, directly across the street—and discovered not one single genius, not even a talent. MacFarland was born on the lot because his father owned it; Connor was born there because his father was MacFarland Senior's utility man.

The rise of Anson MacFarland was normal. As a boy he refused to spell. He would not and could not dance. He loathed mathematics, and he broke the piano. He was the butt of the town in baseball and tag, and he made himself sick in weeding the garden. But every minute he read. He read before breakfast, he read during playtime, and he read half the night by filling the cracks in the door. He stood in the exact equator of his class in college and worked for three years on the *Record* newspaper. He was a good reporter and a hard-working one. He could make a city item melodious and he learned to be careful of dates. He saved a half of his income because he had no wish to spend it. And then, one summer, he deliberately took a vacation and wrote "The Rose and the Lily."

He did it in exactly thirty-one days, and in eight months more it was being read in four languages. It was one of those stories that succeeded simply because it sang. It spoke the language of the universe. The scene was laid in New Orleans and Anson had never been south of Richmond, but yet it was true because he assumed

that the soul of New Orleans was the same as the soul of New York. There was not one bit of realism in it, and not one scrap of the "local color" which he was supposed to absorb at reporting, but yet it was greater than realism because it contained the emotions which are truer than facts. It was immensely popular because it was also immensely great.

Then Anson MacFarland, under the name of "Byram Smith," wrote other books and others and others. He made a fortune and put a part in the packing-house, because it might just as well be there as anywhere else and his main desire was to write.

His method of working was simple. At seven o'clock each evening he took his hat and stick and ate at Lutton's best restaurant, wisely and according to season. He ended with three cigars and a glass of chartreuse and sat for an hour in the sound of the orchestra. He then walked up the darkened and echoing streets to the Atropos Club and sat until twelve reading the weeklies and looking at pictures. He never played cards because the ace of spades did not interest him. He then went over to the back room of the "Wilmot the Wizard" café, had one glass of beer and one cheese sandwich, and then went silently home.

He had a room in the top of the house which contained a bed, a typewriter, and the toys of his childhood which still remained because no one had ever taken the trouble to move them. They meant to him nothing, however, nor did the bed, for that matter. His principal joy in the room was a huge easy chair over which a light hung suspended—but which had not been so fixed until he had ruined his eyes by not moving the chair—and which he still regarded as a miracle of mechanical convenience.

Home, then, he would return and into his chair he would sink with a volume of Dickens or Thackeray or Stevenson, and opening the volume at random would read till its rhythm had caught him. Then he would take off his collar, pull at his pipe, and gaze off into shadows, the music still throbbing within him. His shirt would go next and then his trousers and shoes; and when he was clad in a crumpled bathrobe he would relight his



pipe, open the writing-machine, and begin like this:

"Up from the gate rose a tall row of lindens, ending, in importance, at the foot of

couldn't swim. His single passion in life, from the cradle, was balance. He would stand for hours with a stick on his nose, and if he lifted a chair he would carry one



In eight months more it was being read in four languages.—Page 82.

the lawn, but stretching on, in a few slender trunks, clear to the steps of the house."

At two o'clock he would refill his pipe, and at four he would go to bed.

The rise of George F. Connor had been as direct. He had stayed in school for exactly three years and had spent the rest of his boyhood in loafing. He was useless with horses, he forgot his errands, he

leg in the flat of his palm. To walk on the rail of a trestle was for him an absolute heaven and he frightened the city for days by striding the edge of the cupola. At the age of sixteen he became a painter, simply for the fascination of the heights, and lost every job in the city because he spent complete hours in walking up ladders supported only at the bottom. He then went

to work in the theatre, largely because of the juggling, and made his own start at a picnic park in an act containing a ladder, a chair, and a table.

He made enough money that summer to allow him to loaf in the winter and during this season at home he made a terrific discovery. He had formerly made his ascents by holding the ladder away from his body until its angle balanced his weight, but during this winter he found that by swaying the ladder from side to side until each leg was rising and falling in cadence, he could acquire a lateral motion which would overcome the natural one and allow him to stay aloft indefinitely. After that he used no other trick and during an act lasting twenty whole minutes there were not ten consecutive seconds when the expectant house did not ring with the tap, tap, tap of the wooden stilts. It was really the Iliad of ladders.

From there his rise had been steady. He went from one circuit to another and improved his act because his heart and his soul and his mind were bent on nothing but balance. He abandoned all other juggling and specialized simply on this. The curtain would rise on a scene containing a picturesque drop, and not less than a dozen ladders of every description. Then out would come George in a sailor suit, and bow with a set, unchangeable smile. Then seizing rapidly the smallest ladder he would run swiftly to the top, stretch out his hands, stand erect, and at once would begin the tap, tap, tap of his lateral motion. He would then make a few set jokes, would make a few feints of falling, and then go stamping away. Next he would run up a larger ladder, then finally the largest of all. On this he would stand for a moment and then begin to undress, becoming first a fireman, then an aviator, and finally a silk-clad acrobat. He would eat a meal at the top of his ladder, swallowing cotton beer with great comic gusto. He would then go up a ladder two steps at a time and finally, with proper effect, make ready his regular climax.

In preparation for this two stage-hands brought out a ladder pompously strengthened with steel. All three would examine it carefully and then the Wizard, with a tiny hammer, would tap it for flaws. A

stage-hand would next place the ladder on a kitchen table, the Wizard would wipe his hands on a handkerchief, toss the cloth to the other assistant, run up the ladder, and immediately begin his tap-tapping. Slowly, carefully, he would work to the edge of the table and then the music would suddenly stop. For an instant the Wizard would stand looking down, then the ladder would sway in ominous fashion, and only by heroic efforts would he be able to recover himself. A nervous woman in the audience would gasp and George would again wipe his hands. One more false start would he make and then, ladder and all, would he jump from the table, the orchestra sound with a crash, and tap, tap, tap would he go, now smiling and still on his ladder, to hop to the stage, and go bounding away, kissing his hand to the house.

This act he did in every State in the Union, and he was the only man who ever did it at all. He did it in London and Rome and Berlin and Vienna. He did it in Hongkong and the Philippines. He did it in strange, unheard-of cities in Russia, and the more uncouth were his houses the more, it would seem, did they like him. He could pack a hall every night where men would not listen to Melba. And every minute he walked and every minute he ate he was thinking of ladders and ladders.

Between Byram Smith and Wilmot the Wizard existed a friendship as strong as that which in boyish days had existed between Anson MacFarland and George F. Connor, for, aside from the fact that their lives were astoundingly similar, each was a lonely figure in the busy circles of Lutton's Hill. Neither had any real friends and they both knew the pleasures and pains of publicity. Both had seen the whole world; both had thought much and said little. Neither worked in the daytime, and neither became himself till the lamps were lit. Both were away a great deal, but during two months in the summer both were at home and they spent every evening together.

During the winter Anson MacFarland was usually touring in Europe, where he wandered over strange cities in much the pathetic way that he wandered the streets of his home. George F. Connor was on the road from the first of September to the last



of June, but by the first of July he was always in Luton to rest and refurbish his act, and look after the interests of the

seum of a place, walls covered with antique posters of earlier days, shelves filled with trunks of abandoned costumes, cor-



During this season at home he made a terrific discovery.—Page 84.

Wizard café. Behind the café itself he had a storehouse with a miniature stage, where he practised his tricks and invented new ones for acts to come—a queer mu-

ners crowded with broken paraphernalia, whitewash smeared with memoranda of forgotten calculations, mantels decorated with yellowed photographs signed by jug-

glers and dancers and singers and fat women, and a great loft filled at one end with the painted sets that he used for romantic background.

This was known as his studio, and here in midsummer Anson would occasionally find him tapping away and perfecting with infinite pains a feat which already seemed quite perfection. More often, however, he would be seated alone in the little back room of the bar, a ginger-ale bottle before him and looking, like Anson himself, off into the shadows. Here they met at the first of July and here they parted the first of September—both without ceremony.

They never wrote to each other, and had they met in another place it is doubtful whether they would even have eaten together. Neither showed more than a scant polite interest in the

other one's art, and had one of them died the other might not have gone to the funeral. It was, in a way, the singleness of the soul of each that drove these two exiles together, but more than that was the desolation of Lutton's Hill.

It was on a late June night one year that the heavy shade of the trees reminded Anson that summer had come and, the memories of the season aroused, he made his way instinctively toward the Wizard café. He had not been there in eight months, for, that winter, he had broken his rule and had written "The Outcast" in Europe. The place seemed unusually bright and he noticed another new waiter. In the little back room, however, all was the same, and there at his table sat George.

"Hello, George," said Byram Smith.

"Hello, Anse," said Wilmot the Wiz-

ard, and both went back to the shadows.

"Where you been?" asked the Wizard, after a silence during which his own mind went tap-tapping.

"Europe," said Byram Smith, and his thoughts went at once to Granada.

"Good winter?" asked the author of "The Outcast."

"It took in the West," said Connor; "but I've got to get some new stunts."

And then, the beer having come, they both leaned back and stopped talking.

It might have been twelve o'clock when Anson aroused himself slowly.

"George," he said, relighting his pipe, "it's funny you've never been married."

The Wizard stirred and began to look moody.

"I expected to be—this winter."

And then he told his tale quietly.

There was no intro-

duction, no simpering effusiveness; he was simply stating the facts of life. Once or twice he tapped the table in a little rhythm with his thin, pale hands.

"We were playing down in New Jersey," he said, "and she was a girl in a musical act. She had a fine voice, and as for her face—I saw it once and she owned me. She made a hit with a topical song, and before I had known her a month she went on to Broadway. Her name was Helen DeLeske."

He said it with the open frankness of limelight and MacFarland nodded. He knew of her well.

"She soon made good in her show, stayed in the city, and I switched my contracts to get a long run in New York. I think she loved me. She said she did, and we planned to be married this month.



"Her face—I saw it once and she owned me."



I bought a house on Long Island, and I gave her a motor-car."

The Wizard paused for a moment and his mind may have been in that run in

Connor ceased his tap-tapping.

"She was chosen," he said, "to play the lead in 'The Starling,' and after she sang her first song, the first night, there was



"I jumped as if I'd been shot. It was absolutely uncanny."—Page 88.

New York or it may have been back in those early days in New Jersey, for his fingers were beating their reminiscent tattoo.

MacFarland pulled at his pipe. He too was no waster of words.

"And then it was broken?" he asked.

nothing to it. I had the rooms and I had the wine for a supper that I was to give her that night. I meant—I meant when we were going home—to settle it for once and for all. I was going to ask her to marry me that very night—and I think that she might have done it—" His

voice ran out and MacFarland looked up expectantly.

"She didn't come?"

"She didn't come," said George F. Connor; "she had married the man who was backing the show."

The bartender came around with the keys and stood waiting for Connor to speak.

"I'll close it," said Wilmot the Wizard. "Anything more?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Anson MacFarland, and the white coat went quietly out.

"If it hadn't been for a woman," said the other man, very slowly, "I wouldn't have been here to-night—or perhaps that's the reason I am."

He arranged his sentences as instinctively as Connor had beat his tattoo, and he found himself hampered in getting justly the sound of his words.

"Have you ever been in Granada?"

The Wizard nodded. He had played there a week in the open air of the Alameda. MacFarland went on.

"I landed there in October, and the air was as soft and as balmy as June. I used to sit in the promenade when the band was playing and watch the people strolling listlessly back and forth. And then I would go to one of the marble-topped, open-air tables and watch the absurd little scenery-like buildings, with their totter-

ing walls, and the leaves of the palms, and see overhead the sky, that heavy, unreal, velvety purple that seemed as if you could touch it and as if it were soft, while the night was so still you could light a match out of doors and it would burn straight up in the air."

Wilmot the Wizard nodded. That at least he had seen.

"And one night I saw my perfect ideal of a girl. She was sitting on a bench in the promenade with a man and a woman, and she had a mantilla over her head. She looked—well, never mind what she looked like. I saw her once and I knew. I was thinking that she must be some Spanish beauty, when suddenly she threw back her head and said:

"'It's all very wonderful, but just the same I'd give it twice to see an American man.'

"I jumped as if I'd been shot. It was absolutely uncanny. I had pictured her as a cloistered Granadine beauty, and when she spoke in that clear American

voice it was exactly as if the words had come from a babe in its cradle—or from a dog.

"As for me, I don't know what happened. I don't know how long I sat there, but the next thing I knew I was standing before her and saying, 'I'm glad, for I'm one.'



"She was not dragged into the room; she just sank back."—Page 91.





Connor still looked at the shadows, beating his endless tattoo.—Page 91.

“And then I woke up, for the girl began laughing—laughing just as she talked, but the older woman looked as if she’d been struck. As for the man, he stared me over from head to foot and then he began to laugh too. As soon as he spoke I saw that he was a Yankee, but his wife, the older woman, was Spanish. All the time she said nothing but looked with a steady glare, and all the time I knew that she knew what we were saying.”

MacFarland had finished smoking and Connor seemed almost asleep.

“But as for that,” mused the former, “all that we said was quite harmless. The man asked how long I had been in the country and the girl asked me about New York. The Spanish mother was not going to let it last long, however, and after several attempts she hurried them all away.

“Nevertheless, the man gave me his card, and two days after I met him. In the mean time the consul told me something about him. He was an American,

it seems, who went to Cuba during the ten years’ war, his wife belonging to a Granadine family which had made a big fortune in Cuba, and after the American trouble they all went back to Granada to live—except one year that they spent over here. But the mother was the head of the house and she hated everything Yankee. I got some letters from the consul telling them more or less who I was, and after that I called every day, with the daughter and the father giving me a welcome, and the mother doing all but driving me out of the house.

“So time went on and I learned more thoroughly what I had known that very first night. I stayed through November and December until it became as crisp as it does in the States in the early fall. And then one night when I went, the mother alone was waiting to see me. She told me that her daughter had gone with her husband to France and she told me, more, that Amalia was going to marry her

could, an officer of the Hussars of Pavia stationed up in Madrid.

"I thought at first she was lying, but then I found it was true—all true except that the

"You know what those Spanish houses are like—built close up to the walk and plain as a prison on the outside with even gratings over the windows. I got there,



Set it up like his drop, stood off, surveyed it, then arranged it again.—Page 91.

daughter had not gone to France. The next day a *mozo* came from the consul's office and brought me a letter, unsigned, telling me to be under the windows of her room that night, between the hours of one and two.

however, at one, but there was a light in the house and I went into the shadow of a wall. It was nearly half past before the light went out, and almost two before I heard a shutter open.



"And then I saw her standing there in the upper window, dressed in white, her hair in a braid down her back. She beckoned to me and held out her arms, and I crowded close to the wall, but even at that I could not hear what she said. And then, without any warning, the window closed. She was not dragged into the room; she just sank back, and the shutters swung half-together. I thought for a moment that I heard her crying, but I listened harder and I could hear nothing at all. She married her cousin next day."

MacFarland sat for a moment biting the end of his pipe, while Connor still looked at the shadows, beating his endless tattoo. A moment later they rose.

"Good night, George."

"Good night, Anse," and they went.

But Connor found himself restless. The buzz of the evening ran in his mind and he wanted to think. He wandered into his studio and turned up the lights encased in their cages like those of a stage. He turned to a table and slowly dragged it around. His eyes wandered over the faded posters hung on the walls and then his thoughts began coming. He drew out an old piece of scenery and set it up like his drop, stood off, surveyed it, then arranged it again. Then he picked up his oldest and trustiest ladder, poised it a moment, ran up the rungs, and again began his tap-tap.

And MacFarland wandered up through the streets and sat in his easy chair. He turned up the light and filled his pipe and opened the pages of "Bleak House." And he too dropped into his thoughts, and there came his usual rhythm. His collar went off and his shirt. He gathered the folds of his robe and opened the writing-machine. He stopped just once to refill his pipe and then he began.

And now, if ever by chance you go to the music-halls of London or Berlin or Paris, you may see a clever American who goes by the name of Wilmot the Wizard. You will see a stage with a picturesque drop and many ladders. A man clad as a sailor will come running out and bow with a little set smile. Then for an instant he will poise a ladder, will run lightly up it and begin a steady tap-tap. Then he will

run up a larger ladder and then up the largest of all, and then, as the climax of the whole affair, the stage will grow suddenly dark. You will hear a curtain rolling mysteriously, the lights will go on, and before you will stand the walls of a mediæval castle—a scene in the streets of Italy or possibly Spain. There will come a toll of cathedral bells, solemn and sweet, and then a song in a woman's voice. Clearer and clearer will come the tones until the woman herself appears, all clad in white, her hair hanging over her shoulders. And then from the wings will come a strolling troubadour fingering a light guitar while the orchestra serenades softly. The player will see the woman and lift up his head while she will reach out her arms to greet him. But the door and the lower windows will all be grated and so he will not be able to reach her.

But, quite conveniently, in the streets of Cadiz, he will find a ladder, sturdily strengthened with steel. Will the solid walls of the castle hold it? Never fear, for this troubadour scorns the use of a wall. Square in the middle of the street he raises it, the higher end resting on nothing but air. Then up it he goes and begins a little tap-tap. Across the streets walks the ladder mysteriously, the troubadour still thrumming gayly the guitar. Close to the window he goes, then closer, but still never touching the stones. There is a moment of anxious silence and the orchestra stops, while the troubadour drops the guitar, which is caught very neatly by a stage-hand who, most fortunately, happens to be walking the streets of Cadiz at that hour. The ladder begins to sway, the woman reaches her arms. He grasps her, he holds her, she swings, then slowly down the balancing ladder he creeps, the woman still in his arms. They leap together down to the stage, the lights go up, the orchestra blares and off they go, kissing their hands to the house.

And again, if you should chance to be in Vienna or Paris or Rome, and are not above pirated editions, you may happen to pick up the latest volume of Byram Smith's, whichever one is sure to be reading. It is called "The Fall of the Star," and begins: "She was a prima donna and he was a tumbling gymnast."

# CHARITY

By Mabel Wood Martin

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK



FATE, in the shape of an old acquaintance, tempted Farmingham off his island. On the lone, apple-green bit of land starting up aghast out of an empty sea, he had kept watch, for the benefit of a scientific society, upon the tides.

One forgets in time-keeping like this, with one's finger upon the pulse of the earth, that there are days. It was out of this existence, impersonal and unaffected by human events as the years that pass unnoticed over the Almighty's head, that he emerged quite accidentally to the remembrance that he was a man.

Klamer, of the Marine Corps, enticed him north for a taste of life, and it seems to be generally agreed that he got it before he was through.

He had not, however, been long gone before he acknowledged to a disappointment, of much the same nature as that which overtakes the long-absent member of a family when, the glamour of his return vanished, he beholds his kin going indifferently upon their way. Like all exiles, Farmingham expected of a busy and forgetful world too much. Very secretly he had pictured his return as a renaissance, and himself as transformed by some inextinguishable experience, some breathless excerpt from life.

To while away a vacation that must, however his interest had departed out of man and things, be endured, he took his instruments to the beach. There Farmingham, whose cosmos was rather of the water than of the land, became interested in the manoeuvres of a really magical swimmer out in the surf.

The creature fairly danced among the waves, disporting itself like a lonely mid-sea fish.

Farmingham waited curiously one day for the water wizard to come ashore. In a lyric of movement, on the glittering shield of the water, the body rose and fell. Not

till it was upon its feet in the sand did Farmingham astoundedly perceive that the swimmer was not a man. He gasped and, stammering an apology, took to his heels.

A laugh back of him caught him short. He turned to behold the wet pixy-like face of the swimmer sparkling at him. No doubt Farmingham's classics bore upon him at that moment, recalling a certain fabled incident of the island of Cyprus. Certainly he had never seen any living creature come out of the sea so superbly as this.

As he stood gaping, she flung a cap from her head and let loose before his astonished gaze a glittering shower of hair. He elaborated his foolish explanation while the girl, showing the small close-set teeth of a child, continued to laugh.

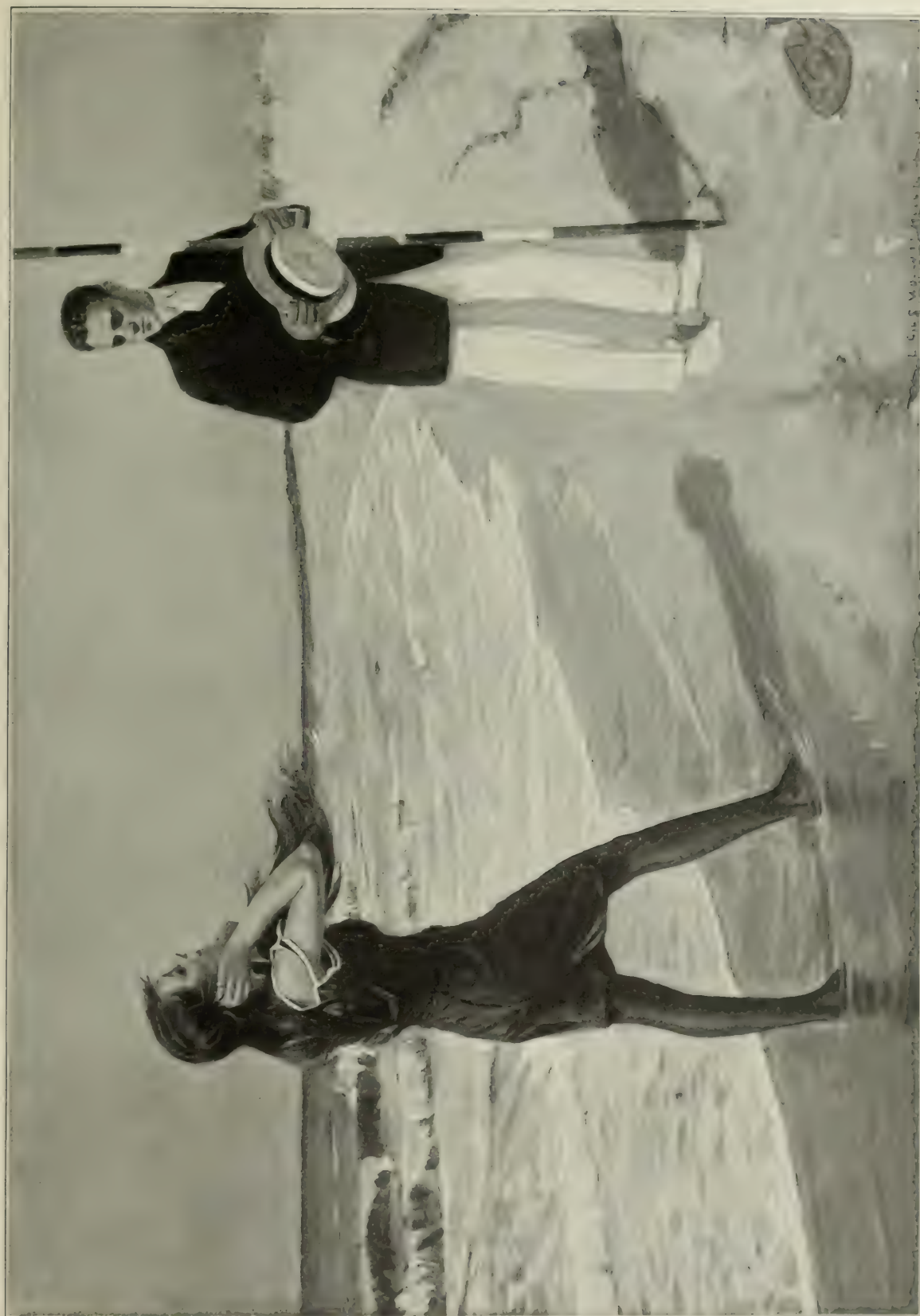
She agreed with him nonchalantly as to the remarkable character of her swimming and took occasion irrelevantly to remark that she meant to go down sometime in a diver's costume to discover what was at the bottom of the sea—"For you," looking at him penetratingly, "of course, know."

Farmingham showed himself at this divination plainly surprised, but the lady, commencing to wring out her short skirts, thereby arousing in Farmingham the unhallowed sensation of intruding upon the laundering of a sprite, uncannily explained: "You're Mr. Farmingham of that English geographical society, visiting Mr. Klamer on our street. I know every one hereabout, native or white. I am Chat Pierce. Do you mind," sweeping the horizon with an anxious glance, "looking to see if my carriage is anywhere about?"

Farmingham made a reconnoissance whose reported unsucccess elicited an impatient exclamation from Miss Pierce.

Her clothes, so she informed him, were in the missing carriage, and the driver, a bibulous person it appeared, had been given explicit instructions to return within an hour. A much longer time had elapsed and Miss Pierce, expressing an utter dis-





*Presented by General H. von H. H. H. H. H.*

He elaborated his foolish explanation while the girl continued to laugh—Page 93.

belief that the recreant Jehu would be seen within twenty-four hours, fell into thought, as a result of which she announced: "I'll go home in your carriage with you."

Farmingham blinked very hard and cast at her costume so openly a deprecating glance that she was moved reassuringly to declare: "It's all right. I'll sit well back; we can put up the top and," with a happy insouciance, "you can lend me your coat."

It was in vain that Farmingham, wrought up to an uncommon pitch of eloquence, volunteered a number of inspired counter suggestions. Miss Pierce showed herself very clearly out of sympathy with them all.

With a reluctance, therefore, with which he might have torn himself from his skin, he removed the coat; and Miss Pierce, tossing it on, beat toward the carriage an elated black-stockinged retreat. Farmingham, had he been in any less dour a mood, must have appreciated the entertaining stream of conversation which she kept up to the moment when, with discomfiture, he delivered her at her own gate.

"Who is the person called Chat Pierce?" he demanded, coming in upon Klamer dozing comfortably upon the front porch.

The marine officer, upon the inquiry, came immediately bolt upright. "Captain Pierce's daughter, Charity, so named in appeal against the judgment of the world by a dying mother, who had incurred it, I am told."

"The world has a quarrel with her then—what is it?"

"It's hard to define. I should put it that Charity—we call her Chat—goes through life simply ignoring all known laws. Current report has it that her mother was the same."

"Does she happen often to break them?" Farmingham asked.

"Sometimes—sometimes not. It depends upon your definition of the laws—there are others besides the decalogue—and how close they come to her course. An errant planet, untethered by gravitation, hurling itself blindly through an ordered universe, bodes ill to all it shall meet.

"I have, in this sense, encountered the lady only indirectly—a few weeks ago, when she was about to be married to Westlake, of the corps, a knight of a man who had contrived to care for her inordinately. He and I, as best man, waited nearly an hour in the

vestry of a church, crowded with people, for a bride who never appeared, and who, in her wedding garments, is said to have declared to six thwarted and interceding bridesmaids that she had experienced all the anticipation and excitement of the Supreme Romance without entailing any of its bonds.

"Westlake took it desperately, of course; he's that kind. We had to rush him away on leave as fast as we could. The lady—how did it affect her? Not at all; nothing that I have yet heard of ever does."

Farmingham saw the girl pass the house often thereafter, swinging off alone with a song toward the sea. Occasionally he encountered her on the beach. While she studied his instruments, he studied her, with no marked success. Indeed, she eluded analysis always, up to the last, the day of days, when she dropped so irrevocably out of her world.

Her relations with that world, Farmingham learned, were unique. For her offences, she passed regularly through periods of general disfavor, light-heartedly termed, by herself, quarantine, when the light of the public countenance was withdrawn and she went, with the best of spirits, it must be admitted, her vagrant way alone.

Chat had about her, however, too much of irresistible human cheer to suffer permanently her deserts. She might be dangerous, as had been only too truly proven, but she was healthy and happy; and her career after all, so it was reasoned, was nobody's concern but her own.

Certainly her father had never made it his. Desirous of marrying again, and deterred by a notorious responsibility which all sane women feared, he waited for the moment when the problem should pass into another's hands.

But it was to those who had known the girl always that Farmingham listened most intently. Out of their knowledge they prophesied direly. Chat, they averred, trailed disaster in her wake. Sometime or other she, being she, must encounter catastrophe. How else could it end, when, in a world where we have all, for fear of overlapping one another's lives, to keep to our own little plots, Chat rode cross-country, joyously leaping life barriers like hurdles?

Only once of herself did the girl choose to speak. It was after their companionship



had endured for some time. They were on the beach with the ocean rolling before them in monotonous song.

"I know I'm bad!" she exclaimed ruefully; "not the plain kind of bad that you can spot with one eye, but an intricate evil of my own. I used to try to choose, truly I did, which way to go; but I seemed to come out always at the wrong end, just the same. Now"—she punctuated the air with an oscillating forefinger—"I just say—'my—mother—says—to—take—this—one.'"

"I'm a trivial thing, everybody says"—she picked up a withered sand flower and laid it before her—"like this. Sometime I'll shrivel up just so, waste weed on the shore; while you"—she glanced up at him with an eerie thoughtfulness—"all the oceans of the earth could roll over you and you'd stand. Something or other must have arranged it all that way."

Farmingham turned his face quickly away to hide what was in it.

A light touch fell on his arm. "Tell me about the island!" the girl urged. While he described his existence there, she sat very still, looking out at sea. Two or three times she exclaimed: "What a wonderful life!"

"But no people," he said, "to play Punch and Judy with—through whose lives you can run helter-skelter."

Farmingham no longer pretended to deny, even to himself, how deeply he was involved. Even the deadly parallel of Westlake's fate, as conscientiously pointed out by Klamër, failed longer to arouse him. In sleepless hours at night he recalled the warnings, the fatality so universally attached to Chat; and in his dreams he had always the vision of a single sand flower withered and blown to the winds.

Stupidly, confusedly, he confronted the most tremendous of human problems, groping for the reason of it all, questioning savagely the secrets of God. That it should all have been so hopeless, so removed from the first from human intervention, maddened him. For nothing, he understood—he cherished no illusions of Chat—could alter her, not all the powers and prayers of man. Had she been merely bad instead of blind——!

Yet it was for her and not for himself he most rebelled. Never once to her did he attach a shadow of blame, thus reasoning

sublimely above the rest. In these blackest moments of his life he cursed those who, coming before her, had by their viciously careless lives destroyed before ever she was born her moral sight—robbed her of her human heritage of choice.

At the end of all this struggle, he decided upon the one thing possible to him—to go. Through it all Chat, almost constantly at his side, had passed, untouched, unseeing. For her there was no to-morrow with its forthcoming—there never would be.

He announced his departure quite simply to Chat, whom he found digging for clams on the beach. With Klamër's brutal prediction in mind—that five minutes after he was gone he would have vanished forever out of her thought—he perhaps scarcely expected her to consider his few broken words, so little—so horribly little—could it matter to her. But she did. Dropping her spade suddenly, she gazed up at him with the most singular look and exclaimed: "Oh, why do you do that?"

But when, overmastered, he was about to reply, the impulse died out of her face like a light in the dark. "Your work needs you, I suppose. How glad I am I have nothing whatever to do! But I shall miss you, truly I shall—they're still quarantining me, you know."

Farmingham stood a moment as if turned to stone. Then a devilish desire came over him to laugh, to throw back his head and shout at the visible workings of a universe in which things like this could happen.

It was another diabolical impulse that prompted him to turn, after he had left, to behold Chat, a golden figure of a sprite on the still stretches of the sand, bent interestedly to her task. Had Klamër been anywhere about, Farmingham would, for his monstrous prescience, have broken his head.

His boat did not sail until nearly midnight. The beach had always been their common meeting-ground. There is no other way to account for his final visit to the scene of his torment.

And it was only chance, of course, that Chat was in the surf. The thing she undertook that night had long been simmering in her brain. That she should have chosen that time to fulfil it— But here again, as at all points of this human narrative, it is idle to speculate.



Farmingham knew instantly by divination that it was she. He crouched down on the sand to watch her—a last picture to carry away—Chat safe and happy in the sea she loved.

He did not notice on his face an occasional wet drop, nor the rising wind. He perceived nothing but a single dark form borne by the waves.

It was only when the roughening sea precluded his view that he awoke to the realization of how far she had gone. Why, he wondered dully, still not fully awake to what was happening, did they let her go out this way alone? But who in all this mad world could be inveighed against as *they*? Whose concern in heaven or earth had she ever been?

He could see her no longer. The water was rising swiftly. She could never get back. He knew that now. She had gone, as she had been always so plainly destined to go, beyond her depth.

He started to run furiously down the beach toward the boat-house, a prey to the most terrible thoughts. This, then, was the answer to the problem. This neglected and irresponsible life, which the world had shifted from its shoulders, was being disposed of out there at last.

The inexorable law was exacting fulfillment. Annihilation was the fate of all futile life.

He launched a boat in the rain-splashed sea. Rowing desperately, he scanned the water for a sign of Chat. Only upon her extraordinary powers as a swimmer could there now rest a chance. He saw himself through the fearful years ploughing endless oceans till he should come—to her.

In the midst of the writhing waves there appeared once or twice what seemed to be the shifting outline of a form. Straining the boat after it, he saw that it was Chat.

It is at this point in the fate of the two that speculative after-opinion rises to its height. Klamer says Farmingham did the thing foolishly sublime: that if it had been he, he would have taken the only safe way—that there never could be any question as to Chat's destiny; it was written in the stars from the first—while the others quote the certain disaster of interfering in the manifest arrangements of the high gods.

No one will ever know, of course, just what in those naked moments were Farm-

ingham's thoughts. Facing his problem—as complex and cruel a one perhaps as man has ever been set to solve—Klamer's elucidation no doubt came to him as an overpowering temptation. The years must have rolled before him in that instant with every variation of the hell they could produce, and he must have abandoned himself forever and chosen his course.

Chat was all but gone when he reached her. Getting her into the boat was a terrific task. As she dropped exhausted into the bottom of it, her lips closed over a few disjointed words: "I—never—would—have—reached it."

In a flash of memory, Farmingham understood what she had meant—a wild wager that she could swim to the transport lying in the rough waters some distance beyond. It was for this, an idle bet, that she had risked her life. And it was always to be so—in this existence: high stakes played for trifles, and trifles magnified to deadly import.

It was hours before Chat awoke to a lucid conception of life. When she did so, it was to one so startling as to cause her to wonder for a moment if she had not after all been drowned and projected into another world.

Terror rising within her, she struggled to her feet. All around her was a black expanse of sea. Thunder-clouds lay against the horizon, with here and there a single unearthly gleam of light. The wind almost beat her down to the deck of this strange steamer that was going—where? Like a child, she let forth a frightened cry, when over the storm a voice spoke:

"You are with me."

Farmingham stood before her, and for a speechless moment Chat stared at the black shadow of his form. Then in a burst of comprehension she cried: "You've stolen me!"

The wind, tearing about them, flung their garments into strange shapes. The lightning revealed their faces to each other—tense and white.

"Listen," Farmingham exhorted, "with all there is in you, and try—this once—to understand."

"Back there in the bay to-night I saved your life. In a few minutes, had I not come, you would have sunk; neither to yourself nor to any other would you again have brought harm—and it came to me,



when I saw you down there in the water, to make it the end for us both.

"But there was all *your* life unlived before you. In saving you I have become responsible for it as long as I shall live. For all that you shall do or be I, and I only, am answerable to the last.

"At Malambat where the boat stops a priest will marry us.

"I may have seized on your life to my

destruction. There is no one who can say this will not be so. You may scatter in your path the broken potsherds of my existence, but yourself—*you shall not destroy.*"

The girl clung to him, trembling. "I understand!" she sobbed wildly. "You are taking me to the island, where we will be safe and alone—safe where I can't hurt anybody—not myself, and not—O God—not you!"

## THE TRAGIC TEN DAYS OF MADERO\*

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM MEXICO

By Alice Day McLaren

MEXICO CITY, March 30, 1910.

Yesterday on the train we met Francisco I. Madero and his wife returning from a political tour in the State of Sonora. A political tour in Mexico! It sounds like a farce, does it not? And yet he has been lecturing in various parts of the Republic, and Don Porfirio has not yet put a stop to it. Mr. Madero has also written a book setting forth political conditions in this country, the publication of which has not been suppressed, and he is now in the city for the purpose of organizing a party which intends to hold a convention to nominate an opposition candidate to run against the present President. What I cannot make out is why the latter is letting the matter go on so far. He must know about it, and he is either "lying low" to make the blow more crushing when it falls, or he considers the matter too unimportant to notice, or, which does not seem likely, he feels that public opinion has grown too strong for him to take any radical action. I had never met Mr. Madero before, but Will has known him for years. He is a small, almost timid-looking man, and until you hear him speak you would not believe that he had the courage to attempt such a foolhardy undertaking. He is full

of his subject and assures us that the movement is far more general than we realize. Doña Sara seemed to me to be fearful of results and very much worried. She looked at her husband with anxious eyes, shook her head, and said: "Que Panchito tan entusiasmado!" (What an enthusiast Panchito is!) She, perhaps, does not share his extreme enthusiasm, but she sympathizes with his ideas and accompanies him on all his tours. She seems to have a vague notion that she affords him some protection. He knows he may be shot some day, for during our talk he said to Will: "I have put all my property into money; I am prepared to sacrifice that money and my life if necessary; I have no children, and, if the worst happens, Sara will have my life insurance." He may be pursuing a will o' the wisp, but he is doing it in deadly earnest.

April 28, 1910.

We have had a most interesting week. Last Tuesday Lucy came to spend a few days with me, as her husband was called to the Isthmus on business. Tuesday evening we were in the library before dinner when R. L., a business associate of Will's, was announced, and asked to speak to him alone. I supposed it was a matter of business and was very much surprised a few minutes later when José came and told me that the Señores wished to speak to me. They told me that the

\*The Mexicans call the ten days of the conflict in Mexico City (February 9 to 18, 1913) *La Decena Trágica*. The extracts here given include such passages from letters of the preceding three years as help to the understanding of the crisis.



Convention of the new political party was about to be held and that Don Porfirio had ordered the arrest of the leader, Francisco I. Madero (of whom I wrote you last month) on a fictitious charge of cutting rubber-plants on a strip of land in litigation; that if he could evade arrest until after the Convention he would give himself up. Neither Will nor R. L. have any special interest in politics, but Mr. Madero is a relative of the latter, and they wanted to know if I had any objection to hiding him in our house until the storm blew over.

Object! Why I was thrilled all over. Do you remember our old black "Stories of the Civil War"? There was a tale in that of a girl who was bleaching linen on the grass when a rebel spy came by and begged her help. When, a few minutes later, the Federals came up and asked if a man had just passed there, she answered "No," and calmly continued to sprinkle linen, under which, I need hardly add, the fugitive was hidden. I felt just like that heroine, though I may as well say at once that I did not have an opportunity to sprinkle linen on top of Mr. Madero. Lucy was the only difficulty, so it was arranged that I was to tell her that a business friend of Will's, a Mr. "Gonzalez," had arrived unexpectedly, and was to be our guest for a few days, and Will came in shortly after with the stranger. We did not see a great deal of Mr. "Gonzalez" except at meals, as he worked most of the time in his room. He is an interesting talker and has travelled almost everywhere, and has made a very deep study of history and politics, and especially of the political and economic status of the Mexican Indian. We really enjoyed his visit and, while nothing thrilling occurred, there were one or two amusing incidents. As it happened, we had asked some people to dinner on Saturday night, and under the circumstances it seemed wise for Mr. "Gonzalez" not to appear. We explained this to Lucy by saying that he had some letters and telegrams that he felt he must get off that evening. Unluckily, just as we were all assembled in the little reception-room opposite the stairs, the President sent for Mr. Madero for a conference, and R. L., who had arranged the meeting and who was the only person

who knew where the fugitive was, came for him. It was a hard moment, but Will went out, closing the doors behind him; Mr. Madero passed quickly down the stairs, and Will came back looking distinctly guilty. I had talked as much as possible during his absence, but Edith B., who is very observant, asked: "Why so mysterious, Don Guillermo?" Will muttered something about a household hitch and I breathed again. After dinner we went into the library, which is on the corner, and I chanced to look out of the window. There, under the arc light, were four mounted policemen in addition to our regular foot gendarme. My inward comment was, "Oh, waiting to arrest him when he comes back!" but, feeling still more like the aforementioned heroine, I opened the French window wide and called to the girls to come and look at the glorious night. Perhaps the gathering of those policemen was a mere coincidence, for Mr. Madero was in his room when we went up-stairs. The next morning Lucy said to me: "What a strange man your friend Mr. Gonzalez is! I saw him go out at six o'clock this morning in a high hat and frock coat." It was true. Something took place at that conference, and the charge against him was withdrawn; and he went first to see his mother and then to the Convention to make a speech of acceptance of the nomination which was offered him. Thus closes our little part in the political life of Mexico. Please don't mention this to any one, as it might cause gossip. I write to you because I know how interested you are in all that affects our life here.

NEW YORK, June, 1910.

We saw Don Francisco Madero the other day, the father of "Panchito." He tells us that the latter has been put in jail in San Luis Potosi on the charge of sedition. Our help last Spring did not do any good after all, but of course this was to be expected. The President will probably keep him in prison until after election and then release him. Don Francisco tells us that Doña Sara is in San Luis Potosi and takes all his food to the cell herself to avoid any chance of foul play. Poor little woman, what a life!



MEXICO CITY, August 26, 1910.

I wish you were going to be here for the Centennial Celebration, which is to last during the entire month of September. I have never seen such preparations in my life. Statues and buildings in process of construction are being hurried to completion, arches are being erected, all public and many private buildings are being illuminated and decorated, and the main streets are simply a mass of flags and lights. Houses have been rented and sumptuously furnished as residences for the special embassies and each has its carriages with men in livery. They say that the big *patio* of the National Palace has been floored and roofed for the President's Ball and several other entertainments. All sorts of *fiestas* have been planned for both rich and poor, something for every day. They are spending money like water to glorify the present régime, and if I were a Socialist I should be enraged. I am not, however, and intend to enjoy it all thoroughly. One thing struck me especially. Most of the scaffolding around the new National Theatre has been taken down and a temporary lawn planted around it. It is a magnificent structure, but at the same time it is such a monument of the ostentation of the controlling group. Pour money in as they will, they have been unable to finish it, but they have shammed it over for this event. Besides, why do they need a National Theatre with their poor unhoused and uneducated—but I am talking like a Socialist again. . . .

P.S.—Francisco I. Madero was let out on bail, which he forfeited by hurrying into the United States. Nothing is being said about it and probably it is not important. Besides it would not do to cast a gloom over Don Porfirio's Celebration.

October 8, 1910.

E. S. I. arrived a few days ago on his first visit to Mexico. It is too bad that he did not get here in time to see some of the Centennial, for the Capital has never been so gay. The only thing he saw was the Apotheosis to the dead heroes night before last. In a way it was quite impressive. It was held in the same *patio* as the President's Ball except that they had erected a great tomb in the centre of

it reaching nearly to the top of the building. Steps led up to the pillar itself and on each corner of the base was burning a great urn of incense. This, combined with several thousand people, made the air almost unbearable, and the programme itself was deadly. Orations and poems and patriotic anthems. The audience, diplomatic and unofficial alike, fidgeted and yawned behind their hands until the final number, which was worth going for. The President himself, in spite of his eighty-odd years, erect as any of his guard, walked briskly up the steps of the tomb, made a short address in a clear, strong voice, hung a wreath on the great pillar, and descended amid thunderous clapping and wild playing of the National Hymn. He seemed anything but old and broken, and this Centennial seems to be the climax of his wonderful material achievements. I cannot believe that there is much intriguing that he had not got his "iron finger" on. That brings me to what I started to write. Yesterday Will gave a lunch for E. S. I. at the Jockey Club. Among the guests were Don Francisco Madero, Sr., and his second son Gustavo, Mr. Creel, the Minister of Foreign Relations, and a prominent foreign diplomat. To-day what do you think happened? Gustavo Madero was arrested on the charge of suborning an officer of the Mexican Army and Don Francisco, Sr., fearing arrest on some charge or other, is here at our house under the name of Mr. Lopez. For the second time I have a refugee. It is becoming a habit. I had no idea last Spring that the situation would become so complicated. I wonder what E. S. I. thinks of Mexican political methods in comparison with our own, in which he has had so much experience. The luncheon of yesterday is rendered rather grotesque in view of to-day's happenings, and Will told his guest, the foreign diplomat, this afternoon that he hoped the matter would not cause him any embarrassment. The latter answered, "It is all right for me. The Minister of Foreign Relations was there too"—which was a point we had not considered.

November 8, 1910.

I hope you have not been bothered about the so-called anti-American riots,



due it is said, to the lynching in Texas. They really have not amounted to much and consisted chiefly of half-grown boys, students perhaps, who have marched the streets shouting, "Death to the Gringo," and breaking a few windows of American shops. The whole thing is a farce. The rioters do not seem to deny that the Mexican murdered the woman or to resent the lynching to any extent. They emphasize the manner of lynching, which is said to be burning at the stake. If true, it is shocking, of course, but American mobs are known to have done the same to their own people. In fact, it is not clear that the man was not an American citizen, after all, although Mexican born. Every one seems to think that the outbreak is due to political conditions here, rather than to any real anti-American feelings. There is undoubtedly an undercurrent of unrest throughout the Republic.

February 12, 1911.

E. S. I. is here again and the first thing he did was to ask about all that had happened since his last visit, and especially about Mr. Lopez. We told him about helping the Madero family out of town and how they are practically exiles in San Antonio. He is leaving to-morrow for El Paso homeward-bound, and in view of the rumors of trouble in the North he asked Secretary D. of the Embassy, as a joke, "If I am caught by rebels will you send out a rescuing party?" and Mr. D. laughingly assured him he would.

February 25, 1911.

The joke about being caught turned out to be true. E. S. I. was in the first train held up by Orozco and his men. A track has been run here through the city streets from the Arsenal to the National Station, and soldiers and munitions are being sent north. Hostilities are really begun. It seems impossible, with the taste of the Centennial still in our mouths. Don Porfirio went a step too far when he put Madero in jail, or, perhaps I would better say, when he let him out again. Public opinion evidently was smouldering, and recent events have fanned it into flames. We received a very interesting letter from E. S. I. telling of his slow trip north with the troop train, and how he and a nurse

from the railroad hospital took care of the sick and wounded as best they could with the facilities at hand. He seems to have had ample opportunity to study the men and to have taken pleasure in doing so. He writes: "I feel that the Mexican Government has no idea of the seriousness of this uprising. These men are calm, sane, but determined, and should be met squarely."

April 15, 1911.

Things have become so serious, and every one feels that the country would suffer so terribly by a long civil war, that R. L. has been "orally" authorized by the President to go, in company with Sr. —, confidential adviser of the latter, to Corpus Christi, Texas, to treat with his refractory relative.

May 4, 1911.

Will has received a discouraged letter from R. L. from Monterey. His peace mission has failed. Mr. Madero would not hear of any condition whatsoever other than the resignation of General Diaz, and that, evidently, was not included in the instructions given the emissaries. He writes that persecutions are being practised against the non-belligerent members of the Madero family as a lever to force Francisco I. to drop the fight. Bills of the Banco de Nuevo Leon, a Madero-controlled bank, have been repudiated in Federal offices, loans have been called, extensions refused, and countless other acts committed, which, if continued, will prove disastrous to men doing business on as large a scale as the Madero brothers. R. L. ends his letter thus tragically: "The whole family faces ruin, myself along with it. The best thing you can do is to save yourself by severing all connection with me."

May 8, 1911.

We went to dine with a diplomatic friend and his wife the other night, and at about half-past nine, while we were calmly playing bridge, the *maître d'hôtel* came hurriedly in and said rapidly in French, "They are fighting in Piedad." "How do you know?" "The peasants passing have told me." Without a word, without as much as going to the veranda where



a battle in Piedad could not only be heard but almost seen, our host walked to the telephone, called up a certain newspaper correspondent who is a warm friend of his, and said, "There is a battle being fought in Piedad." Meanwhile we had gone to the veranda and strained eyes and ears in the direction of the supposed disturbance. Absolute quiet prevailed. In about twenty minutes the newspaper correspondent arrived, stating that he had been to Piedad in an automobile and that the little village was fast asleep. I write you this because the question arises at once, "Are the man's despatches to his home Government as frenzied as this?" This is a small matter but it might happen equally well in a large one.

May 16, 1911.

Don ——— Madero, one of the most active business members of the family, came to Will to-day to ask him to go to the President of the National Railways to see about securing a special train for him to go, in company with Don Francisco Madero, Senior, and R. L., to treat once more with the rebel "Jefe." The matter was easily arranged and they are to start at once for the north.

June 1, 1911.

It does not seem possible, but the peace mission was successful, not only bringing about a settlement, but bringing it about on the rebel's terms. Don Porfirio has given up the fight and last Thursday went out of the back door of his down-town house, and with his family boarded a train for Vera Cruz, taking the first steamer for Europe. Mr. de la Barra, who was formerly Mexican Ambassador in Washington, is to be Provisional President, and elections are to be held in the fall. Our little Mr. "Gonzalez" of a year ago has pulled Don Porfirio off the throne. There has been a good deal in the papers about riots in the City on the day he left, but, knowing the unreliability of many of the reports, I hope you did not let them alarm you. We were not in the centre of town at all, as it was a religious holiday and all the offices and shops were closed, but we lunched at the French Legation, which is much nearer the Centre than our own house. After lunch we were playing

bridge when one of the so-called mobs came by, and we dropped our cards to watch it. It consisted, for the most part, of ragged boys, big and little, carrying banners and sticks, and beating on tin cans, much like a boys' parade in our own country. Just in front of the Legation they met a milk-cart, legitimate prey, of course. They stopped it, jeered the driver, took out a few empty tins which they placed on the curb, and went on amid the expletives of the outraged milk-man. How the most hectic of reporters could write that up as "mobs of angry men with death in their eyes" is hard to understand.

July 10, 1911.

Last Sunday Will gave a stag lunch here at the house, and I ate in the pantry with the cat and listened as well as I could to the talk in the dining-room. It was difficult amid the clatter. The reason for the lunch was that a number of Will's "official" friends wished to meet Mr. Francisco I. Madero "unofficially," to get to know him before he really becomes official, as he undoubtedly will at the next election. Later in the afternoon I went in to greet him, and it was the first time I had seen him since he was our hidden guest. I have never seen such a modest man in my life. He flushed all over when I congratulated him, and insisted that it was not due to him at all but to an absolute cry from the Mexican people. Perhaps he is right in a way, but it is perfectly clear that very few of them have acted with the good faith and selflessness of their leader and spokesman. It is almost more than human, and sooner or later his ideals are going to receive a shock, I fear. In fact, the failure to hold Zapata has been one. The day after the luncheon one of the Mexican papers came out with a notice of it, ending up, "In this same house Mr. Madero was hidden over a year ago when he was evading arrest in order to hold the Convention of the new party." Will was very much annoyed and spoke to him apologizing for the notice, saying that he had no idea how it got into the paper and that he had never mentioned his visit to us in 1910 to any one and was at a loss to know how the secret got out. Mr. Madero looked at



him as naive as a child and said, "Why, I told them; I did not know that you would object."

September 1, 1911.

We have spent most of the week attending the Convention that has nominated Francisco I. Madero for President, and it has been most interesting. We were fortunate enough to have a box, which we occupied during nearly every session. There must have been in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred delegates from all parts of the Republic, and it was perfectly remarkable to see the intelligence and sanity with which those men, without any previous political experience, carried through that Convention. We have heard so much about the country "not being ready for democracy." Perhaps not, but a much larger percentage of it is ready than many people believe. E. S. I. is here again, strangely enough. He seems to be here for all our political excitements. He says that this Convention was held with as much despatch and probably more order than similar events in our own country. The only point that has come up for discussion in this campaign has been the nomination for vice-president. It seems Mr. Madero indicated that a man named Pino Suarez, who is comparatively unknown around the Capital, would be more desirable to him for vice-president than Dr. Vasquez Gomez, who seemed the logical candidate for the position, or than either of the other two aspirants. Dr. Vasquez Gomez was very prominent during the Revolution, and many of Mr. Madero's supporters think he has made a political blunder in disregarding this fact. Judging by his stand on the peace conditions I do not believe he is given to compromise of any sort.

November 15, 1911.

Inauguration Day has come and gone, and our obscure little refugee of a year and a half ago is President of the Republic of Mexico. There was a parade and a reception at the National Palace to celebrate the Inauguration. There were thousands of people on the streets and the greatest order prevailed, although I am told that the crowd did not compare

either in numbers or enthusiasm with the one on the day of Mr. Madero's arrival in the city from the North in June. I still regret having missed that. Two things I noticed which I never saw or heard during Don Porfirio's time. One was that a great percentage of the populace removed their hats when the flag passed; the other that groups of people sang the National Hymn in the street. Rumor has it that General Diaz forbade both these demonstrations, as it stirred up enthusiasm for the "patria" rather than loyalty to himself. This is merely a story, of course, but perhaps now that restraint is removed patriotism will flourish better. The difficulty will be to direct it properly, and to do that the lower classes must be taught a few first principles. They are so woefully ignorant and so hopelessly apathetic. Some amusing things happened in connection with the reception. We did not go, but I heard about them afterward. It appears that through some mismanagement of the arrangements the diplomatic guests were badly squeezed by the pressing forward of the crowd in their eagerness to get a look at the new President. Now I come to think of it, that is not a trait peculiar to the Mexican. At any rate, it caused a great deal of unpleasant comment among the Diplomats, who perhaps felt that their dignity had not been properly respected. Our friends have taken to calling us "Maderistas" on account of the interest we have shown in this whole affair, and also on account of both business and friendly relations with the family, which date back some fifteen years. A day or two after the jostling episode one of the Ministers asked me with the most scornful upcurling of mustaches: "And *now* what does your husband sink of his fren' Madero?" I was playing cards and did not look up, but answered pleasantly enough: "Oh! he does not seem to think that pinching the Diplomats a little affects the fundamental welfare of the country." I could not see his face, but I know he was furious, for he left abruptly. The same day at tea-time I saw Eleanor A., whose husband, you remember, is — Minister. I asked her what he thought of it and she said in her harum-scarum way: "Oh! Hans is so fat he did not mind the jostling, and he took



some cakes in his pocket to eat during the ceremony, so he did not suffer at all. But," she said laughing, "some Mexicans saw him and remarked in Spanish: 'Look! the foreign pig eats!'" I thought—"So, there was injured dignity on both sides."

April 5, 1912.

President Taft's message for "Americans who find conditions intolerable in Mexico" to leave the country has caused a panic. In San Antonio the baggageman who checked my trunk to Mexico was surprised when he heard where I was going, and remarked: "Pretty nervy, ain't it?" As a matter of fact, the tide was all the other way, and I passed train-load after train-load of women and children going to Texas and various other places to wait until conditions grow better. Indeed, they do not seem to have improved much, especially in the interior points from which the greater part of the refugees come. Brigandage apparently has spread, although the bands do not make much pretence of being organized or of a political nature. The Government Officials whom I have seen are possessed of a happy optimism and reiterate that "in thirty days everything will be settled." Perhaps their measures are more active than they appear to a lay eye. Almost all foreigners are dismal, heaving sighs and predicting the exact date on which Orozco, Zapata, or "cualquier otro jefe" (some chief or other) will enter the city to give his men a half-day's loot. Many of the colonies have talked of arming themselves and some measures have been taken. Our own colony has had a shipment of second-hand army rifles sent in and goodness knows how many thousand rounds of ammunition, which they offer for sale to Americans for a moderate sum. We have not invested in one and our sole arm is a thirty-thirty Winchester rifle and seven cartridges, the latter a gift from Paul V., who thinks we ought not to be entirely without protection in case of riot. Some of the colonies have appointed concentration houses, armed and provisioned, and each colonist has been told where to go and what to take, a blanket, two candles, and a bag of beans being part of the equipment, if I remember rightly. So much has been said about the Capital being entered that Will

and I have begun to mock, and every time a few firecrackers are discharged we look at each other and say: "They are taking the City." The chances of such an event are very remote, to say the least.

September 16, 1912.

Last night we went to the National Palace to hear and see the "grito" which I think I have already described to you, but I do not remember. Risking repetition, it is the commemoration of the cry of Independence led by the Priest Hidalgo in 1810. He rang a bell at midnight on September 15th of that year calling to the people to strike a blow for Independence. The cry was taken up by them and the result was freedom from Spanish rule. The same little bell now hangs in the National Palace, and it is the custom to repeat the ceremony on the same date and at the same hour ever since. I heard the story that two years ago, when the Centennial was being celebrated, some rebellious person muffled the bell. Nothing was said at the time and the story has probably just sprung up of itself. To go on about last night, first there was a reception with a concert, Bonci, who is here with an opera company, being among the artists. At midnight every one went out on the balconies, the bell was rung by the President, and cannon were fired in front of the Cathedral, which by the way was illuminated and was a beautiful sight with its great old towers and dome. The wiring on the Cathedral, and on the Palace as well, is a relic of the Centennial, and the plaza was as light as day. And there was the sight we really came to see, the mass of people in the plaza. There they were, thousands of them packed together with their faces turned upward toward the bell; all you could see were faces, faces, faces, with the light shining on them, those of the men framed by the brims of their big *sombreros* and those of the women by their *rebozos*. They were so solemn that I was oppressed by them. There was a feeble cheer at the moment of the "grito," but the light was on, not in, those gloomy upturned countenances. A few minutes later I said to Will that it looked as if the President had failed to convince them, but he is more optimistic than I and reminded me that an Indian crowd is al-



ways apathetic. I had the feeling that the President should have harangued them. It was such an opportune moment, just after ringing the Independence bell, to tell them what he was doing and hoped to do for them, and to ask for their support, and for patience a little bit longer. It appears that my idea was too fantastical, yet it did not seem right to go off and drink champagne with that lump of hopelessness outside. Handbills, calculated to stir up enthusiasm, were passed around among the crowd stating that Orozco had been routed, I do not know how many guns captured, and Orozco, Sr., taken prisoner. There was no apparent rejoicing, and no doubt the average laborer is tired of hearing about military triumphs.

November 30, 1912.

Thanksgiving has come and gone and we celebrated with the proverbial turkey with all its accoutrements. Speaking of this, the Mexican Government has cause for Thanksgiving, for they have successfully put down a revolt in Vera Cruz led by Felix Diaz, an ex-general in the Mexican Army and a nephew of Don Porfirio. He is a graduate of the Chapultepec Military Academy, and has a good deal of influence in the Army. He caused a defection among the troops and there was quite a row in Vera Cruz, but it has been put down and Felix Diaz is in prison down there. I don't know what they intend to do with him. The putting down of this rather formidable uprising will help the present Government very much and is a distinct show of strength. After the quelling of this disturbance others are less likely to break out. One thing must be said for Felix Diaz, and that is that he resigned from the Army before attempting to cause trouble for the Government, and there is an element of decency in that.

February 10, 1913, 9 P. M. Monday.

Our joke about "taking the City" begins to assume rather a grim aspect, as you know before this in our home newspapers. The first rumor we had of any trouble was on Saturday evening when Will came home from the office. Some one had told him that there was a whisper

around town of a proposed defection of troops in San Angel, one of our little suburbs, but that the Government was forewarned and had taken the necessary precautions. We thought little about the matter and I was full of the tennis tournament which I had been attending that afternoon. As I wrote you, there are four players down from the United States, Miss Mary Brown, last year's woman champion, being the bright and particular star of the tournament. The Reforma Club was gay with spectators and nothing could have looked less like impending trouble. In fact, I made an engagement with Mr. and Miss S. to play a match on Sunday morning. We had a dinner on Saturday evening and the subject of politics was scarcely touched upon, which is rare in these days. Yesterday morning about eight o'clock I heard the servants talking in excited tones and slamming doors and windows, and I got up to expostulate with them for disturbing our Sunday-morning snooze, and Gabriela, with a nervous giggle, said: "Señorita, there is shooting in the Centre. Who knows what it may be?" We had heard a few explosions but we took them to be fireworks, of which the Indian is very fond. We decided not to try to sleep any more and got up and dressed in our tennis clothes, supposing that the trouble would be settled by the time we were ready to go out. While we were dressing, a bullet thumped against the concrete side of the house, and I went down to hunt for it as soon as I was dressed. You know Will's father and mother went through a revolution in Colombia way back in the early sixties and some of the flattened bullets that hit their house are still treasured in the family. I thought it would be so interesting for us to repeat the experience more than fifty years later, but hunt as I would I could not find the bullet, although I could see where it had struck. The shooting continued in a desultory manner during breakfast and at nine-fifteen Mr. S. telephoned that he supposed the tennis game was off. I replied that we were ready to go and I am sure he thought me mad, because their house is down near the Centre and he knew the situation was bad and we did not. He told me that he considered it very unsafe to be on the streets,



but Will and I disregarded this and started for the Reforma Club on foot. Of course there were no trams, as they all start from just in front of the National Palace, which appeared to be the seat of the disturbance. We walked from here directly to the Paseo and on our way met a mounted soldier leading two riderless horses. We stopped him and asked the state of things in the Centre and he answered with the single word "Grave." When we questioned him further his answers were so evasive that we could not tell to which party he belonged or whether he was a deserter, so we walked on. On the Paseo we passed the mounted Park Guard on their way to the National Palace. There were, perhaps, forty of them and their horses broke into a gallop just as we reached them. They looked very martial indeed. A number of riderless horses, still saddled and fully accoutred, came running by, terrified. It made me shudder to think where their riders must be. There was no one at the Club when we got there, but a couple of members drifted in later. Meanwhile the firing continued, mostly with small arms, although some cannon were discharged in the course of the morning. We remained at the Club until five o'clock, with the exception of one "excursion" to the Café Chapultepec, which we found closed, and to the guard-house at the foot of the entrance to the Castle where we asked the cadet on patrol for news. He was very careful in his statements, but admitted that the President had ridden out early with his guard and some of the Chapultepec cadets, and said that they had had no more reports. Doña Sara, he said, was still at the Castle. At half past one we telephoned to a Mexican friend who was in a position to know some of the facts and learned the following: the cadets from the Military College at Tlalpam, who are called the Aspirantes, with certain other troops, marched into the City on Saturday night and took the National Palace, and early yesterday morning they liberated General Reyes and ex-Brigadier General Felix Diaz, who were both in prison for armed rebellion. This was all in accordance with a plot which must have been brewing for some time. Meanwhile Minister of War Garcia Peña and Gustavo Madero, hearing of

a disturbance, hurried to the National Palace and were at once taken prisoners by those left in charge. The news, however, had spread and a Federal General recaptured the Palace before the main body of revolutionists returned with Generals Reyes and Diaz. When the former, at the head of his troops, arrived at the Palace expecting his people to be in possession, he was greeted with a volley from the Federals and was killed, as well as hundreds of on-lookers who went to see the excitement. The President, by this time, had been notified of the trouble and rode down the main street accompanied by his guard and some of the Chapultepec cadets; forced his way into the Palace where his Cabinet joined him soon after. General Diaz, seeing that the plot was forestalled, in company with General Mondragon, who, they say, is a very able soldier, took possession of the Citadel, where practically all the arms and ammunition are kept. We did not hear details of how it happened that this place, the most important of all, fell so easily into the hands of the insurgents.

As I have said, we started for home about five o'clock and for some hours previous to this the firing had been straggling. The streets were deserted out where we were, presenting a contrast to the usual Sunday crowd. We had just reached the Paseo when the sharpest battle of the day began and I wanted to crouch in a swampy ditch near by or else run back to the Club. I knew the battle was some distance away, but I remembered the time B. discharged that German Army rifle by mistake and how easily it went through two walls, making a groove through a window-seat cushion on its way and, after all that, knocked a white spot on the stone terrace outside. Will thought it would be worse to be caught away from home when night came than to take the risk of a spent bullet, so we plodded on. As we got in toward our colony we met several neighbors who had heard various rumors, all more or less confirming what I have written. Will was awfully bothered by a report that R. L. had been shot, but he telephoned his father's house and found it to be untrue. The firing ceased as night fell, so we had a good sleep.



We had been asked to lunch at the Austrian Legation to-day, but this morning, when we still heard a little firing, we were not sure that we were wanted. We decided to walk over there, a block only, and find out, but just as we started a note came from Mr. P. saying he still expected us. Simultaneously my French teacher came, and, while I was not in the humor to struggle through an hour's French, I was very much interested in what he had to tell me. He is a strange man and especially interested in military tactics, and had spent the night looking around the Citadel and estimating its strength and the possibility of taking it. His idea is that it is a very good position, hard to get at on account of the houses huddled about it and the lack of straight avenues toward it. He does not know how many men Diaz has, or how well they are provisioned. When he left, he gave me another thirty-three cartridge that he happened to have in his pocket. That makes eight that we have now. Will was chafing to go to the office, but one of his partners telephoned him that it would not be safe. At lunch there was gossip of all sorts, but as there was no firing we hoped that some kind of settlement was being negotiated. Some said that Diaz had only a handful of men and almost no provisions, and could not possibly hold out. A Secretary of one of the Legations, however, said that he had been personally into the Citadel for an interview with General Diaz, and that he had twenty-five hundred men and ample provisions for a long siege. Will asked him how the President was fixed and he answered, "Oh, I don't know anything about that!" It struck us as very strange that a Secretary to a Diplomat would know all about the Insurgent forces and nothing about the Government position, but perhaps it is not significant. Among other things we heard that the parents and sisters of the President have taken refuge in the Japanese Legation, just across the open square from the Austrian Legation; also that the Federal forces are to storm the Citadel to-morrow morning. Paul V. and two other friends came home with us after lunch and we have been playing cards. The firing began again this afternoon, and they left between five and six in order to get home before dark.

Every one seems more apprehensive of mobs than of bullets.

Tuesday evening.

This letter is assuming the aspect of a journal, but I want to write down things as they happen. This morning at day-break the fighting began in earnest and continued for nine solid hours, cannon booming, Mausers popping, and, worst of all, that dreadful tap-tap-tap of the rapid-fire guns, like the explosions from a big motor-cycle. Our house is less than a mile from the Citadel, and yet we seem to be out of the line of fire. Other houses all around us have been hit with small bullets, although no shells have come so far. To-day things began to look serious for a long siege, so I held a consultation with my cook, and we have laid in whatever supplies we could find: two sacks of charcoal, wood, lard, beans, rice, flour, condensed milk, meat, and, in fact, anything available. My servants are splendid, and have gone foraging around in the lee of adobe walls, pale as it is possible for them to be, bent on getting food for us. The Señores must be fed, no matter what happens to them. There is a great deal of genuine devotion in the Mexican Indian and it is getting full sway now.

This afternoon, during a lull in the firing, we went to the Japanese Legation to offer to do anything we could for the President's family. We found them in good spirits and they told us that advices from the Palace reported the battle going distinctly in favor of the Government, that they had left their house at the request of the President, who was worried for their safety, and not because they anticipated any danger, and that Generals Blanquet and Angeles were expected soon with reinforcements for the Government. Being still restless, we went around the square, keeping close to the walls, and went to see the von H.'s. They were well closed up, as a number of houses had been hit on their street. We have asked them to lunch to-morrow.

Wednesday evening.

There was no fighting last night, but it began early this morning, and the cannon sounded much closer, and we soon found out the reason. The artillery of General



Angeles had arrived and had taken a stand in front of the National Station in Cuauhtemoc Circle. The von H.'s did not come to lunch, as the shooting was much more general and walking on the streets was quite unsafe. In fact, we heard over the telephone that several Americans had been accidentally shot on the streets, a number wounded in their own houses, and one woman killed while cooking dinner. Most of the time we have remained in a little back room I call my "study," where I am writing now, and where three brick walls intervene between us and the street, but when the firing lessens we cannot seem to keep from sallying forth. I know this would call down a scolding from you, but you will not get this letter until after the thing is all settled. We heard on one of our excursions to the street that there had been a meeting of all the Diplomats, and that they had decided to give the conflicting parties until Friday morning to come to an agreement, and, if they failed to do so, two thousand American Marines would be landed in Vera Cruz and come at once to the City. We did not give much credence to that, because it was too awful to think about, and toward five o'clock we went to the Austrian Legation to ask Mr. P. what reports he had. He said that there was no change whatever in the situation, but what he was most concerned about at the moment was that the battery of General Angeles was firing shells into the houses on Cuauhtemoc Circle, and that some of them had been badly shattered; that the Belgian Legation had been hit by flying bullets from exploding shells and that the Minister and his family had left, and that he, Mr. P., was going at once to bring away the J.'s (who also live on that Circle) in an automobile. The J.'s are friends of ours as well, and as I knew Mr. P. had his house full of Austrians I told him to bring them to us. At about seven they arrived, with a couple of suit-cases—Madam J. almost hysterical from the strain, poor woman; Mr. J. looking haggard from worry; little Jean, aged four, crying with fright; and the eyes of his nurse, Mathilde, almost popping from her head. Jean was soon quieted with a bath and a glass of milk and bed, poor little chap. We all had dinner, and the comparative quiet out here, after what she had

been through to-day, had a soothing effect on Madam J. and she also has gone to bed. The two men are discussing the situation, but it is really bedtime for every one. There are no street lights to-night, but fortunately there is a glorious moon, which will make it harder for the omnipresent sneak thief. We still have lights in the house and, curiously enough, telephone connection as well. I have three oil lamps and a can of kerosene in the store-room, and a supply of candles, so we will not be left in utter darkness if our electric lights should go.

Thursday evening.

The fighting has gone on pretty steadily, with no new developments as far as we know. At ten o'clock a Greek friend of ours, who spent last night with Paul V. in the J.'s' house, came to see us, with the news that a Shrapnel shell had come through the front wall at eight o'clock this morning, exploded in the drawing-room, and practically wrecked it. He and Paul V. had been at the telephone not five metres away, but fortunately the bullets were stopped by the thick walls. He had the empty three-inch Shrapnel in his pocket. The day has passed much like the others, with all sorts of rumors going about. One was to the effect that Mr. de la Barra was going, after a conference with the Diplomatic Corps, to arrange the matter with the President and Felix Diaz, it being understood that the former was to resign, hostilities were to cease, and a compromise provisional president (presumably Mr. de la Barra himself) would step in until order was completely restored, when elections would be held, etc.

This afternoon Will joined a patrol corps of the colony. A number of foreigners have organized to patrol the streets during the night in case there should be rioting or thieving. There is one of the concentration houses that I scorned last year on the corner. Will's hours are from ten to twelve and he is out now, walking up and down the block, armed only with his stick. I have on my blanket coat and hang out of the window for five minutes and then come back and write for five minutes, and try not to be nervous, although my hands are wet and like lumps of ice. I don't think there is much danger,



but there are shots now and then from sharpshooters. At nine-thirty, before Will went out, George L. telephoned, asking me to take some refugees. I told him I had five grown-ups and one child, four servants, and the niece of one of them, a child of nine, and was saving my one spare bed for another friend (Paul V., whose neighborhood was becoming less and less safe) but that I would take two. He was terribly severe with me then. "Look a' here, Mrs. Mac," he said, "this is no time to think of your own convenience. There are people over here without a roof to shelter them or a bite to eat and you ought to be willing to put yourself out a little." I was humbled sufficiently and asked how many he wanted me to take, so we compromised on three. I got out the tired maids and we made up two cots, put out towels and bath wrappers and slippers and all we could think of to make them comfortable, looked in the ice-box to see what there was for them to eat, and after all they did not come. It kept my mind off of Will's patrol for the first hour. It is just midnight and he should be coming in. I shall be thankful when he is safe indoors again.

Friday evening.

Paul V. came to lunch to-day, bearing a great piece of beef which he rescued from the J.'s' larder. It was a welcome gift, for provisions were getting a little low and ice gave out to-day. The milkmen still venture out, which is a blessing. Paul said that the firing was so general and so close around this colony that when he crossed Chapultepec Avenue, three blocks away, he had to run, which he found difficult carrying about twenty pounds of raw beef. We joked him about being a candidate for the Marathon. We have to joke in order not to be dismal. While we were at lunch Mr. P. came in with the news that the Madero residence in Berlin Street was in flames. Will hurried to the telephone to advise the family, but they already knew it. It burned to the ground and only brick walls are standing. We went to see the family this afternoon and we found them calm and brave. "We are all alive and safe," they said, "and that is much to be thankful for." They refused to believe that the burning of the house

was spite work and not one of them bemoaned the loss of anything, except the youngest daughter, who has a wonderful voice; "I am sorry to lose all my music," she said, and the older daughter was worried about her dogs.

To-night two friends are patrolling with Will and I am far less anxious.

Saturday evening.

The firing began very early this morning and there was shooting at intervals all last night. It seemed much nearer this time, and it turned out to be due to the fact that one side or the other had taken possession of the German School not more than five blocks east of our house. During the morning one of the office clerks telephoned to say that there was a report in his neighborhood that Felix Diaz had been killed at three o'clock this morning, so we went over to the Japanese Legation again to see if they had heard anything there. They had no news, but another sister of the President had arrived with her four little children, having been compelled to leave her own home first, and afterward the home of friends where she had taken refuge, as both houses had been in the line of fire. Madame Hourogoutchi, the wife of the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires, has been perfectly splendid in this whole thing and I have not words enough to tell you what they, both of them, have done during this awful week. It is not merely the fact that they took in four members of the Madero family, giving them protection at the risk of exposing their Legation to outrage and themselves to diplomatic criticism (although other Legations, it is said, are giving asylum to persons sympathizing with the revolt), but they have, besides their three children, sixteen persons of their own nationality under their protection. Aside from the mere domestic aspect, there has been continued telephoning, receiving of visitors, sending out of messages; this, that, and the other, and those two people have just helped and sympathized to the very utmost. To-day when the new family arrived they were welcomed with open arms. I asked Madame Hourogoutchi if I could send over anything, as I thought she might need linen or dishes or other household necessities, but she said



the only thing she was short of was soap, so we left, promising to bring some over later. There was still some firing, but we had become so hardened that we paid little attention to it, and as we came out on the little parked square we thought we would walk across it to the Austrian Legation and bring Mr. P. home to lunch with us. He was just finishing lunch when we reached his house, but he told us that he believed the President would surely resign to-morrow, that the Senate convened this morning, and that it, with the Diplomats, were bringing all possible pressure to bear to secure a settlement one way or another; he also said that General Angeles had moved his battery from the National Station to the corner by the American Embassy, and that the Ambassador had protested most emphatically to the President, as the Embassy would surely receive the answering fire; that General Angeles had accordingly moved up a block and is at the foot of Orizaba Street (our street) not more than three blocks away. The shooting is parallel to us and this morning I noticed the line of smoke from the shells, but did not realize how close they were.

We left the Legation with this information, and started home directly across the park instead of keeping to the walls as we had done before we got so used to war, and just as we got to the centre of the square, where the two streets cross, zing went a bullet not two yards above our heads; then zing, zing, zing, and the air was full of them. We ran to the north-east garden and threw ourselves flat on the ground, pulling ourselves along on our stomachs until we had our heads behind a tree, like the proverbial ostrich. Comparing notes afterward, we found we had the same feeling—that a bullet entering softly into the flesh of the body would be far less objectionable than one shattering the skull, but we did not analyze at the time. The number of shots increased, and some passed us so low and close that they seemed to snap in the air instead of singing. They rang on the iron lamp-posts in the park and whizzed through the branches of the very trees under which we lay, and finally, when one came especially close, hitting the ground a short distance from us, we decided it would be

better to run for the Austrian Legation than to lie there in the direct line of fire. Accordingly we crawled through the trees as far as they went and then, when clear, rose and ran. I recalled Will's joke to Paul V. about the Marathon yesterday. When we reached the Legation there was such a rain of bullets against the walls and posts that I dropped again in terror in front of the low brick coping of the iron fence. The policeman unlocked the gate and we hurried in, to get properly scolded by Mr. P. After a few minutes the firing lessened, and we ran for home; this time, needless to say, hugging the wall all the way around.

After lunch Paul V. telephoned that it would be impossible for him to get back to us; that the fighting was waxing hot on his street and that he had seen six non-combatants, probably servants searching for food, killed on the block where he lives. A little later another friend telephoned that he had heard that there was fighting in Jalisco Street, two short blocks behind us, and, sure enough, a few minutes later there was a short, rapid battle apparently within a stone's throw of the house. Only one bullet struck us, that entering the wood-work of my dressing-room window.

This has really been our most exciting day. Will is not patrolling to-night, as the firing is too general, but he has joined a watch of six Americans who, thank Heaven, are lurking in an entry from which they can watch the street for blocks. Some one is patrolling around and around on a motor-cycle, which gives a weird effect, with nothing else moving in the moonlight. I wish this awful time would end.

VERA CRUZ, Monday, February 17, 1913.

You will be relieved to get our telegram of this morning telling you that we are safely out of Mexico City. I had intended to write you each day of the bombardment, but yesterday there was no time for writing. Early in the morning we heard that there was to be a twenty-four-hour armistice in order that non-belligerents who were in the line of fire might get to places of safety. As I wrote you, we had not suffered for lack of anything during the week, having had light and



water and even luxuries, such as milk and butter. Bread had been scarce and very dear, and there had been no ice since Friday, but we had fuel and enough staple groceries for some time, and one of the servants had succeeded in getting us two live turkeys; there were a few tins of sardines and salmon, and the J.'s had brought one large tin of *pâté de foie gras* and two small ones of Camembert cheese, which, while not very practical, would keep off starvation for a while. We were very short of money, Mr. J. having but fifteen *pesos*, and I had only started with forty-five in the beginning and this was gone. Yesterday morning the water gave out, so we all discussed the question of going to Tampico until after the trouble was over. Mr. J. felt that his responsibility in connection with the bank would not let him leave, but we said, if we could get the money we would go, as it would leave more provisions for them, and that it would be two less to carry water for. Mr. J. started for the bank with some friends in an automobile and we asked him to get us some money. Meanwhile we started on foot for the Buena Vista Station to see about trains and tickets. The streets presented a curious appearance, crowded with people in automobiles, in carts, and on foot, taking necessities to places of safety. Automobiles and carts were piled with mattresses, blankets, and children, and the people on foot were carrying huge bundles on their heads and backs and in their hands. The more fortunate had push-carts or baby-carriages and many were leading domestic animals. There were many pigs being dragged and pushed along, and their squeals of protest were appalling. Venders had swarmed out by the dozens to take advantage of the few hours to do business, and buyers were eagerly laying in what supplies they could. There was one vender with flowers—think of it—in the middle of a bombardment! Among other acquaintances we met on the streets were the four American tennis-players who were marooned on the eve of their departure. Taken altogether, it must have been one of the most exciting tournaments they have ever attended.

As we approached the centre of town the streets were shocking, full of débris and a mass of broken wires. There were

dead horses and dead men lying about, and there was a hard dry wind blowing dust and disease in all directions. The buildings and houses did not look so much damaged as we had expected—a window broken here and there, cornices knocked off, a hole now and then made by a Shrapnel, and numberless nicks in plaster and concrete made by bullets. That walk decided us to go if we could possibly arrange it, so we went to the Buena Vista Station by a roundabout route, which was the only one the soldiers would permit us to take. The soldiers themselves looked tired and dirty. At the Station we tried to get tickets for Tampico, but Mr. Clárk, the General Manager of the National Lines advised us not to try to go as there had been trouble near San Luis Potosi. We then went to the Vera Cruz Station close by, intending to go to Tampico from Vera Cruz by boat, and we found the whole building packed with frenzied refugees. Many were going to Puebla on the afternoon train, and many more were going by the night train to Vera Cruz, and were waiting with their baggage to be sure to get a place. Will asked about accommodations and was told that everything in the six Pullmans was sold. He asked me if I would rather sit up all night or stay at home in my good bed, and I said I preferred to go. We started on our long walk home to get money to buy our tickets, intending, in case Mr. J. had not reached his bank, to get a check cashed at the American Embassy, where we had heard a bank had been temporarily opened. About half-way home we were overtaken by an American in an automobile, who picked us up to give us a lift. We had seen the man before, but did not know his name. His house had been pierced by several bullets, and he was fearfully nervous and could hardly wait to get out of the City. He had succeeded in getting tickets for the night train, but no sleeping accommodations for himself and his wife. We told him we were going if we could get some money, and he told us excitedly that he thought we could all go together in his automobile to the Station, and that he would send for us at half past three or four. We repeated that we did not have tickets yet, and he whipped out his wallet. "Here,"



he said, "my name's Williams. You don't know me, but now is no time to stand on ceremony. Take this," and he handed out a fifty-dollar bill and sent us back to the Station in his motor. It was a Godsend, for we not only got our tickets, but just as Will reached the window an extra Pullman was put on and we purchased a section and a drawing-room for ourselves and our benefactors. It was half past one by this time, and on our way home we heard that dreadful tap-tap-tap of the rapid-fire guns; the armistice was broken.

We lunched and packed our bags. Mr. J. had money for us and moreover had managed to get an automobile to take us to the Station at half past five. That was an exciting ride. There was firing on every side—shells as well as bullets—and there was an additional menace of tangled wires underfoot and overhead. The chauffeur was a plucky American boy of about twenty, and he made a wonderful run. There were soldiers in every doorway and lying behind every wall, and the patrol rose as we passed, prepared to stop us. Our driver waved his passport and we hurried on. He took the car carefully along in the lee of the houses and when we crossed open streets threw the throttle wide. A curious and interesting sight greeted us in the Station. Frightened women and children and servants huddled together, piles of baggage, people eating and drinking beer from bottles, some silent, some haggard, some repeating stories and making prognostications, and many (like myself) relating their narrow escapes. The cannon boomed, trains puffed, and bells rang, people chattered and moved restlessly, and there was the dusty, lurid half-light that is peculiar to covered railway platforms. At last, after an almost interminable wait, our train pulled out in two sections, and we gradually got away from the din of battle. It was heaven.

MEXICO CITY, February 24, 1913.

There remains little for me to tell you about the "tragic ten days," as the main

events will be published the world over. Vera Cruz was full of people and we found it impossible to get steamer accommodations to Tampico, so we stayed where we were until yesterday. On Tuesday night the word came that the Government had fallen, on Thursday came the shocking details of the assassination and mutilation of Gustavo Madero, and the news of the accidental shooting of an intimate friend of Will's. On Friday and Saturday rumors began to circulate that the deposed President and Vice-President had also been shot. That they did not pass through Vera Cruz on their way out of the country was clear, and we began to be apprehensive. Yesterday on the train we saw the confirmation of the shooting published in all the papers. Not three years ago Francisco I. Madero told us he was prepared to give up his life for his cause, and the sacrifice has been made.

We walked to town this morning, going through the precinct around the citadel, and were surprised to see how clean and comparatively unchanged the City is. All the dirt and débris and tangled wires and fallen posts have been removed, and there are no evidences of carnage. The trams are running and lights going, and workmen are already busy in all departments repairing damage. Many buildings are badly shelled, some wrecked, a very few burned. The upper story of the Y. M. C. A. building is shattered, the beautiful residence of Madame S. is riddled with shells, and a clock tower near the Citadel is a mere handful of iron and cement. Masons are at work, however, and in some cases rents and holes are already filled with cement and plaster. In six days the outward evidences of a mortal combat are almost removed. The real story that lies beneath what we have seen, the story of intrigue, of plots, of grudges and grievances, in short, the political story in all its complexity, may never be made public, but it is there like some invisible, vital thing. All that we see is that a Government has fallen at the expense of hundreds of lives and a new one has risen on its bloody remains.

# THE POETRY OF THE FUTURE

By Austin Dobson

Suggested by a lecture on "The Future of English Poetry," delivered by Edmund Gosse, in June, 1913)

BARDS of the Future! you that come  
With striding march, and roll of drum,  
What will your newest challenge be  
To our prose-bound community?

What magic will you find to stir  
The limp and languid listener?  
Will it be daring and dramatic?  
Will it be frankly democratic?

Will Pegasus return again,  
In guise of modern aeroplane,  
Descending from a cloudless blue,  
To drop on us a bomb or two?

I know not. Far be it from me  
To darken dark futurity,  
Still less to render more perplexed  
The last vagary, or the next.

Leave Pindus Hill to those who list,  
Iconoclast or anarchist—  
So be it. "They that break shall pay."  
I stand upon the ancient way.

I hold it for a certain thing,  
That, blank or rhyming, song must sing;  
And more, that what is good for verse  
Need not, by dint of rhyme, grow worse.

I hold that they who deal in rhyme  
Must take the standpoint of the time,  
But not to catch the public ear,  
As mountebank or pulpiter;

That the old notes are still the new,  
If the musician's touch be true,  
Nor can the hand that knows its trade,  
Achieve the trite and ready-made;

That your first theme is Human Life,  
Its hopes and fears, its love and strife,  
A theme no custom can efface,  
Common, but never commonplace;

For this, beyond all doubt, is plain:  
The Truth that pleased, will please again,  
And move men as in bygone years  
When Hector's wife smiled through her tears.





Nasmyth portrait of Robert Burns, painted in 1787.



Beugo's engraving, after the Nasmyth painting.

## THE PORTRAITS OF BURNS

By J. Cuthbert Hadden

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

ASKS Marlowe, writing of the vision of golden Helen. A similar question has been asked in regard to the diverging portraits of Mary Stuart. Was this the face that turned so many heads some three hundred and fifty years ago? The Queen of Scots was assuredly bewitching. Knox admits it, Knollys asserts it, Ruthven lost his heart to her in Lochleven Castle; whoever saw her desired her. Yet not one of Mary's portraits represents her as beautiful. Romney has sufficiently explained the fascination of Lady Hamilton for Nelson. But Mary Stuart's charm remains unexplained by her portraits. So with her descendant, the romantic, the "bonnie Prince Charlie." None of his portraits accounts for the extraordinary glamour that his personality cast over the ladies who interested themselves in the '45. Even the prince's "bonnie young Flora" is represented in one portrait as a simper-

ing person after the style of the old "books of beauty," while in another she appears nearer like the typical Highland lassie she presumably was.

And what about Burns? The point I wish to make is that the old portrait-painters are not to be depended on for strict fidelity to their originals. The mere fact that they differ so much in their representations of the same subject is enough to prove it. In regard to Burns, the question bears a twofold aspect. Not only do the portraits of the poet disagree with one another, but even that which, by its frequent reproduction, has tacitly been accepted as the truest representation cannot have been exactly like him when it was done. I refer, of course, to the familiar Nasmyth head and bust, painted in 1787, when Burns was carrying all before him on his first visit to Edinburgh.

Consider what his life had been up to this date. "It is hard to be born in Scotland," says the brilliant Parisian. Burns himself would not, in his pride, have ad-



mitted the hardship; yet Fate had made it hard enough for him, in all conscience. The son of poor, struggling parents, beaten down and defeated again and again in their fight with untoward circumstances, Robert Burns was toiling like a grown man on his father's miserable little upland farm, with its niggard, cold, hungry soil, while he was still in his early teens. The manual drudgery was of the severest kind—turning the furrow with the old heavy four-ox plough, exacting and unsavory attentions to cattle and horses, sowing and reaping (both by hand), cutting of peats, threshing by flail, and all the other operations inci-

dental to the agriculturist. Burns spoke of the life of his teens as combining "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave." The unceasing moil continued right up to the time when, in his twenty-seventh year, he rode off to Edinburgh to be lionized there, and—painted by Nasmyth—the ploughman direct from the plough. Could he, by any possibility, have looked so refined as Nasmyth has made him?

Not so long before he had been described as "rude and clownish," with a stoop in the shoulders, the result of excessive labor in the fields. Scott, who met him during his Edinburgh triumphs, found

him "strong and robust," with a countenance "more massive than it looks in any of his portraits"; adding that if he had not known who he was he would have taken him for "a very sagacious country

farmer of the old Scotch school—the douce gude-man who held his own plough." Allan Cunningham said he appeared "more swarthy than he does in Nasmyth's picture." Josiah Walker, who breakfasted with him at Dr. Blacklock's, wrote that his person was "rather coarse in its outline," and his features "not of that elegant cast which is most frequent among the upper ranks." If Walker had met him near

a seaport he

would have put him down as the master of a merchant vessel! The poet's youngest sister, Isabella, said: "He was a far bigger and rougher man than his portraits. In fact, they tried to make him look like a gentleman, and he was not one." Mary Cosby Wallace, who was intimate enough with Burns to receive from him a china tea-service on her marriage, asserted that his portraits make him "too fine-looking a man, for he was coarser to look at, and had terrible eyes."

All this may be taken as bearing more particularly on the accepted Nasmyth portrait, which seems to be strained for a poetic effect; ideal rather than real; like



Portrait of Burns, by Nasmyth. Made for Lockhart's "Life of Burns" (1828).



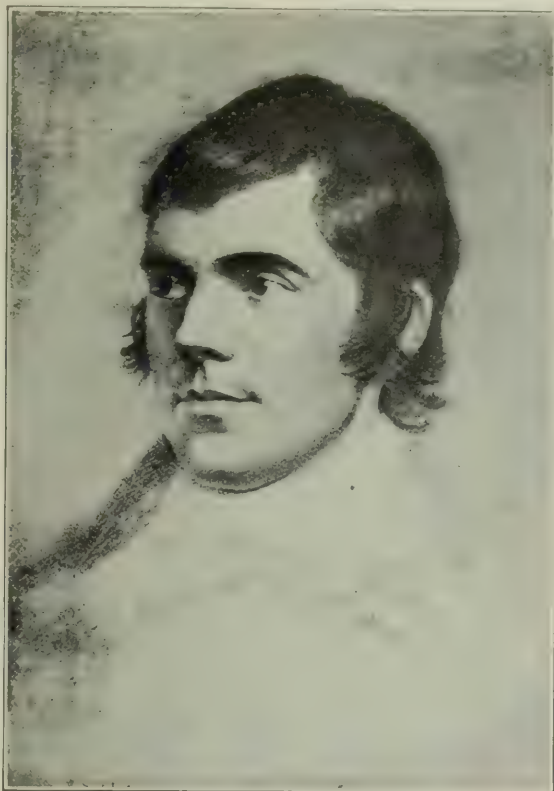
Longfellow's vision, "a form of mingled mist and light." It refines the face away, till Burns appears like some lisping Corydon instead of the large-eyed, amorous-mouthed minstrel of Caledonia. Scott thought the painting represented him as seen in perspective; and Beugo, the engraver, in retouching the plate, after several meetings with Burns, tried to correct this over-refinement by shortening the face and rounding the chin. Gilbert Burns declared that the engraving showed more character and expression than the picture itself, but Beugo really vulgarized the face, the scale on which he worked being, moreover, too small to enable him to grasp the details of the features.

As regards Nasmyth, it should be remembered that he was chiefly a painter of landscapes, and that he undertook this portrait reluctantly, upon the urgent request of Creech, the publisher of the Edinburgh (1787) edition of the poems. His full-length portrait in top-boots and buckskins, standing in rapt thought, was done for Lockhart's "Life of Burns" (1828), from a pencil sketch made when he and the poet visited Roslin together. Lockhart says that Burns's then surviving friends were unanimous in pronouncing it to be a very lively representation of him as he first attracted notice on the Edinburgh streets. The attitude is certainly very happily caught. The original pencil sketch of this portrait is now in possession of Lord Rosebery.

Though not the best known, the portrait by Archibald Skirving accords more nearly with one's idea of what Burns was probably like. It suggests altogether a more striking personality. There is a po-

etic dignity and classic elegance in the sentiment and handling, a nobility and a grave thoughtfulness about the face that are absent from the other portraits. Here is no idealized face, like the Nasmyth; here is the rustic and the poet limned with such living reality that, seeing it, one seems to have seen Burns himself. As compared with the Nasmyth, the head is more compactly built, the hair thicker, and the jaw squarer. There is more detail, and firmer drawing in the line of the eyebrow, while the eye (smaller and with more gravity than the Nasmyth) beams rather than flashes, yet looks as if it could blaze.

It has been objected that "the eyes are deficient in fire." We know from many descriptions about the power and fascination of Burns's eyes—when he was interested or excited. Scott said he never saw such eyes in a



Burns, by Archibald Skirving.

human head: they "literally glowed when he spoke with feeling and animation." But genius is not usually animated when sitting for its portrait (Burns, as a matter of fact, was in torture on such occasions), and no good artist would dream of trying to put into a portrait what some people might expect—"the fierce vivacity that fires the eye of genius fancy-crazed." It is really a merit of the Skirving picture that one sees, not the eyes as they appeared in their occasional "fine frenzy," but rather the possibilities of expression that lie latent in them.

It is a matter of debate whether Burns sat to Skirving for this portrait or whether Skirving worked it up from the Beugo engraving of the Nasmyth, with hints from the Miers silhouette and from members of the poet's family and others who knew

him. The internal evidence suggests to experts that there must have been sittings. If there were not, says one, "where did the artist get the fine expression his drawing undoubtedly possesses?" The late Sir Theodore Martin, who bought the original (it is in red chalk on yellowish paper) in 1881, wrote: "It is clear to any one familiar with art that no such portrait as Skirving's could have been made by a man who had not studied Burns's face from the life.

Many of the best artists of the day have seen the portrait on my wall, and they were all of this mind." On the other hand, we have Allan Cunningham's statement to the effect that Skirving told him he had never even seen Burns. "But I wrought from authentic materials," he said.

The Miers silhouette, done in 1787, "in two minutes," as Burns tells, is interesting in many ways. The nose is longer than that of the Nasmyth and slightly tip-tilted, the under lip heavier and not so fine. The line of the mouth is simpler and so far better, though it is not drawn in true perspective to the rest of the face. The line of the head is unfortunately lost to some extent by the queue worn by Burns at this time. On the whole, however, with the exception of the nose, which materially alters the character and aspect of the face, the silhouette is in fair harmony with the Nasmyth portrait.

Of practically the same date as the Nasmyth and the Miers is the puzzling portrait by Peter Taylor. This is so unlike the Nasmyth and all the other portraits that one is inclined to reject it as an impossible "Burns." The poet wears a broad-brimmed, Quaker-looking hat, somewhat slouched. His right hand is in

his bosom, and he is seated among rocks and trees in a posture of meditation. The left cheek shows a whisker, which neither the Nasmyth nor the Skirving does, and no straggling locks appear as in the better-known portraits, with which, again, the lower portion of the face does not correspond. The figure, besides, is that of a much stouter person than we know Burns to have been, and looks more like fifty than twenty-seven. Is it possible to identify

this staid, stolid-featured man with the flashing-eyed poet who charmed the belles of Edinburgh and carried even the Duchess of Gordon "off her feet"? Hardly! Yet it was positively asserted by Taylor's widow that her husband had painted the portrait from life.

Peter Taylor is described by Lockhart as "an artist of considerable celebrity." He was, in fact, a coach-painter who occasionally executed likenesses. Mrs. Taylor, who retained and jealously

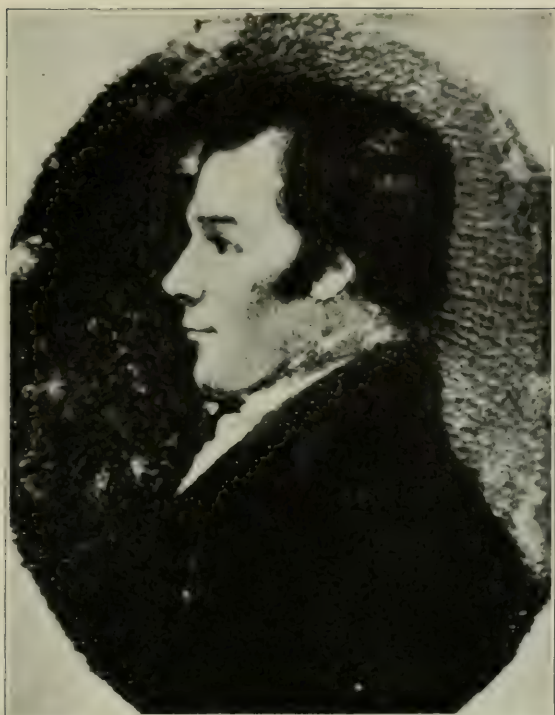


Silhouette made by Miers in 1787

guarded this portrait till her death in 1828, said that Burns gave Taylor three sittings, but it is significant that Burns nowhere mentions either Taylor or the fact of having sat to any artist but Nasmyth and Reid.

However that may be, we have to reckon with the curious circumstance that several who knew Burns accepted this as an authentic portrait. His brother Gilbert pronounced it "particularly like Robert in the form and air." Mrs. Burns said: "The likeness to the upper part of the face is very striking." Mrs. McLhose, the poet's "Clarinda," wrote: "In my opinion it is the most striking likeness of Burns I have ever seen." A Dumfries schoolmaster exclaimed: "Burns, every inch! every feature!" Sir Walter Scott





The supposed miniature by Reid.



Oil sketch, by an unknown artist, in possession of Burns's mother at the time of her death.

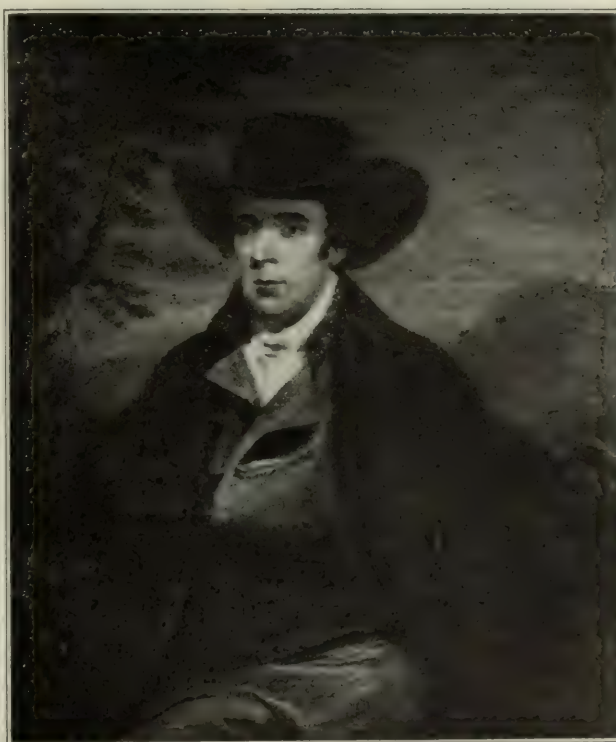
wrote in 1829:

"Burns was so remarkable a man that his features remain impressed on my mind as if I had seen him only yesterday, and I could not hesitate to recognize this portrait as a striking resemblance of the poet, though it had been presented to me amid a whole exhibition."

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who had known Burns well, wrote that the portrait was "extremely like him," and that

there could be no doubt about its authenticity.

All this seems positive enough—convictions of relatives and friends cannot be lightly ignored. On the other hand, Mr.



Portrait by Peter Taylor, about 1787.

agreed it was meant for Gilbert. But then we have Gilbert's explicit statement that he considered it like Robert! The question need not be labored. The Taylor portrait, whether painted from life or not,

William Hall, of Liverpool, who had met the poet several times, could "find no resemblance to Burns in this supposed likeness of him, and laughed at the idea of any one thinking so." He left it on record that he was confirmed in his scepticism by three or four distinguished intimates of Burns. The poet's sister, Isabella, said it was at first thought to be a portrait of Robert, but that the family afterwards

it does not carry its own evidence along with it, so to speak, and the public have refused to accept it as a faithful and satisfactory "Burns." Indeed, when it was first engraved, in 1830, so far from securing confidence, it became the subject of protest and heated discussion.

We come now to the supposed Reid miniature. In a letter of January, 1796, addressed to his friend Mrs. Walter Riddell, Burns wrote from Dumfries:

"Apropos of pictures, I am just sitting to Reid in this town for a miniature, and I think he has hit by far the best likeness of me ever taken. When you are at any time so idle in town as to call at Reid's painting-room, and mention to him that I spoke of such a thing to you, he will show it to you, else he will not; for both the miniature's existence and its destiny are an inviolable secret, and therefore very properly trusted, in part, to you."

The miniature thus referred to is identified by experts with that now in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh, and here reproduced. It bears no signature or mark of any kind nor can its history be traced. It was, like the Miers silhouette, long in the collection of the late Mr. W. F. Watson, who believed it to be by Reid. He attached such value and importance to it that he would not allow it out of his keeping; but he lent it for some time to Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., while the latter was modelling a head of Burns. Mr. Stevenson's professional opinion of the portrait may therefore fittingly be quoted. He says:

"Fortunately this miniature gives the left side of the face in profile. To me it bears all the internal evidence of having

been taken from life. There is a spirit about it, an amount and accuracy of detail, extending to the ear, which is well-drawn, incompatible with the supposition of its being a concoction. The small portion of the ear seen in Nasmyth's painting is badly suggested, and the defective drawing of the original has been aggravated, more or less,

in nearly all the copies and engravings. This miniature harmonizes with the Nasmyth and the silhouette, but with a difference—the difference of time. I perceive in it, small as the features are, a trace of tear and wear in the firmer and rather harder look of the mouth. Altogether, I cannot help imagining that the artist only too faithfully caught and preserved a marked falling off, compared with the face of the young poet, who looks with eyes



The "Kerry" miniature.

beaming with hope and enthusiasm from the canvas of Nasmyth."

The miniature was painted when Burns was broken in health, and it certainly bears the mark of the years—on the brow, in the harder features, and in the sunken eyes. A small black whisker, it will be noted, comes down to the lobe of the ear. Compare this with the Taylor portrait. Burns, we have seen, expressed a distinct preference for the Reid miniature, but he was an unreliable judge in the matter of his portraits. He eulogized them all, and the latest was always the best.

We arrive, finally, at what is known as the "Kerry" miniature, an almost tragic portrait of the poet, done shortly before his death. It is a morbid, inartistic thing, poor in color, badly drawn, and badly painted. The hair—black, mixed with gray—is thin and flat, without parting, and clumsily wisped into a ball at the



back of the neck. The eyes are dark-brown, with a bloodshot appearance, the right larger than the left; the right cheek is hollow, while the left is plump and chubby. Nor are the eyebrows, any more than the cheeks, a pair. The superciliary ridge over the left eye is far too high, and the upper lid of the right is "wavy" or zigzag, through (we may be sure) the incapacity and not the intention of the draughtsman. The ear is slovenly, without form, or even the suggestion of character; the nose strong, long, and hooked.

The artist must have been wrong about the hair, for when the poet's remains were disinterred in 1815 "the dark curling locks were as glossy and seemed as fresh as on the day of his death." He must have been equally wrong about the nose. Thin and worn as doubtless Burns had become, the nose could not have been so transformed as thus to contradict all the descriptions of his personal appearance with which we are acquainted. "His nose," we are told, "was short rather than long." Compare the nose here with the Nasmyth and the Miers. Physiognomists would assuredly pronounce it an impossible nose for a poet.

It is indeed not easy to state a verdict for this last portrait of Burns. It shows a remarkable correspondence with the cast of his skull, here reproduced, as in the lean of the head (the position and projection of the eyebrows cause an apparent recession of the forehead) and the heavy back portion of the head. That it is poor as a work of art is only too apparent; that it

is out of keeping with the other portraits seems at first sight equally apparent. But it is the left eye and cheek that give the peculiarly severe and harsh and unfamiliar look. If one covers the left side with a piece of dark paper down close to the right eye the rest will be found not so inaccordant with the other portraits after all.

Of course we do not know precisely what Burns looked like when, his constitution undermined by dissipation and neglect, he was about to go to the grave at the early age of thirty-seven. As the present owner of the portrait, Dr. Hatley Waddell (who has kindly allowed me to copy it), writes:

"I recall the saying of a man who saw the portrait: 'If that is Burns, then I don't want to remember him like that.' I quite agree. But there is no need. It represents only a phase, the last of his life. Nasmyth is popular, this is pathetic; Nasmyth is in the sunshine, this is in the shadow. But the two aspects of the life are needed to make it complete. The jolly ploughman of the tap-room is all very well, but that was only one side; this, alas! is the other." Perhaps we had better leave it at that. The history of the portrait is perfectly valid, though nothing is known as to the name of the painter.

For the sake of completeness, it may be well to reproduce [p. 117] the portrait which was in possession of the poet's mother when she died in 1820. It is from an oil sketch done by an unknown artist, who probably worked from the Nasmyth head and bust.



Cast of skull.



## WITH THE WINTER MAIL

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

FOR three days the Fort Hope Christmas mail had fought its way through the blizzard that beat down from the Kapiskau barrens upon the frozen Albany. For three days old Pierre, breaking trail through the drifting snow to give footing to his panting dog-team, or swinging his goad of plaited caribou hide from behind the sled while his nephew, Esau, took the lead, had plunged head down into the gale. Stinging like the lash of myriad whips, the pitiless northwester had seamed the frost-blackened faces of the men with cracks, cutting the noses of the laboring huskies until they whined with pain. At times, when the fury of the snow-swirls which enveloped them in a blur of white had sucked their very breath, the men threw themselves gasping beside the ice-coated dogs whose red lips and tongues, to which clung the frozen froth of their hot mouths, alone marked them as living things. Still, hour after hour, they had hurled themselves headlong into the storm. And ever as they had conquered each hard-won mile of the frozen river, the parting words of the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Albany



lived again in the ears of the old half-breed—words which had etched themselves into his memory as he left the post, asleep under the stars in the gray dusk of the December morning, to take the long Fort Hope trail.

Whenever, at daylight, the boy had urged that they remain in camp, deep in the shelter of the spruce, until the storm blew itself out, the sting of those last words of the factor had spurred him on as a rowel drives a spent steed. Always his reply had been a hoarse "Marche!" as he struck the lead-dog with an unwonted fierceness that Esau could not comprehend. But old Pierre had not deigned to voice the thoughts that consumed him, and the boy, Indian-like, did not question. So, forcing the huskies to the limit of their endurance and encouraging the lad, who already showed signs of the physical strain of the battle with wind and snow, the old Cree had pushed on and on.

"In canoe or on snow-shoes no better man has served the Company. But you're stiffening up and growing too old to take the winter mail to Fort Hope. It's the toughest trail in the north country, and next year a younger man will go, for the mail must get through on time."

These were the words that for four days had tortured the pride of the old Company servant, repeating and repeating themselves through every white mile of the shifting, drift-barred trail. He recalled, too, how the factor had rested his hand kindly on his shoulder and gripped his fingers at parting as if to lighten the blow—the blow that had been the death-knell of his manhood.

And so at last, he mused, the end had come—the end foretold of late years by recurring twinges of "mal raquette," and stiffened back on portage and river. He had hoped that he had concealed it from the younger men, but now even the factor knew. Fiercely the pride of the French blood of his father and the stoicism of the Cree had fought for mastery within him through the miles of white silence on the first day out. But in vain he battled with the demons that mocked. The sentence that he knew some day must come to all men had come now to him. So this was his last long trail. At length, age had struck him down as the timber-wolves in

winter strike down an old caribou deserted by the herd. A few years of light river work and easy trips with the dogs, and then a seat at the fire with the squaws and old men, remained to him, Pierre Grassetto, who, among the swift dog-runners of all the wide North, had met none, half-breed, red man, or white, who could take the trail from him in the days of his youth.

This which he had dreaded above all things; this ignominy which in the last few years he had prayed he might be spared; this rusting out at a post—would be his lot. He had longed to die on the trail, in harness. But his dearest wish was to be denied him, this death of a man, which had overtaken so many of his comrades.

Years before, one still in the flush of early manhood had drowned with the crew of a Company's boat in the great gorge of the Abitibi. Another, strong as a young moose, had been frozen with his dogs on the Nepigon trail; a third, stabbed in a brawl at Henley House; but he, the last of them, would rot with garrulous squaws and toothless old men at Fort Albany, a pensioner of the Company.

Time and again, as he urged on young Esau and the dogs, had his thoughts traversed the forty years as man and boy that he had served so faithfully the masters he had never seen, who dwelt far toward the rising sun across the Big Water. Instinctively he had quickened his pace as he remembered how once, on a bet, he had brought the winter mail from Moose to Rupert House, up the east coast, ninety miles as the goose flies, in twenty hours, finishing fresher than his dogs and dancing that night at the Christmas carousal. Not without reason had the Crees of the James Bay country called him "The Man Who Does Not Sleep." Once his fame as a voyageur had travelled from Whale River, in lonely Ungava, down to Norway House, far in the Ojibway country. Into the dark eyes of the old Cree there had flashed momentarily the fire of his lost youth, as he tossed his head with pride at the memories of his prowess in days long dead. Then the words of the factor had banished his dream. "Next year a younger man will go, for the mails must get through on time."

Never had Esau seen such a pace set on



snow-shoes as Pierre had made that first clear day out of Albany. Inured to the winter trails though he was, it had taxed his youthful strength to follow the seemingly tireless stride of the old courier. When the night closed in upon them, they had turned the weary huskies to the shore, and with their shoes scooped out a camping-place in the deep snow of the spruce timber, where they pitched their shed-tent as a wind-break and boiled their tea and pemican. As Pierre threw the rations of frozen whitefish to the hungry dogs, he had accosted the tired lad with a strange glitter in his deep-set eyes:

"Next long snow I tink young man not feed de dog at dees place on first sleep from Albanee!" Then he had added almost fiercely: "What you tink?"

"Nama, no," the lad had quickly answered in Cree, and then asked: "Why you travel so quick? You run lak de Windigo was on your track." But the spirit-broken Pierre had turned away that the boy might not know his grief.

The next morning, at daybreak, they had crawled out of their robes of rabbit-skin to plunge into the driving north-wester which had swept down, over night, from the wild wastes of Keewatin into the valley of the Albany. But the veteran who bore the scars of forty years of battling with the fury of the subarctic winter did not wait in camp for the storm to blow itself out. It was his last trip to Fort Hope and the mail should go through. The next long snow one of the young men might crack his whip over the Christmas mail-team, but he would need the heart and sinews of a king caribou to match the records that Pierre Grasset—known among the Fort Hope Ojibways as "Flying Feet"—had left for the long Albany trail. So, obsessed with but one thought, for three days he had forced the whining and reluctant huskies into the drive of the gale.

On the afternoon of the third day the storm ceased. Through new drifts and over ice beaten bare by the hammering of the wind, the old Spartan ran like a white wraith in his snow-crust capote. In the rear Esau, flicking the ear of a lagging husky with his long whip, or calling to the lead-dog, already dreamed of the good cheer that awaited them three hun-

dred miles away at Fort Hope. In fancy he tasted the boiled salt goose and the juicy caribou steak of their Christmas dinner, and a smile lit his swarthy features as he pictured himself swinging the dusky Ojibway girls at the New Year's revelry. Suddenly the yelp of the lead-dog and the stopping of the sled roused him. Looking up he saw the huskies nosing the prostrate figure of his companion.

As Esau bent over him Pierre attempted to rise, but fell back, choking, upon the snow. The terrified boy knelt, turned back the fur-lined hood of the capote and gazed into the blood-shot eyes of his companion, who struggled painfully for breath. Supporting him in his arms, Esau held the old man, whose lean frame shook with a paroxysm of coughing. The attack ceased, but on the quivering lips of the stricken voyageur it left a deep crimson stain. Then Esau understood. Tenderly he lifted the limp body, placed it on the sled, and drove to the shore, where in the thick spruce he found a hollow sheltered from the wind. There, clearing a camp-ground with his snow-shoes, he pitched their shed-tent, and close in front, so that the heat would reflect into it, built a fire. Soon revived by hot tea, Pierre whispered wearily:

"It ees better dees way dan at Albanee."

"How you feel now?" asked the lad anxiously.

"Ver'bad," was the faint answer. "My wind—ees broke." The old man was seized with a repetition of the attack, while his lean hands convulsively clutched his chest. Again the hot tea relieved him, and he continued:

"I camp here—wid de wolf. You go—on—to Hope." As he spoke, from a distant ridge the lonely howl of a timber-wolf broke the silence. The boy started as if the cry were an omen of evil, but Pierre had but one thought. "De mail—she mus' go tru," he whispered painfully.

The boy did not protest. An Indian never does at orders he does not intend to obey. There had been a rupture of blood-vessels in the lungs, a not uncommon occurrence in the North among the red runners of the Company. If it proved to be a bad hemorrhage, Pierre would die; if not, he would be able later to travel back to





*Drawn by Frank L. Schoonover.*

"Up dere," he said, pointing with a lean, shaking finger at his tracings, "de Ghost Riviere meet de Albanee"—Page 124.



Day after day they knew no respite

Albany on the sled. There was nothing to do but wait. So he fed the dogs and made soup of the pemican for the sick man.

In the morning Pierre was better. Stimulated by the hot tea and soup, he asked the boy to prop him up in his blankets, where he could trace a map of the Albany trail on the snow.

"Up dere," he said, pointing with a lean, shaking finger at his tracings, "de Ghost Riviere meet de Albanee. One sleep up de Ghost you fin' petit lac. On dees lac de Cree hunt fur. Go an' bring two man. De mail she go tru for sure."

An attack of coughing checked him; in a moment he continued: "De old man at Albanee, he feel ver' bad de mail she not go tru."

Exhausted by the effort, Pierre lay back in his blankets.

"How you keep de fire?" objected the boy. "You seek. You freeze wid no fire wen I go, and den de wolf he get you."

But the sick man was not to be denied. So Esau cut a great pile of birch logs each of which would burn for hours, and heaped them in front of the tent, that they might be pushed easily on the fire. Harnessing the dogs, he lashed his blankets and provisions to the sled and, gripping the old man's hand, said: "I not lak to leave you

alone seek. But I bring de Cree back by next sun, or I sleep in de muskeg wid de wolf."

The lad hastened to the waiting dogs, waved his whip at the prostrate figure muffled in rabbit-skins by the fire, and shouted:

"Bo-jo! Bo-jo! Pierre! I come back before two sleeps wid de Cree." But as he swung down to the river trail behind the dog-team, the boy shook his head sadly, for in his heart he felt that he had said good-by to Pierre Grassette forever.

All that day the doomed man lay by the fire with his grief. After forty years of faithful, unquestioning service, he had failed the great Company. The factor was right; he was too old for the long trails. His place was with the squaws. But the one thought that never left him, which kept him company through the long hours as he lay alone among the silent, snow-enveloped spruces under the bitter sky, was that the mail should go through by Christmas day. There was yet time if Esau should find the Crees who wintered on the head waters of the Ghost. To his own condition the old Stoic gave little thought. He had seen men travel on snow-shoes before until blood-vessels in the overtaxed lungs were ruptured. He might get well—there was not so much





from the toil of trace and trail.—Page 128.

pain and he coughed less—or he might die there on the shores of the Albany, and in April, when the snow melted, the ravens would finish what the wolves and foxes had left of Pierre Grassetto, voyageur of the great Company. Well, a man must die sometime, he mused, and how better than on the trail, as he had lived?

Before Esau left, Pierre had wrung from the boy the promise that, if he returned with the Crees to find him dead, he would bury him in the snow on the shore, and push on to Fort Hope with the mails. This was his one consolation.

Again, as the early dusk descended upon the valley of the great river and the first cold stars glittered above the camp in the spruce, the mournful cry of the gray wolf waked the solitude. But the figure prostrate by the fire gave no sign. Later, when the crescent moon dipped behind the far Keewatin hills, dark shapes glided stealthily to and fro in the shadows of the timber, while from out the gloom near the silent camp here and there twin balls of fire gleamed, to disappear and then to gleam again, until a shift in the wind or the crackling of the burning logs left the blackness of the enfolding forest unbroken. But the fear that kept the long watches beneath the frozen stars with Pierre Grassetto was not a fear of the

skulking cowards that patrolled the dusk-filled places of the night.

On the following day there floated through the twilight to the eager ears of the sick man the faint tinkle of bells. Painfully he raised himself, where he lay, to a sitting position to hear more distinctly. Again on the biting air drifted the welcome sound.

"De Cree!" he exclaimed. "Esau fin' de Cree! De mail go tru for sure!"

Nearer came the bells; now they were turning in from the river. He tried to shout the salutation of the Crees, Quey! Quey! but his voice broke in a hoarse whisper. He wondered why they were so silent. It was not that way that men came into camp. Then the tired dogs appeared, followed by a lone figure. It was Esau.

"De Cree? de Cree?" whimpered the sick man piteously, as the boy with bowed head stood before him in silence. But Pierre knew well that the mission had been in vain.

"I follow de petit riviere till de husky can travel no more," said the boy. "Dere is no lac. I follow it clear into de muskeg."

The old man groaned in desperation.

"By Gar! Have I not camp on dat lac? It ees dere, it ees dere, one sleep

toward de risin' sun from de Albanee. You have turn to de nor' up de petit creek. Dat is were you lose de trail, for de Ghost cum tru by de islan'."

"I not see islan' for deep snow on de ice," protested the heart-broken lad. "De snow is dreft ver' high. But I shoot two deer, and de stew will mak you strong. How you feel now?"

"Wen you have sleep, you go back for de Cree," commanded Pierre, ignoring the question.

That night Esau and the huskies feasted on caribou steak, and the strong broth strengthened the old man, who had eaten little since the boy left him.

At daybreak Esau, after cutting a huge pile of firewood, again set out for the camps of the Crees. Then followed days and nights of hope and fear for the one who waited. Throughout the evening of the second day Pierre lay with ears straining to catch the tinkle of bells or the voices of the drivers. Once a faint, far call from the direction of the mouth of the Ghost brought him with bounding pulses to his elbows, only to fall back in his blankets when his trained ears recognized the hunting-cry of the snowy owl. Another day dragged by, and, with the coming of the dusk, crept the shadow of despair into the heart of the old man, for he knew that if Esau had found the Cree camps he would have returned on the second night. Either the lad had met with an accident or the Indians were not wintering on the head waters of the Ghost. They had camped there the winter before, but this was the year of the rabbit plague and they might have gone to another country, for lynxes and foxes range far at such a time. But if Esau had lost his way or had fallen and broken a leg? Even in such a case there was a chance that the boy might get back on the sled. The dogs were not wild huskies; he, Pierre, had trained them; and yet—who knew?

He recalled the winter, years ago, when the boy's father had perished with his dog-team in the Elkwan country in just such a storm as they had met on the Albany. In fevered fancy he beheld the dusky face, furrowed with lines of sorrow, and the reproachful eyes, of the lad's widowed mother back at the post. He had promised her to take care of the boy, and now

he had sent him to a lingering death by freezing or starvation, in the barrens.

"It ees better," he sighed, "dat Pierre Grassette return not to Albanee."

The sun lifted above the low Ontario hills on the morning of the fourth day of Esau's absence to glisten on white-shrouded spruce and balsam surrounding a shed-tent, half buried in the deep snow, in which lay a sick man waiting for the death from freezing which the night would bring. The wood which Esau had cut would last but the day, and Pierre had not the strength to swing an axe, or to gather more. Once he managed to drag himself to the nearest trees and lop off a few branches, but he paid for the exertion with a protracted fit of coughing which so weakened him that he lay motionless for hours. As the night neared, he pushed the last logs on the fire and boiled his tea and pemican; then, whispering a short prayer to the Master whom the Oblat Fathers at Albany had taught him to reverence, he rolled himself in his blankets, and lay down by the fire to await the coming of the white death—the most merciful of the many that haunt the tepees of the children of the snows.

Swiftly the advancing gloom cloaked the camp in the spruce. Soon the freezing sky was ablaze with myriad stars. At intervals the icy shell of the great river boomed like a cannon-shot as it split under the contraction of the increasing cold. To the north, over the brooding bay, the first glow of the aurora pulsed and waned, then the ribboned lights, loosed from the horizon, writhed and coiled like snakes across the heavens. But the muffled figure in the tent by the dying fire lay motionless. For him the winter trails were ended. No more the river roads of summer would beckon his canoe.

Suddenly out of the hush there broke a faint, far call. The man by the dying fire stirred as though in a dream and again lay motionless. Once more through the soundless spaces of the night drifted the cry. The sleeper moaned as if in pain. Then clear upon the bitter air rang men's voices. Quickly the form was alert with life. Trembling with excitement, the half-frozen man cast off his blankets and rose swiftly to his feet.

"Esau fin' de Cree!" he cried. "De mail go tru! De mail go tru for sure!"





"Tell—old man at Albanee—Pierre bring—mail—tru—!" and, with a deep sigh, sank into Esau's arms.—Page 130.

In his joy at the sound of the voices of the approaching men, he started to meet them, but, as the first jingling dog-team appeared, led by Esau and a Cree, the trembling legs of the sick man gave way beneath him, and with a feeble "Quey! Quey!" of welcome he sank to the snow at their feet.

Sinewy arms carried the limp form to the smouldering fire, where vigorous rubbing gradually restored the circulation to the stiffened limbs. Then through the sleeping forest sang the axes of the Crees, biting deep into two huge birches, and soon where, but a short space before, a man lay freezing by a dying fire, kettles of tea and caribou haunch bubbled and steamed in the roaring flames that licked the great logs. By such slight tenure are held the lives of the dwellers in the North.

When they had eaten, Esau told his story to Pierre, who lay swathed in blankets by the fire.

"Wen I leave you," said the lad, cutting with his hunting-knife a pipeful of

Company niggerhead and lighting it with an ember, "I keep dees tam to de beeg riviere at de islan' and sleep at de Cree camp on de petit lac. But I fin' de chil' and squaws alone. De men hunt deer in de muskeg country. Two boy I send to fin' dem and say I wait one sleep and den go back to de Albanee. But de squaw tell me de men not go if I do not wait. Widout dem I not lak to cum, and I have fear to wait wid you seek at de Albanee. I have hard job what to do, eh, Pierre?"

"You did well to wait," whispered the sick man.

"Yes," continued the boy; "two sleep I wait for dem. De nex' sun I hitch de dog to take de back trail, wen de Cree cum in wid sled heavy wid meat. But dey not leave camp until I promeese de Compancee fill dere tepee wid tea and flour so de squaw and chil' grow fat and laugh tru de long snow. For dees dey come."

"E-nh, yes!" broke in the older Cree in his native tongue; "for this flour and tea we go with you to that fort above the

great white-waters toward the setting

"It was good ting we camp here dees sleep, Pierre, for you freeze soon widout fire," added Esau.

"Yes, it was good for sure," sighed the sick man, "for now de mail she go tru."

Already he had forgotten the doubt and agony of the last two days while he awaited Esau's return.

"Next sun we start for Hope," he said, as the men freshened the fire with great logs, and lay down in their robes on the bed of spruce boughs between the wind-break and the heat.

On the following day the rising sun overtook two dog-teams hurrying westward on the Fort Hope trail. Miles behind them still smouldered the camp-fire in the spruce. Ahead of the teams swung a tall Cree, breaking trail, while at the gee-pole of each sled a caribou-skin-clad driver with long dog-whip urged on the huskies. But lashed to the second sled lay the blanketed form of one whose voyaging days over white winter trails and wind-whipped lakes of summer were forever ended.

On up the great ice-bound river hurried the belated winter mail. Travelling from starlight to starlight—for the December days were passing—men and dogs, half-breed, Cree, and husky, held to a heart-breaking pace, that the rising sun of Christmas day might find them at the journey's end.

Day after day they knew no respite from the toil of trace and trail. Now, with snow-shoes for shovels, breaking through great drifts left by the heels of the blizzard, now speeding over wind-packed snow or glare ice, they travelled into the sunset. And each day when the shadows of the northern night crept out over the white river from the timbered shores and the killing pace began to lag, the weak voice of the benumbed sick man on the sled would urge them on into the twilight. The Crees' protests that their dogs were raw with harness-sores and that they themselves needed rest were of no avail with one in whose ears still echoed the words of the factor at Albany. So leg-weary men and dogs slaved on under the stars. But at last, in camp, the torture of "mal raquette" in the stiffened legs of Esau and the Crees ceased, when

the drugged sleep of exhaustion claimed them, while Pierre of the broken heart lay with his grief far into the silent night.

Through the desolate cliff country, where the river winds like a huge reptile between towering, timberless shores behind which the sun sets almost at noon; on past the thousand islands where, in summer, the trout and dore lie below a hundred silver cascades; up the great lake that the Ojibways call "The Charmed Water," where the river sturgeon breed; over three hundred miles of subarctic winter trail they toiled, that the factor at Hope might open his mail from Scotland on Christmas day, and a half-breed keep his word.

At last, on Christmas eve, as the cold moon lifted above the silhouetted spruce fringing the hills to the east of the Lake of the Elbow and flooded the white wilderness with light, two trail-worn dog-teams turned into the shore. Soon the blows of axes on frozen birch echoed from the adjacent cliffs and the Fort Hope winter packet from Albany made camp twenty miles from its goal.

When, two days before, they had left the path of the blizzard and found the trail beyond free from drifts, Pierre, at last, knew that they would win. And, with the knowledge that they had conquered in their long battle with the snow and cold, new strength crept into his limbs and joy transformed the dauntless warrior of the wilderness trails.

As Esau helped him from the sled at their last camp tears blinded the deep-set eyes in the lean, wind-blackened face. With an exclamation of delight the old man pushed back the hood of the lad's capote and kissed him on both cheeks.

"De mail, she go tru for sure. De old man at Albanee know de mail ees safe wid de familee Grassette?" he cried, his arms around his nephew's neck.

Then he turned and gripped the hands of the smiling red men who had given so loyally of their best that his honor might remain untarnished.

"De Companee will not forget," he said as he thanked them.

Long before daylight of Christmas morning the eager Pierre roused the sleeping dogs and men. The harnesses were made gay with colored worsted and new bell-straps adjusted, that they might jingle bravely into the post as befitted the dignity



of the company's Christmas mail-team. In honor of the event Esau adorned himself with a pair of blue-cloth leggings, gaudy with red-and-yellow embroidery, and wound his slim waist with a many-colored Company sash.

With difficulty they prevailed upon Pierre to resume his place on the sled. Thrilled with his victory, the false strength of excitement speeded the blood in his veins. But twenty miles away lay Fort Hope. He begged for his snow-shoes that the people there should not know his shame. Even the lean, harness-raw huskies—shadows of the great dogs that had left Albany and the Ghost—felt the excitement of the drivers and leaped whining into their collars at the signal for the start.

Up the lake trail, packed hard by the teams of Ojibways bound to the post for the Christmas revelry, hurried Esau, followed by the Crees. To the helpless sick man, lashed to the sled like a bag of pemican, never had winter morning seemed so beautiful. The Great Father to whom he had prayed through the dark days behind them had turned, indeed, a listening ear. Crippled and a derelict though he was, forever doomed to sit and dream of days that were done, he yet had been allowed to keep faith with the great Company. He had brought the mail through by the day appointed and it was well. Those unknown masters who lived beyond the Big Water would be pleased that Pierre Grassette had not failed them in his old age—Pierre Grassette who had served them so gallantly in the days of his masterful youth.

But the mind of young Esau, running behind the sled, was busied with the anticipation of the hot bread and steaming goose of the Christmas dinner, and the unbroken slumber that awaited him in the sleep-house at the post. There would be a merry week of feasting and dancing. Every Ojibway family within reach of Fort Hope would come in. Already the boy had forgotten the privations and sufferings of the Albany trail. He had won his spurs in the fiercest blizzard of a generation, over what was known among the old French *coureurs* as "la longue traverse," the bitterest winter trail from Labrador to the Barren Grounds. He straightened his shoulders with pride, but

the instincts of the boy in him soon turned his thoughts to the Christmas dinner and the dusky Ojibway belles at the post.

On they travelled through the morning hours until they neared the point of spruce which conceals Fort Hope from the east. There Pierre called a halt.

"It ees not good dat Pierre Grassette ride lak a dead moose into Fort Hope. He will run in lak a man, on de raquette," he said.

In vain Esau objected. Pierre was too weak. He would bring on another hemorrhage by the exertion. It was madness. But the sick man would not be denied. It was his only wish, that he might bring the mail in for the last time as befitted a man and a dog-runner of the Company.

The buildings of the settlement lay but a few hundred yards beyond the point ahead. Perhaps, thought Esau, it would be as well to allow Pierre his own way. He might walk that far, and the boy knew well how deep would be the veteran's shame to be carried helpless into Fort Hope on a sled. So they gave him his snow-shoes.

Supported by Esau's arm, Pierre shuffled slowly up the trail ahead of the impatient dogs which the Crees with difficulty kept from running their master down. Painfully he moved his stiff legs, uncertain from long disuse. Under the exertion and excitement his breath came in hoarse gasps. But as they neared the headland the trained muscles began to answer the iron will that drove them, and he flung off the friendly arm of Esau.

They rounded the point and a chorus of howls from the post huskies announced their coming. The Crees flung themselves upon the yelping dogs of the teams, who strained at their collars to bolt up the trail. At the sound of the tumult, from the trade-store, sleep-house, and tepees of the post rushed white men and Ojibways to greet the overdue Albany mail. Cheers of welcome mingled with the howls of the huskies. At last the Christmas mail—given up as lost in the blizzard—was in from the Big Water. Men, women, and dogs rushed to the shore to greet those already mourned as victims of the long trail. To the eager ears of the excited Esau and Pierre floated the Ojibway welcome: "Bo-jo! Bo-jo!"



Pierre waved his hand, as Esau shouted in answer. "Quey! Quey!" the salutation of the Crees. The heart of the old man pounded in his breast, while the old fire inflamed his blood. The huskies, despite the blows of the Cree drivers, sprang forward upon the heels of the now delirious half-breed. Carried away with the moment, he pushed the boy aside and, waving his hand at McKenzie the factor, whose stalwart figure he recognized in the crowd on the shore, broke into the old swing ahead of the dogs, as he had run into Fort Hope for thirty years.

The fear-stricken Esau begged the madman to remember his condition, but he could have checked a Keewatin northwester as readily as the fevered Pierre Grassetto, who labored on, with his blood-shot eyes fixed on the factor, every breath torturing his lungs. Once, as his strength for a moment ebbed, he faltered; then, straightening up, he continued. Close behind a Cree clung to the leader of the mail-team, holding the yelping huskies by sheer strength. As they approached, the people of the post crowded down to the river trail. Only too well they sensed the meaning of the pace of the old voyageur. Often before strong men had been loosed from the death-grip of the sullen winter trails, to creep into Fort Hope spent and broken.

When but a few strides separated him from the outstretched hand of the advancing factor, Pierre suddenly reeled in his tracks. Collecting himself, he again lurched forward, but before Esau could reach him, fell headlong to the trail.

Esau and the factor knelt beside the crumpled figure, shaken by a convulsion of coughing. Tenderly they raised the head of the choking man from the crimsoned snow beneath. A lean hand clutched that of the factor as Esau wiped the blood from the quivering lips. Presently the eyes of the stricken voyageur sought McKenzie's with a look of appeal. The factor bent his head close to the ashen face distorted with suffering. Once, twice, the moving lips tried to convey what the old man struggled to articulate, when an attack of coughing checked him. Then he grew stronger and, raising himself, whispered:

"Tell—old man at Albanee—Pierre bring—mail—tru—!" and, with a deep sigh, sank into Esau's arms.

The shaggy leader of his mail-team threw back his great head with a long, mournful howl. And the dauntless spirit of Pierre Grassetto, faithful servant of the great Company, even unto death, sped far on the mystic trail to the Valley of Rest.

## · THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT is time that the Pure Food Laws should be applied to the literary fare offered to American school-children. A certain amount of quack literature is being circulated in our schools, with laudable intentions but with inevitably disastrous results to the literary taste of the younger generation. Not many months pass without the publication, in words of one or two syllables, of a new version of some famous masterpiece, or some form of "simplification" of a large topic. Only yesterday I saw an announcement of a book which "includes all that a *well-bred* child should know about mythology."

Not all these books are injurious; some really nourish the intellectual powers; but others, speciously simple in appearance, have in reality a subtle poison that eventually undermines

the æsthetic health of a child, and induces a fatal sluggishness and intellectual torpor.

Of the pedagogical reasons which make us hesitate to give our young a surfeit of great plots, as we hesitate to give them a surfeit of sweets or of sours, I will not speak, nor will I venture to allude to the hideous priggishness engendered in children who are given the treasury of literature while they still lisp. The "well-bred" child of to-day recognizes any allusion to history, painting, literature, and mythology. He can set his elders right on many details.

Writers show a misdirected zeal for overloading a child's memory by acquaintance with the mere names of the great characters in history and in fiction. What advantage is there in knowing the fact that Siegfried is a character

Platitudes Every  
Child Should  
Know



in an opera by Wagner, that Sidney Carton appears in "The Tale of Two Cities," by one Charles Dickens, and that Apollo is the Greek god of the sun? The miserable child of to-day has to swallow so many drops of tincture of art, so many of syrup of fiction and so many of aqua mythologicalis. What wonder that he disdains the printed page? There are facts that cultured people should know, but why should they be learned mechanically, as people add accounts? Why should living organisms be torn from their environment, to lose all their significance, and become mere isolated data, like the objects in a boy's pocket?

But these considerations are immaterial in comparison with the harm done to the imagination by the nostrums of our literary philanthropists. These well-intentioned beings retell, in their own cultured way, various of the great world-stories, taking out all the blood and bones and substituting a fine grade of sawdust. They believe that all obstacles to immediate understanding should be removed from a story. Mysteries, fascinating unknown figures, the shadowy world of romance, full of archaic words and but dimly understood images, are all swept aside and straightforward common sense is brought to the fore. The imaginative challenge of a new word, or of an odd personality, is reduced to "simple language."

Now, *must* a child understand all that he reads? Is there nothing to be said for the values of the *obstacle*? By explaining everything, the reteller of stories robs a child of his right to brood and ponder over the mysterious. Who has not, in childhood, meditated profoundly upon the meaning of some difficult word or of some passage which piqued his curiosity and forced him to all sorts of fantastic explanations? This is what develops a boy's imagination—to have something puzzling to solve. Is it good for man to feel that he understands all that he sees? There are a number of things in Life that are not written down in words of one or even of two syllables. The world contains mysteries which can never be reduced to "simple language." Why should not the child be allowed to realize that there are concealed meanings in many things, meanings which he must discover for himself?

IT has been a comfort to me to learn that Amiel once said somewhere: "In hell it will always be three o'clock in the afternoon."

I had somewhat shamefacedly supposed that I was the only person who felt the burden of the day's wee small hours; and I had not con-

fessed the weakness to any one. For years I had dealt with the problem alone, trying to solve it this way and that, never succeeding, but not understanding that it was a general human problem and therefore incapable of solution by one individual. Amiel was more intelligent as well as more candid than I.

He knew human nature well enough to place the post-meridian woe in that awful category of common ills which we all sum up and subscribe to together.

The Demon of the Afternoon

He dignified it immensely thereby. I plucked up a sudden self-respect when I heard his prophecy, and set about retrieving my lack of candor by a series of investigations. It is quite safe to be candid when one knows that one's confession is pretty sure to meet with an echo; but I soon found that only certain temperaments responded to me, and that the rest were quite as impatient of my complaint as I had supposed the whole world would be in the days when I hid it from them.

"What! not like the afternoon? I can't imagine what you mean. Tired? At a loss? Bored? Oh, dear me, no! The days are always too short anyway for all the things I want to do."

When people reply to you in this way, there is only one course for you to pursue—that of immediate silence, repentance, and a resolution never to invite scorn again. But, nevertheless, the risk is worth taking; for now and then your inquiries lead to the discovery of a comrade in misery, and that reward is rich.

Such a comrade revealed herself to me some months ago; and she and I have spent the summer together, making a careful study of the afternoon problem and experimenting with solutions. I cannot say that we have arrived at any wholly satisfactory conclusions as yet; but it is to our credit and to our excuse (in so far as we have come short in our task) that we have tackled the trouble at its height. The afternoon is at its worst in the summer. This is partly because of the heat, diffusing lassitude more or less over the whole day. It is also because of the looser scheme or the wider margin of life—whichever metaphor one prefers. The pressing engagements and duties of winter often serve as a real refuge from the afternoon demon to which one is so helplessly left a prey in the unconcerned summer. Then there is that mysterious but inevitable transposition of meals which we all subserve as a kind of mandate of nature when we move into the country. A midday dinner is one of the most ingenious and effective tools of a bad afternoon.

My friend and I are both of us scrib-



blert very well, we meet at the breakfast table, elate with suppressed eagerness for our pens and our typewriters. We are refreshed by our country sleep, brimming with energy and with a flood of ideas which we can hardly wait to pour out on an unsuspecting public. We drink our coffee, take one look out over the valley at the radiant morning world, which we find very good; then we vanish into our respective studies, there to spend three or four hours of that peculiar wrestling bliss which all other scribblers all over the world will perfectly understand.

I am more fortunate than my friend in that my fury commonly abates a little before dinner-time. Sometimes I have a whole half-hour in which to lie in the orchard and feel my way back to a mental level. So that I am not so prone to take a header into sublevel depths as my poor friend, haled from the immediate presence of her typewriter to that of her plate of soup. It is, however, for both of us a sufficiently solemn moment when we fold our napkins and rise from our dessert to face the afternoon. We can neither of us write in the afternoon, nor would we if we could. We have a theory that there are other things in life besides typewriters.

Yes; but what are they? That is the question that fretfully assails us as we drift out into the world which we found so good a few hours ago, but which now repels us with such an unsympathetic glare. What is there to which we can turn our attention with any hope of pleasure or profit? We cannot read, we are too tired; neither can we write letters. It is too hot to walk. Sewing is nervous work and requires a steady hand and a balanced mind. Housework? Perish the thought! the very suggestion is prostrating. It would seem, then, that the obvious course was to repair to the orchard again and lie in the grass and rest. "All things have rest: why should we toil alone?" Ah! but lotus-eating is the most dangerous kind of occupation there is. It lays one more helplessly open to demons than any other pursuit. Gazing up at the blue sky through the gnarled boughs of the old apple-trees, my friend and I doubtless look peaceful enough. Are not our thoughts winging the sunlight with the gnats and the swallows? Indeed, they are not! They are saying to us: "Vanity! vanity! that paper has all been said before—anyway, no one wants to hear me say it—no one wants anything." It is curious what a difference there is between lying in the orchard before and after dinner.

I, for my part, have taken my stand on incessant activity, and have learned to refuse the least concession to the deceitful post-prandial desire for repose. I must confess I have often been hard put to it to hold my ground; for it is the afternoon's worst offence that it takes from you all desire except that which works your undoing. Whereas at nine o'clock there were twenty things which you might have done with pleasure if the twenty-first had not been so engrossing, at two o'clock there is nothing, *nothing* that you want to do.

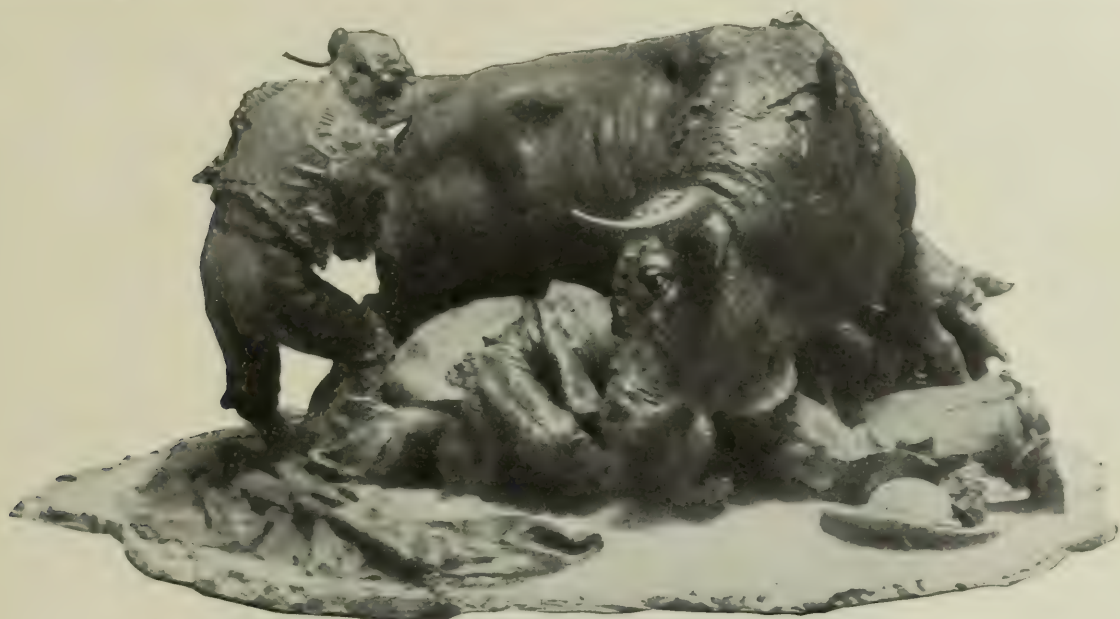
Delay is fatal; the demon lurks just around the corner—nay, he is behind your chair. Don't sit down in it, then, but go out into the garden and cut flowers. That is a gentle occupation. Moreover, when it is finished, it does not leave you in the lurch, but leads you on to return to the house and arrange them. The parlor needs dusting; and though, a few paragraphs back, I deplored the idea of housework, I would modify my loathing in favor of the dust-cloth. I would go farther: I would advise all housekeepers who are afternoon victims to leave their dusting every day till half past two. There is something about the gentle office which yields the fruits of peace. The great thing is to keep busy, to occupy yourself with something, anything, until the danger-zone is passed and the tinkle of afternoon teacups proclaims and celebrates the defeat of the enemy.

Afternoon tea is so often my salvation that I wonder I do not have it at three o'clock. But, no, that would not do; it depends for much of its charm on the mellow lights and the slanting shadows of late afternoon, on the presence of visitors, too, dropping in with informal friendliness. It has a constrained and awkward air before half past four. But when it is due and arrives, I draw a long breath, cease my feverish preoccupation, and settle down to the enjoyment of the latter part of the day, which is as good, in its entirely different fashion, as the transcendent morning.

A curious state of affairs altogether—this unceasing revolution of change to which we are committed! Is it not enough that each day should differ from all the rest, but that it must also itself be divided into four separate entities? The morning for work—glorious; the late afternoon for companionship and relaxation—gracious, benign; the evening for reading and meditation beside the lamp and before the fire—cozey and secure. But the early afternoon for the devil—utterly forlorn.



## · THE FIELD OF ART ·



"El Coleo."

### MARIANO BENLLIURE—SCULPTOR

IT is impossible to live in Spain without feeling the intense character of the national art. Past or present, mediæval or Renaissance, the art of Spain has been the expression of a strong imagination. As a friendly critic has said—"the imagination of a Spanish artist runs amuck with his materials." Occasionally he has run into the sublime, and the wondering world is left wondering. This national trait is as true of the cathedral-builders as of the painters. The designers of Seville Cathedral had no other wish than "to be thought mad by posterity," but they accomplished one of the greatest of Gothic churches. Velasquez painting "Las Meninas"—a picture in which subjects, painter, and onlooker are reflected within one plane surface—seemed to court disaster, but he accomplished "the theology of painting."

Of the modern artists in Spain none is more Spanish, none is more daring, or fearless of hovering betwixt the ridiculous and the sublime, than Mariano Benlliure.

Daring is as pleasing to the Spanish exhibited in art as when shown in the bull-ring

or the chase. It covers a multitude of sins or defects in their heroes. Whenever daring has come among them in the guise of a painter or a carver or a sculptor, they have always recognized and applauded it as the soul of their race.

Pheidias had his way in fifth-century Athens as much as Christopher Wren in Caroline London, but neither had such freedom to mark a city with the hall-mark of their genius as Benlliure has been allowed within the limits of modern Madrid. There are some who have not scrupled to call the city "Benlliure's studio"!

It is certainly hard to keep out of sight of his works. They command avenues, they stand at the cross-roads, they populate the parks, and they silhouette the rising and the setting sun. His soaring monument to Alfonso XII, rising out of the trees of the Buen Retiro, is, perhaps, the first outpost of the city to touch the light of dawn, and the daring group in bronze which surmounts the Union and Phœnix Insurance office, in the business quarters of the town, is the last object discernible against the rose of evening.

Nobody who has ever walked up the Calle

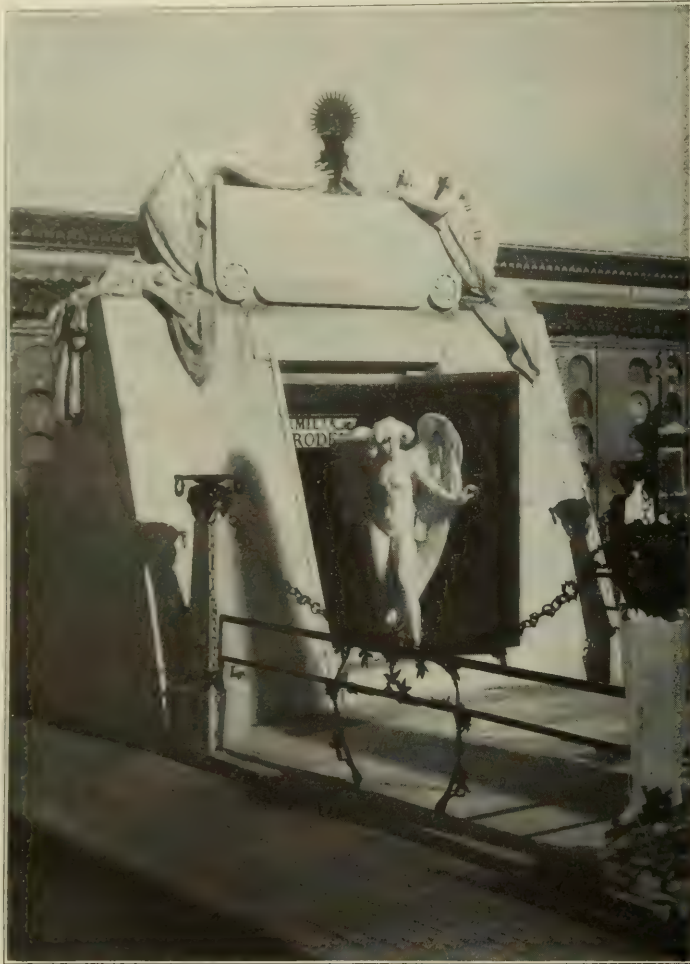
May at sunset can forget the woman (symbol of life) balanced on the gigantic-winged phoenix as she rises clear cut above the ashes of a sun-broiled city.

Mariano Benlliure may be accounted one of the hereditary artificers of Spain. He is the successor of the mediæval realists who filled her cathedrals with dramatic wood-carving and breath-taking sculptures. The power of expression and the use of contraposition, which Berruguete employed to make marble live, have been born again in him. Already his name stands as far apart in Spain from the emasculate tribe who trifle with art as that of Rodin from the schools of France. Strangely enough the only North Americans who have appreciated his talent have been the committee appointed to erect a monument at Manila to the late Mr. Ferguson, secretary of the Philippine Commission. Benlliure has thrown himself into the work with a full realization of the delicate compliment involved in choosing a Spanish artist. His idea is to represent in marble the two types of native and American womanhood in the joint act of lifting an olive wreath to a bronze bust above. And here we may attempt to describe the most striking characteristic of his greater works—the power of combining two such different materials as bronze and marble in the same group to express artistic differences that would be lost in an identity of material.

The Greek critics have recorded the lost "chryselephantine" statues in which inert and living matter were contrasted by the use of gilded metal or gold for the drapery and ivory for the face and hands. Benlliure has often succeeded in combining dull-colored bronze with snowy marble to even greater imaginative effect. To him bronze and marble are as different as poetry and prose, masculine and feminine. Briefly, he has applied psychology to materials!

Whatsoever things are mundane, human, mortal, of the earth earthy, seem to him instinctively to call for bronze, while things spiritual, immortal, and divine he can only conceive of in terms of ethereal marble. This lies at the root of the imaginative power of his completed work.

Take one simple instance—his daring attempt to forestall the day of resurrection in



Monument to the Meroder family, Valencia.

the monument at Valencia to the Meroder family. The bronze sepulchral door is held ajar by an angel of marble whiter than fuller's earth. It is the artist's halting yet convincing attempt to contrast the forces of death and life, of spirit and matter. Again, in his monument to Castelar the living figures are of bronze—the ghosts of the dead are of marble.

In his group of "The King and Queen of Spain" he obtained an indescribable effect by chiselling the Queen in the softest of white marble and casting the King in virile bronze.



The tombs which he is just finishing to the memory of the last Duke and Duchess of Medina Celi contain a like effort to bring the mortal and the immortal into contrast. The shrouded bodies are of marble and their coffins of bronze. It gives a hint of eternity that no tomb or effigy made of a single material could provide.

In spite of the outward perfection and finish of Benlliure's work, the restless spirit of contrast supplies the ideas which sculptors are given only the outlines of material to express. Poets and painters have always had a thousand subtleties and shades to make clear the contrasts of real and ideal. To the sheer impression which line and moulding can produce on the spectator of themselves Benlliure has added that of varied material and out of two themes drawn one harmony. His plastic philosophy, if one may use such a term, is simple.

As the white marble was forged by the hand of God, so was the bronze molten by the work of man. The marble is symbolic of the spiritual and the eternal, as the bronze is of the human which shall perish.

If Benlliure may be mentioned with Rodin among living sculptors, it is because the art in which he has triumphed is not the art of Rodin. Nothing could be more remote than the godlike naturalness of Rodin's unfinished masterpieces from the finely wrought delicacy, detailed magnificence, of Benlliure's imaginings.

It is interesting to compare their different ideas as to how a great creative artist in another sphere should be commemorated in sculpture. Rodin represented Balzac by an amorphous vested block crowned by a stupendously vital head.

Benlliure is responsible for the entirely antithetical monument erected to the painter Goya in the streets of Madrid. Goya is

represented standing lifelike and realistic in bronze upon a marble pedestal into which his most immortal picture is worked in marble relief! Around it is inscribed Goya's motto: "Out of the slumber of genius are monsters begot."

His monument to the tenor Gayarre can only be described as a nightmare of genius. To do justice to the singer's memory, the sculptor was content with nothing less than that the spirits of music should be displayed wrenching the singer's coffin out of the tomb and carrying it body and all into the soaring empyrean! And this, the conception not of a poet, but of an artist who had to translate it into those cumbersome and unyielding materials which crush the imaginings of every sculptor born into the world!

Benlliure has been one of those who have never allowed the ardor or inspiration of their work to flag under the soft winds



"The King and Queen of Spain."

of success. He refuses to repeat himself or allow his standard to diminish. At one time Spain went into ecstasies over "La Bailadora," or "The Dancing Girl." Apart from the wonderful achievement of poise and motion, he proved that he could knit the same transparent lace out of marble that Goya used to charm out of white paint. At present all Spain is demanding that his bull-fighting group called "El Coleo" be set up in the sight of the Spanish people forever.

"El Coleo" is a life-size medley of torreador, picador, bull, and horse, cast in bronze, that brings that minglement of fear, terror, and pity to the spectator which is the function of supreme dramatic art.

The name "El Coleo" is the technical term in bull-fighting for the act of twisting a bull's tail to divert attention from a fallen man.

Benlliure has told the story of bull-fighting in one daring group. A mounted picador

has lowered the bull, but broken his lance in so doing and fallen from the gored horse on the very horns of the bull. The torreador has come gallantly to the rescue, but he is only risking his life for a life that has been butchered to make a Spanish holiday.

The verdict of Spain was enthusiastic, but that of Rome, where it was first exhibited, was even more complimentary, for as a result of this horror in bronze the whole project for introducing the bull-fight into Italy fell to the ground.

There is a general desire to erect it to-day at the entrance of the great Arena in Madrid, a desire which is shared by the *aficionados*, or amateurs of the sport, as well as by the humanitarians who wish to see it entirely abolished.

Whether Benlliure will ever surpass "El Coleo" is doubtful. He himself seems to regard it as his *ne plus ultra*, for he has refused every price and treasures it in his back garden outside Madrid.

Thither we made our way under a pitiless Spanish sky to make acquaintance with master and masterpiece. Our unconcealed praise and admiration brought out the story of his life—the pathetic tale of early woe which every successful artist can tell.

Born in Valencia in 1869, his career has been that of a self-made man. Strange to relate, he remained dumb until the age of eight, but in compensation Nature taught him to express his thoughts in clay and plaster. At ten he was installed in a studio and supporting his parents. A chance model which he made of a wounded picador in the bull-ring brought local fame and he felt it time to strike out for himself. He

claims to have followed no particular school and obeyed no master except his own intuition. Until he was sixteen he worked at the conventional types supplied by the sanctuary and the arena, for all the national heroes of Spain are saints or bull-fighters. Even then his ambition called out for grandeur and he boldly carved one of those life-size *pasos*, or religious tableaux, which

are carried through the streets upon the necks of men during Holy Week. This, a Descent from the Cross, is still treasured by one of the religious guilds of Zamorra.

With his first handful of earnings he made his way to Rome—the Golden West of the artistic emigrant. Friendless and unknown, he soon exhausted his store and was forced to throw himself for a living on painting water-colors, all the while that his head throbbed with the magnificences in marble and bronze. Not in vain did he cast his bread upon "the waters," for at last the means and materials came under his hand and he created his first piece of statuary, called "Accidente." Upon this he staked his life and won. At Madrid in 1889 it brought him



"La Bailadora."

the first prize. As a result he was given the order to make the monument of Ribera the painter in his native Valencia, and ever since his work has become familiar in the capital and spread into Greater Spain. As far abroad as Chile, Peru, and Buenos Ayres there are public specimens of his art—a success which he has merited by remembering what the Spanish love more than all things—

"De l'audace et toujours de l'audace!"

SHANE LESLIE.







*Painted by S. Werner.*

AN INTERNATIONAL DIFFICULTY.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## THE ALPINE ROAD OF FRANCE

THE BEST MOTOR-WAY ACROSS FRANCE, FROM NORMANDY TO THE  
MEDITERRANEAN BY THE NEW "ROUTE DES ALPES"

BY SIR HENRY NORMAN, M. P.

Author of "The Real Japan," "People and Politics of the Far East," "All the Russias,"  
"The Flowing Road," "An Automobile in Africa," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS



WE cross France from north to south four times a year. We are weary of the ordinary routes. To reach the Mediterranean through Germany, and Switzerland or Italy, is a long way round, while time is precious and tires are costly. So we spread out a map of France to think of a new way, and the famous example of the Czar at once occurred to us. When his engineers presented him with their route from Petersburg to Moscow, the line curved like a snake, for the engineering difficulties of that marshy land were great. "Not at all," said the Emperor; "this is the way to connect two cities," and he took a ruler and drew a straight line. So the railway exists, and he probably never knew how many millions of rubles that ruled line cost. We were bound for the southeast. Why not start from the northwest? and we laid the ruler from Cherbourg to Antibes. The more we considered this, the better we liked it, until at last it clearly offered so many advantages as to show itself an ideal route across France. Especially, of course, for American travellers, for they land at Cherbourg, or reach that place easily from Southampton. It combines more aspects of French life and history, and a greater variety of scenery, than any trans-France route we know. The watering-places of the

west coast; a glimpse of Normandy and Brittany; the world-famous, if tourist-haunted, Mont St. Michel; Anjou, the melting-pot of Anglo-French history; the Loire valley, with the most wonderful chain of castles in the world; a pleasant bit of Auvergne; the great city of Lyons, splendidly prosperous and picturesque; a dozen delightful river-valleys, from the gentle Cher to the dashing Durance and the lordly Rhone; and, finally and best, the new route des Alpes, the series of thrilling mountain roads over a dozen passes of the Savoy, Dauphiné, and Maritime Alps, up eight thousand five hundred feet high, now beginning to be available to automobilists, in most ways equalling, and in some surpassing, any roads that Switzerland can show. The decision was therefore easy this time, and early one morning last September we disembarked on the quay at Cherbourg, every preparation made, the car tuned up afresh for fast runs and high climbs, a bag filled with books and maps, and in our hearts the exhilaration that comes from days ahead of unknown content—in the spirit of the Frenchman who said that a key is the most beautiful object on earth, since you never know what it may open.

The superiority of travel in an automobile to every other kind of journeying enables a mass of heterogeneous scenic and

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human detail to be grasped as a unit. In other forms of travel the parts obscure the whole. The saying that one cannot see the wood for the trees is not merely a figure of speech: it is a statement of fact. The automobilist knows the Black Forest, or the New Forest, or Fontainebleau, as forests, not as groups of trees intersected by roads. The traveller by train must go to a place, observe the details of that place, then move on to another place, with other details. The best traveller on foot—Borrow or Stevenson—can enjoy himself, or interest others, only by his impressions of the insistent details of each trudged mile. The motorist alone can perform the great deduction of travel. His privilege is to see the surface of his planet and the activities of his fellow men unroll in impressive continuity. He moves along the vital lines of cause and effect. He sees how the earth has imposed character and habits upon her inhabitants. The movements of populations are complete phenomena to him, as are the migrations of ants to the observant scientist. He realizes why the Welsh have necessarily remained the separate race they are. He knows why the people of Yorkshire are different from the people of Kent. He understands why and how the Moors came and went. It becomes clear to him why there was first decentralization in France, then centralization, and now why the future must happily bring about *régionalisme* again. The philosophy of history, which Hegel viewed transcendently, the automobilist visualizes. Of course he enjoys unequalled opportunities for studying details, but if he is wise he will pass these by, for they only serve to detract from the special and unique advantages he may otherwise secure. "Leave wars to others; thou, happy Austria, marry!" Let the travelling microscopist pore over the infinitely small; thou, happy motorist, see life steadily and see it whole.

France, more than any European country, informs this kind of observer. If you say "France" to the common traveller, what does the word connote? The Paris boulevards, the Grand Hôtel or the Ritz, the Bon Marché or the Printemps, Notre Dame or Napoleon's tomb, the stained

glass of Chartres, the façade of Amiens, the beach at Biarritz, the Promenade des Anglaise, at Nice. When you say "France" to us, what do we see? The great central wheat plain; the broad vine-belt; the western *landes*; the eastern pine slopes; the welter of history in Touraine and Anjou; dear, yellow, dusty, wind-swept, singing, dancing Provence; the southward climatic procession of buckwheat, wheat, vine, olive, palm, and orange tree. "The moon was a ribbon of silver across the purple moor." So France, to us, means a moving panorama of man and nature, vitally interwoven, from Roman legionary to the champagne-grower of to-day burning the vineyards from which he lives, with the resultant nation at once the delight, the puzzle—in faint-hearted moments almost the despair—of the rest of mankind, the enthralling spectacle of the gravest problems and the most gallant courage to grapple with them that the modern world affords.

Come with us, therefore, and you will not be bothered much with details. If you must have these, go to Baedeker—he will give you nothing else. We land at Cherbourg. Is it not the third naval port and arsenal of France? It is. See Baedeker. But look at Normandy. It is like the England that it once was. The undulating country is gay with heather and gorse and broom; festoons of blackberries hang over the hedges into the lanes; the stone-built houses have yellow-ochre mud-plastered tops, and the saxifrage which has covered their thatched roofs has withered away into a gray-brown fluff. Apple orchards everywhere, and the ground under the trees covered with little scarlet cider apples. The roadside trees have thousands of big bunches of mistletoe—tons of this were exported to England, but an edict has now gone forth that it is a baneful parasite, and the farmer—for this, unlike other parts of France, is a land of tenant-farmers—must cut it down, or the state will come and cut it down for him. There are three crops—or four if you include bees—apples, flax, and stretches everywhere of wine-red fields. "Sarrazin," was the answer to our question. It is buckwheat—the famous *blé noir*. It is not for stock, and certainly not for the



nefarious purpose sometimes planned by unscrupulous people in England—to attract a neighbor's pheasants! It is "pour faire la galette"—to make into the flat bread-cakes which are staple food of the people hereabouts. But it is also exported for poultry-feeding, and to Holland for the Dutch distillers. For there is an awful—that is the word—consumption in France of hundreds of kinds of pernicious *spiritueux*, horrible, poisonous "bitters" and "tonics" and "*apéritifs*." You see rows of bottles of them in every *café* and *estaminet* and *buvette*, the despair of reformers, for they are undermining the health of the whole community. Millions of litres of raw potato-spirit are imported from Germany to Bordeaux, of all places, the very home and centre of the wine-country of the world! And these Normandy peasants may poison themselves with the stuff distilled in Rotterdam from their own ruddy fields.

A puncture brings us to a halt in a lane off the highroad—a short cut we were taking, and my lady walks on and smiles at the door of each cottage in turn, and every housewife invites her in and displays the little home and its treasures. The people are distinguished in manner, and speak French without accent. Each house below is one large room, picturesque and exquisitely kept; a hearth-fire beneath a vast hooded open chimney, with no grate of any kind; double-curtained wooden beds on either side of the fire, old swell-bodied wooden clocks, lumpy carved-oak cupboards, with brass hinges and finger-plates two or three feet long, the walls covered with china, a highly polished brown clothless table, spread for a meal for many persons, and long, thin benches on each side. The men have no peculiarities of costume, but the women seem to have stepped out of Millet's pictures, with their full, neatly brushed, very short black skirts, sabots, cross-over black bodices, and starched caps, the latter varying with every village, from plain linen bands to elaborate frilled caps with strings. But, though the homes are so pleasant, the farm-buildings are filthy, and the cows and oxen are tied up to pegs in the walls, and lie in a foot of rotten manure, as do the sheep, with no sign of trough or food-rack.

Those who enjoy, as I do, standing upon the exact spot of some great historic happening, where the significance of it permeates them like an emanation, should not pass through Normandy without halting for a few minutes at Avranches. Leave your car for a few minutes by the Sous-prefecture, and make your way to a shady secluded square on the edge of the ramparts, where few tourists penetrate. In a corner, surrounded by a chain, stands a broken column—the only fragment remaining of the cathedral destroyed by the revolutionists of 1790. It has a bronze plate with this striking inscription:

SUR CETTE PIERRE  
ICI, À LA PORTE DE LA CATHÉDRALE D'AVRANCHES,  
APRÈS LE MEURTRE DE THOMAS BECKET  
ARCHEVÊQUE DE CANTORBÉRY,  
HENRY II,  
ROI D'ANGLETERRE ET DUC DE NORMANDIE  
REÇUT À GENOUX  
DES LÉGATS DU PAPE  
L'ABSOLUTION APOSTOLIQUE,  
LE DIMANCHE XXI MAI,  
MCLXXII

What a picture of the time—the coarse-built, passionate Plantagenet, never humbled before, on his knees on the stone at the door of the cathedral, remembering his friendship with the chancellor, his quarrel with him when archbishop, the reconciliation, the murder three years ago, and now prostrate before the emissaries of Rome, to escape from the curse flung at him at Chinon by a monk of Canterbury!

Of course the sight of Normandy is the abbey-fortress of Mont St. Michel, and long tradition has linked to it the omelet of Madame Poulard. For two hours before you reach the embankment, which since 1879 has destroyed its island character, the pyramidal group of fortifications, houses, battlements, and spire rise wonderfully in the vast stretch of sand. We had never visited it, and two impressions of unexpected strength remain. First, this architectural summary of the centuries from the eleventh to the fifteenth, whose monks in 1066 were already so rich that they sent six ships to help William conquer England, is vastly more interesting and impressive than we had



thought. Second, it is the most tourist-destroyed place we have ever known. Madame Poulard is dead and gone, omelets made by the hundred are apt to be leathery and cold, the strange, steep streets are dreadful with souvenir-harpies stopping you at every yard, and you must see it as one of fifty visitors taken round at a time by a bored state official at a franc a head. Have lunch early elsewhere, and arrive there when others are lunching—that is the only palliative, and even then you will be glad to leave and drive on to the fortifications of St. Malo, linger perhaps at the gay bathing *plage* of Dinard, run down the soft valley of the Rance, stroll round the quaint Breton town of Dinan, till you halt at the Ostellerie du Cheval Blanc at Angers, a type of the pleasant old-fashioned French provincial hotel. You are in Anjou.

France, as I have said, is made up of a number of great geographical and historical units, and the most interesting of these is formed by the two old provinces or counties of Touraine and Anjou, now practically the departments of Maine et Loire and Indre et Loire. "Perhaps no stream," says T. A. Cook\* of the Loire, "in so short a portion of its course has so much history to tell." Every historian and poet, ancient and modern, from Ronsard to Hugo, has rhapsodized over Touraine, this "pays enchanteur" where from Roman and Saracen and Charles Martel to Plantagenet and Revolutionist, history has been made of each turn of the stream, and has left such monuments in its castles as no district of its size in the world can equal. Loudest of all, the "gros rire tourangeau" of Rabelais has echoed for four hundred years along this happy valley. And the centuries of fighting between Tourangeau and Angevin link Touraine and Anjou inseparably together, and bring us of English descent into the story of their charm and bloodshed. For Anjou has been well called "England over the water." Vital issues of English history were decided here. Great feudal lords fought here for the English crown, and hence came our Plantagenet line. Here was the home-

land of the Frenchmen who were kings of England, "my illustrious predecessors of the house of Anjou," as Queen Victoria once called them. The links with England are two: first, William the Conqueror's son, Henry I, had a daughter, Matilda, who married Geoffrey Plantagenet, the son of Fulk V, of Anjou; and Henry II, King of England and Count of Anjou and Touraine, was their son, on whose accession Anjou became English; and Richard Cœur de Lion their grandson: and, second, after the chain was broken during three centuries and the reigns of five kings of England, it was linked again by the marriage of Margaret, daughter of René of Anjou, to Henry VI, but severed finally through their lack of issue, although Anjou did not become definitely French until Louis XI annexed it in 1480.

The route we are taking, diagonally across France from northwest to southeast, cuts across Anjou and Touraine, and here the traveller must linger. If he loves to dwell on "old, forgotten, far-off things, and battles long ago," he may spend a happy fortnight here. If his time is limited, and he must let the panorama of France unroll fast, he may see enough in three—or even two—days to provide him with lifelong memories. For the glorious castles of the Loire valley all lie between Saumur and Blois, a distance of only seventy miles, and this route brings him to them by Angers, the capital of Anjou, thirty miles from Saumur, where he will find, as he enters, one of the most imposing feudal strongholds of the world, a vast pentagon of massive towers and walls dominating the Maine from a rocky plateau.

This he need only see from the outside, but in the town of Angers he will find good reason to rejoice at one curious result of the recent secularization of church property in France. In 1375 Louis I, Duke of Anjou, desiring to decorate his apartments in the castle of Angers, borrowed from his brother, Charles V, an illuminated manuscript of the Apocalypse, and commissioned Nicolas Bataille, a celebrated tapestry-maker of Paris, to copy it. The resulting work had strange fortunes. Louis bequeathed it to King René, who transferred it from castle to castle and finally presented it, in 1474, to the cathedral at

\* His scholarly and brilliant book, "Old Touraine," should be read beforehand by every one who visits this part of France. Like all travellers in Touraine I am much indebted to it.



Angers, where it was hung from that time until 1782, when it fell upon evil days. All notion of its beauty and value was apparently lost; it was used to protect orangeries from cold, to wrap up wounded soldiers, as packing-sheets, bed-quilts, to cover floors while ceilings were being redecorated, hung in stables to prevent horses rubbing themselves, and finally, in 1843, stowed away as useless. An enlightened person bought the lot for three hundred francs, the scattered and torn pieces were gathered together bit by bit, and in course of time cleaned and most carefully repaired. Then it remained hidden in closets in the bishop's palace, until the other day the state took the palace, tapestry and all, and now it hangs there and in the cathedral. It is, though sadly incomplete, probably the finest tapestry in the world, unless that at Reims equals it, and certainly one of the most precious artistic possessions of mankind. It consisted originally of seven pieces, each about six metres high and twenty-four metres long, the whole containing ninety pictures, of which seventy and eight scraps are left. It is wonderfully beautiful, and must on no account be missed, or the other tapestries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, also disinterred by the state from the bishops' cupboards.

The route I have planned leads past one world-famous place little visited by the tourist, and, before entering the Loire valley, you must drive to a village ten miles southwest from Saumur and linger awhile in—what? La Maison Central de Déten-tion, the great French convict prison. For more than a hundred years it has been a prison, but it is, in origin and history, nothing less than the great Abbey of Fontevrault, truly described by Cook as “perhaps the most remarkable institution of its kind in Christendom.” In the eleventh century an eloquent monk named Robert d’Arbrissel was asked by Pope Urban II to preach the Crusades. So persuasive was he that in a short time he was followed by a motley crowd of four thousand men and women, of all ranks and all virtues or none. The too successful apostle could not take his mob of disciples to Palestine, so he planted them here by a spring near the former stronghold of a

robber chief named Evrault. He divided his pilgrims into four houses, for learned ladies, penitent women, lepers, and monks, and by a stroke of genius put the place under the authority of a lady abbess, and drew up such rules, including abstinence from wine, as had never been known before, summarized in the motto: “Mother, behold your son; son, behold your mother.” And under abbesses it remained, thriving or decaying as their character and authority waxed or waned—a fact not without significance in connection with a certain problem of our own day. For three centuries it prospered amazingly, then its wealth and fame fell away; it was restored to its former glory, but became at last so gay and luxurious a resort that the destructive hands of the Revolution fell heavy upon it, wiped the community out, and left the last abbess to die miserably in Paris. But in its brave days it was closely bound up with English history. Our queens, our princesses whom nobody wanted, our women failures of high degree, no less than many of the great and glorious of their time, visited it, or took the veil in it, or died there, and, indeed, as some historian has remarked, our royal history which ended at Windsor began at Fontevrault.

As the abbey now contains six hundred long-sentence convicts, not all of it can be seen, and the visitor is escorted by a warder, clanking with keys, through many iron prison-gates. It is still a vast place, with quiet cloisters round a grassy square, with exquisite carved doorways, a Romanesque chapel, and a quaint circular building of the twelfth century, regarding which archæologists still debate whether it was a mortuary chapel or a kitchen. But for us English all other interest at Fontevrault pales before the heroic recumbent statues of the Plantagenets. The tombs were rifled at the Revolution and afterward built up in the chapel wall, and have only just been found again during the admirable work of restoration now proceeding. Two statues were destroyed, but four remain, in almost perfect preservation, in a window-bay of the small bare chapel where the prisoners hear daily mass. As a special favor I was permitted to photograph them—a rather difficult task, as there is little light and one can



place a camera only a few feet from them. My pictures are better, therefore, than I had ventured to hope. Three statues are of tufa stone and one of wood, all painted in pastel-like shades of pale cobalt, lavender, and pink. There they lie, Henry II and his son Richard the Lion-hearted, whose conduct to his father was such that the latter's wounds are fabled to have bled afresh when his son approached the corpse; Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of Henry II, who died here in 1204; and smaller, in wood, the beautiful and passionate Isabel of Angoulême, carried away on her betrothal day by King John of England, to bear him Henry III, whose heart was also buried here, and at his death to come back faithfully and marry her old lover. I hardly know the reason why these monuments pleased and impressed me more than any I know elsewhere. Perhaps their unspoiled perfection has something to do with it—every finger-tip is perfect. Perhaps their almost Etruscan simplicity. Perhaps a certain propriety—*quædam proprietas*—in their demeanor for eternity. Probably the aroma of the story of the broom-bearers contributed much. But, whatever it was, I would go far at any time to stand again by these Plantagenets on their biers, with the lovely drapery of their couch around them, in the gloom of evening and of history.

On leaving Angers, spectacle after spectacle, in rapid succession, on alternate sides of the Loire, comes a great chain of fortresses, fortress-residences, and sheer pleasure-houses. Chinon, begun by Romans and Visigoths, the home of king after king, where Henry II and perhaps Richard Cœur de Lion died, the "Windsor of France," in whose great hall Joan of Arc came pleading to Charles VII, and to whose gay company Rabelais poured out his immortal jests, was last inhabited by Cardinal Richelieu and his descendants, and was left by the Revolution the magnificent mass of ruins it is to-day. Langeais, with its two great towers and portcullis, in the very midst of the little town, shows, notwithstanding the guards' "chemin de ronde" from which melted lead could be poured upon invaders, how Italian art and luxury were already modi-

fying the mere stronghold. Here, the year before Columbus discovered America, Anne of Brittany was married to Charles VIII.—and do not fail to see the exquisite and pathetic tomb of their two babies in Tours Cathedral. It is of peculiar interest to-day because it was bought by M. Siegfried, the wealthy ship-owner, and by him restored and filled with furniture and objects of art of the period collected from far and wide. His will bequeathed it to his wife, and at her death to the Institute of France, with a yearly revenue of thirty thousand francs for its up-keep. Then, a little farther on to your left, look out for Luynes on its hill—no reason to climb up to it—precisely the delightful pepper-pot castle of the fairy-book. Tours, half an hour on, very interesting historically, has little to show except the cathedral, but Amboise, twenty miles farther, detains you. Looking from its decorated heights, by its exquisite chapel, from its two huge towers, up one of which a carriage and pair may be driven, upon the roofs of the little town huddled below, you realize how the feudal lord looked down upon the serf-like population. And while its Italianized architecture gives you one idea of the taste of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, quite another is conveyed by the recollection that upon these battlements, in 1560, stood a gay company of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was François II and his bride, Mary Queen of Scots, to watch the butchering of twelve hundred Huguenots, on the failure of their plot to remove François from the influence of the Guises, the family of the great duke who had inspired the massacre of St. Bartholomew. It was a long job, of course, to kill so many, and the company could hardly be expected to watch it all, but the noble victims were reserved for their especial entertainment after dinner. And with this edifying spectacle in your memory you may drive thirty miles to the south to visit Loches, whose keep has probably the most impressive collection of dungeons in the world. Here Philippe de Comines, the historian, was shut up for years in a barred window recess; here Sforza, Duke of Milan, spent nine years in semidarkness; here the stone walls are worn into steps by the prisoners who struggled up them to get a glimpse through



the narrow slit in the wall; down this narrow stair came Louis XI to look at Cardinal de la Balue hanging in his iron cage. But here, too, dwelt and died Agnès Sorel, "most beautiful of the beautiful," the saintly mistress of Charles VII, and

of pearls. At Chaumont you come upon Catherine de Medici and her astrologer; the great Château of Blois will occupy a couple of hours with its wonderful Renaissance façades and salons and staircase, its sculptures and paintings and tapestries,



Map of France showing route taken by the author.

here is her tomb, but not her body, with the unforgettable inscription, "plus blanche que les cygnes, plus vermeille que la flamme," and her effigy watched, appropriately enough, by two lambs.

The road back to the Loire takes you past Chenonceau, a castle-gem astride the Cher, with each of its feet in a vineyard. A copy of its eastern façade forms the beautiful decoration of the second act of "Les Huguenots" at the Paris Opera. Blois is stained with the blood of Guise, says a local historian; Chaumont was a nest of vultures; Amboise was the scene of massacre; Loches stands upon unnumbered dungeons; Chenonceau alone has no blood-stain on its stones and no groan has ever risen from its vaults. Eight generations of kings took their pleasure there, and a long line of brilliant and beautiful women makes its history like a rope

but your chief memory will be of the Duke of Guise backing, sword in hand, from stair to stair and from room to room before his assassins. Finally, at Chambord you will see a stupendous château of the Renaissance, a very ebullition of architecture. No more machicoulis for molten lead, no more slits for archers, no more keep and dungeon and portcullis, but thirteen great and fifty smaller staircases, balustraded galleries, great windows, fauns, salamanders, cupids, innumerable friezes and bas-reliefs and turrets and pinnacles and mouldings, and a wonderful concentric double-spiral staircase up and down which two parties can go at the same time without even seeing each other. It has four hundred and forty apartments, its stables held twelve hundred horses, its walls are twenty miles round, it has twenty square miles of hunting-land within

them. The place is a prodigiously extravagant royal pleasure-house, and at the Revolution it was treated as such. When we were there a Bourbon hunting-party—it belongs to the Bourbons—in coats of green, with horn and hound, were setting out as in the old days, and we lunched at the little inn of the Grand St. Michel off the superfluities of their *déjeuner de chasse*.

After Touraine our car points due east for a hundred miles, through pleasant, uneventful country, and draws up outside the strangely irregular cathedral of Bourges. Here is the finest stained glass in France—after that of Chartres perhaps in the world—one hundred and sixty-five windows and forty-five roses, all of the thirteenth century. The “art du vitrail” was a French art, and Berry, the old name of Bourges, was famous for its “verriers.” But at the end of the sixteenth century there came wandering craftsmen called “coureurs de losanges,” Swiss glass-makers, who camped out in towns and made on the spot white glass, lozenge-shaped, to replace stained glass broken, or out of fashion, or thought to obscure the light. Then the Jacobins broke most of the panes containing armorial bearings, and tried to melt the richest colors, for the gold they believed to be in them. But enough remains to fill the eye with glory and the mind with wonder. The elaborately decorated Gothic house of Jacques Cœur, a wealthy tradesman who lent much money to the King of France, and barely escaped with his life from an accusation, doubtless in the interest of his creditor, of trying to poison Agnès Sorel, is also one of the sights of Bourges.

I must pass quickly over our run southward by St. Amand and Montluçon, through a manufacturing “black country,” over a wooded pass and down through the picturesque gorges of the river Sioule. But do not fail to notice, as you follow my route, the ruins of the Château Rocher, on the right, splendid in its decay on a lonely hill among many hills. Then past the twin towns of Clermont-Ferrand, with the sugar-loaf Puy de Dôme towering above an air which reeks of vulcanized india-rubber, from the great motor-tire factories, to Royat, fa-

mous for its mineral waters, and here we spent a dull evening, dining alone in a vast room, for it was the end of the season and the hotel about to close. A week or two earlier, and the tired motorist could halt here or at Vichy or at Aix and find baths and music and casinos and all the luxuries and diversions of a cosmopolitan world of fashion. In the morning, due east again, and of this day I have space to speak of one place only—Thiers. The town resembles an Indian hill-station, for it stands high above a ravine formed by the river Durole, and there is a difference of six hundred feet between the top and the bottom of the broad street which serpents through it, flanked with rows of houses, the doors of each row nearly on a level with the neighbor's chimneys. It is a place of character, too, with its large old-fashioned inn, its tavern called “La Maison des Sept Péchés Capitaux,” quaintly illustrated by seven carved figures forming corbels of the upper story, and its many shops bright with every kind of cutlery. It is this cutlery which makes us halt here.

Every visitor to one of the great Paris stores will have noticed counters covered with table cutlery of the characteristic French pattern—broad, curved blades and horn or black-bone handles, excellent steel and very cheap. Almost all this is made at Thiers, and by hand. But there is no external sign of manufacture, and a traveller might pass through the town without suspecting a great industry. The swift-flowing Durole supplies power, at the bottom of a deep and narrow gorge, on the steep side of which, as I have said, the town is built. At one story below street level we came to the forges of the chief firm. Here, with extraordinary quickness and skill, the knives are hand-forged, blade, hilt, and tang from steel bar, then tempered one by one, and two stories lower down, at river level, in a long, dark, damp cellar, they are ground, and it is the method of this process, unique so far as I know, that makes the industry of Thiers worth a moment's description. The river turns a score of emery-wheels, about a yard in diameter, and above each of these is a narrow, sloping platform, six feet long and two wide. Along each of these, flat and face downward, lay a grinder, man or



woman, grasping a blade by the two ends and pressing it by the whole weight of the body against the revolving wheel just be-

had lingered behind when the grinders returned from dinner. He came running along, sniffed hastily at each pair of extended legs till he recognized his master, then leapt lightly up and curled round in the place where he, too, passed a dreary, chilly, monotonous existence. I shall never handle knife and fork at a French dinner-table, with its delicate fare and sparkling talk, without thinking of the needy knife-grinders of Thiers.

From Thiers we drive straight to Lyons, one of the finest and most magnificently situated of great modern cities. The guide-books tell you everything about it, including its twelve miles of quays and its export of one hundred million

low. The long row of stretched-out bodies gave a grim impression of something between a field hospital and a mortuary. The foreman assured us that it was much easier work thus to press against the wheel by one's weight than to sit and press by the force of one's arms. But to lie thus almost motionless all day long in a dank cellar, far below ground level, is about as dreary and unhealthy a way for a human being to pass his life as can be imagined. The place itself cannot be warmed, but, to keep at least a little heat in their bodies and stave off rheumatism as long as possible, the grinders have

adopted the extraordinary expedient of training dogs to lie all day upon them—dogs of all sorts and sizes. There they lay, curled up on the backs of their owners' thighs, living hot-bottles. One dog

dollars' worth of manufactured silk, except that it was the scene of perhaps the



The road along the Isère.



Richard Cœur de Lion and Eleanor of Aquitaine.

greatest cruelty of the Revolution, when women who had begged for mercy to their dear ones were tied to the foot of the guillotine and compelled to witness hours of butchery. And thence on to Chambéry,

the old capital of Savoy, verdant, flower-bedecked, ever-varying and ever-beautiful Savoy, where at last we are at the foot of the Alps, over which our adventure lies.

If you ask any one where the Alps are, it is a hundred to one that he will reply,

next two highest are in France, the Col du Parpaillon, 8,671 feet, which is hardly a road at all, and the Col du Galibier, 8,530 feet, whither we are now bound. And the motorist who traverses the so-called "Route des Alpes" will have more adventure than on any of the great Swiss passes,



The houses of Amboise, from the castle ramparts.

"In Switzerland." This is a popular error which my reader must eschew. Some of the Alps are in Switzerland, some in Italy, some in Austria, and some, and by no means the least high or the least beautiful, in France. As a matter of fact, the great chain of the Alps runs from Nice to Vienna, 630 miles, and is as much as 185 miles wide, whereas the whole of Switzerland measures only 217 miles by 138.\* There are some fifty French Alpine passes, ranging in height from 8,700 to 1,300 feet, of which ten are 5,000 feet high. The highest carriage road in Europe, as readers of my "Flowing Road" may remember, is the Stelvio Pass, 9,041 feet, but the

\* I take these figures, and others later, from Freeston's "Highroads of the Alps," an invaluable handbook for all automobilists in the Alps.

and will find views as varied and as superb as any Switzerland can show.

The Route des Alpes, like so many good things for the motorist in France, including a revolution in the sanitary arrangements of provincial hotels, is due to the imagination and initiation of that great organization, the Touring Club de France. Its idea is a mountain highway from Thonon or Evian, on Lake Geneva, to Nice, on the Mediterranean, without touching either Switzerland or Italy. The different departments concerned contribute equally to the total cost of four million francs, but as the Hautes Alpes could not afford its share, the Touring Club de France undertook to find half of this, namely one hundred and eighty-eight thousand francs.





Winding up the Galibier.



In the Col du Glandon

At the present moment, however, the authorities of this department have repudiated their obligation, and work on their portion is therefore at a standstill. The scheme has consisted in improving old roads, and connecting existing good roads by new ones. It will not be completed for some time, but even to-day it affords a through route which is certainly the most magnificent mountain journey possible to the motorist anywhere. Indeed, it is largely available to everybody, for the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway has established a "Grand Service d'Auto-cars" which takes passengers by five motor-stages from Lake Geneva to Nice, at a total cost, including a break by railway, of less than two hundred francs. This service is conducted for only eleven weeks of the year, from July 1 to September 15, before and after which dates the higher passes are likely to be blocked by snow.

Our plan was to strike into the Route des Alpes, which runs due north and south, about a quarter of the way down. The three more northerly passes, the Gets, Chatillon, and Megève, though charming runs, and the last affording splendid views of the Mont Blanc range (a short excursion from here leads to Chamonix, also of course in France, at the foot of Mont Blanc), are not nearly so high or so interesting as those farther south, and there is, after all, a limit to the number of passes one can enjoy on a single journey.

So we left the old-world town of Chambéry, with its curious monument on four bronze elephants to the Comte de Boigne, who settled here after his romantic life of soldiering in India and bestowed much of the fruit of the pagoda-tree upon the town, on a radiant, cloudless September morning. We drove up to Aix les Bains by the beautiful Lake Bourget, bought a white coat of Angora rabbit-fur from the old lady at the street-corner, the only person who knits these downy and feather-light garments, and then turned off toward Le Chatelard, by a suspension bridge called the Bridge of the Abyss, three hundred feet above the Chéran, and ran for an hour past meadows rich with gentians and campanulas and woods charming with wild cyclamen, the great

*massif* of the Grande Chartreuse on our horizon.

Suddenly, after so steady an ascent that we do not at all realize we have mounted over three thousand feet, a sharp turn and we are at the summit of the Col du Frêne. Below us is spread a vast panorama of the valley of the Isère, which runs straight away like a canal. Directly below us are the roofs of St. Pierre d'Albigny. Across the valley is the chain of the Belledonne hills, and over and behind them the long white, serrated edge of the border mountains between France and Italy. It is a wonderful chess-board of vineyard and pasture and river, road and roof and hill, and we feel like airmen looking down upon the world. This pass does not come into the Route des Alpes, but it is well worth the *détour*. While we are admiring and photographing it, one of the huge "auto-cars" of the P. L. M. comes sweeping round the corner and bangs the side of our car, which causes me to forget for a moment the beauties of nature and draw lavishly for the driver's benefit upon the vocabulary collected in French student days. It has not been much used for twenty years or more, but it proves equal to the occasion, and the British and German tourists listen to the colloquial duel in silent horror. The truth is that, though these vehicles give great pleasure to large numbers of people, they are rather trying to the private motorist from their great breadth; and, indeed, on many of the roads it is impossible to pass them, and you must not enter upon these roads till you are sure the daily P. L. M. *char à banc* has passed.

We run down the zigzag descent to the Isère and on by the straight road fringed with Lombardy poplars—the characteristic French road shown in my photograph [p. 145]. Then in the late afternoon we roll silently along the Arc valley, past golden poplars and between purple white-crested hills. The woods and river-bed are covered with buckthorn laden with yellow berries, and the wild berberis with its masses of crimson fruit. This is the first touch of autumn in our green run across France. Enormous iron pipes, trailing snakelike down the hills, show how the water-power is commercially used. We had intended to spend the



night at Valloire, half-way up the Galibier Pass, the highest and most difficult part of our route, but evening had come on and we could get no further than St. Michel de Maurienne, two thousand three hundred and thirty feet up. It was just as well, for here a great disappointment awaited us. Before we had been two minutes in the little hotel we learned that the Galibier was blocked with snow—a fortnight earlier than usual. The people in the little

blockhouse at the top were caught, and the road would have to be cleared to let

them descend. But this might take several days, and meanwhile here we were, shut off by an impassable mountain range from all the rest of our route!

It was a hard blow, but after dinner and a council of war it looked less serious, as blows have a habit of doing. The Galibier was blocked on the north side, where we were. Obviously, therefore, since we were bound to get to the top somehow, the only way was to drive round the moun-

tains and ascend it from the south side. No sooner decided than done—with the



The northern side of the Galibier Pass, showing entrance of tunnel.



The road down from the Col du Glandon.  
(Mont Blanc just visible sixty miles away.)



result that our cloud proved to have a silver lining in the shape of a little-known but most beautiful pass, the Col de la Croix de Fer, only open in 1908, unmentioned even by the cyclopædic Freeston. So, early next morning, we run quickly back up the Arc valley to St. Jean de Maurienne, due northwest, and a very steep ascent from the middle of the town turns us due southwest, to reach, across the two passes, which we have assured ourselves are still open, the main road from Grenoble to Italy, by the Lautaret Pass, the summit of which is the foot of the southern ascent to the Galibier.

It is at first a steep climb, though by vineyards and grazing land, with silver firs covering the mountainsides, and then through three tunnels where the rocks could not be circumnavigated. But, above all, the memorable beauty of this pass was the persistent spectacle of the three dazzlingly white peaks of the Aiguilles d'Arves piercing the cloudless sky. The road used to end at the village of St. Sorlin, but the mule-path has been engineered into a good though narrow road. It is a quaint old village, with storm-beaten wooden houses, and a queer little church of the seventeenth century. The women hereabouts wear a red headband from which bulges a curious pouch-like muslin cap. Their black skirts, supported by square braces over the shoulders, are very full and gored out pagoda-shape, finished by a score of narrow tucks at the hem, and we met one woman leading a child by one hand and a pig on a string by the other. Flocks of sheep, too, met us as we walked, so tame that they ran to us like friends, and we were hard put to it to extricate ourselves from the solid woolly mass. The summit, six thousand seven hundred and sixty feet high, bears an iron cross on a stone column and from this the pass takes its name. Of

its interest I can only say that we stopped constantly all the way up to take photographs, in a vain attempt to carry some of its beauty away with us, and to dig up plants for our own garden far away. A



The village of La Grave and

descent of a few hundred feet brings us at right angles to the top of the Col du Glandon, six thousand four hundred feet, where a little chalet-hotel was built in 1904, and there we lunch. It is a lovely spot in the midst of mountains, at the junction of three roads. We have come up one, we are going down another, and we climb to a hilltop near by to take photographs of the other—a superb view straight down a long mountain valley, with Mont Blanc, white and rounded,



above all, sixty miles away. The road we thus took by accident I strongly recommend others to include in their journey.

The descent is an attractive, narrow, smooth, winding road, following the course

situated village of La Grave at sundown, and are five thousand feet high again. We have almost circumnavigated the Galibier.

La Grave is most romantically situated.

On one side of the street are the hotel and a few houses and shops, and on the other is the Chaîne de la Meije—a perfect row of magnificent snow pinacles and ice-masses. The Glacier du Tabuchet looks almost impudently into one's bedroom window. My illustration shows this better than pages of description. The little place is greatly visited by Alpine climbers, and it has a heavy record of mortality. The Meije, indeed, is said to have been the last Alpine height to be climbed. "Meije," by the way, is a modernization of a local word, difficult to say or to spell, meaning "midday," and the two next highest peaks, now the Pic Central and the Pic Occidental de la Meije, were formerly known as "nine o'clock" and "eleven o'clock," these names being connected in some way with their illumination by the sun.

The run up the Lautaret from La Grave is chiefly beautiful for the view back to it. After stopping and looking back a dozen times, and passing through one long tunnel, we find ourselves at the summit, six thousand seven hundred and ninety feet, the ascent being so gradual that one hardly notices it. At the top there

is the usual hospice, and a little hotel, and an Alpine garden established by the Faculté des Sciences of the University of Grenoble, with an interesting collection of Alpine flora carefully labelled. A few hundred yards farther a road turns back at an acute angle, and winds and zigzags up until it is lost to sight on the mountain. It is the way up the Galibier from the south, and it begins where the Lautaret climb ends.

This is the point we aimed at when we

of the Odole, between bare mountains, crossing the river at Oz, till after a sixteen miles' run, at a place called Grandes Sables, we are at the bottom of the long descent, and we strike the highroad at last and turn sharp to the left—due south, to bring us finally eastward to the Lautaret and the other side of the Galibier. It is a perfect road both in gradient and surface, through several tunnels and amid magnificent scenery, following the valley of the Romanche, and we reach the wonderfully



the Meije range and glaciers.



found the northern ascent blocked, so we swing round and go roaring up, the gradients being steep enough to bring us down to second and even first speed, for this is real mountain-climbing, far steeper than on the great Swiss highway passes, with their perfectly graduated gradients. We go up and up, round sharp bends with precipitous edges, till the hospice at the Lautaret summit looks a mere hut below, then the snow begins, and as we come round one hairpin bend we find a hundred yards of frozen snow a couple of feet deep. No car could pass this, but, as we are bound to reach the top, we do the rest of the way on foot, a rather tiring climb for people out of condition after a London season, and at this high altitude. At the top there is a so-called "blockhouse," tenanted by a couple of road-men, who are going to clear a way through this snow and then close the doors of the tunnel and abandon the pass for the year, and descend into the valley. The highest point of the road itself is in a tunnel one hundred and ninety feet below the summit of the Col, and here we are on the highest carriage-road in Europe, save only the Stelvio. It

is icy-cold and wet, but at the other end a superb view breaks into sight, down the Vallon de Valloire. To appreciate the double view north and south, however, one must climb by a short but stiff path, to the actual summit above the tunnel, a couple of hundred feet higher. Here, at last, one feels really very high up. We look down on glaciers all around, and of all the eighty-three peaks round about only a few are higher than ourselves. We are alone in the perfect quiet of great height, and in all our view right over to Mont Blanc on the horizon not a thing moves. There can be but few views from an Alpine road equally impressive. I always wonder why it is that such a sight imposes silence. We hardly speak to each other till we have joined our car again. After some difficulty in reversing on such a narrow road, we swing down again, with great care at the corners, until we meet once more the Lautaret road we left, and then, with fourth speed in, seem to fly through the valley to Briançon, the prosperous countryside looking almost unpleasantly civilized after the desolate grandeur we have left behind. But we



The northern approach to the Izoard Pass.



have been on the top of the Galibier in spite of the snow.

After the highest road in France the highest town—Briançon, four thousand

a drawbridge. The streets are narrow and tortuous, the houses ancient and quaint, built in amphitheatres, and down the middle of the chief street, indeed practically the only one, is a gutter cut in the red por-



Our car on the rocky ledge of the Allos Pass.

three hundred and thirty-three feet, seeming to cling to a chalky eminence, the Durance running fast by its foot. There is a great fort above it, and as you observe the heights closely you discover fort after fort among them, looking inaccessible, and everywhere bastions, embrasures, and the entire apparatus of military architecture. The forts are, in fact, so difficult to reach that provisions are sent up to them on cables. The place is the chief fortress of the Alpine frontier, and has a large garrison and a school of skiing to train the *Chasseurs Alpains* for winter campaigning. On the Italian frontier, seven miles away, there is, of course, a similar outfit of fortifications, and one naturally reflects that if the two countries had spared themselves this vast cost, they would be in a precisely similar relative position. The town is twofold, new and old, the latter still entered by

phyry, down which a little torrent splashes noisily, carrying away all the household refuse and the snow in winter. This curious feature is called the Gargouille. Above all towers the cathedral, with twin Byzantine belfries, "seeming," as a local author says, "to be placed in the centre of the chief bastion as if to beseech upon a city of arms the protection of the god of war."

But we have no time to linger in Briançon, so after a hasty and late lunch of cold meat and Alpine honey, at three o'clock, we start again for the Col d'Izoard, the pass we must cross before dark. A pretty road begins to rise steeply at once, and curves upward round a rocky ledge, in front of us a steep hillside dotted with larches, and lovely snow peaks beyond. We pass Cervières, a village with ramshackle old houses, almost Tibetan in their quaint-



The "Casse Déserte" in the Izoard Pass.

ness and decay, covered with wooden tiles channelled to let the water run off. Then up a most interesting black-and-white valley—the white being the peaks and the black the *pinus uncinata*, an uncommon fir, fine and rugged and bushy. The road has no fence or parapet, and there is a sheer drop from its edge. Coming at a fair speed round one corner near the top, I suddenly find the road for a hundred yards ahead covered with smooth frozen snow. I dare only apply the brake very slightly indeed, and at once the car begins that horrid slithering movement which betokens imminent side-slip—and, from the lack of resistance in the steering-wheel, a front side-slip, the worst of all. I cannot stop without grave risk, and it is almost equally risky to go on. At best we are only three or four feet from the edge, and as we slither nearer to it, and then away again, I see my lady's arms waving in the air, like a tight-rope walker with his balancing-pole, and I hear the chauffeur behind quietly opening the door to get out. This was the one trying experience of our Alpine climbing; and it was really nervous, for a moderate side-slip would have

taken us clean over the edge. It lasted only a couple of minutes, but that was more than enough. *Moral*: When you are up to the snow-line, always go round the corners very slowly till you can see the road ahead.

The summit was reached soon afterward, seven thousand nine hundred and three feet, and its one building, erected with a grant of money from Napoleon III, with this inscription: "Refuge Napoléon. Vote du Conseil Général des Hautes Alpes, 28 Août, 1856." I turn to my faithful diarist and find: "It is my favorite pass, wilder, newer, more strange than others I have seen, and quite distinct. The view forward is marvellous—all bare rock and snow points. No cloud visible, no sound save distant jackdaws—still as death. I sit on a stone, and think, and love the pass, and collect a cotton-forming euphorbia."

The Izoard, in fact, is of a different style of landscape art from other passes. The surrounding hills slope only just enough to prevent a general rock-slide. Upright rock-spikes project in hundreds from the surface—we called this part "needles and pins." It is a kind of Sindbad the Sailor's





The sun-baked side of the Allos Pass.

land—with something bewitched or enchanted about it. It seems almost uncanny, and one listens for the winding of some weird horn of Elfland. I know no other mountain way like it.

A short distance down the southern side, by a new road built for the automobilist, with no sharp corners, but still with unprotected edges, is an extraordinary and I should think unique spectacle, though it recalls the surroundings of Aigues Mortes in the Gard. The road passes through a perfect waste of rock and scree, with not a blade of green in sight. Great jagged pinnacles of yellow pumice-stone stick up from the bare stony hillside. It is called the "Casse Déserte," and is, in fact, a great stone bowl, surrounded by precipices, with a serrated row of peaks across the outlet. Its name means, I suppose, the desert crucible—appropriate from its obviously igneous origin. Our illustration hardly does justice to this curiously impressive mountain wilderness.

After photographing this in the fading light we roll down till dark and our lamps are lit. The scene here must be very picturesque, but we hear only the rushing

water and the echoing of our engine against rocks and in tunnels, and see very little except that wherever the lamps shine the road is not. At eight o'clock we pull up at the Hotel Imbert, at Guillestre, the most primitive inn we have met with on this journey, full of character, also of people and flies, but with good, savory cooking and clean beds.

Next morning we made an early start, not from virtue, but from a combination of necessity and self-interest. In the first place, there was such an appalling noise that nobody could possibly sleep—cocks, road-menders, hawkers, carting, shouting, and domestic differences; in the second, by a long day's run we could sleep in our own beds by our own corner of the Mediterranean. So we took a hasty look round Guillestre. It is an ancient little walled town, showing Italy at every step. The sixteenth-century church has a Florentine porch, guarded by the two red Verona-marble lions seen in so many towns in northern Italy. The fountain in the square is Italian, as are the crooked and dirty streets and the narrow gateway to the town.

There is a choice of routes onward. Either you may go by the Col de la Viste, five thousand two hundred and sixty-six feet, and the Col de Vars, six thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine feet, passes harder to drive but not so beautiful as those we have seen; or you may run along the valley of the Ubbye,

snow lies for six months of the year, has led the inhabitants to emigrate to milder climes, and they have chosen almost exclusively Mexico and Central America, where they have established important firms and industries and are locally known as "the Barcelonnettes." The Department of the Basses Alpes, which between



The new motor-road on the Col de Vars.

a rather bad and dusty road until it is buttressed up above the river, where the views are fine. In either case you reach Barcelonnette in a couple of hours, and notice with amusement at the entrance to this sleepy little town a notice-board warning you to drive slowly, because of the "circulation intense." There remains one more pass between you and the southern sea, but by next summer you will be able to take a shorter and even finer mountain route to Nice by the Col de la Cayolle, seven thousand seven hundred and sixteen feet. It will be, in intention, a military highway, but also a stage in the Route des Alpes. This time we must cross the Col d'Allos and the almost unnoticeable Col de St. Michel.

A fact of interest about Barcelonnette is that the rigor of the climate, where the

1800 and 1866 gained nine thousand inhabitants, lost no fewer than twenty-eight thousand between 1866 and 1901.

A sharp turn and short, stiff climb out of the town bring us quickly to a considerable height and we run round a rocky ledge on very steep mountainsides. This pass will always be remembered by us as the red pass, just as the Galibier is in memory the white pass, the Croix de Fer the green-and-purple pass, and the Izoard the black pass. For here we are for the first time in the midst of exquisite rich autumn colors. The hills are covered with golden maple and the scarlet small-leaved poplar, and the berberis berries and sumach are very beautiful. As we look down into the precipice the scarlet bushes blaze amid the dark firs, and above us are the yellow mirabelle and wild rasp-



berries and strawberries, but both above and below all are out of reach on the steep slopes. At the top, seven thousand three hundred and eighty-two feet, we see the Col de Fours, an impracticable road, winding to and fro in the distance. The government is reforesting here, and the grass slopes below are dotted with minute

ders how human beings can inhabit them at all. There is a remarkable rock formation as we approach Allos, the hills being split in regular narrow layers and these broken again regularly into oblong blocks, exactly as though the hillsides had been built up by the Romans with their familiar flat bricks.



The Col St. Michel—the new road.

black fir-trees in regular rows. The view south is desolate—vegetation is always on the north sides of these passes, as the sun makes the south side arid—and to our surprise cloudy, for we have not seen a cloud in the sky since leaving Chambéry. The road serpentine down, and the view is not so Olympian in its solitary grandeur as from the other passes, for here the hand of man is visible in the fields of oats and barley, and the cows and sheep and goats. There is little snow, even on the highest mountains, and we realize that we are getting south now. The mountains, too, are not distant and high, but curiously close, jagged in shape, not serrated or peaked. The indescribable squalor and dilapidation of the houses we pass as we run down the valley also detract from our pleasure. One won-

Five miles beyond Allos the little and little-known town of Colmars calls for a few minutes' halt. It is an ancient fortified town, which has kept its mediæval outline unimpaired. A wall surrounds it and entry is by a gateway with portcullis. "I suppose this is the citadel?" I asked an inhabitant. "It is the town," he replied. Almost all old towns have outgrown their walls. This one has never extended beyond the limits of its original defence. On each side of it, on rising ground, is a protecting fort, with tiny lantern turrets at its angles—the Fort de Savoie and Fort de France, their names being geographically significant of the time when France and Savoy were different kingdoms. The little place is a picturesque, and I should think an almost unique, survival.



As we drove on, now through birch and fir woods, and now on a hillside road above the river, an incident showed us the primitive character of the people hereabouts. A man driving a closed cart got out, and held up his hand to stop us.

family get out several times, and pass one by one—so that if a fall occurs he may at least not lose all his domestic circle at one fell swoop. And the fact is that the stone parapet has been broken in many places by falls of stones, and actually as



An unfinished road in the Route des Alpes.

“Would you most kindly render me a service?” “With pleasure.” “Well, I am the carrier, and I ought to have left this sack of bread three miles back. You will see a crooked path descending to a wooden bridge across the river. Would you be so good as to leave this sack on the parapet by the crooked path? That’s all. I forgot it, and I should be left in the hills at night if I drove back, and if they don’t get it they will have no bread for three days.” So the sack was hoisted on board and we duly deposited it on the parapet by the crooked path.

Then the road became broad and smooth. It is brand-new; in fact, it was not made by the Romans, nor by Napoleon, nor for mules nor carriages nor armies, but actually for automobiles! We passed the summit of the Col St. Michel, four thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight feet, almost without noticing it, and ran fast down the long descent by a splendidly engineered road, with countless turns, but never-varying gradients, through the broom and scented brush of the South. It is just growing dark as we reach the magnificent rocky gorges of the Var. The rock masses overhang the road so steeply here that a friend of ours when motoring over this road always makes his

we were driving along—this is a fact, and not at all a traveller’s yarn—we saw ten feet of the parapet, in the full light of our lamps, slide down into the valley, and all three of us exclaimed simultaneously at the sight. It is a magnificent drive, within easy reach of any point on the Riviera. Finally (beware of the level railway crossings), at St. Laurent du Var, having descended eight thousand feet in this day’s run, we strike the main road skirting the Mediterranean from Cannes to Genoa. Here you turn to the left for Nice, the end of the Route des Alpes, but we to the right, to our home at Antibes, the earthly paradise of many happy days. Your long journey has brought you to the Riviera, the most beautiful shore in the world, by the bluest sea, where nature is at her loveliest and man at his most luxurious, and there, in the dearest restaurants, the most elaborate hotels, and the most sumptuous casinos, or in the shade of palm-trees and olive groves, amid a multitude of flowers and bushes scented as nowhere else, you may reflect upon the rigors you have passed.

In reviewing in my mind this Route des Alpes, it seems to me that, just as Anjou and Touraine owed their inspiration and



development to the personal character of their inhabitants, so this whole district owes its development and temperament to the character of its habitations. In Roman times these Alps were occupied by forty-four peoples, whose names were inscribed on an ancient trophy at La Turbie. This has long since vanished, but Pliny kindly copied it, and many of its names persist to-day in districts or towns or rivers. Only the valleys were habitable, and yet, as they were near the sea, their inhabitants became the easy prey of pirates and coast marauders. They were also the highway from Italy, and many armies, from Hannibal to Napoleon, marched through them. War, earthquakes, famine, and pestilence alike harassed this unfortunate corner of Europe. The Romans found the inhabitants hard to conquer, hidden away among the mountains; the Revolution left them untouched. The cutting down of trees spoiled the country and ruined industry, and reforestation would do much to save the district from dwindling further. Just as nature in her fantastic shapes saved the people from annihilation by

war, so now the tourists' desire to gaze upon these same fantastic shapes may save them from annihilation by poverty. Old roads are being improved, new ones built, hotels are springing up or being modernized, whole districts are being opened up. And all this new life is coming to the French Alps by the motor-car! These vast snow fastnesses, in old times frontiers and saviors of races, are now about to be revealed in all their wondrous and once solitary beauty to thousands of visitors from every land, and the great, silent glaciers, which for untold ages have looked down unmoved upon the petty march of men, are now in their turn to be looked down upon by invaders, not in serried ranks, but from the softly cushioned seats of motor-cars, rolling along the lofty highways so skilfully built for their convenience and delight. In time these mountains may become as commonplace as the Jungfrau. The more reason, therefore, to travel them soon, and we cannot recommend a better journey in Europe than the way we have led you across France, from the ruddy fields of Normandy to the snowy summits of the Route des Alpes.



The famous Riviera Corniche road—La Roquette.



Guide-post near Kearney, Nebraska.

# TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAILS

THEIR DEVELOPMENT AND WHAT THEY MEAN  
TO THIS COUNTRY

BY HENRY B. JOY

President of the Lincoln Highway Association

**G**OOD roads are our greatest civilizing force, and transcontinental highways are merely the development of a movement that in late years, and particularly within the last twelve months, has grown with increasing rapidity all over the country.

Good roads, however, should not be considered as a new subject, though apparently many are treating it as such. The good-roads movement goes back to the earliest times. If you thumb an old history and study the life of the Romans, or go back to the Carthaginians, or conduct an inquiry into the government of the Incas of Peru, or any other ancient nation, you will find one dominant impulse, one topic that they considered paramount, and that is a demand for improved highways. The Romans desired smooth roads, for military purposes principally. The Chinese have roads that have been in existence for thousands of years, and over which hundreds of armies have tramped.

In Europe, where the roads have been excellent for many years, and where they are carefully maintained by the government, it has been found that their use for war was not their only purpose. They have been of far more value because of their marked effect on the cost of living, making access easy to the populous centres for the farmer.

Roads in the United States are said to be the worst of any civilized country in the world, and I think they deserve the reputation. The man who tours by automobile will tell you so. What he calls a "good" road here would, as a rule, be a disgrace in a foreign country. If the car can negotiate it the road is "good"; if it is impassable it is "bad."

There is a well-known New York banker who goes to Europe nearly every year for the sole joy of touring by motor-car. He likes to get out in the open. He has found it impossible to do it in this country, though, patriotically, he tried. On his return to New York last fall he told me that in two years he had made about



fourteen thousand miles by automobile there. There was no great up-keep expense; even his tires came back in good condition. In the United States, on the worst country roads running through our rural districts, he couldn't go two thousand miles without purchasing new tires, and if he took the roads from ocean to ocean his tire expense might reach an unduly large amount.

The good-roads movement in the United States is believed by many to be solely for automobile owners. Nothing could be more untrue. Not that the automobile has not had its influence. The motor-car has probably accelerated the demand. It has crystallized sentiment. We are to-day probably twenty years ahead of where we would have been had it not been for the motor-car and the motor-truck, the development of farm and traction machinery, and the necessity of the farmer to reach his nearest marketing-point more easily and quickly. Progress in civilization is just as certain to bring better roads as the railroads did in first opening up our country. When in the early days of the nation we were dependent on the individual initiative of our pioneer and settlers, we went forward slowly. Congress and the State legislatures of the day realized that, to advance, communication was necessary. It is just beginning to penetrate the consciousness of our lawmakers that through good roads we can advance even more quickly, more thoroughly, more truly. Better communication between the rural districts and the cities means more civilization. The railroads carried us quite a way but they didn't take us far enough.

Agitation for good roads in the United States has, as I have said, probably been advanced twenty years by the automobile. Years ago the farmer felt that a dirt road was sufficient. He and his neighbors went once or twice a year to work the roads in their district. Sometimes the township bought special machinery. It was called "working out the road tax." It was a fine thing to do, but the improvement was only temporary.

When the automobile first appeared, the owners of these machines were blamed for the miserable conditions of the roads. The farmers said "the city man" should

pay for all the good-roads improvements, because "he" was the fellow who injured the roads. When the farmers began to own cars of their own, they blamed the weather or the political powers or something else—always the other fellow.

The automobile brought new traffic conditions. The farmers found that their dirt roads would not do. They placed sand and later gravel over the surface. They tried crushed stone. Gradually the macadam highway developed. But the automobile and the traction machinery and other heavy vehicles and implements used on the farm journeyed over these roads and soon destroyed them. They would not last. Slow or fast, these moving vehicles tore up the surface. The result is that good roads to-day occupy the attention of nearly all. Public sentiment is aroused, together with a national interest in highway development. The problem is being studied by engineers and by every one, because all people, city or country dwellers, have a financial interest in good roads.

As is always the case, Congress and the State legislatures have been far behind the people in appreciating the need for highway development. In the States no good-roads project could go forward in one section, because the other section, naturally jealous, would not permit it. A little individual work—and I use the word "little" as compared to the country at large—has been done by some communities. In this instance the roads have started from some centre, but have led nowhere. Michigan has just passed a new State law which will develop the highways leading from one section to another section. I might illustrate this best by stating that Wayne county, Michigan, has a number of principal arteries that lead to the county line. Mount Clemens is a city about twenty-five miles distant in Macomb county. The road in Wayne county goes to the Macomb county line. The Macomb county interests will not permit their supervisors to build a connecting road to link up with the one in Wayne county, for fear that some business they are now receiving will go to Detroit. As a result of this short-sighted policy, thousands of automobile owners and tourists who ride out of De-



troit on Saturdays and Sundays are compelled to keep out of Mount Clemens or else suffer great personal inconvenience if they wish to visit there. If a six-mile stretch of road were built and built properly, Macomb county merchants and hotels would benefit materially.

Until the route of the Lincoln Highway was established, there had been no transcontinental projects outlined except on paper. Different routes have been surveyed. The American Automobile Association and some kindred organizations have spent considerable money in going over these different routes, but they have encountered the petty prejudices of the various communities through which they passed, which have prevented concentrated action on the part of State legislators or Congress. There have been hundreds of bills introduced in Congress in the last few years for good roads, and few, if any, of them have emerged from a committee-room.

There is a Santa Fé Trail; the Oregon Trail, from Granger, Wyoming, to Idaho, Walla Walla, Washington, through Seattle, and north to Vancouver; there is the Seminole Trail, from Washington to Atlanta and then west to Birmingham; the National Road, starting at Washington and Baltimore, through Hagerstown, Cumberland, Wheeling, Zanesville, Dayton, Indianapolis, and Springfield, connecting the Boone Lick Trail in Missouri with the Santa Fé Trail; the old Overland Trail, which was used by the United States Government west of Chicago in carrying mail and passengers to the coast. And there are a dozen other trails running north and south, such as the Chisholm, from Newton, Kansas, to Fort Worth, Texas; the Winnipeg-Gulf Highway; the Capitol Highway, from Washington south to Jacksonville; the Dixie Trail, from Gettysburg to Roanoke, Virginia; and the Pacific Highway, north and south in California, Oregon, and Washington. South Dakota has its Emigrant Trail, Nebraska its Platte River Road, Iowa its Blue Grass Road and Bedford Trail and the Transcontinental Trail, Kansas its Baltimore Trail. There is a Tri-State Road from Chicago to Davenport, which is from this point called the River to River Road, through Des Moines to Omaha.

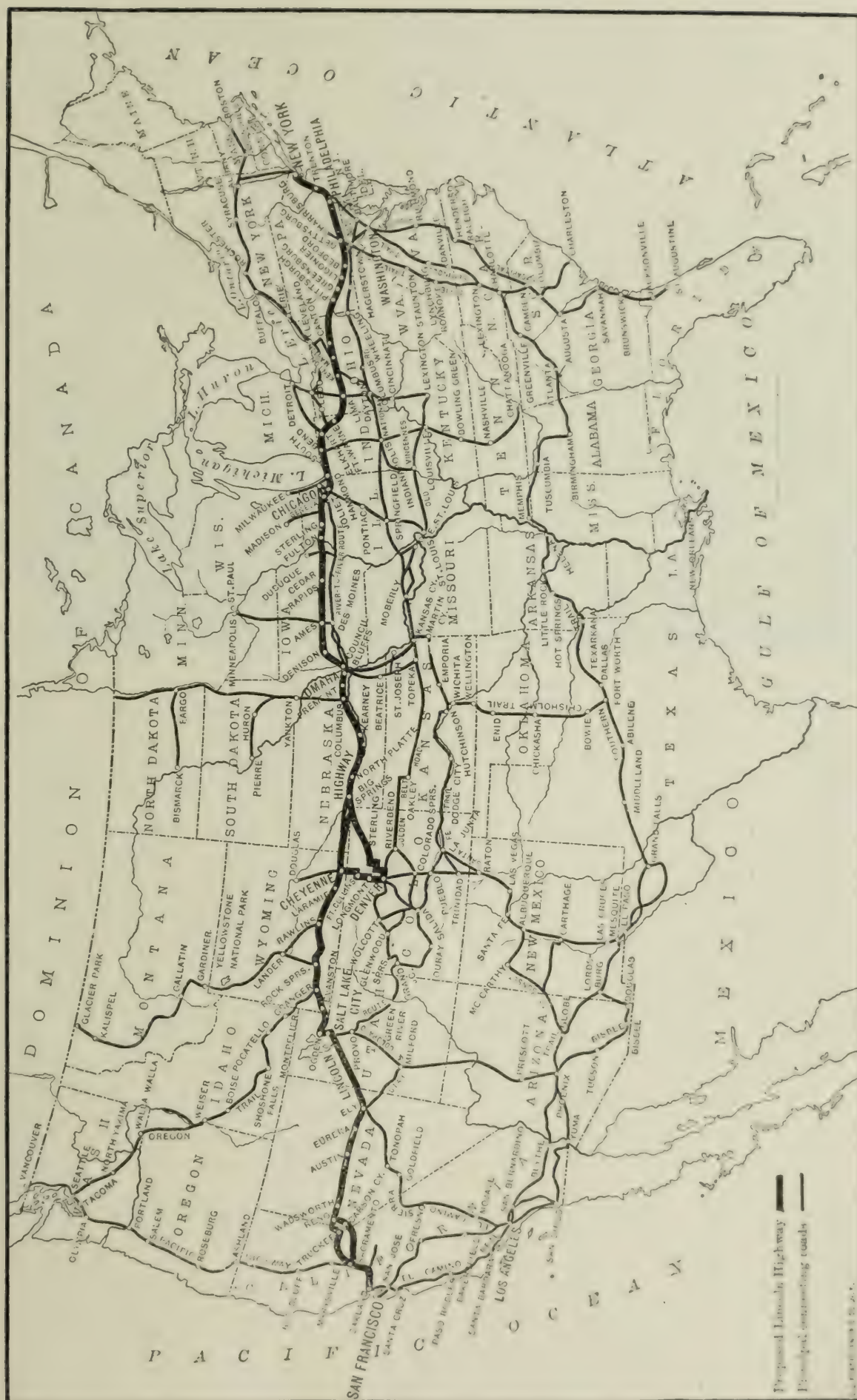
Nevada and California are linked by the El Camino-Sierra Route from Ely, Nevada, through Tonopah and Goldfield and Bishop, California, south to Los Angeles; and these are only a few of the many. Some of these trails are quite direct. Others wind in and out, guided wholly by local sentiment in each community, retarded by the lack of progressiveness of others; and there is one in which I am greatly interested, the Lincoln Highway, which goes as direct as possible, reaches or is contiguous to sixty per cent of our population in the United States, and which by natural tributary roads is in easy access of all sections of our country.

The reason that these various highways have not been a success from a national view-point is because they have not been properly linked together. Nearly all of them have asked for aid from the government. Congressional influence and fights between State delegations as to which section should first feel the beneficial influence of good roads have always heretofore prevented any section from obtaining these benefits. Selfishness has been the one predominant trait of practically every district, with the result that the influence of all other sections banded against the one to be immediately helped has effectually prevented any great amount of road-improvement. Political pull and influence have been of more power and strength than right. Road-building work has always been delayed because the politicians couldn't agree.

There has been a great growth of automobile travel in the past six years. It is the return to individual transportation. Our early settlers, those who made these first trails, moved with their families and all their belongings in a canvas-covered wagon from point to point. To-day a man takes his family by automobile, and goes where he wishes and when he wishes, without regard to railroad time-tables or railroad regulations.

Some years ago a bright and enterprising advertising man for one of the Western railroads printed and talked "See America First" in all his advertising. It is a slogan that has grown tremendously. In the New England States last summer it is claimed that thirty million dollars was spent by automobile tourists. How many





millions were spent in Western railroad travel I do not know. The scenic wonders of the West attract thousands. But hordes of rich Americans, increasing yearly in numbers, still go to Europe. Yet I believe "See America First" has been a tremendous influence in keeping American dollars at home, because our scenic wonders are quite as massive, as great, as entrancing, and as interesting as those sights of the Old World that have been advertised so successfully for many hundred years.

I have made a dozen transcontinental trips myself. I know of nothing more delightful; nothing that affords a better outing. I believe in that slogan "See America First" and I have tried to live up to it. But America to-day offers almost insurmountable obstacles to following this precept.

It was to remedy this condition, so far as coast-to-coast transportation goes, that the Lincoln Highway Association was formed. All have realized that Abraham Lincoln has no memorial to-day worthy of him. In Washington there is to be a Greek temple, a magnificent building, I am sure, where the Lincoln furniture, pictures, statuary, and records can be placed on exhibition. It is a fine project and it deserves consideration. But not a tenth of our population will ever see it. Lincoln was of the people; he came from and was a man among the people. Why not this memorial to his name, a memorial that can be used by a majority of our citizens and through which all the people will benefit?

I am interested in the Lincoln Highway because we have investigated and planned and mapped out what we believe to be the best road possible from New York to San Francisco. There must be a first road and we think the Lincoln Highway is to be the first transcontinental thoroughfare, one connected highway, that is to be operated without toll charges and is to be improved in the best manner. To say that the Lincoln Highway is for the rich motorist is to miss the keynote. The Lincoln Way is not a proposed plan. It is on the map. It is to-day the most used series of highways carefully selected, end to end, reaching across the country by the most practical route, serving the

greatest population. It is not run through the large cities to serve the large city class of motorists. It is, in the main, a country highway. It might be called at a glance the Vertebra Route of America, the backbone of travel connecting countless thriving cities and villages and agricultural communities tributary thereto. The inside traffic is monstrous. The horse-vehicle traffic on it is now estimated at fifty per cent of its use. The other fifty per cent is motor traffic. Of this fifty per cent it is estimated that approximately ninety per cent is business use of motor-vehicles. The doctor, the salesman, the business man establishing personal contact with his trade—all will find better highways beneficial; and, most important of all, an improved opportunity will be afforded for intercommunication in social life for the heretofore marooned farmer or country resident and his family. Every element in our social fabric will gain and rural travel will be tremendously accelerated by good roads such as the Lincoln Highway. The farmer's wife to-day, let us say, wishes to take her car and go over to visit a friend fifty or one hundred miles away. The thrifty farmer may say that the road is so rough and poor that it damages the car and its tires too much. Or perhaps the farmer urges his wife to have her boy drive her on the trip, and the wife replies, "No; it is too uncomfortable on such a rough road." Thus you see that countless numbers of farmers and rural residents have the cars but not the roads. More than a million motor-vehicles are in use in this country to-day, and the number is rapidly increasing. In this number the high-priced car is scarcely a factor. The greatest benefactor of country life in these days is the cheaper cars, those that cost one thousand dollars or less, and the motor-cycle or cycle-cars. Crops rot in the fields because of the roads. The farmers are marooned. The means of travel they have, but not the roads. They cannot get to their markets, and this has a great effect on the cost of living to the men in the cities.

The Lincoln Highway will be an evolution—a slow or fast evolution. It will never be finished. It will still be straightened, broadened, beautified fifty or one hundred years from now—yes, even dur-



ing all the time that America endures. Yet upon the Lincoln Highway to-day more is being done—more good-roads work—than upon any other route across the country which could be selected. For example, in distant sections of Nevada it is

personal inspection, it became obvious that the route was the natural one as to topography, population, and climatic conditions.

It became clearly apparent that "Lincoln Way" were the magic words, appro-



Prometheus Peak, east of Austin, Nevada.

being straightened and graded. In Utah, under the wise guidance of Governor Spry, portions are being permanently improved by a concrete road like the Wayne county roads in Michigan. Wyoming, under Governor Carey's careful judgment, is fixing up and grading long, troublesome stretches. In these three States this work was planned and in progress before the Lincoln Highway Association was organized.

The Lincoln Highway Directors simply studied these lines by personal inspection, arranged that the ends of these valued public works should connect with each other, from California east to the natural overland trail, through Nebraska, Illinois, and on to the Eastern seaboard of New York, passing near Washington, the nation's capital—the best road serving the greatest population. It is not merely the best route that can at the present time be selected. It is the right route. No better road can be selected in the next generation or the next or the next. The conditions fit the route, and *vice versa*. As careful study revealed these facts from the mass of information, and by

priate to the great project, and those which will be the most enduring memorial to the greatest name in history. The Lincoln Way will always live usefully, freshly, and vividly.

On this highway, to be built in your and, I hope, my time, the route follows the path of directness with least grades. The New England motorist, let us say, goes to New York, crosses the ferry and enters New Jersey at Jersey City, riding south through Trenton into Pennsylvania, and beyond Philadelphia picks the southern way, being routed by Lancaster, York, Gettysburg, Chambersburg, Bedford, Ligonier, and Greensburg to Pittsburgh. Across Ohio the road is almost a straight line, as we enter the State near Canton and leave at Van Wert. In Indiana, Fort Wayne, Elkhart, and South Bend are the principal points; in Illinois, Chicago Heights, Joliet, and De Kalb. Here we have reached the Overland Trail, through Clinton, Cedar Rapids, Marshalltown, and Boone, Iowa, into Omaha, then along the Platte River valley westward to Julesburg, where the tourist may



There are many miles like this in Utah.

dip down to Denver or go straight to Cheyenne. Salt Lake City is beyond Rawlins and Laramie, as are Reno and San Francisco.

There is a compelling logic in this route. It is close to many centres of population,

erts of Utah and Nevada with their wonderfully beautiful irrigated sections; Lake Tahoe; Yosemite National Park; and other forest reserves and the boulevards of California are all a part of the high-

way's attractions because they can be seen and enjoyed by those who pass over it.

Support given the undertaking has been noteworthy. Our leading citizen, the President, has sent us a check. So have many senators, congressmen, governors, and leaders in the world's banking, railroad, manufacturing, and other industrial affairs. From Alaska the other day there arrived fourteen pen-



Putting a contraction-joint in place and striking off the concrete to give crown to the road.

avoiding the cities, yet being available thereto. Gettysburg; Canton, where McKinley lies buried; the Lincoln birth-place in Kentucky, and Mammoth Cave; the Lincoln home in Springfield, Ill.; the city of Lincoln in Nebraska; Colorado and its scenic grandeur; Wyoming's unequalled curiosities of nature, and Yellowstone Park; Glacier Park in Montana; Grand Canyon of the Colorado; the des-

nies sent by the children of Anvik, through Mrs. Evans, their missionary teacher, and forwarded by the *Christian Herald* to us.

At this writing the contributions and pledges are a trifle more than five million dollars. It is hoped to complete the fund before January 1, 1915. A great number of our leading industries in the automobile and its allied fields have pledged sums ranging from \$10,000 to \$300,000.





Centre road, Cuyahoga County, Ohio.

Which is one of the cross-country roads which intersects a large number of main highways and is subject to heavy traffic. It was laid in 1909, and there have been no repairs on this road due to wear and tear.

Many more are expected to do likewise. True, there is selfishness in this. Better roads mean more touring and the more general use of the automobile. But the farmer and merchant of the smaller cities will gain eighty per cent or more of the benefit.

Should the expenditure of money in America by Americans be encouraged? Or should they continue to travel attractively and comfortably as to roads and hotels, and spend their money abroad? They will continue to go abroad, and small blame to them, as long as existent conditions prevail. Why? Places of interest.

Good roads. Excellent taverns and restaurants. And, after all, the inner man demands attentive consideration.

In the smaller cities in America the good tavern is the exception. Does it exist at all on the European standard of good food and cleanliness? The general experience is that rooms are dirty and unattractive. The beds, linen, pillows, and

mattresses one would gladly exchange for a grassy plot in the park. The less said of carpets the better. Rooms with baths are the exception, and many of those are



Finishing a new concrete road near Detroit.

The surface is wet down and covered with dirt for about ten days to give the concrete time to set thoroughly before traffic is permitted.

dark and dirty! But what shall we say for the sanitary provisions in the average small-town hotel? Leave your squeamishness behind when you tour in America, or stick to the big-city hotel (which is not spotless); go to Europe or stay at home.

Now, this is a grossly unfair picture of some well-kept inns. They are as nice and neat and clean as a pin. You are at





The gradual grade of the Sierras.

home at once. It is better than Europe because it is American. There is American home cooking neatly and promptly served. You are inclined to stay a day or two or a week or two to get away from the clamor of modern city life.

But, practically, such places are not general. In fact, they are discredibly scarce. Unfortunately, reports of unattractiveness are being circulated everywhere by travellers and tourists. What a magic change would be worked if the reverse were true! Suppose travellers reported that such and such inns were good. Conceive for a moment that at frequent intervals along the Lincoln Way or adjacent thereto were taverns of note, to visit which would mean pleasure, and to leave which would mean regret! It is all coming with the Lincoln Way and its steady stream of transcontinental travel.

The Lincoln Highway Association does not intend to and cannot be expected to build all of this roadway. It is intent only on raising ten million dollars. Probably the entire pathway will cost twenty-five million. There is good reason to think that a number of the States will take care of their own sections. For instance, the New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, highway commissions will prob-

ably improve the highway through their States. Governor Dunne last summer assured Carl G. Fisher, originator of the Lincoln Highway, that Illinois would do likewise. In the sparsely settled western States other conditions prevail. There is great mileage without the necessary population to insure a good road. The Lincoln Highway Association must help. But in Iowa and in Nebraska the State or local authorities may prepare the road-bed and the Highway Association will place the hard surface thereon. This fund goes to fill in the chinks, as it were, of the route, to connect States that have not been properly connected heretofore, to place a hard surface on stretches hundreds of miles long, to make the highway shorter at many points, eliminating curves and dangerous grades, and to, in effect, insure one continuous, connecting highway operated without toll charges—a smooth, dustless road that will require the smallest percentage of yearly charges to maintain.

The benefit to the nation from the Lincoln Highway, to my mind, is greater than that to come from the Panama Canal. The canal is a wonderful work and from a world view is necessary to our commerce. But we will move over the Lincoln Highway, once it is completed, many, many





A bit of rough riding in Wyoming.

times the tonnage that will pass through the canal. The canal will lower freight rates from local points along the Atlantic coast to cities on the Pacific slope. The Lincoln Highway will lower the cost of haulage for the farmer in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Pennsylvania. Their benefits from good roads will be a thousand to one as compared to the big ditch. These roads would pay yearly dividends to our people far greater than any we may ever expect from Panama.

In this exposition of good roads, some comment should be made on the rise in farm values, due to good roads. The benefit to the farmer is incalculable. It places him in closer touch with the city and with all urban life and communication. In Wayne county, Michigan, where the hard-surface concrete roads are in existence, over a hundred miles being already built in this county alone, extending from the limits of the city of Detroit to the county line in each direction, radiating like the spokes of a wheel, farm values have doubled. In some cases the rise has been greater. There are farmers in Wayne county who could not have commanded two hundred dollars per acre for their farms, including their buildings. To get to the city market with their prod-

uce, particularly vegetables, they were compelled to start the afternoon previous, to ride all night, to reach a market stand at four A. M., and be assigned space. Then at seven or eight o'clock they would complete their business and start back. They thus lost their sleep, their teams were worn out, and it practically required two days to do the work. Now these farmers, for many are progressive, have motor-trucks. They sleep until two o'clock or even three, take their load to market, sell it, and are back on the farm by ten o'clock ready for the day's labors. This is not a dream or a vision. It is one of the absolute certainties that good highways insure the farmer.

I could go on with similar illustrations almost indefinitely. One that must be told is about the farmer in Wayne county who lives just two miles from a concrete road. He has a large number of cattle and he sells milk to a Detroit creamery, delivering it himself. To get this milk to the main highway is his principal task. In the rainy weather, when the road is nothing but a bog of mud, water, and sand, and it is almost impossible to get through, this farmer, with but a half-load of milk, needs four horses to pull his wagon and himself to the main highway. He starts. Once at the highway the load



is deposited beside the road and he returns to the farm. It doesn't take long to load up the wagon again, and with the hired man the two travel to the improved concrete highway. Here the entire load is placed on the one wagon, one team is unhitched, and the farmer starts for town cheerfully.

The hired man takes the team back to the farm to use them during the day. So the good road brings to that farmer a real advantage—a financial help. It gives him the work of two horses for a full day. He has more time for his family. His up-keep expense is less with a motor-truck and good roads. He can make more than he ever did before.

One doubts if the average person knows much about the costs of transporting farm products

over our country roads. The goods sent out by the mills and factories from the great centres of industry and the farmer's foods which go in return represent eighty-five per cent of the tonnage of the United States. The railways handle but fifteen per cent and their carrying charges average from seven tenths of a cent to two and one-half cents per mile. Vast as is their tonnage of more than nine billion long tons each year, it is but a fractional part of that moved over our highways.

This economic waste represents in great

measure a share of the increase in the cost of living. Competent engineers declare the total runs into hundreds of millions each year. Compare this with Europe. Our cost per ton-mile over average highways here is from twenty-five to forty cents. In France the cost of highway

commerce is two and one-half to five cents per ton-mile, this being the lowest figure in the whole world. In Germany it is from five to ten cents; in England from three to ten cents; in Italy from six to twelve cents.

This is what improved roads will do for us. Let us assume that we can reduce our costs from thirty-five cents to seventeen cents. The saving in one year would be sufficient to build three or four great national highways. Mr.

Herbert N. Casson, a well-known industrial economist, estimates the loss to the farmers of the United States, due to their inability to get farm products to market, at between nine hundred thousand and a billion dollars each year. What a change and transformation there would be if we had a system of State and intra-State permanent highways, and farmers using motor-trucks to convey their produce direct to market and to sell direct to the consumer!

These motor-trucks could transport farm products one hundred to two hun-

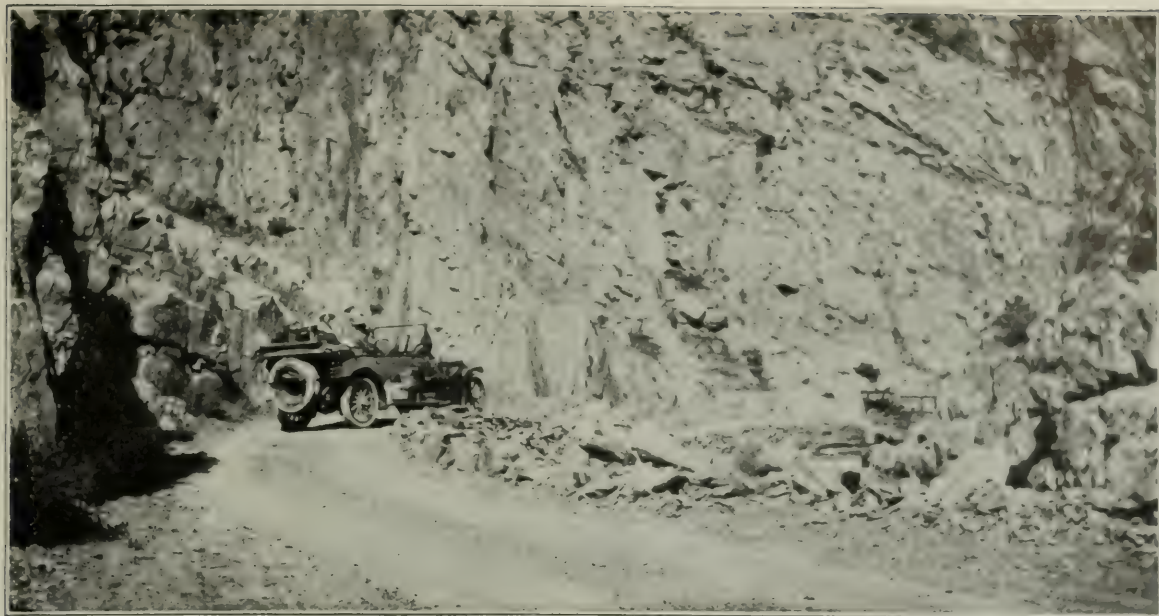


How the Iowans care for their roads.



President Joy, of the Lincoln Highway Association, on the road through Iowa.





A mountain road in the Sierra Nevadas.

dred miles to the most profitable marketing-point at a cost of from five to fifteen cents per ton-mile as against an average of the present of thirty-five cents per ton-mile. If twenty-five or fifty billions of tons of farm products are handled by horse-vehicles over poor roads in the Middle West, as the government figures in-

dicade, the saving would be from five to ten million dollars. This amount would build great sections of the Lincoln Highway.

The annual horse-maintenance bill of the United States in 1913 was two billions of dollars. This amount equalled the maintenance cost of the entire railway mileage of the United States. Civiliza-



A Colorado mountain road.



tion has advanced beyond the "horse age," but we must still continue to use horses in our highway commerce because we have no roads good enough to take advantage of the billion-dollar saving which transportation experts tell us could be effected if we had mechanically driven wagons. A saving of only a billion dollars per year which this motorized commerce would effect would enable us in ten or fifteen years to have arteries of permanent roads in all the principal States of the Union.

One of the chief hindrances in good-roads work has been inefficiency—misapplication of appropriated moneys—in relation to the building of these highways. The public is ready for good roads and it is beginning to take a determined stand to see that funds appropriated are invested in building permanent roads. I, of course, can only tell of experiences near home. That they are multiplied many-fold in many sections is certain. But Royal Oak township, in Oakland county, just outside of Detroit, built a macadam road a year or two ago to connect with a concrete road in Wayne county. The macadam road was almost impassable within six months. The first mile was built by a contractor, and there is a lawsuit now on over the payment. The township built the second mile itself. It is better but not good enough. A Detroitier built a mile of concrete through the township with the aid of other property-owners. It is a model

thoroughfare. Not a penny has since been needed for its up-keep. But the township authorities, still afraid of the initial cost of more durable roads, are wedded to the obsolete macadam construction, with a maintenance expense that grows larger yearly.

There is proof of this, plenty of it. In New York State the macadam road has been found to be a heavy annual tax and it does not meet the traffic conditions of to-day. They have paid as high as \$1,000 a mile per year for maintenance; this expense has been tremendous. Starting with an initial cost of \$8,000 or \$9,000 per mile, the up-keep expense the following year would be around \$400 or \$500 per mile. The next year it would run to \$600, the following twelve months to \$800, and after paying \$1,000 per mile for a few years more the road would then need to be completely rebuilt.

In constructing highways one of the cardinal points is that they should be built and paid for by the present generation and not by future generations. I have in mind a road in Grosse Pointe and one I travel over every day when at home. This road was of macadam and the township was bonded for it, bonds for ten years being issued. In four years this road was completely lost. It and its improvements had disappeared. There is a concrete road there now, but we taxpayers have four more years to pay those bond instalments.



A meeting on the plains.



# SCENES ON OLD TRAILS

## THE TRANSCONTINENTAL MOTOR-ROADS OF TO-MORROW

AUTOCHROME PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARLE HARRISON



Section of the old road running from Knoxville, Tenn., to the North Carolina line.  
It was over this road that John Sevier, the first governor of Tennessee, rode when he left his home to take up his residence in Knoxville.





Roadway from Colorado Springs to the foot of Pike's Peak.  
over which the cattle were driven each year to winter in a protected valley now known as the Garden of the Gods.





Looking through the red rocks which form the natural gateway to the Garden of the Gods toward Pike's Peak in the distance.





The old Santa Fé trail where it crosses the Continental Divide.  
The view shows the trail between Trinidad, Colo., and Raton, N. M.





The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Arizona

Looking across the canyon from a point nine miles east of T. I. Tower known as Grand View. The canyon is eighteen miles wide here, and more than a mile deep. Beyond the canyon is the Painted Desert. (On the National Old Trails Road - Grand Canyon Route.)



Type of road found in California. The cities and towns of central and southern California are connected by highways kept up as perfectly as the streets of the cities. One of the many beautiful roads leading to Santa Barbara.





Type of highway connecting the great ranches of southern California with the cities of Los Angeles and San Diego.





Characteristic East Tennessee road.

This style of macadamized turnpike is found through western North Carolina, Tennessee, north Georgia, and Kentucky.





The load-carrying capacity of the modern motor-truck is enormous.  
This shows a three-ton motor-truck loaded to capacity.

## MOTORIZED HIGHWAY COMMERCE

BY ROLLIN W. HUTCHINSON, JR.

**T**HE mechanical wagon, automobile truck or motor-truck, as it is commonly called, had its inception in 1810 in the steam-propelled omnibus of Trevithick, a brilliant mechanical genius who applied James Watt's discoveries of steam to the driving of a stage-coach which operated between London and its environs at a speed of ten miles per hour. The actual commercial history of the business motor, however, dates from 1894, in which year De Dion in France and Saurer in Switzerland developed the progenitors of the gasoline-driven motor-truck as it now exists. In the United States no attempts to build automobile trucks were made until 1896, when several electric-driven motor-wagons were exhibited in Madison Square Garden. In the next year or two several gasoline-driven motor-truck man-

ufacturers came into the field with "one-lunged" and "two-lunged" motored machines which were chiefly celebrated not for their *running* but for their *standing* ability. Such motor-trucks of 1899 and 1900, and as late as 1904, rarely went more than three blocks without expiring suddenly. In those days the electric-driven motor-truck was greatly in the majority and its greater reliability at that time caused it to dominate the field.

By the beginning of the year 1911 approximately 13,000 motor-trucks had been manufactured in the United States. In 1911 13,319 trucks were built—a slightly greater number than the total production of those made from the beginning of the industry to the opening of that history-making year. In 1913 about 36,000 motor-trucks were made in this country, or 6,000 more than the entire history of the industry had up to then recorded. This



*From a photograph by H. F. Dutcher, Nyack, N. Y.*

An automatic-power dump-truck.

In municipal service such trucks play an important part in spreading asphalt and other street work.

history indicates that the number of trucks going into service may be doubled each year until highway commerce becomes completely motorized. We must by 1925 have discovered an economically sound answer to the question, "What shall we do with our horses?" for by that time, assuming conservatively that the increase of motor-trucks each year is but 50 per cent of the total number in service, we shall have about a million and a quarter mechanical wagons operating, which will have displaced about five million of the present twenty-five million odd draught animals in this country.

The motor-truck of 1914 bears little resemblance to its early ancestors except in general form. As late as 1908 the average gasoline-truck abstracted barely 50 per cent of the heat units of its fuel, and of the mechanical power developed by its motor nearly 40 per cent was lost in friction of its shafts, gears, etc., before it could be applied to the driving-wheels. To-day the gasoline motor-truck absorbs 60 per cent of the heat units of its fuel and delivers nearly 80 per cent of its generated power at the rear wheels. Wonderful has been its mechanical evolution in a space of ten years. The improvements that have contributed to its greater efficiency and economy pertain more to individual refinements of separate members of its mechanism, the use of the won-

derful new ferro-steels to give it greater strength with less weight, and more accuracy in workmanship, rather than to radical changes in design and appearance. The greatest mechanical progress that has come about in the development of the internal-combustion type of motor-truck has been its adaptation to the heavier hydrocarbons, kerosene and so-called "distillate." Through the invention of kerosene-burning carburetors the "gas-burning" power-wagon has been brought to the same status of economy that existed ten years ago, when gasoline was seven cents per gallon instead of twenty cents as now, but with this difference: the economy of the machine with the perfection of its motor is 15 to 20 per cent greater using kerosene as a fuel than it was in the early days when burning gasoline of equivalent price.

The fuel problem of the power-wagon until 1913 was really serious, for in large units three miles per gallon of gasoline is the average fuel consumption of power-trucks. With gasoline increasing in price at the rate of one cent per gallon per month its use is becoming prohibitive. The kerosene carburetor buries this menace to motor-trucks for years to come.

In 1914 false pride is the only excuse for not using kerosene at eight cents instead of gasoline at twenty cents per gallon. The motor-truck whose "dead





An interesting example of tractor utilization by a contracting company.

weight" as a machine is from one to two tons in large units less than its "live load" is also becoming current, meaning that less fuel is needed to propel it.

The electric-driven truck is distinguished from its progenitors of 1896 but little in appearance, but markedly in efficiency. When it first became a commercial vehicle it could barely do twenty miles on a charge of battery. To-day fifty to sixty miles without recharging is common, and the one-hundred-mile electric is a thing of the near future. Were battery-charging facilities commonly available it is probable that the electric truck would numerically be stronger than the internal-combustion type. As a purely urban vehicle it is more adaptable. It can be driven by unskilled labor and gives greater efficiency on a given expenditure for power; and for frequent stop service it is more flexible and economical than the "gas-burning truck." Reserve batteries, now easily procurable, obviate its apparent disadvantage—the necessity of "laying it up" for eight hours out of the twenty-four to recharge its batteries, making it uncertain that it will be ready for service when needed. In large business organizations such as breweries, textile mills, department stores, and manufacturing where the power-plant is operated all night the electric truck has become standardized for city and relatively short-haul service. As the power-plant

must be operated all night at any rate, that percentage of its electric power directed to the charging of the motor-vehicle is figured as negligible in cost.

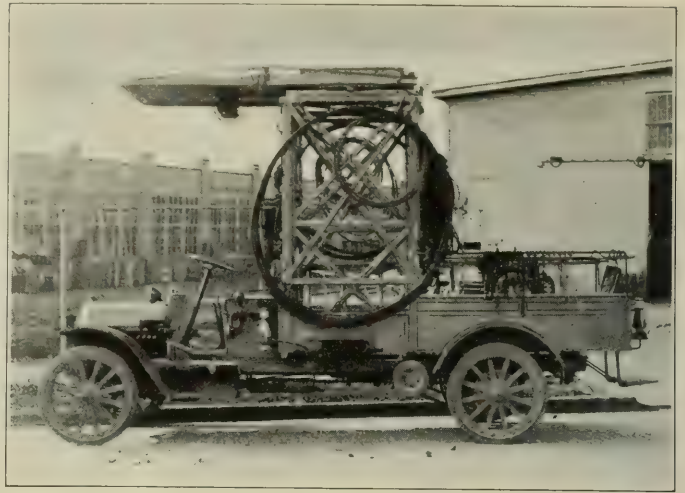
The motor-truck is not a mere substitute for one, two, three, or more teams of horses. It is a *revolutionizer* of internal methods of handling and moving merchandise, whether it be pins or pianos, brushes or bricks, lumber or lace, and the sudden motorizing of highway commerce would upset the time-honored "take-as-long-as-you-please" customs and methods of the horse-vehicle delivery system. The business public at large does not yet know how to use the new transportation tool. The power-wagon has literally had to fight for its present ground inch by inch because it has had to teach its users through costly experience that to get from it its vast inherent working capacity horse methods must become by-gones with the horse. It is therefore fortunate for both business and the motor-truck industry that the world is motorizing its highway commerce comparatively slowly. This educational period is quite young, but already its influence is marked in bringing about *internal efficiency* in merchandise-moving practices of business establishments, so that they may approximate the efficiency of the new outside moving agency.

The auto-truck is teaching the lesson that real efficiency in merchandise trans-



portation begins not at the door of the business establishment but at the door of the chief executive's office, and ends neither at the door of the shipping-room nor at the door of the truck but at the door of the customer. Did you ever purchase a paper of pins, a collar, and a handkerchief, aggregating, say, fifty cents in amount, from a department store and observe three separate and stately wagons stop at your home in the suburbs, twenty miles away, to deliver these articles the following day? Such expensive methods of merchandise delivery are still common enough in New York, Chicago, Boston, and the large cities, but the motor-truck

experts in the United States, aptly says: "No matter how perfect mechanically the



An emergency truck.



Another example of a motor-truck in municipal service.

truck is, it will prove a signal failure if it is not manned by a qualified driver, if not inspected daily by a qualified repair man, and if not operated by a qualified transportation expert who keeps its idle time down, who arranges operating schedules to the best advantage, and who has gray matter enough to look upon the truck not as an experimental burden but as a legitimate investment that calls for direction the same as any other department of his business. The merchant, the manufacturer, or transportation company must

is pointing the way for business doctors to discard the anachronistic inside methods of merchandise-handling. The motor-truck is but a detail—a mere auxiliary of the really modern motorized transportation system in which *methods* rather than *motors* achieve the success or failure of mechanical outside deliveries. Truck-manufacturers are coming to learn that schools of transportation are greater promoters of their business than mechanical features in truck-construction. As Mr. David Beecroft, one of the foremost motor-truck



A five-ton electric truck.

Speed seven miles per hour, mileage 35-40.

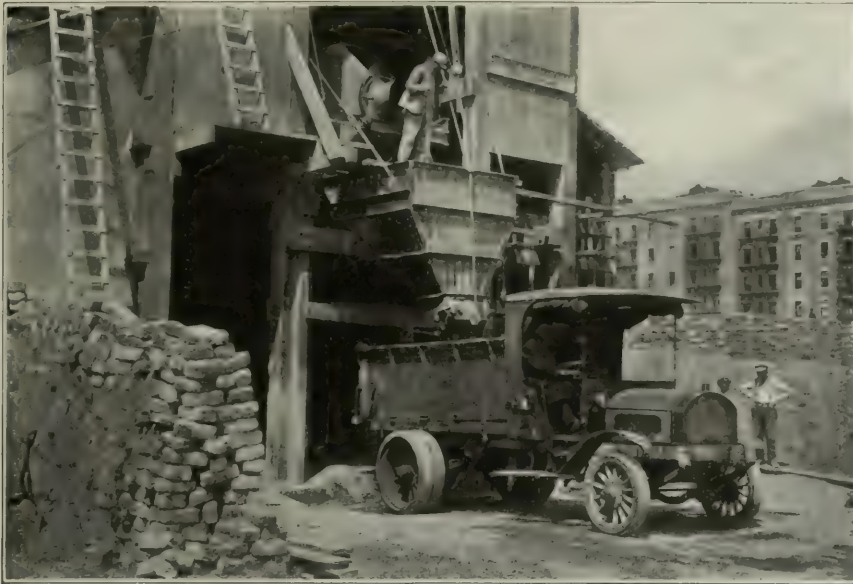


keep this in mind: making motor-trucks pay is a man's job and not the occupation of a boy or driver. Outside transportation demands greater intelligence and executive ability than ever before."

of the retail price of many articles and commodities can be saved.

In the new system of internal efficiency lost motion and waste of time commence

at the loading-platform of the common carrier. The railroads are beginning to equip their terminals and warehouses with mechanically or electrically operated loading-appliances, which put goods on or off, from steamer or car to vehicle, with a celerity and economy unknown even five years ago. Motor-truck users are unloading the incoming freight directly onto an elevator at body level instead of at a plat-



*From a photograph by H. F. Dutcher.*

An example of high efficiency in loading a dump-truck

Including time for backing in and starting, the truck is on its way three and one-half minutes after its arrival at the hopper.

Business principles must be applied to business vehicles as they have been applied to every other phase of commercial investment. In one department—the wrapping of goods—all is despatch; in the shipping department speed and real system are unknown quantities. The horse system of delivery had a small limit of activity. The horse himself fixed it. Man has worked to that limit from the time business was born. The motor-truck has taught to big business the lesson that there is no essential difference (in achieving profits) between the operation of a rail transportation system and a road transportation system. For example, if a railroad handled a package twenty-three times in delivering it from Chicago to Forest Park, Illinois, fifteen miles distant (an average practice with horse systems of delivery), it would soon go into bankruptcy. By reducing the number of lost motions to a minimum the motor-truck, indirectly, is showing that between 40 and 60 per cent



An example of great carrying capacity.

A motor-tractor which hauls eighteen tons of ashes in a special steel body.

form five feet higher. Delivery platforms that open into steel-floored slides save strength, time, and money, as all the driver and helper need to do is to shove the packages to the edge and start them down to the bottom where men receive and check them off. Even the simple expedient of bridging the gap between the truck's tail-gate and the freight platform with a



cheap steel plate was estimated by a Chicago motor-truck user to add forty minutes per day to each of his machines.

Inside the mercantile institution a still greater casting aside of time-honored goods-moving methods is occurring. The hand-truck wheeled between aisles to collect packages on each floor is passing in all business establishments where motor transportation is used. The spiral gravity chute and the travelling belt have

Such methods conduce to give the motor-truck the maximum of active work.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, when teaming and carting in cities and free deliveries to customers began to bring the horse in large numbers to centres of population, a two-horse wagon cost perhaps three or four dollars per day, all told, to operate. To-day the same vehicle costs from six to nine dollars per day to operate (varying somewhat in different cities),



Getting milk from a dairyman at stations and delivering it to a creamery thirty-five miles distant.

As a transportation agency for bringing agricultural products to market from one hundred to two hundred miles distant, the motor-truck has a great future.

taken its place. Distribution is made into bins in the basement corresponding in number to each motor-truck and subdivided into goods-bins for freight, express, parcel-post, and city and suburban deliveries.

Drivers (instead of, as in horse-delivery practice, making up their own loads from the chaos of packages) are not permitted to enter the shipping department of establishments where efficiency principles are being applied to transportation. They enter bins which open on the shipping-platforms, take out their loads either by hand or on a wheeled truck, receive a routing-schedule for that particular load, and depart. In some establishments the travelling belt performs the same internal package-moving work as the spiral slide. In some cases removable cage or "nest" bodies fitting into permanent bodies on the truck, or complete demountable bodies, are employed, the loads being prepared while the machine is away delivering.

but considerably less service and efficiency are derived from it now than was the case three decades back, due either to shorter hours or the number of restrictions which teamsters' unions have introduced—as well as increasing congestion of traffic on streets. The motor-truck is teaching merchants that scientific methods of cost-accounting on transportation have as vital bearing on their success as has a knowledge of the selling-expense and the percentages of profit or loss which each individual department bears to the aggregate profits of the business. It has demonstrated to them that instead of a cost of three or four dollars per day per team, as they had been figuring their transportation expense for years, seven or eight dollars was their actual cost. The economic waste of the anachronistic animal transportation method has been the big "leak" through which profits have escaped. The motor-truck is introducing this regime of internal efficiency because





From a photograph by H. E. Dutcher.

A five-ton truck in the service of a building contractor.

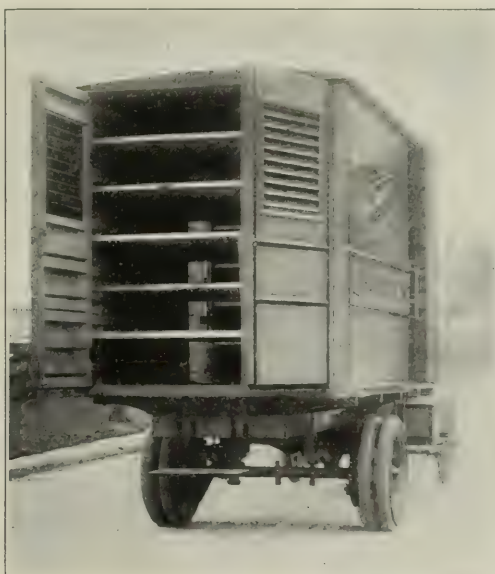
The truck is loaded by means of an auxiliary wagon fitted with rollers. This trailer is loaded while the truck is making a delivery. The truck shown in the picture has covered in one year 10,175 miles over dirt roads, averaging sixteen tons of lumber per day.

its users have discovered that it costs them sixty to ninety cents per hour to operate a horse-team and \$1.50 per hour to operate a motor-truck which does the work of five horse-wagons; and that, if they move their goods inside and load and unload at the "horsepace" standard, the motor will accomplish no more than one two-horse wagon, cost five times more, and be an expense instead of a big profit-making agency. Keeping a \$5,000 motor-truck standing beside a \$500 horse-team, waiting its turn to receive or discharge its load, is unjust to the owner and doubly unjust to the motor *because it isn't allowed to earn profits.*

In transportation by horse-vehicles a load is sometimes piled on as long as the animals can move it. It is natural for the motor-user to load the "new freighter" in the same manner. The motor can be overloaded in a far greater proportion to its capacity than can the horse-vehicle. Motor-manufacturers are trying to teach the difficult lesson that any load in excess of the normal or rated capacity of the ma-

chine reacts against the owner in increased repair expenses incident to abused mechanisms and enlarged tire-bills. Likewise, that over-speeding the new tool "kills it" before its logical period of usefulness is over, just as it does the horse. Further, that, because it is a business investment that may be six or eight times greater than a horse-wagon, care and attention to it must be in like ratio to its cost and not six to eight times less.

Second and third respectively to internal efficiency in their value are the proper adaptability of the body of the vehicle to its purpose and the



The huge body of a motor-truck arranged in six compartments for varied merchandise.

use of auxiliary apparatus worked by truck-power to supplement its efficiency. The flexibility of wheel base-length coupled with built-to-fit-the-business bodies which the motor-truck has introduced, have made the motor fit transportation conditions where even animal power could not be used at all. "Stock" types of bodies are rare in motor service. Near-science, instead of the mere guesswork current in wagon-body design, has been compelled by the motor to take into ac-



count such features as the volume per unit, weight per cubic foot of material, accessibility to the body, and supplementary use of the truck-power to load and unload the goods. One may pass in a large city, for example, a score or more of five-ton

clothing can be hung and from which any article can be easily removed, through swinging doors at the rear, without disturbing the others; bodies with doors on both sides, enabling the driver to save much time in delivering packages in nar-



The fleet of trucks of a Chicago department store in a spacious garage.

The motor-truck is housed with the same care as is given the locomotive in a roundhouse.

motors of the same make, each carrying a different commodity, and the bodies carrying them will be found to vary in shape, arrangement, or dimensions. Built-for-the-business bodies are fairly expressive of the motor regime.

Distinctively new types of bodies have been introduced by the motor-truck. There are dual-service bodies with floors or decks like steamers, one deck for carrying a lighter, bulkier material like lumber, paper boxes, etc., the other for a denser, heavier material like coal, stone, etc.; four or five section open bodies, transversely divided, each with a capacity of one ton or less, and handling four or five different materials, as, for example, coal, cement, coke, cast iron and copper ingots, to be separately carried and separately unloaded on the same motor-truck; four, six, or eight enclosed-compartment-type bodies handling different sizes, weights, brands, prices, etc., of merchandise to be transported in the same body without confusion and damage to the fragile articles by the tougher materials; bodies with adjustable shelves which can be manipulated by the driver from his seat to reach quickly a desired package; bodies with sliding racks on which goods like

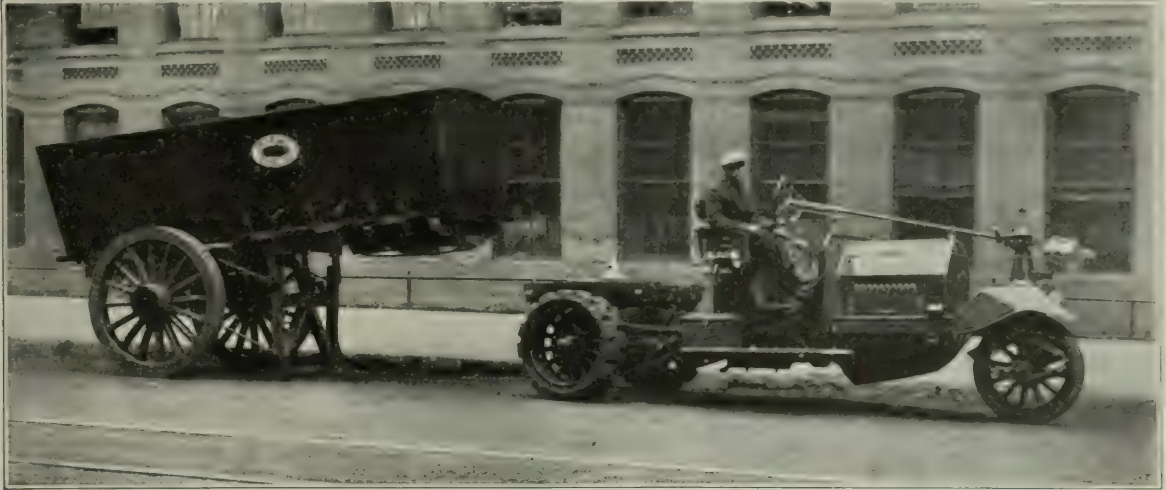
row alleys direct to curb or elevator; wonderful demountable bodies which when loaded by the gravity chutes and belt conveyors increase the operating-time of the truck from 40 to 60 per cent. Such bodies slide on rails or grooves on the bed of the truck and are loaded and unloaded by the engine-power of the truck, controlled by the driver at his seat. In three minutes an empty body can be exchanged for a loaded body and the idle time of the machine very much reduced. With a battery of different shapes and sizes of bodies one can use the same truck chassis to handle an indefinite number of materials—anything from pins to pianos.

Engineering and contracting industries have needed the most efficient and novel of the special truck bodies. Contractors' trucks are fitted with automatic dump bodies, some operated mechanically by chains and sprockets from the truck's gear-box; others by hydraulic means, such as a piston working in a vertical cylinder; others in which the body is run on tracks to the rear of the frame and there dumped by the increasing overhang of the body: in each type the driver controls the mechanism without leaving his seat. Power-elevated bodies, by the mere



turn of a lever, rise to a height sufficient to dislodge the contents by gravity from a chute at the side. Side-dump bodies tilt from one side and disgorge a 10,000-pound load of gravel, dirt, or crushed stone in less than a minute. Sliding-dump bodies,

thereof were spent in each loading and unloading; at what hour and minute the truck was stopped and how long; how much time the driver took for meals; how many minutes' delay was caused by waiting at docks and freight terminals to re-



Motor-tractor with steel coal-body arranged with three separate compartments.

The rear compartment holds three tons and dumps from a rear chute, while the two forward compartments each hold one ton and dump from side chutes. Bags can be carried on top, making a total capacity of about six tons. The towing unit backs up to the carrying unit, which is then coupled on.

mounted on turntable, swing through an arc large enough to dislodge their loads at the rear.

Special conditions have to be met in each business. One firm has not the floor space to use the extra bodies that a rival firm finds to be of special merit. One concern has heavy merchandise in small quantities; a firm in the same building has light goods put up in small packages. The needs of each must be studied and bodies built and systems installed to meet the individual requirements of each.

In the horse highway commerce, time is usually the least considered. According to a recent government report a city horse averages barely four hours of work a day. To accentuate the value of time in motor efficiency, instruments have recently been produced which are operated by the auto-truck to prevent the lazy or incompetent driver from falsifying records of his daily work. Like the weather-bureau instruments which record each slight variation of temperature, humidity, and barometric pressure, every minute of the day these auto-truck recorders register every detail of the mechanism's daily history: how many minutes and fractions

ceive or discharge the load; how much time each specific trip required, etc. These "graphical guardians" of the truck-owners' interests are sealed in cases proof against meddling, and the daily "log," indelibly registered in simple curves, enables him to determine where he can speed up the inefficient elements of his delivery, thus compelling the lazy or incompetent driver to change his habits and serving the efficient driver as a speechless record of his honesty and ability. By adding extra trips per day to motor-trucks they have increased the profits of owners thousands of dollars per year. By forcing drivers to be honest they have made honesty a habit, and thus have protected human beings against themselves. Thus they must be regarded as moral benefactors.

There are nearly one hundred and fifty active producers of power-wagons in the United States. A production of 56,000 motor-trucks in 1913 gives an average output of 373 machines each. Quantity production by any single producer is as yet impossible in the motor-truck industry. On a parity in efficiency with the locomotive, as the motor-truck now is, it is me-





From a photograph by H. F. Dutcher.

A completely motorized engine-house of the New York City Fire Department.

chanically in a state of transition. Standardization of design which has reduced the price of the horse-wagon 50 per cent in twenty-five years cannot come in a mechanical industry so young as the power-wagon art in a few years. It takes time and experience to adjust a radically new vehicle to a definite, fixed design. Standardization of the motor-truck is coming fast, however, and when the public accepts it at its true worth there will be ushered in an era of quantity production and prices that will be analogous to the constant decrease in the prices of passenger automobiles.

In the light-delivery motor-wagon industry an era of lower prices commenced in 1913, due to increasing utilization of the smaller units. In one case the builder of a good light-service motor was enabled

to reduce its price 30 to 50 per cent over equivalent-capacity motors through a production of 12,000 machines per year. Even to-day, considering its great carrying and earning capacity, the motor-truck is a *cheap* transportation tool.

Animadversion against the motor-truck has taken the form of repressive laws in several States, aiming either to prohibit the new vehicle of a definite capacity (from five tons upward) on public highways, the imposition of excessive "wheel or tonnage taxes," or both. The various State legislatures have awakened to the possibilities of the power-wagon as a revenue-producer, and the fight to keep adverse laws off the statute-books is and will be desperate. The saddling of the commercial car with an incubus will set back for years the coming of motorized high-



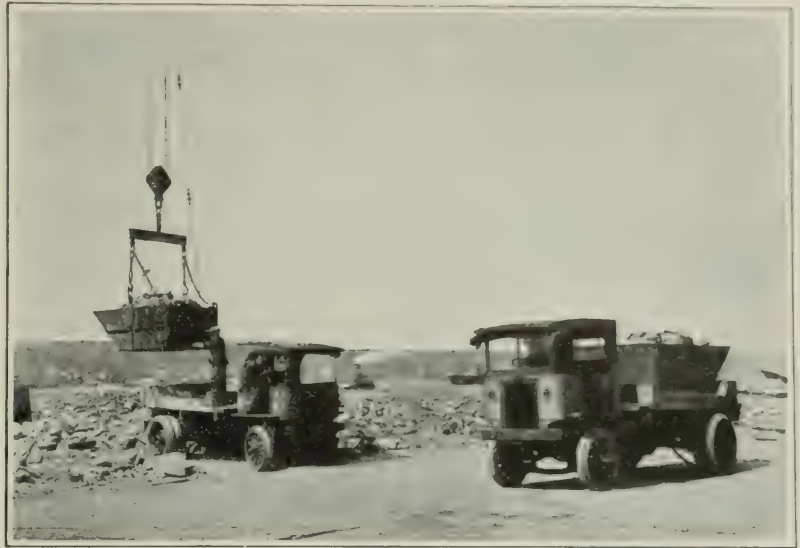
Sliding a nest body on rollers into the fixed body of a motor-truck.



way commerce into its own, and will cause serious economic results. Upon efficient and economic highway commerce depends quite largely the ultimate solution of the growing cost of food products. The short-sightedness, the absurdity, the positive menace to industrial and collective wealth of legislators who say, "The motor is destroying our roads," has but one answer: We have outgrown our present commerce on highways born centuries before the Cæsars, and but little more efficient now than 3,000 years ago. We have outgrown our present roads even as "horse highways" for several decades. Science and invention have placed at our disposal a new transportation tool that demands a new highway to move our commerce, with economies that will add millions of dollars per year in time to our wealth, and add thousands of human beings to our wealth—preserving lives every year that are now being maimed and destroyed by those diseases which the horse and his companion the horsefly create and carry. Shall we be content with mediæval highways and the anachronistic horse, or shall we welcome motorized highway commerce as a great economic force and compel our legislators to see that the hundreds of millions of dollars that are being appropriated to build good roads are actually directed to constructing good roads and not diverted as good graft?

No motor-truck—even if it were practicable to build it to carry a weight of twenty tons on each axle—could do the slightest damage to a highway of cement, for example, and such highways can be constructed at but little greater initial cost than the now common, superficial, highly expensive-to-maintain macadam roads. And cement roads would last as long as the famous Appian Way of Italy. The contention that motor-trucks damage our present crude roads cannot be asserted by the most expert highway engi-

neers. The question of the destructive action of any motor-vehicle on a road surface with a sufficiently hard foundation is one of speed. The motor-truck, although from two to six times faster than the horse-vehicle, is a relatively low-speed vehicle. Five-ton trucks, which are the largest units operated outside of a few large cities, are generally governed (mechanically) to a maximum speed of ten miles per hour, but good drivers will not attempt to average over eight miles per



Detachable skip-buckets carried on motor-trucks.

hour on average roads. Common sense and observation will demonstrate the fact that a five-ton horse-wagon equipped with two-and-one-half-inch steel tires and moving but three miles per hour will do much more damage to a country road, after a rain, for instance, than will a five-ton power-wagon, moving ten miles per hour, but equipped with double six-inch-wide rubber tires on its back wheel. The horse-wagon acts as a plough, cutting a narrow, deep furrow, which after the passage of a dozen or so such vehicles makes the surface of the highway resemble a freshly furrowed field. The motor-truck acts as a road-roller at all times, its wide tires making the distribution per unit of load-bearing surface much smaller and its greater speed causing a much shorter bearing period against the surface than a horse-wagon of similar capacity.

In Europe every great power has given the greatest possible incentive to the utilization of freight-carrying motors by the



construction of magnificent permanent highways which have reduced the cost of European highway haulage to a fractional part of what it costs to move freight over our undeveloped roads (in France but three cents per ton-mile as against twenty-five to forty-five cents per ton-mile in the United States). Large subsidies ranging from \$80 to \$600 at time of purchase to \$50 to \$250 additional annual bonuses per vehicle, for two or three years thereafter, encourage merchants to motorize their transportation. In this way Germany, France, England, and Austria have built up land transportation squadrons of many thousands of privately owned subsidized motor-trucks whose manufacturers have qualified them through annual tests of the war departments to be entitled to subsidy. These vehicles are subject to governmental requisition in times of war at a stipulated rental per day to their owners.

In 1912 the 250,000 miles of railway in the United States, from the best obtainable figures, carried 2,000,000,000 tons; in the same year there were transported over the 2,222,248 miles of highway in the United States 6,500,000,000 tons. The railways represent an approximate investment of \$30,000,000,000; the estimated horse-power of their motive service aggregates 69,000,000 as against the twenty-five-odd-million animal power. In other words, the enormous tonnage distributed over railroads is but 30 per cent of the total transported tonnage of the products of commerce of this country; the other 70 per cent is moved over public highways. Transportation experts tell us that of the \$2,000,000,000 annual "horse cost-of-living bill" we can easily save 50 per cent, or one billion per year, with motorized highway commerce.

At the present rate of growth we can expect *completely motorized highway* commerce in all cities from 25,000 and upward by the year 1930, as we actually need to displace about ten millions (which is the number devoted to city service) of the twenty-five million horses in the United States before we can come to the fullest enjoyment of motorized urban commerce. Figuring conservatively that one motor-truck displaces four horses, this means

that about 2,500,000 power-wagons are needed to make mechanical transportation general in urban communities of 10,000 population and upward. In addition, at least a million more power-wagons are demanded for efficient transportation of farm products. This does not mean that the complete elimination of the horse on the farm is either desirable or economical. Future invention in "mechanical ploughs" of capacity equal to the horse unit may bring about this condition, but to-day the horse is too flexible a work unit to make his complete displacement on the farm anything more than an idle speculation. And for several years yet we cannot expect to have enough different types of motors more economically to perform all of the many familiar services of the horse in the city.

But the future of the freight-carrying automobile is rich in economic, social, sanitary, and humanitarian promise. Distribution, which means transportation largely, is now the greatest single item entering into the selling-price of food and of many other commodities. The efficiency regime which the motor-truck is introducing will cut down the twenty-three handlings of goods, from freight-station to consumer, to four or five; the farm products that now go through an endless round of rehandlings will be transported a hundred or more miles by motor-truck direct to the dealer or the consumer. The motor-truck will conduce to attract more people to agricultural pursuits by reducing the difficulty of getting farm products to market at better prices. As a sanitary agency to decrease the terrible ravages of germ diseases transmitted by the horse-fly, motorized highway commerce in cities will save many millions in money now inefficiently spent each year to maintain superficial sanitation on our streets, and many thousands of lives. All wars together have not caused half the deaths that may be traced to the horse. Humanity for the beast in urban service on paved surfaces, in storm, snow, and sleet is impossible. Business, humanity, and public health demand that the horse be eliminated from urban civilization. The time of his exit is not far hence.





*Painted by H. T. Dunn.*

The New Romance.





# THE FLEET GOES BY

By Mary Synon



ALTA, pale-yellow walls piling on ramparts that stand sheer from jade waters of the sea of St. Paul's sailing, gave to Alida Cushing a thrilling moment of glory on the November morning when she came back to Valetta.

From dawn the steamer out of Tunis had ploughed the straits between Africa and Sicily under a luminous mist that shut out the world of sea and sky. From dawn the golden languor of the Mediterranean had drifted with the fog over white decks, until only Alida Cushing, standing at the bow of the liner, had remained victorious against its Lethean lure.

Poised like some watcher on a tower, she had challenged the laziness of her fellow passengers, those builders of Babel who drift eastward from Marseilles. Some of them knew her by sight as Alida Alvidua, of the Milan opera, the Alvidua who had sung *Aïda* at the Verdi festival and whom Jan Blockx had declared the only great artist of the voice in modern opera. One of the passengers, distinctively American from his rimless eye-glasses to his russet shoes, had been watching the singer without recognition, but with an interest more penetrative than listless curiosity. But Alida Cushing gave no more heed to him than she gave to the Arabian traders, to the Egyptian pasha, to the Levantine merchants, to the Greek banker, or to the Italian officers on the decks around him. She stood, a Ulysses at the prow, coming close to Calypso's isle with restless eagerness for the promised adventure. Now, as the mists began to float into fleecy white clouds that lifted with the rising breeze, revealing the shore-line of a group of rocks just ahead, her mood seemed to focus into a bright joyousness of anticipation. Then, with the sun came Malta, and with the sudden picture of the orange-hued rocks there flashed on the watching woman the triumphant thought of all that Malta meant to her.

For the little island of England's rule, guarding England's ships as they steamed from Gibraltar to Port Said, loomed no more sharply out of the still sea than its significance rose above the level of Alida Cushing's life. Malta had been the scene of her first triumph. Nine years before she had won it she had left San Francisco, an adventuring girl of nineteen, saying good-by to her home and her father with the carelessness of hoping youth. Between the evening when she had looked back across the bay from the Oakland pier to the San Francisco hills and the night when she had been given an eleventh-hour chance at Madame Garthi's rôle of *Tosca* in the Royal Opera House of Valetta, Alida Cushing had lived years of endeavor, of ambition, and of companionship with that handmaiden of ambition, the Señora Alvidua.

The Señora Alvidua, the little, dark old Spanish woman who sat blinking in the sunlight among the furs and laces that Alida had piled about her, had been for nearly fifteen years the dominant force of her granddaughter's life. Against Robert Cushing's opposition she had diverted his only child from a New England college course to Paris and the greatest singing-master of the world. With all the diplomacy of her temperament the old Californian had aided in the building of the fame of Alida Alvidua, using the bricks of the girl's great gift. So closely had she interwoven the threads of her personality with the girl's career that she could never understand and never cease regretting that the great event of Alida Cushing's life, her triumph in Valetta, had happened without her own presence. Alida had gone to Malta alone, an unknown singer then, one of the hundreds of girls who hold infinitesimal places in famous companies, in the hope that the roving calcium of chance may sometime light them into glory. In Malta the rays had fallen upon her. She had scaled the heights in the presence of the prince who was soon to be King of



England. Now, after five years of Continental successes had established her position, Alida Cushing was going back to Malta to receive the decoration that the governor of the island was to give her in token of his Majesty's remembrance of the night when Fame had found a wooer in the willow cabin at her gate and had opened the way to the palace of achievement.

With the exultation of her memories the singer watched the long harbor under the menacing guns of the batteries, and beyond the dragon's mouth of the St. Elmo lighthouse, turning from the rail at last to share her emotion with the old woman, whose gaze of shrewd affection had been marking her exuberant delight. "Isn't it wonderful, grandmother?" she demanded.

The old woman's smile mingled admiration of her granddaughter's mood with tolerance of its inspiration. The Señora Alvidua's enthusiasms had been so often overlaid with the cement of repression that the survivors had concreted into convictions. "The mountains we have climbed are always the highest," she smiled.

Alida Cushing laughed. "That night in Valetta was my high mountain," she said; "but to you it's only the lowest foothill of the range you want me to scale, isn't it?" She seated herself on the stool of the señora's chair, toying with the old woman's laces. "What very high peaks you have chosen for me!" she mused, with the satiric tinge of voice that the señora was wont to ascribe to an alien strain of blood. "Covent Garden—and then? The Metropolitan in New York?"

"Not I but fate has decided," said the señora with pious asperity. "But why do you consider New York, my child? It can give you nothing more than London. And London stands ready to give you very much."

"I was thinking," Alida said, "that I should like an American tour before I went to London." The señora's eyes narrowed into sharp scrutiny of her granddaughter. "One may not eat his cake, and also have it," she said. "If you choose to accept the Covent Garden contracts, London is waiting. If you go to New York—" She spread out her ring-laden fingers in a gesture of helpless despair. Alida laughed. "You prompt fate

from the wings," she teased the old woman. "Do you remember the day you met me, the day when you came to the convent to see one of the Mexican girls?"

"I never called upon a Mexican"—the señora evaded the main issue—"and I have met very, very few Americans."

"Including the Cushings."

"I should never call you American."

"No." The girl lingered over the word till it almost became an interrogation. "I fancy that no one would call me American now. And yet, before you brought me abroad, I was the wildest Yankee jingo in all California. Father used to say that I outshouted all Telegraph Hill on the day the news of Manila Bay came."

"Those were the only demonstrations your father approved," the señora remarked dryly. The girl's eyes danced as if at some mischievous recollection. "Do you remember the day that you asked father if you might bring me to Paris? It was the seventeenth of June. We were having a party, father and I, in the big dining-room at luncheon, because he had to go up to the ranch that afternoon. And when you came in and saw the candles, and the flowers, and my white gown, you asked what feast we were observing. And father raised his glass and said: 'The great feast of my commonwealth, the birthday of my country, the day of the battle of Bunker Hill!' And you said: 'Indeed! Who fought it? And where?' Grandmother, didn't you really know?"

"Why should I?"

"And yet you lived in the United States for forty years."

"Unwillingly," said the señora. "Do you not remember, Alida, that I consider all reference to your mother's unfortunate marriage unnecessary?" She drew her laces and furs about her with a magnificent manner of reserve, but her granddaughter laughed so merrily that the man with the eye-glasses leaned forward, the puzzled look on his face flashing to a certainty of recognition. "Oh, grandmother, grandmother," she gasped, "can't you see how funny it is to say that to me? But, oh, how I wish that the Cushings might hear you say it!"

"Is it possible," the señora asked



shrewdly, "that when you visited them in Massachusetts—" she stumbled over the word—"they did not know that our family was infinitely older and nobler than theirs?"

"I fear they didn't. You see, father's people all have the idea that God made the world in 1620, and they know that some one of them has been around to help Him ever since then."

"Your grandfather's people," said the señora, "had driven the Moor from Aragon before Columbus was born."

Alida Cushing flung her supple arms high above her head as she rose from the deck-chair. "If I took the responsibilities of both sides of my family," she yawned, "what an Atlas I'd be!"

"It is a burden that every one must bear," declared Doña Alvidua. But Alida tucked her back into the furs and the laces, then strolled away. The gaze of the man of the eye-glasses followed her thoughtfully until she had passed from his sight at the turn of the promenade. Then he rose and went toward the stern, crossing there to the port side where Alida Cushing stood with her elbows on the rail as she looked out upon the stone walls of the harbor into which the liner was sliding. He came beside her, set his elbow close to hers, and rested his chin in his palm before he spoke. "Looks a little like our old San Francisco, doesn't it, greaser?" he asked.

Alida Cushing flashed toward him, her eyes blazing rebuke of the stranger's impertinence even before she realized the import of his words. The twinkling lights in his gray eyes met the rapiers of her anger. His white hat came off with a flourish as he faced her in amused appraisal. "I am," he said, "at the service of Mademoiselle Alvidua, if Alida Cushing doesn't remember her old friends."

From the girl's eyes the hostility died out as the fire of kindling recognition blazed forth. "Billy Corse!" she cried. "Where did you come from? What are you doing here? How did you know me? Oh, but I am most happy to see you!"

"Not half as glad as I am to see you," he declared fervently. "I've come from New York by way of Havre," he numbered off her queries. "I came across France to Marseilles. I barely caught

the steamer. You came aboard at Tunis?"

"I sing at Malta to-night," she explained. "A command performance. Can you stay over? Or are you on cruise?"

"I shall stay in Malta," said Billy Corse, "if all the fleets in the world change course to-day. To hear you sing again I should mutiny from heaven."

"What do you here?" she demanded, only nodding appreciation of the speech. Billy Corse laughed at the little foreign idiom. "I do here begin to labor," he told her. "I am of the wicked who never cease from troubling. I am a day laborer for the United Press, and I've come to meet the fleet, or that part of it that passes here to-day. You see, we've a war on tap with Mexico, and I've orders to swing in on the chance that our ships will go right into the Gulf."

"With Mexico? Is it so?"

Billy Corse stared at her frowningly. "You're the first American I've met since I left New York who wasn't half-mad with excitement over the mere idea."

"They haven't lived over here long," she said. "Will you meet grandmother? She will be interested in a Mexican war."

"I suppose she has property in Huerta's country," the correspondent muttered as he went after Alida to the old woman. The señora, greeting him with courtesy that only illuminated hostility, justified his surmise. "What will be done to guard property if war comes?" she inquired.

"The American Government will see that there's a square deal," he assured her.

"If you knew as much of the history of California as I do," said the señora crisply, "you would not speak with such certainty, Meester Corse."

"Don't you know that you'll be looked after?" he asked Alida.

"I know very little of America any more," she said. "I haven't been there in years."

"Aren't you ever going home again?"

"Our home is in Paris."

"Honestly?" Billy Corse shoved his hands into his pockets and stood looking down at her. "I suppose," he said, "that it's all right, but, you see, I remember the Alida Cushing who used to carry



the flag up Nob Hill in front of a crowd of us young ruffians. She was a girl who wanted to lead a raid on Chinatown because it was a foreign menace."

"How very funny she must have been!"

"Is she really an expatriate, Doña Alvidua?"

"My granddaughter has come back to the older traditions of an older family," said the señora. She watched Billy Corse with more than personal disapproval till he grew restive. "Don't you want to see the landing?" he asked Alida. As the younger woman turned to go with him the señora admonished her: "Do not forget, my dear, that Sir William meets us at the dock."

"Who is Sir William?" Corse asked directly.

"Sir William Price-Cherrill," Alida told him. "He's a special commissioner of the British Government to Malta, and he has brought the decoration that the girl who used to carry the flag up Nob Hill will be given to-night."

"I've heard of him," said Billy Corse. "He's a wonderful chap, they say, one of the fellows who look like Christmas trees when they wear their service medals. Know him well?"

"Very well," Alida said. She was looking toward the landing-stage with the gaze of one who sees beyond the scene into great vistas, the look that Billy Corse had glimpsed while she stood at the prow.

He sighed suddenly. "I suppose," he said, "that life over here has fascinations, especially for a woman with a gift like yours. And yet it hurts me a little that a real American girl turns her back on the stars and stripes. Out there on the coast we had to fight harder to *be* Americans than the folks back east did. Sometimes the mountains made it seem another country. But we proved up, didn't we? And now one of the girls we want to keep ours chooses to be an expatriate."

"You don't understand," she told him. "I'm not unpatriotic, Billy, but I have no interests in America any more. All the beauty, all the opportunity, all the inspiration of my life have come to me over here. And since father died I've no tie to take me back."

"It's your country," said Billy Corse.

"You do not grow up, do you?" She

smiled in deprecation of her words as she felt his rising irritation. Billy Corse had been one of her most joyous playmates in the days before Doña Alvidua had found her granddaughter's gift. She had been a girl with few friendships, and all of them strong. She had fewer ties in her womanhood, and the old ones held her tighter than she had known. She was very glad to find Billy Corse so little changed. "You will come to the opera to-night?" she asked him.

"If I have to kill a king to get there," he promised.

Their handclasp made the promise binding, and Billy Corse, old enough to know better, thrilled under it boyishly after he had given over Alida to the glowering old woman. But when he saw them meeting the big Englishman, whose visible importance had brought him first over the gang-plank, Billy Corse clenched his fist. "If I'd had money enough to come to Europe ten years ago, there wouldn't be any Sir William on the landscape," he told the bare-legged Arab boy who happened to be nearest to him.

But to Alida Cushing, not less than to Doña Alvidua, the big Englishman was filling a large portion of the background of the landing-stage. Sir William Price-Cherrill was good to look at, a cleanly, wide-visioned Englishman, whose England came more closely to him in Africa and in Asia than it did in Europe. He had welcomed Alida with a genuineness of pleasure that gave her the sense of disembarking upon a foundation of unshakable solidity. He was as firm of purpose and of affection as the great walls behind him were strong. As he went up the stairs of the landing-stage, aiding the señora's faltering ascent, Alida found herself comparing his back with Billy Corse's. When he turned to look at her, he found Alida smiling at him with the joyous friendliness that had brought him across a crowded reception-room to her one night in Paris, and that had brought him back from India that he might bear to her the mark of his King's favor. He smiled back at her fondly, but to the woman there came the sudden thought that he was smiling down at her. Her glance found Billy Corse, luggage-laden, on the same step with her, separated by a half-dozen Arabs and



Greeks and Italians. And it came to her with a curious thrill that Billy Corse was smiling not downward, but straight across into her eyes. The old memory of marching up Nob Hill close to him, a flag in her hand as she walked, returned with a vividness his words had not evoked. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. When she came to the highest step of the long stone flight, she found Sir William waiting for her. Billy Corse had gone with the crowd.

As the one-horse vehicle stumbled up the Strada Reale, red-coated soldiers saluted Sir William and his guests. At the big hotel servants seemed to have been established for the express purpose of obeying his commands. The Englishman ignored them all with the simplicity of a man not concerned with the manner of service but with the fruits of its results. But the señora marked the deference paid him with the appreciation of a woman who measures power by its emoluments. To her the luncheon at the hotel, with Sir William briefly outlining the manner of Alida's coming honor, was the forerunner of other and more intimate meetings of the three. She had a wholesome respect for the stability of the British aristocracy. Just now she had a satisfied foresight that her granddaughter was to become part of its system. She flung a line from shore with the remark that Covent Garden already clamored for the Alvidua. The señora, regarding her granddaughter's voice as a gift from God, lacked no modesty about praising the Creator for His works.

"When will you be there?" Sir William asked.

"I am not quite certain that I shall sing in London," said Alida. "I have an offer to sing in New York at the same time. If I take one, I shall not be able to take the other." The señora's eyes sparkled. Alida was playing the game according to the rules.

"Oh, there's no question at all," said Sir William, "for of course you'll come to London."

They did not return to the subject, since Sir William seemed to regard it as unworthy of continuation. The luncheon ended amid interruptions of the coming of many "persons of importance," eager to greet

the singer and the soldier. All about the hotel was an atmosphere of excitement that the señora attributed to her granddaughter's arrival, but that Alida was artist enough to appreciate came from some outside expectation. So vividly alert were the officers whose brilliant uniforms blazed through the dining-hall that the singer demanded of Sir William: "What's happening here? Or what is about to happen?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he asked. "Your fleet comes here to-day."

"The American fleet?" interposed Doña Alvidua.

"And isn't that yours?" he inquired.

"Oh, we are not American," said the señora.

"Miss Cushing is," said Sir William.

"I haven't been in America for nearly fourteen years," she said.

"That's of no consequence," he said lightly. "I was away from home for eleven years once. But England's England, no matter where I am. Your country's born into you, you know, like your eyes, or your hair, or your voice."

Then he fell into talk of other things, but two hours later, after she had been able to retreat in preparation for her appearance at the opera, Alida Cushing remembered Sir William's words.

The beauty of Malta, the softened, dream-making loveliness of the island, drew her from her room to the balcony from which she might see afar across the city of Valetta to the open sea. To her keen perception of vision, her artist's trick of finding the surface an inspiration with which to conjure deeper thought, the place revealed itself to her as the great jewel of the crown of Europe. All the best of Europe, the beauty, the picturesque, the romance, the history, the traditions of nobility, the memories of great wars, shone gleamingly in the facets of this diamond. Paul and Ulysses, John de la Valette and Napoleon Bonaparte, had followed its flashing. It had been, it was even now, the pawn of empires; but its owners had always cherished it, polished it, worn it with pride. Looking upon it, Alida Cushing drew a sharp breath of triumphant appreciation that she, too, was a conqueror of Malta. Then, as the tide turns back, her triumph



went out in the thought that, like every other conqueror, she was alien to the land she had won. To the men and women of the official world of the island, those who would come to the opera to-night to add to her honors, Malta was but a place of service, of exile. "England was England" to them. The señora had carried Spain in her heart through forty years of life in another land. Billy Corse, scouting the world, held his country as sword and shield. Only she, Alida Cushing, born in San Francisco and "one of the Massachusetts Cushings," was an expatriate.

Recollections of her father's scorn of the word came to her with other recollections of his rock-ribbed ideals. Old thoughts of evenings when he had read to her stories of the brave deeds of the men of his race crowded into her brain. All forgotten went the years between as she looked out past the city into the long, locked harbor.

Below her, past the ivory-yellow houses of the Strada Reale, beyond the roofs where flaming poinsettias and fragrant mignonette were blooming, past the grim walls of fortifications, beyond the gay sails of polyglot craft near the shore, four battle-ships lay at anchor. Long, low, gray, they seemed moveless to the watcher on the balcony. Something in their line, their color, brought to Alida Cushing the certainty that these were the ships that Billy Corse had come to meet, that these were the war-ships of the American fleet. She strained her eyes to make out the flags, while the sun dropped down to the rim of the western horizon. Just as its blaze tipped the water the flags on the ships quivered. Dark figures, no larger than pin-pricks on a map, moved beneath the wavering battle-flags. Then, as the flags dipped, there came across the water, and above the roofs, a silver thread of sound so tenuous that only a musician with ear attuned and expectant would have heard it.

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light—" rose the salute. Unwaveringly it floated, a banner of sound challenging England's fortresses with American courage and American humor. To its end Alida Cushing followed the thin line of melody, her head thrown back,

her shoulders high, her eyes fixed upon the picture of the ships in the harbor.

Into the picture there shifted poignant memories of her old home. The horse-shoe of the harbor widened to the sweep of San Francisco Bay. The Mediterranean lashed itself into the green Pacific. The great gray ships at anchor outside the ramparts merged their outlines until only one gray ship stood in the watcher's sight; and that ship was the *Iowa*, old Bob Evans's old *Iowa*, the battle-ship that had lain in San Francisco harbor on the day when the boys of the First California had come home from the Philippines. Beside her rode the transport *Sherman*—with her flag at half-mast.

On the balcony of the Valetta Hotel Alida Cushing watched seaward as she had watched on the afternoon when San Francisco, silenced by dread, had waited for the boats to come from the transport-ship. With the eyes of memory she looked through the years to that most vivid scene of her last days in her father's house. She was standing on its balcony, straining her eyes toward the foot of Van Ness Avenue as she listened to the far-off notes of the approaching band. It was no splendid music of conflict that came ahead of the regiment, only the chorus of the song that the men of the west coast had sung in the islands of the East while they had planted the flag of their country in lands of death and dread:

"One held a ringlet of thin gray hair,  
One held a lock of brown,  
Bidding each other a last farewell,  
Just as the sun went down."

Up Van Ness Avenue came the regiment, marching slowly behind the long line of ambulances. Over and over the band played the refrain as the men of the First California passed between the lines of wet-eyed watchers. No cheer greeted them. The silence of tens of thousands of men and women and children who stood back from the curbing paid tribute to their "boys" as the gaping ranks went by. For the watchers remembered how the boys of the First had gone out to the East, triumphantly hopeful, splendidly brave, boyishly blithe, one thousand and six of them. And not five hundred had



come back. The trenches of Luzon, the swamps of Mindanao, had taken toll of the fighting First.

The gloom of that procession, wending its way toward the Presidio, had clutched at the heart of the watching girl till she felt that she must cry out a tocsin of courage, of gratitude, to the men who had come back from the war. They had fought. They had suffered. They had been ready to die as their comrades had died. Would no one tell them that they had not fought in vain? Grief had its place, but youth holds the laurels for triumph. Alida Cushing had reached above her, snatching down the flag that her father had raised that morning, the flag that his mother had given to his father to bear through the streets of Baltimore. Then, waving it on high, the girl had cried out in that glorious voice that was to thrill kings and emperors in after years: "Well, anyhow, boys, you won!" One white-faced boy in the ranks had shouted back to her: "You bet we did win, kid!" And her father had caught her to him with such a look of pride and glory on his face as she never saw before and never saw again. "Thank God," he had said, "you're an American!"

Darkness came over the sea before Alida Cushing moved from the place of her vision. Below her the lights glimmered in houses that had shone golden a little time before. The myriad fragrances of the southern night arose, but the air that the woman on the balcony breathed came over seas from the pine-forested slopes of Tamalpais, with the tang of sage in its wake. Down in the harbor, beyond the bobbing lights on the little boats, glowed the lights of the fleet. A long time Alida Cushing watched them. Then she took her way to the Royal Opera House.

When the curtain had gone down on the last act of "Louise," the governor of Malta, between the cheers of an audience that filled the building, gave to Alida Cushing, of the Milan opera, the decoration sent to her by his Most Gracious Majesty, George the Fifth, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India. Billy Corse, standing in the wings, saw the tears that filled the singer's eyes as the tumultuous shouting climaxed the governor's praise

of the woman whose greatest glory of achievement had come to her. He saw, too, that Sir William Price-Cherrill was leaving the box where he had been with the Señora Alvidua, and he stepped back that he might not watch their meeting when Alida Cushing should come from the stage where she now stood, bowing her acknowledgments of the honors that were piling higher than the walls of Malta. The orchestra leader waited her final obeisance before he struck up the notes of "God Save the King." But Alida Cushing did not bow herself toward the wings, but pushed her way through the masses of flowers till she stood at the footlights.

Her gaze, intent and eager, the look of the seeker and not of the satisfied, went past the royal box and over the heads of the splendidly gowned women and the gorgeously red-coated men who had come to give her tribute. It glanced in its way upon the white-uniformed officers of the American ships whom the English of Malta had brought as their guests to this triumph of their countrywoman. It rose higher and higher till it found the blue-clad sailors, the jackies of the fleet, sitting in the high tiers of the gallery. And it was to them she spoke.

"Every one has always been good to me over here," she said, "and I can never say how wonderful to-night has been. I'm grateful, oh, so grateful, and I hope that all those who have been so good to me will understand why I must ask their patience for just one favor more. I'm an American, one of you. And I know that our friends here would wish me to sing you an American song."

The orchestra leader raised his baton, looking upward inquiringly to catch her signal. But without orchestra she began:

"Oh, say, can you see——"

A shuffling surge, as when the sea strikes cliffs, swept through the opera-house. White-uniformed officers, blue-uniformed men rose to their feet, standing at attention, every man's face alight, every man's right hand upraised till his index finger touched his temple. Breathless, red-coated men and the bejewelled women beside them watched the governor of

Malta. A moment he frowned, as if puzzled by the meaning of the song. Then he arose. And every red-coated man at the opera that night arose with him.

It was the jackies who joined in the last chorus. It was the jackies who led the maddest cheers that had ever shaken Valletta's opera-house. They were still cheering when Alida Cushing came back to the wings where Sir William Price-Cherrill

stood beside Billy Corse. The Englishman spoke to her first.

"We all hear the call," he said, "when our fleets go by, do we not?"

"Yes," she said, "we hear it." Then she turned to Billy Corse. "I'm going home, Billy," she said. "If you happen to be in New York, and there shouldn't be a war in Mexico, will you come to hear me again?"

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## CHILD, CHILD

By Grace Fallow Norton

CHILD, child,  
 The city-alleys reek;  
 By nighttime and by daytime  
 The passing engines shriek,  
 And murky is the Maytime  
 Where carriers hoot and cry,  
 Yet here thou hast thy playtime  
 And hast thy lullaby.

Child, child,  
 Men say and poets sing,  
 "Thy hope of joy, O Woman,  
 Lies in this single thing.  
 Of life or love, let no man  
 Tell thee aught else were best:  
 Thy joy of joys, O Woman,  
 Thy child upon thy breast."

Child, child,  
 Alas, and if it be?  
 Why sing the joy of mothers  
 And sing no song of thee?  
 Who clamors now for others,  
 Rose-happed though they should lie,  
 He has not seen thy brothers  
 Nor heard thy lullaby.

*Child, child,  
 Some say thou'rt doomed to fail.  
 They cry we do not need thee,  
 So puny, piteous, pale!  
 And staying not to feed thee,  
 They wait their darling's kiss.  
 O lest they hear or heed thee  
 Let them not boast their bliss!*



# MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

II—AT THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AND THE  
BERLIN CONGRESS

1877-78



THE elections took place in October–November, 1877, and gave at once a great Republican majority. W.\* and his two colleagues, Count de St. Vallier and Henri Martin, had an easy victory, but a great many of their personal friends, moderates, were beaten. The “centres” were decidedly weaker in the new Chambers. There was not much hope left of uniting the two centres, Droite et Gauche, in the famous “fusion” which had been a dream of the moderate men.

The new Chambers assembled at Versailles in November. The Broglie cabinet was out, but a new ministry of the Right faced the new Parliament. Their life was very short and stormy; they were really dead before they began to exist and in December the marshal sent for M. Dufaure and charged him to form a Ministère de Gauche. None of his personal friends, except General Borel at the War Office, were in the new combination. W. was named to the Foreign Office. I was rather disappointed when he came home and told me he had accepted that portfolio. I thought his old ministry, “Public Instruction,” suited him so well, the work interested him, was entirely in his taste. He knew all the literary and educational world, not only in France but everywhere else—England of course, where he had kept up with many of his Cambridge comrades, and Germany, where he also had literary connections. However, that wide acquaintance and his perfect knowledge of English and English people helped him very much at once, not

only at the Quai d’Orsay, but in all the years he was in England as ambassador.

The new ministry, with Dufaure as President of the Council, Léon Say at the Finances, M. de Freycinet at Public Works, and W. at the Foreign Office was announced the 14th of December, 1877. The preliminaries had been long and difficult—the marshal and his friends on one side—the Republicans and Gambetta on the other,—the moderates trying to keep things together. Personally, I was rather sorry W. had agreed to be a member of the cabinet; I was not very keen about official life and foresaw a great deal that would be disagreeable. Politics played such a part in social life. All the “society,” the Faubourg St. Germain (which represents the old names and titles of France) was violently opposed to the Republic. I was astonished the first years of my married life in France, to see people of certain position and standing give the cold shoulder to men they had known all their lives because they were Republicans, knowing them quite well to be honorable, independent gentlemen, wanting nothing from the Republic,—merely trying to do their best for the country. I only realized by degrees that people held off a little from me sometimes, as the wife of a Republican deputy. I didn’t care particularly, as I had never lived in France, and knew very few people, but it didn’t make social relations very pleasant, and I should have been better pleased if W. had taken no active part. However, that feeling was only temporary. I soon became keenly interested in politics (I suppose it is in the blood—all the men in my family in America were politicians) and in the discussion of the various questions which were rap-

\*W., here and throughout these articles, refers to Mme. Waddington’s husband, M. William Waddington.



idly changing France into something quite different. Whether the change has been for the better it would be hard to say even now, after more than thirty-five years of the Republic.

Freycinet was a great strength. He was absolutely Republican, but moderate, —very clever and energetic, a great friend of Gambetta's—and a beautiful speaker. I have heard men say who didn't care about him particularly, and who were not at all of his way of thinking, that they would rather not discuss with him. He was sure to win them over to his cause with his wonderful, clear persuasive arguments.

The first days were very busy ones. W. had to see all his staff (a very large one) of the Foreign Office, and organize his own cabinet. He was out all day, until late in the evening, at the Quai d'Orsay, used to go over there about ten or ten-thirty, breakfast there, and get back for a very late dinner, and always had a director or secretary working with him at our house after dinner. I went over three or four times to inspect the ministry, as I had a presentiment we should end by living there. The house is large and handsome, with a fine staircase and large high rooms. The furniture of course was "ministerial" —stiff and heavy—gold-backed chairs and sofas standing in rows against the walls. There were some good pictures, the "Congrès de Paris," which occupies a prominent place in one of the salons, and splendid tapestries. The most attractive thing was a fine large garden at the back, but, as the living-rooms were up-stairs, we didn't use it very much. The lower rooms, which opened on the gardens, were only used as reception-rooms. The minister's cabinet was also down-stairs, communicating by a small staircase with his bedroom, just overhead. The front of the house looks on the Seine, we had always a charming view from the windows, at night particularly, when all the little steamers ("mouches") were passing with their lights. I had of course to make acquaintance with all the Diplomatic Corps. I knew all the ambassadors and most of the ministers, but there were some representatives of the smaller powers and South American Republics with whom I had never come in contact. Again I paid a

formal official visit to the Maréchale de MacMahon as soon as the ministry was announced. She was perfectly polite and correct, but one felt at once she hadn't the slightest sympathy for anything Republican, and we never got to know each other any better all the months we were thrown together. We remained for several weeks at our own house, and then most reluctantly determined to install ourselves at the ministry. W. worked always very late after dinner, and he felt it was not possible to ask his directors, all important men of a certain age, to come up to the "quartier de l'Etoile" at ten o'clock and keep them busy until midnight. W.'s new chef de cabinet, Comte de Pontécoulant, was very anxious that we should move, thought everything would be simplified if W. were living over there. I had never known Pontécoulant until W. chose him as his chef de cabinet. He was a diplomatist with some years of service behind him, and was perfectly "au courant" of all the routine and habits of the Foreign Office. He paid me a short formal visit soon after he had accepted the post, we exchanged a few remarks about the situation, I hoped we would "faire bon ménage," and had no particular impression of him except that he was very French and stiff; I didn't suppose I should see much of him. It seems curious now to look back upon that first interview. We all became so fond of him, he was a loyal, faithful friend, was always ready to help me in any small difficulties, and I went to him for everything,—visits, servants, horses, etc. W. had no time for any details or amenities of life. We moved over just before New Year's day. As the "gros mobilier" was already there, we only took over personal things, grand piano, screens, tables, easy chairs, and small ornaments and bibelots. These were all sent off in a van early one morning, and after luncheon I went over, having given rendezvous to Pontécoulant and M. Kruft, "chef du matériel," an excellent, intelligent man, who was most useful and devoted to me the two years I lived at the ministry. I was very depressed when we drove into the courtyard, I had never lived on that side of the river, and felt cut off from all my belongings,—the bridge a terror, so cold in win-



ter, so hot in summer,—I never got accustomed to it, never crossed it on foot. The sight of the great empty rooms didn't reassure me. The reception-rooms of course were very handsome. There were a great many servants, "huissiers," and footmen standing about, and people waiting in the big drawing-room to speak to W. The living-rooms up-stairs were ghastly—looked bare and uncomfortable in the highest degree. They were large and high and looked down upon the garden, though that on a bleak December day was not very cheerful,—but there were possibilities. Kruft was very sympathetic, understood quite well how I felt, and was ready to do anything in the way of stoves, baths, wardrobes in the lingerie, new carpets, and curtains, that I wanted. Pontécoulant too was eminently practical, and I was quite amused to find myself discussing lingerie and bathrooms with a total stranger whom I had only seen twice in my life. It took me about a week to get really settled. I went over every day, returning to my own house to eat and sleep. Kruft did wonders; the place was quite transformed when I finally moved over. The rooms looked very bright and comfortable when we arrived in the afternoon of the 31st of December (New Year's eve). The little end salon, which I made my boudoir, was hung with blue satin; my piano, screens, and little things were very well placed—plenty of palms and flowers, bright fires everywhere—the bedrooms, nursery, and lingerie clean and bright. My bedroom opened on a large salon, where I received usually, keeping my boudoir for ourselves and our intimate friends. My special "huissier," Gérard, who sat all day outside of the salon door, was presented to me, and instantly became a most useful and important member of the household,—never forgot a name or a face, remembered what cards and notes I had received, whether the notes were answered, or the bills paid, knew almost all my wardrobe, would bring me down a coat or a wrap if I wanted one suddenly down-stairs. I had frequent consultations with Pontécoulant and Kruft to regulate all the details of the various services before we were quite settled. We took over all our own servants and found many others who were on the permanent staff of

the ministry, footmen, huissiers, and odd men who attended to all the fires, opened and shut all the doors, windows, and shutters. It was rather difficult to organize the regular working service, there was such rivalry between our own personal servants and the men who belonged to the house, but after a little while things went pretty smoothly. W. dined out the first night we slept at the Quai d'Orsay, and about an hour after we had arrived, while I was still walking about in my hat and coat, feeling very strange in the big high rooms, I was told that the "lampiste" was waiting my orders (a few lamps had been lit in some of the rooms). I didn't quite know what orders to give, hadn't mastered yet the number that would be required, but I sent for him, said I should be alone for dinner, perhaps one or two lamps in the dining-room and small salon would be enough. He evidently thought that was not at all sufficient, wanted something more precise, so I said to light as he had been accustomed to when the Duc Décazes and his family were dining alone (which I don't suppose they ever did, nor we either when we once took up our life). Such a blaze of light met my eyes when I went to dinner that I was quite bewildered. Boudoir, billiard-room, dining-room (very large, the small round table for one person hardly perceptible) and corridors all lighted "à giorno." However, it looked very cheerful and kept me from feeling too dreadfully homesick for my own house and familiar surroundings. The rooms were so high up that we didn't hear the noise of the street, but the river looked alive and friendly with the lights on the bridges, and a few boats still running.

We had much more receiving and entertaining to do at the Quai d'Orsay than at any other ministry, and were obliged to go out much more ourselves. The season in the official world begins with a reception at the President's on New Year's day. The Diplomatic Corps and Presidents of the Senate and Chamber go in state to the Elysée to pay their respects to the chief of state,—the ambassadors with all their staff in uniform in gala carriages. It is a pretty sight, and there are always a good many people waiting in the Faubourg St. Honoré to see the carriages.



The English embassy is always the best; they understand all the details of business and every one much better than any one else. The married and to-be-married were as usual at the Elysée. It was I suppose the first time to remain at Versailles—the皇帝 is so far from Paris, where all sorts of parties were coming up every day, and he was obliged to receive deputations and reports and see people of all sorts. They were already ignoring the question of the Parliament coming back to Paris. The deputies generally were complaining of the loss of time and the discomfort of the daily journey even in the parliamentary train. The Right generally was very much opposed to having the Chambers meet in Paris. I never could understand why. I suppose they were afraid that a stormy sitting might lead to disturbances. In the streets of a big city there is always a floating population ready to express violently any cause. At Versailles we was away from any such danger and could immediately attend the session; there was nobody in the long deserted avenues. They often cited the United States, how a statesman after the signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia would have ventured to propose that the Parliament should sit in New York or Philadelphia, but the reason there was very different; they were obliged to make a neutral zone, something between the North and the South. The District of Columbia is a thing apart, belonging to neither side. It has certainly worked very well in America. Washington is a big city with its splendid buildings and small avenues. It has a certain life of its own; it differs any other city I know in the world.

The marshal received at the Elysée every Thursday evening—he and his staff in uniform, also all the officers who came, which made a brilliant gathering. Their big dinners and receptions were always extremely well done. Except a few of their personal friends, not many people of the society were present—the Diplomatic Corps usually very well represented, the Government and their wives, and a certain number of liberal deputies—a great many officers. We received every other day, beginning with a big dinner. It was an open reception, announced in the

papers. The different days received very strong sets of the Parliament—all many women. Many of the deputies remained in the country, sitting more merely with the Chambers were sitting, and they were never appeared in Paris. "Society" did not come to us much either, except on certain occasions when we had a royal picnic or some very distinguished foreigners. Besides the big official receptions, we often had small dinner parties during the week. Some of these I had back to with much pleasure. I was generally the only lady with eight or ten men, and the talk was often brilliant. Some of our intimates were the late Lord Clarendon, a delightful talker—Lord Dufferin, then ambassador in St. Petersburg; Sir Henry Layard, British ambassador in Spain, an interesting man who had been everywhere and seen and known everybody worth knowing in the world; Count Scheremetev, Russian ambassador in London, a polished courtier, extremely intelligent; he and W. were colleagues afterwards at the Congress of Berlin, and W. has often told me how brilliantly he defended his cause; General Ignatieff, Prince Orloff, the former Minister Cassini, quite charming, the type of the "polite mandarin," very large (though very Catholic) in his ideas, but never aggressive or disagreeable about the Republic, as so many of the clergy were. He was very fond of music, and went with me sometimes to the Conservatoire on Sunday; he had a great admiration for the way they played classical music; used to lead back in his chair in a corner (would never sit in front of the box and break in every sound).

We sometimes had informal music in my little blue salon. Ernest de Dujon, Dutch minister, was an excellent musician, also Camille de Besset, the Russian ambassador. He was a composer. I remember his playing me one of a waltzing march he had composed for the marriage of one of the aristocrats. It was very descriptive, with bells, cannon, barrels, and a musical hymn—rather difficult to render as a piano—but there was a certain amount of imagination in the composition. The two came often with me to the Conservatoire. Camille de Besset brought Liszt as he was dying. I wanted so much





Palace of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Paris

to see that complex character, made up of enthusiasms of all kinds, patriotic, religious, musical. He was dressed in the ordinary black priestly garb, looked like an ascetic with pale, thin face, which lighted up very much when discussing any subject that interested him. He didn't say a word about music, either then or on a subsequent occasion when I lunched with him at the house of a great friend and admirer, who was a beautiful musician. I hoped he would play after luncheon. He was a very old man, and played rarely in those days, but one would have liked to hear him. Mme. M. thought he would perhaps for her, if the party were not too large, and the guests "sympathetic" to him. I have heard so many artists say it made all the difference to them when they felt the public was with them—if there were one unsympathetic or criticising face in the mass of people, it was the only face they could distinguish, and it affected them very much. The piano was engagingly open and music littered about, but he apparently didn't see it. He talked politics, and a good deal about pictures with some artists who were present.

I did hear him play many years later

in London. We were again lunching together, at the house of a mutual friend, who was not at all musical. There wasn't even a piano in the house, but she had one brought in for the occasion. When I arrived rather early, the day of the party, I found the mistress of the house, aided by Count Hatzfeldt, then German ambassador to England, busily engaged in transforming her drawing-room. The grand piano, which had been standing well out toward the middle of the room, open, with music on it (I dare say some of Liszt's own—but I didn't have time to examine), was being pushed back into a corner, all the music hidden away, and the instrument covered with photographs, vases of flowers, statuettes, heavy books, all the things one doesn't habitually put on pianos. I was quite puzzled, but Hatzfeldt, who was a great friend of Liszt's and knew all his peculiarities, when consulted by Mme. A. as to what she could do to induce Liszt to play, had answered: "Begin by putting the piano in the furthest, darkest corner of the room, and put all sorts of heavy things on it. Then he won't think you have asked him in the hope of hearing him play, and perhaps we can persuade him."



The Elysée Palace, Paris.

The arrangements were just finished as the rest of the company arrived. We were not a large party, and the talk was pleasant enough. Liszt looked much older, so colorless, his skin like ivory, but he seemed just as animated and interested in everything. After luncheon, when they were smoking (all of us together, no one went into the smoking-room), he and Hatzfeldt began talking about the Empire and the beautiful fêtes at Compiègne, where anybody of any distinction in any branch of art or literature was invited. Hatzfeldt led the conversation to some evenings where Strauss played his waltzes with an entrain, a sentiment that no one else has ever attained, and to Offenbach and his melodies—one evening particularly when he had improvised a song for the Empress—he couldn't quite remember it. If there were a piano—he looked about. There was none apparently. "Oh, yes, in a corner, but so many things upon it, it was evidently never meant to be opened." He moved toward it, Liszt following, asking Comtesse A. if it could be opened. The things were quickly removed. Hatzfeldt sat down and played a few bars in rather a halting fashion. After a moment Liszt said: "No, no, it is not quite that." Hatzfeldt got up. Liszt seated himself at

the piano, played two or three bits of songs, or waltzes, then, always talking to Hatzfeldt, let his fingers wander over the keys and by degrees broke into a nocturne and a wild Hungarian march. It was very curious; his fingers looked as if they were made of yellow ivory, so thin and long, and of course there wasn't any strength or execution in his playing—it was the touch of an old man, but a master—quite unlike anything I have ever heard. When he got up, he said: "Oh, well, I didn't think the old fingers had any music left in them." We tried to thank him, but he wouldn't listen to us, immediately talked about something else. When he had gone we complimented the ambassador on the way in which he had managed the thing. Hatzfeldt was a charming colleague, very clever, very musical, a thorough man of the world. I was always pleased when he was next to me at dinner—I was sure of a pleasant hour. He had been many years in Paris during the brilliant days of the Empire, knew everybody there worth knowing. He had the reputation, notwithstanding his long stay in Paris, of being very anti-French. I could hardly judge of that, as he naturally never talked politics to me. It may very likely have been true, but not more marked with him





*Photograph by Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.*

The Berlin Congress.

From a painting by Anton von Werner, 1881.

than with the generality of Anglo-Saxons and Northern races, who rather look down upon the Latins, hardly giving them credit for their splendid dash and pluck—to say nothing of their brains. I have lived in a great many countries, and always think that as a people, I mean the uneducated mass, the French are the most intelligent nation in the world. I have never been thrown with the Japanese—am told they are extraordinarily intelligent.

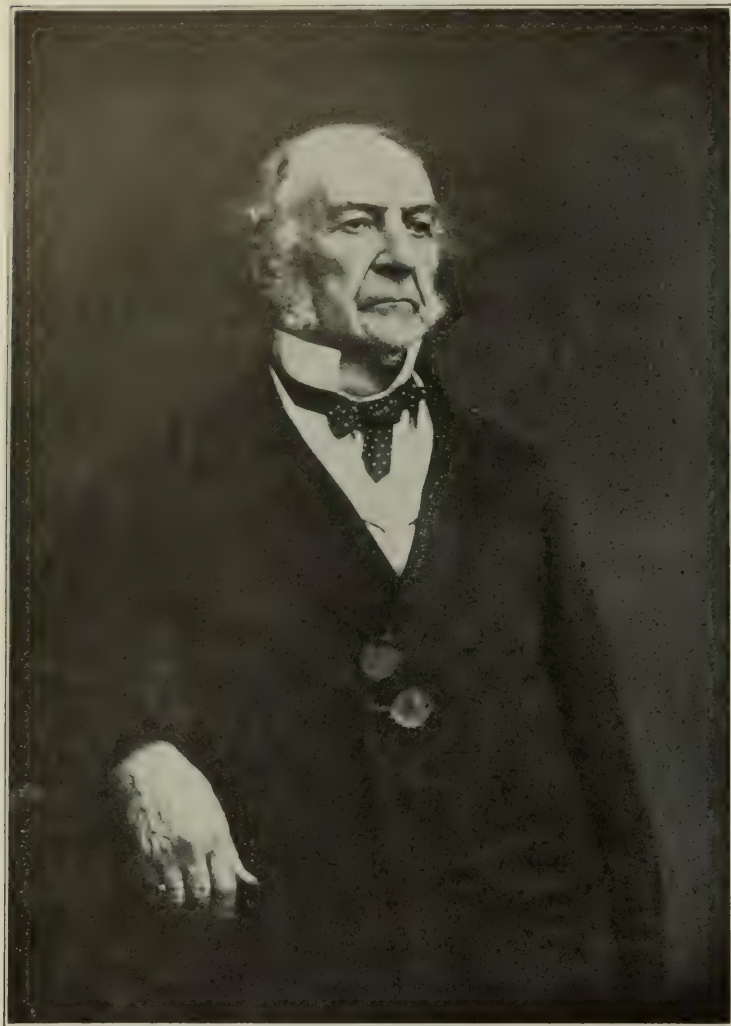
We had a dinner one night for Mr. Gladstone, his wife, and a daughter. Mr. Gladstone made himself quite charming, spoke French fairly well, and knew more about every subject discussed than any one else in the room. He was certainly a wonderful man, such extraordinary versatility and such a memory. It was rather pretty to see Mrs. Gladstone when her husband was talking. She was quite absorbed by him, couldn't talk to her neighbors. They wanted very much to go to the Conciergerie to see the prison where the unfortunate Marie Antoinette passed the last days of her unhappy life, and Mr. Gladstone, inspired by the subject, made us a sort of "conférence" on the French Revolution and the causes which led up to it, culminating in the Terror and the execution of the King and Queen. He spoke

in English (we were a little group standing at the door—they were just going), in beautiful academic language, and it was most interesting, graphic, and exact. Even W., who knew him well and admired him immensely, was struck by his brilliant improvisation.

Seventy-eight was the most important year for us in many ways. Besides the interest and fatigues of the Exposition and the constant receiving and official festivities of all kinds, a great event was looming before us—the "Berlin Congress." One had felt it coming for some time. There were all sorts of new delimitations and questions to be settled since the war in the Balkans, and Europe was getting visibly nervous. Almost immediately after the opening of the Exposition, the project took shape, and it was decided that France should participate in the Congress and send three representatives. It was the first time that France had asserted herself since the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, but it was time for her now to emerge from her self-imposed effacement, and take her place in the Congress of nations. There were many discussions, both public and private, before the "plénipotentiaires" were named, and a great unwillingness on

the part of many very intelligent and patriotic Frenchmen to see the country launching itself upon dangerous ground and a possible conflict with Bismarck. How-

ging word of any kind was said, not even the usual remark of "cet anglais qui nous représente." He started the 10th of June in the best conditions possible—not an



*From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London.*

William E. Gladstone.

instruction of any kind from his chief, M. Dufaure, Président du Conseil,—very complimentary to him certainly, but the ministers taking no responsibility themselves—leaving the door open in case he made any mistakes. It was evident that the Parliament and Government were nervous. It was rather amusing, when all the preparations for the départure were going on. W. took a large suite with him, secretaries, huissiers, etc., and I told them they were as much taken up with their coats and embroideries and cocked hats as any pretty woman with her dresses. I wanted very much to go, but W. thought he would be freer and have more time to think things over if I were not there. He didn't know Berlin at all, had never seen Bismarck nor any of the leading German statesmen, and was fully conscious how his every word and act would be criticised. However, if a public man is not criticised, it usually means that he is of no consequence—so attacks

ever, the thing was decided, and the three plenipotentiaries named,—M. Waddington, Foreign Minister, first; Comte de St. Vallier, a very clever and distinguished diplomatist, actual ambassador at Berlin, second; and Monsieur Desprey, Directeur de la Politique au Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, third. He was also a very able man, one of the pillars of the ministry, "au courant" of every treaty and negotiation for the last twenty years, very prudent and clear-headed. All W.'s colleagues were most cordial and charming on his appointment. He made a statement in the house of the line of policy he intended to adopt—and was absolutely approved and encouraged. Not a dispar-

and criticisms are rather welcome—act as a stimulant. I could have gone and stayed unofficially with a cousin, but he thought that wouldn't do. St. Vallier was a bachelor, it would have been rather an affair for him to organize at the Embassy an apartment for a lady and her maids, though he was most civil and asked me to come.

I felt rather lonely in the big ministry when they had all gone, and I was left with Baby. W. stayed away just five weeks, and I performed various official things in his absence,—among others the Review of the 14th of July. The distinguished guest on that occasion was the Shah of Persia, who arrived with the



maréchale in a handsome open carriage, with outriders and postillions. The marshal of course was riding. The Shah was not at all a striking figure, short, stout, with a dark skin, and hard black eyes. He had handsome jewels, a large diamond fastening the white aigrette of his high black cap, and his sword-hilt incrustated with diamonds. He gave a stiff little nod in acknowledgment of the bows and courtesies every one made when he appeared in the marshal's box. He immediately took his seat on one side of the maréchale in front of the box, one of the ambassadresses, Princess Hohenlohe I think, next to him. The military display seemed to interest him. Every now and then he made some remark to the maréchale, but he was certainly not talkative. While the interminable line of the infantry regiments were passing, there was a move to the back of the box, where there was a table with ices, champagne, etc. Madame de MacMahon came up to me, saying: "Madame Waddington, Sa Majesté demande les nouvelles de M. Waddington," upon which His Majesty planted himself directly in front of me, so close that he almost touched me, and asked in a quick, abrupt manner, as if he were firing off a shot:

"Où est votre mari?" (neither Madame, nor M. Waddington, nor any of the terms that are usually adopted in polite society). "A Berlin, Sire." "Pourquoi à Berlin?" "Comme plénipotentiaire Français au Congrès de Berlin." "Oui, oui, je sais, je sais. Cela l'intéresse?" "Beaucoup; il voit tant de personnes intéressantes." "Oui, je sais. Il va bien?" always coming closer to me, so that I was edging back against the wall, with his hard, bright little eyes fixed on mine, and always the same sharp, jerky tone. "Il va parfaitement bien, je vous remercie." Then there was a pause and he made one or two other remarks which I didn't quite understand—I don't think his French went very far—but I made out something about "jolies femmes" and pointed out one or two to

him, but he still remained staring into my face and I was delighted when his minister came up to him (timidly—all his people were afraid of him) and said some "personnage" wanted to be presented to him. He shook hands with me, said something



Franz Liszt.

about "votre mari revient bientôt," and moved off. The maréchale asked me if I were not touched by His Majesty's solicitude for my husband's health, and wouldn't I like to come to the front of the box and sit next to him, but I told her I couldn't think of engrossing His Majesty's attention, as there were various important people who wished to be presented to him. I watched him a little (from a distance), trying to see if anything made any impression on him,—the crowd, the pretty, well-dressed women, the march past, the long lines of infantry, rather fatiguing to see, as one line regiment looks very like another,—the chasseurs with their small chestnut horses, the dragoons more heavily mounted, and the guns—but his face remained absolutely impassive, though I

think he saw everything. They told a funny story of him in London at one of the Court balls. When he had looked on

ters with them, and some of the toilettes were wonderful. There were a good many pretty women, Swedes and Danes, the Northern type, very fair hair and blue eyes, attracting much attention, and a group of Chinese (all in costume) standing proudly aloof—not the least interested apparently in the gay scene before them. I wonder what they thought of European manners and customs! There was no dancing, which I suppose would have shocked their Eastern morals. Lord Lyons asked me why I wasn't in Berlin. I said, For the best of reasons, my husband preferred going without me—but I hoped he would send for me perhaps at the end of the Congress. He told me Lady Salisbury was there with her husband. He seemed rather sceptical as to the peaceful issue of the negotiations—thought so many unforeseen questions would come up and complicate matters.

I went to a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, also given for all the foreigners and French people connected with the Exposition. The getting there was very long and tir-



Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia.

at the dancing for some time, he said to the Prince of Wales: "Tell those people to stop now, I have seen enough,"—evidently thought it was a ballet performing for his amusement. Another one, at one of the European Courts was funny. The monarch was very old, his consort also. When the Shah was presented to the royal lady, he looked hard at her without saying a word, then remarked to her husband: "Laide, vieille, pourquoi garder?" (Ugly, old; why keep her?)

I went to a big dinner and reception at the British Embassy, given for all the directors and commissioners of the Exposition. It was a lovely warm night, the garden was lighted, everybody walking about, and an orchestra playing. Many of the officials had their wives and daugh-

ing. The "coupe-file" did no good, as every one had one. Comte de Pontécoulant went with me and he protested vigorously, but one of the head men of the police, whom he knew well, came up to the carriage to explain that nothing could be done. There was a long line of diplomatic and official carriages, and we must take our chance with the rest. Some of our cousins (Americans) never got there at all, sat for hours in their carriage in the Rue du Rivoli, moving an inch at a time. Happily it was a lovely warm night; and as we got near we saw lots of people walking who had left their carriages some little distance off, hopelessly wedged in a crowd of vehicles,—the women in light dresses, with flowers and jewels in their hair. The rooms looked very handsome



when at last we did get in, particularly the staircase, with a Garde Municipal on every step, and banks of palms and flowers on the landing in the hall, wherever flowers could be put. The "Ville de Paris" furnishes all the flowers and plants for the official receptions, and they always are very well arranged. Some trophies of flags too of all nations made a great effect. I didn't see many people I knew—it was impossible to get through the crowd, but some one got me a chair at the open window giving on the balcony, and I was quite happy sitting there looking at the people pass. The whole world was represented, and it was interesting to see the different types—Southerners, small, slight, dark, impatient, wriggling through the crowd—the Anglo-Saxons, big, broad, calm, squaring their shoulders when there came a sudden rush, and waiting quite patiently a chance to get a little ahead. Some of the women too pushed well—evidently determined to see all they could. I don't think any royalties, even minor ones, were there.

W. wrote pretty regularly from Berlin, particularly the first days, before the real work of the Congress began. He started rather sooner than he had at first intended, so as to have a little time to talk matters over with St. Vallier and make acquaintance with some of his colleagues. St. Vallier, with all the staff of the Embassy, met him at the station when he arrived in Berlin, also Holstein (our old friend who was at the German Embassy in Paris with Arnim) to compliment him from Prince Bismarck, and he had hardly been fifteen minutes at the Embassy when Count Herbert von Bismarck arrived with greetings and compliments from his father. He went to see Bismarck the next day, found him at home, and very civil; he was quite friendly, very courteous and "bonhomme,

original, and even amusing in his conversation, but with a hard look about the eyes which bodes no good to those who



*From a photograph by Alfred Weidener, Berlin.*

Empress Frederick.

cross his path." He had just time to get back to the Embassy and get into his uniform for his audience with the Crown Prince (late Emperor Frederick). The "Vice Grand-Maitre des Cérémonies" came for him in a court carriage and they drove off to the palace,—W. sitting alone on the back seat, the grand-maitre facing him on the front. "I was ushered into a room where the Prince was standing. He was very friendly and talked for twenty minutes about all sorts of things, in excellent French, with a few words of English now and then to show he knew of my English connection. He spoke of my travels in the East, of the de Bunsens, of the Emperor's health (the old man is much better and decidedly recovering)—and of his

great wish for peace." All the plenipotentiaries had not yet arrived. They appeared only on the afternoon of the 12th, the day before the Congress opened.

French was the language spoken, the only exception being made by Lord Beaconsfield, who always spoke in English, although it was most evident, W.



*From a photograph by Reichard & Lindner, Berlin.*

Emperor Frederick.

Prince Bismarck sent out the invitation for the first sitting:

"Le Prince de Bismarck  
a l'honneur de prévenir Son Excellence,  
Monsieur Waddington, que la première  
réunion du Congrès aura lieu le 13 juin à  
deux heures, au Palais du Chancelier de  
l'Empire, 77, Wilhelmstrasse.

"Berlin, le 12 juin 1878."

It was a brilliant assemblage of great names and intelligences that responded to his invitation—Gortschakoff, Schoubaloff, Andrassi, Beaconsfield, Salisbury, Karolyi, Hohenlohe, Corti, and many others, younger men, who acted as secre-

said, that he understood French perfectly well. The first day was merely an official opening of the Congress—every one in uniform—but only for that occasion. After that they all went in ordinary morning dress, putting on their uniforms again on the last day only, when they signed the treaty. W. writes: "Bismarck presides and did his part well to-day; he speaks French fairly but very slowly, finding his words with difficulty, but he knows what he means to say and lets every one see that he does." No one else said much that first day; each man was rather reserved, waiting for his neighbor to begin. Beaconsfield made a short speech, which was trying for some of his colleagues,



particularly the Turks, who had evidently much difficulty in understanding English. They were counting upon English at all stiff and shy like so many royalties. He saw her very often during his stay in Berlin, and she was unfailingly kind to



*From a sketch by Anton von Werner, 1880.*

Prince Bismarck.

land's sympathy, but a little nervous as to a supposed agreement between England and Russia. The Russians listened most attentively. There seemed to be a distrust of England on their part and a decided rivalry between Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield. The Congress dined that first night with the Crown Prince at the Schloss in the famous white hall,—all in uniform and orders. W. said the heat was awful, but the evening interesting. There were one hundred and forty guests, no ladies except the royal Princesses, not even the ambassadors. W. sat on Bismarck's left, who talked a great deal, intending to make himself agreeable. He had a long talk after dinner with the Crown Princess (Princess Royal of England) who spoke English with him. He found her charming—intelligent and cultivated and so easy—not

him—and to me also when I knew her later in Rome and London. She always lives in my memory as one of the most charming women I have ever met. Her face often comes back to me with her beautiful bright smile and the saddest eyes I have ever seen. I have known very few like her. W. also had a talk with Prince Frederick-Charles, father of the Duchess of Connaught, whom he found rather a rough-looking soldier with a short, abrupt manner. He left bitter memories in France during the Franco-German war, was called the "Red Prince," he was so hard and cruel, always ready to shoot somebody and burn down villages on the slightest provocation—so different from the Prince Imperial, the "unser Fritz" of the Germans, who always had a kind word for the fallen foe.

W.'s days were very full, and when the

important sittings began it was sometimes hard work. The Congress room was very hot (all the colleagues seemed to have a holy horror of open windows)—

country without going through a long stretch of suburbs and sandy roads which were not very tempting. A great many officers rode in the park, and one morning



*From a photograph by Lambert Weston & Son, Dover.*

Lord Salisbury.

and some of the men very long and tedious in stating their cases. Of course they were at a disadvantage not speaking their own language (very few of them knew French well, except the Russians) and they had to go very carefully, and be quite sure of the exact significance of the words they used. W. got a ride every morning, as the Congress only met in the afternoon. They rode usually in the Thiergarten, which is not very large, but the bridle paths were good. It was very difficult to get out of Berlin into the open

when he was riding with the military attaché of the Embassy, two officers rode up and claimed acquaintance, having known him in France in '70, the year of the war. They rode a short time together, and the next day he received an invitation from the officers of a smart Uhlan regiment to dine at their mess "in remembrance of the kind hospitality shown to some of their officers who had been quartered at his place in France during the war." As the hospitality was decidedly forced, and the presence of the German officers not very



agreeable to the family, the invitation was not very happy. It was well meant, but was one of those curious instances of German want of tact which one notices was preoccupied first with her dinner, then with her husband, for fear he should eat too much, or take cold going out of the warm dining-room into the evening air.



Lady Salisbury.

so much if one lives much with Germans. The hours of the various entertainments were funny. At a big dinner at Prince Bismarck's the guests were invited at six, and at eight-thirty every one had gone. W. sat next to Countess Marie, the daughter of the house, found her simple and inclined to talk, speaking both French and English well. Immediately after dinner the men all smoked everywhere, in the drawing-room, on the terrace, some taking a turn in the park with Bismarck. W. found Princess Bismarck not very "femme du monde"; she

There were no ladies at the dinner except the family. (The German lady doesn't seem to occupy the same place in society as the French and English women do. In Paris the wives of ambassadors and ministers are always invited to all official banquets.)

Amusements of all kinds were provided for the plenipotentiaries. Early in July W. writes of a "Land-parthie,"—the whole Congress (wives too this time) invited to Potsdam for the day. He was rather dreading a long day—excursions were not much in his line. However, this

one seems to have been successful. He writes: "Our excursion went off better than could be expected. The party consisted of the plenipotentiaries and a certain number of Court officers and generals. We started by rail, stopped at a station

which is a pretty Gothic country-seat, not a palace, and belongs to the present Emperor. After that we had a longish drive, through different parks and villages, and finally arrived at Sans Souci, where we dined. After dinner we strolled through



M. de Blowitz.

called Wansee, and embarked on board a small steamer, the *Princess Royal* receiving the guests as they arrived on board. We then started for a trip on the lakes, but before long there came a violent squall which obliged the sailors to take down the awnings in double-quick time, and drove every one down into the cabins. It lasted about half an hour, after which it cleared up and every one reappeared on deck. In course of time we landed near Babelsberg, where a quantity of carriages were waiting. I was told off to go in the first with the *Princess Royal*, Countess Karolyi (wife of the Austrian ambassador, a beautiful young woman), and Andrassi. We went over the château of Babelsberg,

the rooms and were shown the different souvenirs of Frederick the Great, and got home at ten-thirty." W. saw a good deal of his cousin, George de Bunsen, a charming man, very cultivated and cosmopolitan. He had a pretty house in the new quarter of Berlin, and was most hospitable. He had an interesting dinner there with some of the literary men and "savants,"—Mommsen, Lepsius, Helmholtz, Curtius, etc., most of them his colleagues, as he was a member of the Berlin Academy. He found those evenings a delightful change after the long hot afternoons in the Wilhelmstrasse, where necessarily there was so much that was long and tedious. I think even he got tired of Greek



frontiers, notwithstanding his sympathy for the country. He did what he could for the Greeks, who were very grateful to him and gave him, in memory of the efforts he made on their behalf, a fine group in bronze of a female figure—"Greece" throwing off the bonds of Turkey. Some of the speakers were very interesting. He found Schoubaloff always a brilliant debater,—he spoke French perfectly, was always good-humored and courteous, and defended his cause well. One felt there was a latent animosity between the English and the Russians. Lord Beaconsfield made one or two strong speeches—very much to the point, and slightly arrogant, but as they were always made in English, they were not understood by all the assembly. W. was always pleased to meet Prince Hohenlohe, actual German ambassador to Paris (who had been named the third German plenipotentiary). He was perfectly "au courant" of all that went on at Court and in the official world, knew everybody and introduced W. to various ladies who received informally, where he could spend an hour or two quietly, without meeting all his colleagues. Blowitz, of course, appeared on the scene—the most important person in Berlin (in his own opinion). I am not quite convinced that he saw all the people he said he did, or whether all the extraordinary confidences were made to him which he related to the public, but he certainly impressed people very much, and I suppose his letters as newspaper correspondent were quite wonderful. He was remarkably intelligent and absolutely unscrupulous, didn't hesitate to put into the mouths of people what he wished them to say, so he naturally had a great pull over the ordinary simple-minded journalist who wrote simply what he saw and heard. As he was the Paris correspondent of *The London Times*, he was often at the French Embassy. W. never trusted him very much, and his "flair" was right, as he was anything but true to him. The last days of the Congress were very busy ones. The negotiations were kept secret enough, but things always leak out and the papers had to say something. I was rather "émue" at the tone of the French press, but W. wrote me not to mind—they didn't really know anything, and

when the treaty was signed France would certainly come out very honorably. All this has long passed into the domain of history, and has been told so many times by so many different people that I will not go into details except to say that the French protectorate of Tunis (now one of our most flourishing colonies) was entirely arranged by W. in a long confidential conversation with Lord Salisbury. The cession of the Island of Cyprus by Turkey to the English was a most unexpected and disagreeable surprise to W. However, he went instantly to Lord Salisbury, who was a little embarrassed, as that negotiation had been kept secret, which didn't seem quite fair—everything else having been openly discussed around the council table. He quite understood W.'s feelings in the matter, and was perfectly willing to make an arrangement about Tunis. The thing was neither understood nor approved at first by the French Government. W. returned to Paris, "les mains vides; seulement à chercher dans sa poche on y eut trouvé les clés de la Tunisie"—as one of his friends defined the situation some years ago. He was almost disavowed by his Government. The ministers were timid and unwilling that France should take any initiative—even his friend, Léon Say, then minister of finances, a very clever man and brilliant politician, said: "Notre collègue Waddington, contre son habitude, s'est emballé cette fois pour la question de la Tunisie" ("Our colleague Waddington, contrary to his nature, has quite lost his head this time over the Tunis question"). I think the course of events has fully justified his action, and, now that it has proved such a success, every one claims to have taken the initiative of the French Protectorate of Tunis. All honors have been paid to those who carried out the project, and very little is said of the man who originated the scheme in spite of great difficulties at home and abroad. Some of W.'s friends know the truth.

There was a great exchange of visits, photographs, and autographs the last days of the Congress. Among other things which W. brought back from Berlin, and which will be treasured by his grandsons, as a historical souvenir, was a fan, quite a plain wooden fan, with the signatures of



all the plenipotentiaries—some of them very characteristic. The French signatures are curiously small and distinct, a contrast to Bismarck's smudge. W. was quite sorry to say good-by to some of his colleagues. Andrassi, with his quick sympathies and instant comprehension of all sides of a question, attracted him very much. He was a striking personality, quite the Slav type. W. had little private intercourse with Prince Gortschakoff—who was already an old man and the type of the old-fashioned diplomatist—making very long and well-turned phrases which made people rather impatient. For the whole W. was satisfied. He writes two or three days before the signing of the treaty: "As far as I can see at present, no one will be satisfied with the result of the Congress; it is perhaps the best proof that it is dealing fairly and equitably with the very exaggerated claims and pretensions of all parties. Anyhow, France will come out of the whole affair honorably and having done all that a strictly neutral power can do." The treaty was signed on July 13 by all the plenipotentiaries in full uniform. W. said there was a decided feeling of satisfaction and relief that it was finished. Even Bismarck looked less preoccupied, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Of course he was supposed to have had his own way in everything. Everybody (not only French) was afraid of him. With his iron will, and unscrupulous brushing aside, or even annihilating, everything that came in his way, he was a formidable adversary. There was a gala dinner at the Schloss, to celebrate the signing of the treaty. "It was the exact repetition of the first, at the opening of the Congress. I sat on the left of Bismarck, and had a good deal of conversation with him. The Crown Prince and Princess were just opposite, and the Princess talked a great deal with me across the table, always in English." The Crown Princess could never forget that she was born Princess Royal of England. Her household was managed on English principles, her children brought up by English nurses,

she herself always spoke English with them. Of course there must have been many things in Germany which were distasteful to her,—so many of the small refinements of life which are absolute necessities in England were almost unknown luxuries in Germany,—particularly when she married. Now there has been a great advance in comfort and even elegance in German houses and habits. Her English proclivities made her a great many enemies, and I don't believe the "Iron Chancellor" made things easy for her. The dinner at the Schloss was as usual at six o'clock, and at nine W. had to go to take leave of the Empress, who was very French in her sympathies, and had always been very kind to him. Her daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, was there, and W. had a very pleasant hour with the two ladies. The Empress asked him a great many questions about the Congress, and particularly about Bismarck—if he was in a fairly good temper—when he had his nerves he was simply impossible, didn't care what people thought of him, and didn't hesitate to show when he was bored. The Grand Duchess added smilingly: "He is perfectly intolerant, has no patience with a fool." I suppose most people are of his opinion. I am not personally. I have some nice foolish, kindly, happy friends of both sexes I am always glad to see; I think they are rather resting in these days of high education and culture and pose. W. finished his evening at Lady Salisbury's, who had a farewell reception for all the plenipotentiaries. He took leave of his colleagues, all of whom had been most friendly. The only one who was a little stiff with him and expressed no desire to meet him again, was Corti, the Italian plenipotentiary. He suspected of course that something had been arranged about Tunis, and was much annoyed that he hadn't been able to get Tripoli for Italy. He was our colleague afterward in London, and there was always a little constraint and coolness in his manner. W. left Berlin on the 17th, having been five weeks away.




# MAJE: A LOVE STORY

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

## II

M a trifle sleepy, thank you," said Maje to Cousin John, in response to the latter's early-morning inquiry as they emerged from the Pullman. "I'm not used to travelling in a bed. There was no room in the infernal place to dress and undress, and I couldn't tell which was the head and which was the foot. I put the pillow in the direction we were going, to keep from feeling that I was travelling feet foremost to my own funeral."

John chuckled.

"There was a young woman just across the way from the place you were in, John. Did you see her? Yes, sir! A young woman there in that car! By heavens, sir! It's not decent!"

Cousin John's chuckle waned into a sombre smile. Then he looked serious.

"New style o' uniform at de Soldiers' Home, an' new kind o' brass buttons on 'em!" commented the Pullman porter, as he watched the major moving down the station platform, bearing over his shoulder the saddle-bags that he had refused to permit John to carry.

"Whar he come f'om?" asked the other Pullman porter. "An' what dat he got?"

They were running on this trip in adjacent cars.

"Soldiers' Home, I reck'n; but I ain't never seed none like him. Dem's his clothes-bag, I 'spec'."

"De gent'mun dat's wid him give me half-a-dollar for dustin' him off. I ast dat ole feller, after he got on dem uniform clo'es:

"'Dust ye off, sir?'

"'Do what?' he says, lookin' at me as fierce as a lizard.

"'Dust ye off?' says I.

"'No, damn you,' he says, 'I ain't dusty!'

"Den I hear him tell the t'other one:

"'I didn' want him to put his han's on dis uniform.'"

A double-barrelled shout of laughter arose from two jocund pairs of Ethiopian lungs, and each black Pullman porter climbed back into his car.

Maje and his companion passed down the long platform, thronged with people coming and going, and crowded with overladen baggage and express trucks that were pushed by men, also in uniform.

But the major noted that there was no uniform there like his.

They entered the great waiting-room, where innumerable travellers sat about the benches, some with bundles and bags and others with valises and suit-cases piled about them. Maje looked around, but failed to see a pair of saddle-bags anywhere.

Yet he made no sign.

They went into the passenger elevator that was to take them to the lower floor on the street level. Cousin John had watched, at intervals, the old man's face as they came down the platform through the jostling crowd, past snorting engines and through the din of travel. There had been no lifting of an eyebrow of wonder or surprise. In the major's serene expression was the perfect breeding of the old *régime*.

When the elevator began its rapid descent, Maje was struck with a sudden physical pang. He felt as if something had given way inside him.

"John," he gasped. "By heavens, I don't like this business! Where are they carrying us?"

But there was no hint of apprehension in the query. It was a question that sought information. The courage that had esteemed it worth a million dollars to be first in the Bloody Angle did not wane in the imminence of any untried danger.

"It's all right, major," said Cousin John. "We are just getting down to the street."

"I hadn't observed before that we were up in the air," said Maje sarcastically, as they emerged from the elevator car. "I didn't know we were so high up we had to alight like birds on the limb of a tree."

The hurrying and self-centred public glanced at him curiously, generally with a smile, and almost always with immediate forgetfulness.

An elderly lady, with gray hair and with sorrow written in the wrinkles of her kindly countenance, gazed at Maje as they stood near together on the curb, awaiting the approaching street-car. There was something about her that reminded him of his mother; but he did not understand why she should be crying as she looked at his gray uniform. The tears were trickling down her cheeks, and she could not wipe them away because she had a satchel in one hand and the hand of a little girl in the other.

"She's her little granddaughter," thought Maje, regarding the bright and eager face of the child. "She's about old enough to be her granddaughter."

"Our car, major!" called Cousin John, breaking in on his revery.

Maje looked up the street, and saw the electric car come whizzing down the hill and stop opposite to where they were standing.

"Great Scott, John, what's pulling it?" he queried.

It was the first time his kinsman had seen him express surprise or a sense of the unaccustomed.

"Electricity, major," explained Cousin John.

They climbed into the car by the rear platform, following the kindly-faced woman and the little girl.

"Let's get up in front, John," said Maje eagerly. "I want to see how it works. Why, it's something tremendous! Yes, sir, tremendous! Let's get up there by the driver. Driver? Why, he's got neither reins nor animals! He's turning a blamed iron crank!"

The major's voice could be heard above the roar of the moving car.

John led the way forward to a front

seat which chanced to be vacant; and the Major sat down with shining eyes. The street was gray in the cold morning light and the long car was crowded with men and women.

There was not one of them, however faded, or worn and indifferent, or rebellious against fate, who had failed to look up, with a swift if transient interest, at the pathetic figure as it went up the aisle.

"Shades of the past, Henry!" said an old man with a close-clipped gray mustache and dark eyes to his younger companion who sat by him. "Look at that, will you? It's the ghost of the Confederacy!"

The major waited expectantly, while John stepped out on the platform in front, and, in violation of the company's rules, engaged the motorman in conversation. He had a five-dollar note crumpled in his shut right hand when he went out which was not there when he returned.

"Yes, he says it's all right. But don't stay long, major," said John.

Maje arose and passed through the open front door of the car, and the nearest passengers wondered. There was a crowd at the rear, which had got on at the last stopping-place. The conductor was very busy.

"Do you think you can make it?" queried Maje of the motorman.

"Think what?" asked the motorman, surprised.

"Make this hill? Do you think you can make it?"

The grade was a very heavy one. The motorman smiled, and looked at his questioner derisively.

"I been makin' it for twelve months," he said. "I don't reckon it's goin' to break down this morning because you're aboard."

"By heavens, it's marvellous!" exclaimed the major. "Up-hill all the way and not an animal or a steam-engine in sight!"

The man at the wheel smiled again, but the derision was gone.

He looked at the gilt stars on the collar of the gray coat, and at the broken ostrich plume. He did not know what to think. He had had scant experience heretofore with five-dollar fools.





*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

The major took his place, with his foot against the brake and his hand on the lever.—Page 224.

"Might I run it?" asked Maje. "Just for a minute," he added.

The motorman looked back and saw the conductor still busy seating passengers and ringing up fares.

"Just a minute," he said, and stepped to one side.

The major took his place, with his foot against the brake and his hand on the lever.

"By heavens!" he shouted. "She's done it! She's come over the hill!"

The car slowed down, as the motorman resumed his place.

"Seventh Street, west," called the conductor.

"We get off here, major," said John.

The gray-haired, sweet-faced woman watched them go; and the foolish tears came back, and trickled down her cheeks.

It was evening in Cousin John's brown-stone house on the avenue, and there was frost in the air outside.

Maje, after having had revealed to him the marvels of the bathroom adjoining the guest-chamber, had been visited by the barber. Now, with his gray hair trimmed and brushed until it shone like silver, and his beard cut to a fashionable Van Dyke point, he sat luxuriously in an easy chair in John's library.

He was clad in a new suit of clothes of a recent pattern, and his collar and scarf-pin were unexceptionable. He surveyed critically the foot which dangled at the end of one of his attenuated legs that was crossed over the other. The foot was shod in a patent-leather pump. He had wanted to get a pair of boots, but they were not to be had in the city.

"You know boots have always to be made to measure," explained John, who had not seen a boot-jack for twenty-odd years.

Maje's uniform, and his black hat and plume, had been carefully packed away in a handsome leather suit-case that stood on the floor by his bedside in the guest-chamber. The saddle-bags, without his knowledge, had been transferred to the stable-boy.

"You'll have to keep that uniform spick and span till you visit your Mary," John had said to him. "She'll remember you in it."

"Yes," said Maje, watching John's

valet as he carefully folded the ancient garments. "She'll remember it."

It was this suggestion of visiting Mary that seemed to control and direct much of Maje's thought and action in his unaccustomed surroundings. He had made no question about the new clothes and the new valet. They were all as a matter of course. He would have them when he went to see Mary. Nor did the luxurious furnishings of his host's house disturb his unaccustomed sight and senses. It was only when he came in contact with things which were beyond his experience that his long-raged imagination was set free and took its flights.

"How d'ye get that candle inside the glass, John?" he asked, removing his gaze from his patent-leather shoe to the electric-light bulb on the bronze bracket above the rosewood study-table.

John arose from his seat opposite Maje's and, flicking the ash from the end of his Havana, turned off the light. There was comparative darkness above the rosewood, but the mellow glow of half a dozen other lights illuminated the room.

"That's the stuff that pulled the street-car up the hill," he explained, turning the current on again.

"Why, that's fire!" said Maje. "There's a red-hot wire inside that glass. There was no fire on the street-car."

"It was there all right, major, only you didn't see it. It's the same thing. It's electricity."

"What is it?" queried Maje eagerly.

"I don't know. Nobody knows," responded John. "It's the lightning that old Franklin caught with his kite."

"And now they've got it fastened up in glass balls," said the major. "Well, I'll swear!"

He looked at the light with grave interest.

"Can I put it out, John?" he asked.

Receiving permission, he turned the button, and the light vanished. Then he turned it on again, and his eyes shone with pleasure.

"By George! it's wonderful!" he exclaimed.

John looked at him with affectionate regard, and admiration for his sincerity and simplicity, as he stood there on the velvet carpet, so different in appearance



from what he had seemed twenty-four hours before.

The scar on his wan forehead was scarcely perceptible now, and his face was as eager as a schoolboy's.

"Yet, after all, the old uniform becomes him best," thought John. "He belongs to the Long Ago."

"Sally's staying a powerful long time," said Maje at last, when he had turned the light off and on repeatedly, with unaltered interest in the performance. "She said, when she went out, that she wouldn't be gone so long. She had to go a pretty considerable distance, didn't she, John?"

"Between two and three miles, major. It isn't far for a carriage on our smooth streets. She's at her aunt's, out in the western part of the city, on the Boulevard. Would you like to talk to her?"

"Like to talk to her? Why, of course, I like to talk to her. I love to talk to her. That's why I asked you when she would come back. She is an extremely agreeable and charming lady to talk to."

"I mean, would you like to talk to her where she is, out there at her aunt's, two miles away?"

Maje looked at John with an expression that went from startled incredulity to amusement.

"Look here, John, none of your pranks on me, now! None of your pranks on me!"

"I'm dead serious, major. You can do it. Come out here."

John led the way from the library into the hall, and Maje followed.

"The weather must have moderated," the old man said. "It's as warm here in this passage as it is in there with the fire on the hearth. It was as cold as Christmas when we came into the house, John."

John stopped before the telephone and rang up Central. Then he said: "1787, Madison," with the receiver at his ear.

"1787—Federal Constitution," said Maje, contemplatively. "Madison—great expounder in *The Federalist*. He's got the year and the man. Now let's see if he can produce the book out of the box."

Maje stood expectant.

"That you, Sally?" said John. "Been waiting for me to call you? Yes. How

long before—? Yes, he's here now. Yes, yes. I say, Sally— Yes. He wants to talk to you. Half past six? Yes. It's all right. Yes. Yes— Come here, major. Hold this thing to your ear, and talk into this place. That's right."

Maje, with a puzzled look, from which the amusement had disappeared, stepped forward and held the receiver to his ear.

Then John saw a radiant smile break over the withered face. Maje had formed "a great fancy," as he called it, for Sally.

"Yes! Yes! Of course I know your voice," he said. "Who that has ever heard it could forget it? Yes, yes, indeed. When did you get home? John said you were at your aunt's."

He dropped the receiver and started back from the phone. Then he picked it up again, and the conversation was renewed.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, and it was evident to John that the old man's glee was an echo of Sally's laughter, that was always infectious.

"What? You are? I don't believe a word of it! Ah, Sally, you can't fool me! At your aunt's? Why, you are hiding right here in this very room! Ha! ha! ha! You're behind the door, Sally! I know you're close enough for me to touch you, if I could just see you. What? Yes. Yes. Yes, he's standing right here by me, enjoying the joke. At your aunt's? How far? Two miles and a—? Ah, Sally, you are too young and pretty to tell lies! Ha! ha! ha! I know you are behind the door!"

Again the major laughed with a hilarity that was irresistible, and John joined in.

"Let me talk to her, major," said John; and the old man surrendered the receiver and his place and stood by.

A baffled, puzzled look crept over his countenance, and he seemed to grow years older as he listened.

"Get back as soon as you can, dearie," John called to Sally over the phone. "Yes. We'll have dinner as soon as you come. Yes. Yes. Good-by."

Maje's face was a study when they returned to the library.

"By George! he said good-by to her," commended Maje with himself.

He sat down again in the easy chair, and the wrinkles in his visage seemed to

grow deeper, and the scar on his forehead was very white.

"I'd like to go home, to-morrow, John," he said gently.

"Oh, no!" said John. "We haven't seen anything of you yet."

Maje continued wrapped in thought. This latest experience eclipsed the street-car and the light. It was beyond his comprehension; yet, in some subtle, indefinable way, full of a vague and beautiful promise.

"I wonder if Mary knows about it?" he said at length, abstractedly.

"Knows about what?" queried Cousin John, with unflagging interest in the major.

"About this—about this—about—about—all this electricity," he faltered. "This, what do you call it?"

"Telephone?" asked John.

"Yes, telephone," repeated the major.

"Oh, I guess so. 'Most every one does," said John.

Then he added confidently: "Tell me about her."

"Her?" queried the major, with wandering thought.

"Yes, her. Your Mary, as you call her. You know you said in your letter to Sally, which invited me to go down for you and bring you up here, that it was because you had heard from Miss—she's Miss Mary, isn't she, major?"

"Miss? Miss?" repeated Maje, excitedly. "Why, of course she's miss! How could she be anything else? Didn't she say that she had never loved any other man but me?"

His voice was in a quavering key, and the point of his Van Dyke beard was thrust forward aggressively.

"I beg your pardon, major," said John. "Certainly I knew, if I had stopped to think. Tell me about Miss Mary while we wait for Sally. We'll have dinner when Sally comes."

He drew his chair confidentially nearer to Maje's.

"Well, you see," the old man began, and his restored serenity indicated that his ill humor had been only momentary, "I told Sally in my letter that I had heard from Mary after a long silence between us, and that it was my purpose to go to see her, because she had said it

would be a great pleasure to her to see me again. As it would be to me, of course, to see her," he added meditatively, stroking the now mollified beard.

John listened, and Maje continued:

"I wrote Sally that I wanted to come up here, and have you and her get me back into the world again before I went. I knew I was behind the times, John."

John gave no sign of assent to Maje's transparently correct proposition.

"So I wrote Mary a letter, in which I told her that I should call on her in the early spring. Yes, in the early spring, I said. It seemed to me an unusually appropriate season to see her again, after so long a while; you understand, John—in the spring, when the flowers are beginning to bloom, and the greenness comes back to things. She always reminded me of the spring, with her sweet, fresh young face and her joyousness."

The old man paused in his reminiscence, and continued to finger his beard thoughtfully.

John did not speak or move.

"She had said in her letter to me that she had always loved me," continued Maje, "and she signed—yes, I have no difficulty in telling you—she signed her name at the bottom of the page, 'Your——'"

He turned his face from the glow of the electric light that shone reflected in the polished surface of the library table; and the fingers of the slim left hand, that had played with the gray Van Dyke beard, moved irresolutely in the direction of his eyes as if to shade them.

"Your own Mary," Maje concluded, turning to John with an air of defiance. "Yes, sir. 'Your own Mary.'"

"And when you see her in the spring?" queried John, seeking the climax of the romance.

"Why, I shall ask her to marry me, of course," said Maje. "And I'm sure she will. She said in her letter that she was an invalid, and had been confined to her couch for many years. She'll need me to care for her."

Maje was standing up now, in the pride of his imagined prospects.

"Did she speak of her financial circumstances?" asked John.

"Financial circumstances? She speak of her financial circumstances? Why,





*Drawn by Walter Biggs.*

He was fond of walking out in the bright, crisp winter afternoons, with Sally on one side of him and John on the other.—Page 230.

of course she didn't! Ladies and gentlemen don't discuss financial circumstances, sir. Why, sir, I never in my life remember to have heard either my father or my mother mention the subject of money."

Maje was genuinely astonished at John's question. It betrayed a lack of taste.

"But times have changed, major," protested John; "I have heard that her people, like many others, became very much impoverished after the war."

"I don't know, sir, and I don't care, sir," responded Maje decisively. "Not a damn, sir; no, sir, not a damn, sir. That does not occur to me, sir. I do not think of it. No, sir, I do not think of it."

John regarded the old man with misty eyes of affection and anxiety.

"Now, major," he said gently, "I'm awfully glad Miss Mary loves you after all these years. Awfully glad. It is a beautiful thing to have won and kept such an affection as your Mary's. It is a noble tribute to both of you, that your affections continue."

Maje, who had resumed his seat, swelled with gratified consequence.

"But, major——"

John's voice faltered, and he hesitated as he looked at the old man sitting there with the grayness of age upon him, and with only one hope left in life.

"What?" queried the major, regarding him benignly from his easy chair.

"Don't you think, now—? Take it kindly from me, major. Don't you think you will make a mistake to visit Miss Mary in the spring?"

"I can't well go sooner, John. There are a number of things——"

"But you don't understand me," said John, laying his hand upon the major's knee that was nearest to him. "You are an old man now."

"What the devil has that got to do with it, sir? What do you mean, sir?" asked Maje, jumping up and glaring at him with eyes of aroused suspicion.

"None of us can cherish illusions and find them realities in the end, major," pleaded John. "It is a vain effort."

"But didn't she say that she had always loved me?" Maje demanded fiercely.

"Sit down, major, sit down," said John. "The lady, like yourself, has

grown old. Of course she has. Even the early springs, with their flowers and their green grasses, that you and she knew together so beautifully in your youth, were very different springs from these that come now. There will never be any other springs like them, major. She is decrepit and bed-ridden. She has no property. She is helpless——"

"All the more reason——" exclaimed Maje.

His voice was pitched on the key of excitement.

"Major, she would seem very different to you now from what she seemed as a girl. Stop and think of it. The years bring crow's-feet and wrinkles and—and—the lady has grown old."

Maje jumped up again in a frenzy of agitation. He waved his hands in the air in protest.

"By—, sir!" he shouted, "a beautiful woman never grows old!"

"What's all this about a beautiful woman?" called a laughing voice from the library threshold; and the major, turning, saw John's wife, Sally, standing there. Her cheeks were rosy with the winter's cold and her eyes sparkled. To John she had never seemed more bewitching than as she appeared, radiant in her silks and furs, and charmed with the novelty of having the dear old man a guest under the roof-tree.

She ran up to Maje, and putting her arms about his neck, drew his wrinkled face down to her fresh one and kissed him.

"Talk of angels——" he began, gallantly.

"You dear, dear!" she said, releasing him, and patting him on the arm. "And so you really and truly thought I was in the room all the time!"

"Get your traps off, Sally," said John, looking at her with glistening, idiotic eyes; and as she left the room he said to Maje:

"You're right, major. By jings, you're right! Our beautiful women never grow old!"

It had been a pleasant week for John and Sally; and they missed the gentle old man very much when he was gone. He had stayed in the house so constantly,—for he declined to move out of it without Sally,—and he required so much looking after, and seemed to thrive so on





*Drawn by Walter Dicks.*

"He picked up de 'phone, an' he say: 'I'm sorry I kep' ye waitin' so long, Mary.' "—Page 133.

what she called "coddling," that Sally was even more conscious and regretful of his departure than was John. John had wished to invite some of his friends to meet him at dinner, but he had declined. Even the suggestion that there were two or three old army comrades of his one-time acquaintance in the city, who would be glad to see him again, was dismissed by him with indifference.

"Thirty-five years will separate most men like eternity," he said. "It is only woman's love for man on which time makes no impression. Moreover, Sally, my dear, I have put the past behind me. I am looking only to the future now. My face is turned to the sunrise."

On the evening after his arrival she had told him that John would take him that night to the club; and this proffered invitation he had declined also. Yet there had been nothing churlish or ill-mannered in his refusal to mingle again with the world. It seemed so natural both to John and Sally to hear his serene and quiet declinations—so much a very part of himself that none of their proposed entertainments of him should appeal to him—that they found themselves at last unconsciously wondering that they had ever suggested them.

He was fond of walking out in the bright, crisp winter afternoons, with Sally on one side of him and John on the other, along the city's most fashionable avenue; and it was then that, with genuine delight, his companions observed most his high-bred bearing, and the elegant courtesy in his recognition of the passing salutations of their friends.

"I wonder where on earth Sally got him," more than one of her young-woman associates had asked each other. "He's arky-looking, but he really has beautiful manners. It was worth a walk for three blocks to get that bow. The young ones can't do it that way."

Once John brought two of his men friends in to dinner. When Maje learned that they were in the house he told Sally that he was feeling tired, and that he would go to his room. He was undressed and fast asleep under the snowy bedclothes of the brass bed when the dining-room servant came an hour later to fetch his dinner, that "Miss Sally" had sent him on a waiter.

"I don't want to see anybody but you and John, Sally," he said to her next morning after breakfast, while she sat by him and held his hand, when John had gone down-town to the bank. Then she asked him about Mary and the old love story of his youth; and he told it to her again and again, with the fond iteration of love's young dream and with the gentle smile on his withered face that the story never failed to awaken.

"Her eyes are blue, and she looks not unlike you, Sally," Maje said, with his more than thirty-years-old memory of his Mary. "Only I think she is not quite so tall as you are, my dear, but equally erect. She comes considerably above my shoulder. I would say, to here," he concluded, measuring.

Thus day after day he had described her in the infinite and unforgotten detail of youth and loveliness to the young and lovely woman who listened and sympathized with every word.

"She lives more than two hundred miles from my house," he said. "It is a long distance, Sally, and her home is almost as far from the railroad as mine is. It takes a letter a long time to go and come."

He was thinking of the telephone.

"It will be very beautiful for you and Mary to be together again," Sally said, still holding the old man's hand in hers.

"Yes," he answered dreamily, "very beautiful and very sweet, my dear, after so long a time. It will be pretty soon, now."

Then she dropped the nervous hand and hurried from the room.

Two weeks went by, and no news came to John and Sally from Maje, although he had promised them that he would write as soon as he had sent a letter to Mary.

On a bright morning in early April Sally said to John:

"I wonder if the major has started on his journey yet? The spring that he was waiting for is here."

The morning's mail lay on the breakfast table; and, turning it over, she found a letter postmarked "Kay," which proved, when opened, to have been written to John in Mr. Martin's crude chirography at Hercules's dictation. It ran thus:

"HONORED SIR:

"Major has not been well since he got



home from yours. I think he caught cold of cutting of his hair. He has been working too hard for him since he got back, having never before had to work a lick in his life. I think he has strained his mind somewhat and likewise his body. I think he is sick. I am pestered about him. I think I would feel better if you would come down and take a look at him. He don't know anything about it. Honored sir, your respectful, obedient

"HERCULES.

"P. S.—That is the way the colored man instructed me to write it.

"Resp'y,

"KAY MARTIN."

So John and Sally went, taking with them somewhat anxious hearts, and a hamper of things for the major's comfort. Hercules came through the scrub-pines and broom-sedge, and met the carry-all by the old pine-tree, where the barn used to stand. He professed to pilot the driver by the easiest route to the house; but in reality he only walked at the wheel of the vehicle, and talked to John all the way to the front steps.

"Yes, sir. He has been carryin' on mighty foolish an' strange sence he got back," he said; "I ain't niver seed him so res'less, sence he was in de war. D'ye see all dem yonder strings an' tomatoes-cans an' things nailed up ag'in' dem trees, an' tied together f'om one tree to another? Duz ye see 'em?"

John looked and saw them.

"Well, I gwi' tell ye 'bout 'em. Dat's what's de matter wid him,—dem very things dar in dem bushes. I ain't been able to do nothin' at all wid him. He done got plum' beyond me. He been had me clim'in' trees, an' nailin' up tomatoes-cans, an' stretchin' twine-strings, 'twell I'm mighty nigh broke down. An' dat ain't all. Me an' him is done cut mo' railroad ties dan 'ud make a coddery road endurin' o' de times o' de Bloody Wrangle. I done got all sorts o' warts an' whelks an' calluses an' bunions in de parms o' my han's, foolin' 'long o' all o' dese here things.

"Faus', she say I ain't niver gwi' git shet o' 'em."

The two visitors in the carry-all peering to where the old negro pointed, saw a

long line of battered tin cans nailed one after the other against the upper trunks of many of the scrub-pines; while stretching between them, from tree to tree, was dimly visible on nearer approach a line of stout twine cord connecting them.

"I bought a ball o' dat string at Kay Martin's, wid hunnerds an' hunnerds o' yards ter it; an' don't you know, sir, Maje done use up de whole ball? Ef I was ter go out de house at night an' walk aroun' dis here yard in de dark, I'd run de risk o' bein' hung up wid dat 'ar string, like King David's son, Absolute, in de Scriptchurs.

"An' what you reck'n he call it? He say he got a telephome. D'ye see yonder whar it run inter de winder thoo dat broke' pane o' glass? Maje, he in dat very room now, whar dat string runs in, in his bed, wid a tomatoes-can on de pillar by him, an' dat string stuck thoo a hole in de bottom o' it.

"Fo' Gord, sir, I dunno what de matter wid de man. Faus' she say she think it's all along o' dat bullick in his head what he got at de Wrangle. She say de bullick ain't niver got out, an' dat it's a-workin'."

Hercules escorted the visitors up the creaking steps and into the old library, where a cheerful log fire was burning on the brass fire-dogs, in front of which the major's well-worn leather chair stood empty. The books on the shelves were in their due places; and the backs of many of them were as worn and battered as the frayed furniture of the apartment. In the faded tapestry carpet every thread of warp and woof was literally bare. Three jonquils hung on languid stems from the neck of a black bottle which stood on the corner of the mantel-piece.

But for all its poverty the room was scrupulously clean.

John surveyed the books in their cases, and took two or three of the newest-looking ones from the shelves. None of them bore a later date on the title-page than 1861.

"Faus', she is done yaired de comp'ny room fur you-all," Hercules said. "She gwi' come pres'n'y, an' show you de way. She got a good fire up dar. It's cool dese here spring days, eben ef de flowers is a-bloomin'."

He looked significantly at the jonquils in the bottle.

"I sho'ly is glad you-all is done come," he said, sincerely.

When Sally had taken off her wraps, and together the trio had opened the hamper which John and Hercules had transported from the carry-all into the library, and after they had arranged its varied contents on mantel-piece and chairs and floor, Sally asked:

"Can we see him now?"

Hercules, with a Chesterfieldian bow, answered her:

"He 'sleep, now, young lady. Yes'm, he 'sleep. 'Spec' we better not disturb him yit. When he wake up, I gwi' tell him you-all is done come, madam. He ain't sleep much lately. No, ma'am."

The green wood and the rotten fence rails on the blazing hearth combined to make an odd noise of burning timber and sputtering sap.

"Been putting up telephones, has he?" queried John, turning from the bookshelves with a vague smile, and holding his hands out to the cheerful blaze.

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Dat he is," said Hercules. "An' buildin' electric railroads, too. But he didn' keep dat up long. He cudden git no kyars, he say. It's de telephome what pleases him de mos'. He's a-talkin' in dat mos' o' de time, sir. Yes, sir. Dat he is."

"Who does he talk to?" asked Sally anxiously, with utter disregard of her grammar.

She was troubled to hear these stories of her dear old friend.

"He talkin' ter Miss Mary, he say, ma'am," responded Hercules. "I 'spec' dat what he's doin', too, 'ca'se it soun' like she was a-talkin' back ter him."

Hercules proceeded to repeat one of Maje's conversations with Miss Mary over the phone.

"You see, we can't hear nothin' she say,—me an' Faus' can't," he explained. "But he can hear her, beca'se he's answerin' back what she say ter him. Dat's what troubles me an' Faus'. We kinder skeered about dis here business. Dat how-come we wanted you-all ter come an' see what de matter wid him."

"Why, what is there to scare you?" asked John, surprised.

He had not yet come to take as grave a view of the situation as Sally had; and he couldn't understand why the black man should be alarmed.

"De 'oman, she's dead, you know, sir," said Hercules.

"What woman?" asked John, and Sally listened with blanched face.

"You know, he been had a correspon'-ence wid de lady what he was in love wid when he was young, dat is ter say, de one he call his Miss Mary. Dey hadn' heerd f'om one annu'r fur a long time, not sence de war; an' he writ her a letter, an' she say would he come ter see her. Dat how-come he went ter you-all's house—fur ter git fixed up, so he could go courtin' ag'in."

"Yes, yes, we understand all that," interrupted Sally; "but tell us the rest."

"Well, ma'am, whilst he was gone, a letter come ter Kay Martin's ter him f'om de place whar Miss Mary live. Kay Martin he say de mark was on de outside o' de letter fur ter show whar it com f'om; an' he say it was in a diff'unt han'write f'om her'n. I knowed she was ole an' feeble, like he is; she boun' ter be—an' I jes says ter Kay Martin, 'I think we better fine out what's in dat letter, 'fo' Maje gits back.' He say so too. So we opens de letter; an' 'fo' Gord, sir, it say she's dead."

Tears started in the black man's eyes, and trickled down his dark cheeks.

"I met him at de depo' when he come home, but I ain't nuver tole him yit. Faus', she say he ain't gwine ter be able ter raise no ready money fur ter buy a railroad ticket ter whar Miss Mary used ter live. So what de use o' tellin' him?"

He paused and answered his own question:

"Dey ain't none."

Then he waited a moment to note the effect of this recital of his diplomacy upon his listeners.

"But yo' needn' tell me he don't know it," he continued. "He knows it, jes like he done read it in dat latter. I been hear him talkin' ter her over de 'phome."

Then he told them, while they listened eagerly, all that had happened with the major after he came home. He had shown an unwonted mood of gayety—a mood that had verged on hilarity itself.



He had been out in the world and he had seen the wonders of a wonderful century. He had learned more in a week than Hercules might dream of in a hundred years. He intended to build and equip an electric railway, on which Mary could ride with him in the pleasant summer nights, when the moon stood over the housetop, just as they used to ride horseback together in the summers long ago. And he would put up a telephone—a wonderful thing was a telephone, Hercules—by which you could hear the voices of persons very far away—hundreds of miles away, his Cousin John had said. He could not tell the distance, but he had talked over one for three miles, and he had heard from the other end of it as plainly as if the person talking there were in the room.

He had concluded after a few days to defer the building of the electric railway until later, when he could learn about the best style of cars. Besides, the telephone was what he wanted and needed most.

"Hello, central!" came the sound of a feeble voice from across the hall, and through the open door.

"You hear dat! Lissen! Dat's him now! He done woke," said Hercules. "I lef' his do' cracked open over dar, so I could hear him. Fus' thing he do is ter call 'Sentinel!' Den he ax de sentinel for Miss Mary. I reck'n he think he's back dar in de times o' de Wrangle."

The giant black tiptoed out of the room. After an absence of a few minutes he returned.

"He in dar talkin' ter her now, an' she talkin' back ter him, jes like I tole ye," he said, with profound conviction.

"I done let him know dat you-all was here, but he ain't pay no attention ter what I say."

"I think we ought to have a doctor for him as soon as possible, John," said Sally, and her voice trembled.

John asked Hercules to go back and see if the major could not be made to understand that his cousins had arrived and were very anxious to see him.

"He always is been mighty curisome 'bout havin' folks in de house, ever sence his ma died," Hercules said apologetically.

"I dunno whether he gwine ter see you-all ur not."

He closed the door behind him softly as he went out.

The visitors waited in a tense silence that was unbroken save by the sizzling of the sap in the end of a green log on the fire.

Sally had taken John's hand and was holding it tightly.

"I don't like the looks of things myself, Sally," he said, as he returned her clasp.

Then he got up, and looked out of the window to where the lines of Maje's telephone swung in the spring sunshine.

The door opened, and Hercules came back. His eyes were very wide now, and beads of sweat were standing on his forehead.

"I wish you-all would go in dar," he said.

"Will he see us?" queried Sally.

"When I crope in dar close ter de bed, he seemed ter be breathin' sort o' hard. Says I, 'Maje, yo' Cousin John an' yo' Cousin Sally is done come. Dey in de liberry.' He didn' pay no attention ter me. He picked up de 'phome, an' he say: 'I'm sorry I kep' ye waitin' so long, Mary. I thought it would be bes' not to come 'twell spring.' Den he stop a minute, an' breathe hard ag'in. Den he say: 'Ring off, sentinel!' Den he lay back, an' he drap de 'phome, an' he ain't say nuthin' mo'."

John said to Sally:

"Wait here, dear."

He went into the major's room, followed by Hercules. Returning alone in a few minutes, John closed the door behind him.

Before he could speak the shut door opened again, and Hercules stood on the threshold. The big black man made no effort to conceal the tears that streamed down his furrowed cheeks. The Adam's apple in his throat moved up and down convulsively.

"Maje done gone ter see Miss Mary," he said.

Then Sally took one of his horny black hands in her soft white one, and John clasped the other; and they sorrowed together in the touch of pity which makes the whole world kin.

# FIGUIG

BY G. E. WOODBERRY



I WOKE, in the train, on the high plateaus. Dawn—soft green and pallid gold, luminous, then dying under a heavy cloud while faint pink brightened on the sides of the great horizon—opened the lofty plain, boundless and naked, thinly touched with tufts of vegetation; as far as one could see, only the elements—color, cold, swathing wild herbage on rugged soil; and far off, alone, the haze of an abrupt mountain range. It was the steppe beyond Khreider. The vast, salt chott of El Chergui, that streaks the middle of the steppe with its waste and quicksands, lay behind; but its saline arms still clung to and discolored the surface, and whitened the view westward with dull crystalline deposits. This wide blanching of the gray and red soil striped and threw into relief the rigid scene—aridity, vacancy, solitude, from which emerged the still grandeur of inanimate things. It was the characteristic scene of the high plains—a vague monotony, colored with sterile features flowing on level horizons. As the train ascended nature seemed still to unclasp and uncover, to strip and peel the land; but not continuously. From time to time the steppe lapsed back to a thicker growth of tough-fibred alfa, whose home is on these plains, and bore other dry, sparse, darkish desert plants upon reddish hummocks; on this pasturage distant herds of camels browsed unattended, as on a cattle-range, in the wild spaces fenced by rolling sands; then the climbing train would soon pass again amid low dunes. Few stations at long intervals; isolated, meagre, they seemed lost in the spreading areas, mere points of supply; the most important was but a village, with sickly trees; but they took on an original character. They were fortified; obviously built for defence, with sallies and retreats in their walls; guarded casemates obliquely commanding all avenues of approach and the walls themselves;

doors that were meant to shut. It was a railway in arms, a line of military posts, or blockhouses, as it were, on an unsettled border. The sight gave a tang of war to the silence of the uninhabited country, and reminded one of unseen tribes and of the harsh frontier of Morocco over opposite, south and west. Slowly the mountains sprang up; one had already drifted behind, Djebel Antar; and now the peaks of the Saharan Atlas, rising sheer from the plain a thousand metres, lay on either hand, bold crests and jutting ranges—Djebel Aïssa on the left, the Sfisifa on the right in the southwestern sky, Djebel Mektar straight ahead. We had passed the highest point of the line at an elevation of thirteen hundred metres, and were now on the incline and rapidly approaching the last barrier of the Sahara. We were soon at the foot of Mektar. It was Ain Sefra, an important military base.

But I did not think of war; to me Ain Sefra is a name of literature and has a touch of personal literary *devoir*; for there in the barren Moslem cemetery, outside the decaying ksar, is buried the poor girl who taught me more about Africa than all other writers; she had the rare power of truth-telling, and lived the life she saw; her books are but remnants and relics of her genius, but she distilled her soul in them—one of the wandering souls of earth, Isabella Eberhardt. She was only twenty-seven, but years are nothing—she had drunk the cup of life. Here she died, in the oued, the torrent river whose bottom I was now skirting, a wide, dry watercourse, strewn with stones, and with roughly indented banks. It was dry now, but on these denuded uplands and surfaces, after a rainfall, which is usually torrential, it fills in a moment with a furious sweep and onset of waters; and thus a few years ago it rose in the October night and tore away the village below the high ground of the French encampment; and there she was drowned. The echo of her soul in mine, long ago at Tunis, was the lure that drew me here.

There before my eyes was the sight I



had longed to see, just as she had described it. I knew it as one recognizes a lighthouse on a foreign coast, so single, so unique it was—the leap of the red dunes up the defile, fierce as a sword-thrust of the far desert through the mountains. That was Africa—the untamed wild, the bastion of nature in her barbarity, the savage citadel of her splendid forces to which man is negligible and human things unknown. The dunes are golden-red, tossed like a stormy, billowing sea; they charge, they leap, they impend—petrified in air; an ocean surf of red sand, touched with golden lights, frozen in the act of the wild wind. They are magnificent in their lines of motion, in their angers of color; but the spirit of them is their *élan*, their drive, flung forward as if to ram and overwhelm the pass with a wide sandy sea. The light on them is a menace; they threaten; nor is it a vain threat; they move with the sure fatality of all lifeless things; they will invade and conquer—a foe to be reckoned with; and, to fend the valley against them, man takes a garden, trees, plantations, advancing a van of life against all that lifelessness. It is a superb picture there among the mountains, a symbol of the struggle—the long battle of vegetable and mineral forces, clothing and desolating the planet; and it holds the rich glow of the African temperament, a spark of the soul of the land.

The train winds on in the bright morning air by a shining koubba, dark palm tufts, and the high, silent tricolor, and goes down the oued, turns the mountain, passes into the rocks, a strange scene of stormy forms and sterile colors, and makes from valley to valley by sharp curves, from oued to oued by deep cuts, piercing and grooving its passage to lower levels through the range of the Ksour. Almost from the first it is unimaginable, that landscape. It is all rock in ruins, denuded and shivered, shelving down, disintegrating; fallen avalanches of rotten strata; every kind of fracture; whole hills in a state of breaking up into small pieces, pebbly masses, bitten, slivered. We traverse broken, burnt fields of it, all shingle; expanses of it so, beneath walls cracked and scarified; we curve by scattered boulders of all sizes and positions, down valleys of stones; new hills open, sharp-edged, jagged—continuous

rock. All outlooks are on the waste wilderness crumbling in its own abandonment; all contours are knife-edges; the perspectives are all of angles. In the near open tracts lie relics and remains, mounds, mountains, and hills that have melted away; steep lifts on all curves; and on the sky-horizon, following and crossing one another, saw-toothed ranges, obliquely indented with sharp re-entries, or else acute cones and rounded mamelons: the whole changing landscape a ruin of mountains being crumbled and split and blown away. It is an elemental battle-field, where the rock is the victim—a suicide of nature. In this region of extreme temperatures with sudden changes—burning noons and frozen nights, torrid summers and winter snows, downpours of rainfall—the fire and frost, wind and cloud-burst, have done their secular work; they have stripped and pulverized the softer, outer rock shell, washed it down, blown it away, till the supporting granite and schist are bare to the bone. It is a skeletonized, worn land, all apex and débris; near objects have the form and aspect of ruins, the horizons are serried, the surfaces calcined. It is an upper world of the floored and pinnacled rock, an underworld shivered and strewn with its own fragments, a “gray annihilation”—of the color of cinders. I imagine that the landscapes of the moon look thus.

A mineral world, bedded, scintillant, flaked. It is dyed with color. All life has gone from it, and with the departure of life has come an intensification, an originality, an efflorescence of mineral being. The earlier stages of the ride—the red mountains striped beneath with black, beyond the middle ground of a prevailing reddish tint sparsely scattered with a vegetation of obscure greens and dull grays amid strong earth colors, once with the bluish-black of palm-trees blotting the distance—I remember now almost as fertility. Here there is not a leaf—nor even earth nor sand. It seems rock devastated by fire, like volcanic summits. A sombre magnificence, a fantastic grandeur! Blue-grays, browns, and ochres of every shade gleam on the slopes of the hillsides; reds splash the precipices and walls; innumerable, indescribable tones, too gloomy to be called iridescence, shimmer over the mid-distance and die out in twilights of color



amid the manganese shadows, on the cold limestone heights, in the sandstone gullies. Where I can see the surfaces of the shivered stones, I notice their extraordinary smoothness. There are purples and black-greens and violets among them, but for the most part they are black, like soot; for amid this fantastic coloration, what gives its sombreness to the scene—the trouble of the unfamiliar—and grows most menacing, is the black. The land is oxidized—blackened; its shivered floor is strewn with black stones; black stripes streak its sides far and near; amid all that mineral bloom it is to black that the eye returns, fascinated, enthralled. It invades the spirits with its prolonged weirdness; it awes and saddens. And all at once we emerge from a deep ravine—oh, *la belle vie!*—a sea of dark verdure makes in from below, like a fiord, among the naked mountains round it—silent, mysterious, living, the green of the palm oasis; and swiftly, after that stop, we dip into the black gorges beyond Moghrar, more sombre, sinister—valleys of the color and aspect of some strange death, the incineration of nature in her own secular periods, the passing of a planet. Slowly vegetation begins—tufts amid the rock interstices, desert growths, the *chaufleur saharienne*, the drin, the thyme, plants of ashen-gray, stiff, sapless; trees now—betoums, feeble palms; a beaten track with a trio of Bedouin Arabs. It is the oued of the Zousfana; and we debouch on the far prospect—off to the right the oases of Figuig, oblong dark spots on the foot-hills of Morocco and before us to the left the great horizons of the Sahara, the *hamada*. Five hours from Ain Sefra. It is Beni-Ounif.

I descended from the train amid groups of soldiers. I lose my prejudice against a uniform, when it is French or Italian; and in North Africa the blue of the *tirailleur*, the red of the *spahi*, are a part of the *mise-en-scène*. These were soldiers of the Foreign Legion. I had been familiar with their uniform, too, in the north at Oran, and particularly at Sidi-bel-Abbes, one of their rendezvous; and I saw it again with friendly eyes, for all that I had here—harborage, security, freedom to come and go—did I not owe it to them? The Sud-Oranaise is their work, like so much else in Algeria. I trudged through the sand, a

young Arab tugging at my baggage and guiding me, to the hotel, which occupied a corner of an extensive flat building of Moresque style, rather imposing with its towers though it was only of one story, on a street that seemed preternaturally wide because all the buildings were likewise of one story. The whole little town, a mere handful of low, fragile blocks, looked strangely desolate and lonesome, forsaken, isolated, dull. The host received me pleasantly—I was the only guest to arrive, and there was no sign of another occupant—and took me to my room in the single corridor; it was clean and sufficient—a bed, a basin, and a chair; a small, heavily barred window, at the height of my head, looked on a large, vacant court. So this was the *terre perdue*. I was “far away.” “The brutality of life—” I was “clean quit” of it, like a lark in the blue, like a gull on the gray sea. “*Adieu, mes amis,*” I thought. Where had I read it—“The man who is not a misanthrope has never loved his fellow men.”

There was a knock at my door: “*Monsieur*, some one to see you.” It came with a shock, for the solitude had begun to seize me. I went toward the office. A young soldier of the Legion approached me, full of French grace, with a look of expectancy on his fine face. “I heard there was an American here,” he said in English; “I did not believe it,” he added; “I came to see.” “Yes,” I said, “I am an American.” “There hasn’t been one here in two years—not since I came,” he spoke slowly—keen, soft tones. “South American?” he ventured. “No,” I said, melting. “Truly from the United States—where?” His look hung on my face. “I was born near Boston,” I replied, interested. “I was born in Boston.” I shall never forget the gladness of his voice, the light that swept his eyes. A quick soldierly friending seized us—the warmth that does not wait, the trust that does not question. In ten minutes he was caring for me like a younger brother, introducing me with my letters at the Bureau Arab, doing everything till he went to his service. In the evening we met again, and so the lonely journey of the day ended in an African sunset, as it were, of gay and brilliant spirits, for I know of no greater joy than the making of friends. He was of French parentage,



and the only American in the Legion; at least, he had never seen nor known of another. And I went to bed thinking of the strange irony of life, and how the first thing that the *terre perdue* gave me was the last thing I expected in the wide world—a friend.

## II

I WENT by myself to visit the old ksar, the native village which had occupied this site before the coming of the French and the rise of the new town about the railway. It lay some little distance to the west of the track—a collection of palm-trees, with a village at the farther end, backed by a white koubba. My Arab boy, who had never lost sight of me, had me in charge, and led the way. We crossed into the strip of barren country and saw the ksar with its palmerai before us, like a rising shoal in the plain. Accustomed as my eyes are to large horizons, this country had an aspect of solitariness that was extraordinary. The sand-blown black rock, the *hamada*, lies all about; the mountains of the Ksour that back the scene to the north-east are reddish in color and severe in outline, and the mountains of Morocco, cut here by three passes, block it to the north and west with their heavy and wild masses, while other detached heights are seen far off to the south. From this broken ring of bare mountains, red and violet and gray, the rocky desert floor, blown with reddish sand, makes out into the open distance interminably to horizons like the sea. In the midst of this the little ksar with its trailing palm-trees, Beni-Ounif with its slender rail and station, its white redoubt and low buildings, with the Bureau Arab and its palms a little removed, seem insignificant human details, mere markings of animal life, in a prospect where nature, grandiose in form and without limit in distance, exalted by aridity, is visibly infinite, all-encompassing, supreme. The sun only, burning and solitary, seems to own the land. The moment one steps upon the windy plain it is as if he had put to sea; he is alone with nature, and the harshness of the land gives poignancy to his solitude.

We walked over rough ground awhile, and then crossed the dry bed of a oued,

one of the channels that in time of flood lead the waters down to the Zousfana, whose shrunken stream flows in its wide rocky bottom some distance to the north of the ksar toward the mountains; and we climbed up on the farther side by crumbling foot-paths that run on little uneven ridges of dry mud, twisting about in a rambling way, with small streams to cross, which groove the soil; and so we came into the gardens. The aspect, however, is not that of a garden; the background of the scene is all dry mud, whose moulded and undulating surface makes the soil, while the little plots are divided by mud walls, high enough at times to give some shade and meant to retain the irrigating waters. There are a few patches of barley, very fresh and green; but for the most part the plots are filled with trees—fig-trees, old and contorted, with their heavy limbs, the peach and almond with fragile grace and new tender green, the pomegranate and the apple, and rising above them the palms whose decorative forms frame in and dignify the little copses of the fruit-trees, and unite them; but the dry mud makes an odd contrast with the branching green of varied tints and gives a note of aridity to the whole under-scene. The plots vary only in their planting, and were entirely deserted. We came through them to the ksar itself with its wall. It is built of dry mud, which is the only material used here for walls and houses alike. The rain soon gives them a new modelling at best, and this ksar is old and ruined, half-abandoned now that the French town is near. The outer wall is much broken, with the meandering shapelessness of abandoned earthworks—scallop and indentations, the smooth moulding and mud sculpture of time on the golden soil; and off beyond it stretches the endless cemetery, with the pointed stones at the head and foot of the graves, a tract of miserable death, so simple, naked, and poverty-struck, and yet in such perfect harmony with the sterile and solitary scene, that it does not seem sad but only the natural and inevitable end. It belongs to the desert; it is its comment on the trivial worthlessness of human life, whose multitude of bones are heaped and left here like the potter's shard. The sun beats down on the wide silence of that



cemetery; the sand blows and accumulates about the rough stones that seem to lie at random; there is no distinction of persons there, no sepulchral apparelling of the mortal fact, no illusion, no deception; it is the grave—"whither thou goest." And it is not sad—no more than the naked mountains of the Ksour, the dark Morocco heights, the silent sunlight; it is one with them—it is nature. On its edge toward the ksar rises the koubba of the saint, Sidi Sliman Bou-Semakha, the ancient patron of the country; it is the only spot of this old Moslem ground that no infidel foot has trod; there his body reposes in its wooden coffin, hung with faded silks within its carved rail in the white chamber, secluded and sacred, and the faithful sleep in the desert outside. It is a world that has passed away.

The ksar itself was like all others in this region. They are walled villages adjoining the palmerai that feeds them; the houses are built of sun-baked earth supported on small palm-beams and lean serried one upon another in continuous lines and embankments; narrow alleyways and passages honeycomb them, often with a roofing of the same palm-beams, so that one walks in underground obscurity; externally, owing to their old and weather-worn aspect, they have a general ruinous look. The walls on the street are blind; here and there in dark corners a seat for loungers is hollowed out in the side; there is somewhere a square for judgment where is the assembly of the elders, and by the mosque or koubba an open space. There is always a life outside the walls, a place for market, for caravans to stop, encampments of all sorts. All have a look of dilapidation. But this old ksar had more than that; it was obviously in a state of ruin and abandonment. Walls had fallen, exposing the wretched interiors, cave-like, mere cellarage. There was no one there. I passed through some of the covered ways—blank obscurity, with holes of naked sunlight. I did not see half a dozen living figures: they were unoccupied, listless, marooned. It was still—a stillness of death. I found the sources, the underground streams that supply the little oasis; there were three or four young negro girls standing in the water, in discolored bright rags; they pointed out to me the blind fish

in the water. "*C'est défendu*," said my Arab boy when I asked him to catch one. Life seemed *défendu*. The air was moribund. It was a decadence of the very earth. I was glad to have the hot sun on my back again by the tall palms and green fruit-trees springing out of their dry-mud beds, and I sat down on a crumbling wall, amid the amber deliquescence of the rich-toned soil, and looked back on that landscape of decay, and sought to reconstruct in fancy the desert life of its silent years.

It was an old human lair. Its people, the *ksouriens*, who lived here their half-underground life, sheltered from the burning blasts of the summer sun and the bitter winds of winter, were a settled town folk, with their oasis agriculture and simple desert market. The ruling race were the descendants of some marabout; for the Moslem saint was a patriarch, and one finds whole villages that claim to be originated from some one of them; these men were the proprietors of the gardens, which were tilled by native negroes or Soudanese slaves and their progeny, a servile breed; and there were Jews, who were compelled to live apart, a pariah caste. Outside were the Berber and Arabized nomad tribes, scattered and living in fractions, who went from place to place for the pasturage of their flocks; their chiefs and headmen were desert-raiders, who took toll by tribute or pillage of the caravans traversing their country, and made forays on their neighbors; the people of the ksar held a feudal relation to these desert lords. The most secure units of property in the land were the *zaowias*, or monasteries, bound to hospitality and charity, and ruled by marabout stocks; their gardens and flocks had a protective character of sacredness, the goods of God. Society was in a primitive form of uncohering fragments, very independent, self-centred, uncontrolled; though it was of one faith, hostility pervaded it; feuds were its annals; it had pirate blood. A pastoral, marauding, sanguinary world, with elements of property and aristocracy, but democratic within itself, with slaves and outcast breeds; a world of simple wants but always half submerged in misery; a world of the strong arm. In such a world the *ksouriens* lived here by the mountain passes. They saw those old nomad tribes go by that mounted to Tlem-



cen and drank the bright cup of the Mediterranean for a season; but the *ksouriens* had forgotten them; their passage was only a wrinkling of the desert sand. Caravans stopped by the brown walls; raiders rode by to the desert; the seven ksars of Figuig fought petty wars, one on another, on the hill opposite; mountain women pitched their striped tents by the cemetery wall; the Jews worked at little ornaments of silver and coral; there was a coming and going to the fountain, secret and ferocious love, the woe of poverty and hate—the Arab life of violence and ruse and silence, in the palm gardens, the underground passages, the darkened streets; a life of obscurity and somnolence; and the *ksouriens* grew pale like wax, with their black beards and corded turbans, and the old Arab vitality melted in their bones. The hours that no man counts rolled over the languid ksar, where white figures sat in the seats in the earthen wall along the covered streets in the silence; the unborn became the living and the stones multiplied in the cemetery; and there was no change. I could almost hear the bugle-note yonder that brought a new world of men. And now the ksar was dead.

The moon, almost at the full, was growing bright in the eastern sky; the mountains of the Ksour, that still took the setting sun, glowed with naked rock, rose-colored; on the left the mountains of Figuig lay in black shadow, with the violet defiles between, clear-cut on the molten sky. As I stepped on the rise of Beni-Ounif it was already night; the brilliant white moon flooded the hard landscape with winter clarity; the unceasing wind blew cold. It was a solemn scene.

### III

"MONSIEUR, le spahi." I went out in the early morning air and found my escort for Figuig, a tall, dark Arab, almost black, his head capped with a huge turban wound with brown camel's-rope in two coils, and his form robed in a heavy white burnoose that showed his red trousers beneath; he held two horses, one tall and strong, for himself, the other, smaller and lighter, a mare, for me. My friend soon joined us with his mount, and, glancing at my mare as I also mounted, warned me not to rein

her in straight with that bit, as it was thus that the Arabs trained their horses to rear and caper, and a strong pull might bring her up unexpectedly on her hind legs, and that, he said, was all I need be careful about. We trotted off easily enough down the street toward the railway, and in a few moments turned the last building and were on the route westward over the open plain. The old ksar lay far off to the left, the Zousfana to the north, and between was the unobstructed stretch of the rocky *hamada*, herbless and strewn with small and broken stones, to where we saw a line of straggling palms beneath the Morocco hillside. The air was brisk and cool—just the morning for a gallop. The temptation was too great for my mare, who showed no liking for her neighbors, and, after a few partly foiled attempts, struck boldly off the trail to the left. I minded my instructions and had no desire to see what she could do on her hind legs. I had neither whip nor spur. I gave her her head. I was likely to have a touch of the Arab *fantasia*, and I did. I settled myself hard in the saddle as she flew on; she was soon at the top of her speed; it was the gallop of my life. Her feet were as sure as they were fleet on the pathless, rocky plain; she avoided obstacles by instinct; and if she came to a dry, ditch-like channel now and then that cut the level, with a slight retardation for the spring she jumped it, as if that were the best of all. But it was a pace that would end. After a mile or so she breathed heavily, and I, seeing some Arab tents pitched not far away, turned her toward them, thinking she might regard it as a friendly place, and so brought her up quite blown and with heaving sides. Three or four Arabs, very friendly and curious, ran up, and I dismounted. "*Méchante, méchante,*" they kept saying; and I looked at the shallow glitter of the mare's eyes, as she turned them on me to see the rider she had got the better of, and for my part I said "*Furbo*"—something that I learned in Italy. My friend came riding up after a little to know where I was going, and said he thought I was "having a little fun"; and the spahi rode in, and, dismounting, also with a "*méchante,*" changed horses with me. I said good-by to the friendly Arabs, and we rode off straight north to the route from



which I had involuntarily wandered; but it was a fine morning gallop.

We came without further incident to the line of scattered palms, amid a very broken country, where the ascent makes up to Figuig, enclosed in a double circle of walls. Figuig is the name of the whole district. It includes a lower level, where is the ksar of Zenaga and its vast palmerai, and a higher level, on which are scattered the other six ksars amid their gardens. All are built of sun-dried mud, as are also the two walls, the inner being furnished with round towers at frequent regular intervals. We went on amid a confusion of gardens—fruit-trees with vegetables under them, such as beans and onions, and plots of bright barley in the more open places, but mostly palms with little else, all springing out of the dry mud; we were past the ruinous-looking stretches of the brown, sun-basking wall, and began to be lost in a narrow canyon, as it were, up which the rude way went between the enclosed gardens. There was hardly width for our horses, as we rode in single file on the uneven, climbing path that seemed something like the bed of a torrent, and indeed every now and then water would break out from underground and pour down like a cascade or swift brook, with a delicious sound of running streams. On either side the garden walls rose a great height far over our heads, and above them brimmed branches of fruit-tree tops with the splendid free masses of palms hanging distinct and entire in the bit of blue. We seemed to be walled out of a thick, fertile, and beautiful grove; but they had only the same dry mud for their bed that was under our feet in the narrow, tortuous way. The sun had begun to be hot before we left the plain, and now, in spite of the shelter of the walls, the heat began to make itself felt; there was the dust of the country, too, which, slight as it was that day, is omnipresent; so, being both very thirsty, my friend and I dismounted at a place where the running water came fresh from the yellow ground, and we drank a very cooling draught of its brown stream. It is the scene that I remember best. It was like a defile in a narrow place; the way broadened here by a bend in the steep ascent; one saw the brimming gardens below, and the view was closed above by the

turn of the walls; and there in the hollow my friend and I leaned over the cascading water and turning saw the spahi, as he tightened the girths of my saddle which had loosened, under those walls, brown in the shadow, and an orange glow in the sun, with the spring green starred with white blossoms like a tender hedge above their yellow tops, and the leaning palms in the blue. It had a strange charm; and the water made music, and it was solitude, and everything there was of the earth, earthy—and beautiful.

We came out shortly at the top of the ascent in an open space before a round archway in a wall, and dismounted in a scene of Moors passing in and out, whom I photographed; and then we walked on through the low-browed little street, which offered nothing remarkable except its strangeness, and found ourselves at the other side on a high rocky floor, quite mountainous in look, stretching off and off nowhere, which is the neutral ground lying about all the ksars; it looked as if the sun and wind had worn it out, and it had a rugged grandeur; a distant horseman on it seemed uncommonly tall and as solitary as a ship at sea. I got a slim palm wand from a group of Arab boys to use as a switch; but my show of copper coin drew some beggars about me, very insistent, and when we mounted and rode off stones followed us. I have been stoned in various parts of the world and did not mind. The spahi, however, after the incident, took up his station behind. We soon reached another wall with a gate, on one side the inevitable cemetery, with its pointed stones, and on the other the Morocco army in the shape of a small squad of soldiers in soiled gorgeousness, lying about on the ground near their guard-house. They did not have a very military appearance, and paid no attention to us as we rode into the ksar and struck the narrow street, which was the main thoroughfare. It was quite animated, with many passers-by, whose Oriental figures were sharply relieved on the walls in the sun or grew dark in the shadow. The houses were low, one against another, and their wall space was broken only by rude doors; here and there were higher buildings, often with little oblong windows aloft, with the effect of a ruined tower, or broken-arched façade, or



square donjon; but these elements were rare, though at times they gave an architectural *ensemble* to little views against the sky with their fine shadows. Poor habitations they are, dilapidated and meagre they look, forlorn and melancholy to the mind, rubbishy, tumble-down, and ruinous to the eye; yet the air of ancientry everywhere dignifies the poor materials, and the sun seems to love them; human life, too, clothes them with its mysterious aura. The crude object partakes of the light it floats in, and every impression fluctuates momentarily through a whole gamut of sense and sensibility; for there is a touch of enchantment in all strangeness.

We dismounted in the middle of the street, half-blocking the way with our horses, by a café whose proprietor, a humble and life-worn old man, set himself to prepare us a cup of the peculiar Morocco tea that is flavored with mint. There were a few passers-by, and I busied myself with my camera. The café was a mere hole-in-the-wall, of preternatural obscurity, considering its small size and shallow depth; the furnace and the tea-kettle seemed to leave hardly room for the old Arab to move about. I found a campstool and sat down opposite the low, dark opening, and, the tea being ready, was drinking it with much relish; it was truly delicious with its strong and fragrant aroma of mint, and was also uncommonly exhilarating. I was thus engaged when two particularly ill-favored Moors, each with a long gun over his shoulder, appeared, and planted themselves, one on either side behind my shoulders, as close as they could get without actually pressing against me, and gazed stolidly and fixedly down at me. I paid no attention to them, but drank my tea, and from time to time dusted my leather leggings with my little palm wand. It was a picturesque group: my friend in his shining white uniform, unarmed, leaning carelessly against the wall in the sun, the tall spahi opposite in the shade regarding us, the two Moors hanging over me motionless, and no one said a word. After a while they seemed to have had enough of it, and went away with a sullen look.

We said good-by to our host and walked on, the spahi following on horseback at

a distance of several yards, well behind, and two boys leading our horses. We were soon in the covered ways, where it was often very dark; we met hardly any one—a negro boy or a woman; the doors were shut, and it was seldom that one left ajar gave a scant view of the interior; narrow alleys ran off in all directions, down which one looked into darkness; but if we stopped to peer into them, or showed curiosity, the metallic voice of the spahi would come from behind, "*Marchez*," and at the frequent turnings of the way he called, in the same hard voice, "*À droite, à gauche*"; and so we made our progress through those shadowy vaults, silent, deserted, in the uncertain light. It was like a dead city, motionless, hypnotized, as if nothing would ever change there, with a sense of repose, of negligence of life, of calm, as if nothing would ever matter; occasionally there were figures in the recesses sunk in the wall, silent, motionless—dreamers; one white-bearded old man, seated thus under an archway in a dark corner, seemed as if he had been there from the beginning of time and would be found there on the judgment-day. It was weird. We turned a corner in the darkness and came on a large group—perhaps a score—of young children at play in the middle of the street. I never saw such terror. They fled screaming in all directions, swift as wild animals; it was a panic of such instant and undiluted fear as I had never imagined. I cannot forget their awful cry, their distorted faces, their flight as if for life the moment they caught sight of us; it was a revelation.

A few minutes later we came out on a crowded square, full of shops, men working at their trades, others lying full length on the ground; it was a small but busy place—not that much was being done there, but there were people, and occupations, and human affairs. It was the gathering-seat of the assembly of the elders before whom the affairs of the ksar are brought for judgment. No one paid us the slightest attention; and after looking at the little stocks of leather and grains and odds and ends, and glancing at the reclining forms that gave color and gravity to the ordinary scene of an Arab square, we entered again on the darkness and somnolence of the winding streets, where there was no



sun nor life nor sound, but rather a retreat from all these things, from everything violent in sensation or effort or existence; places of quiet, of cessation, of the melancholy of things. We emerged by a mosque, and near it a cemetery on the edge of the ksar—such a cemetery as they all are, blind, dishevelled heaps of human ruins marked by rough, naked common stones, the desert's epitaph on life, inexpressibly ignominious there in the bright, bare sunlight. We mounted and rode down through gardens, as at first, on a ridge that commanded now one, now another view of the palm and orchard interiors with their dry beds, a strange mixture of barrenness below and fertility above, a rough but pleasant way; and all at once we saw the great palmerai stretching out below us in the plain, like a lake bathing the cliff, a splendiddness of dark verdure; black-green and blue-black lights and darks filled it like a sea—cool to the eye, majestic, immense, magnificent in the flood of the unbounded sunlight, a glory of nature. It was a noble climax to the strange scenes of that morning journey; and soon after we dismounted to make the steep descent on the gray-brown rock of the cliff. The two boys, who had rejoined us, brought down our horses, and we left the half-fallen towers and crumbling walls in their yellow ruin behind us, with the young Arabs still looking, and rode through the hot desert to Beni-Ounif.

This was the mysterious Figuig of old travellers. I had seen it, but it still seemed to me unrealized, though not unreal. A vision of palm-topped garden walls on crumbling mountain paths; of a wind-blown, sunburnt high plateau; of a sun-drenched gully of a street with a strange-windowed, lonely ruin looking down on horses that hang their heads; a maze of darkened passages with a sense of lurking in the shadows, of decay in the silence, of apparition in the rare figures; a closed city of hidden streams and muffled noises, walled orchards and shut houses, sunless ways, yet held in the sun's embrace, the high blue sky, the girdling mountains, the open desert; and with its stern and rocky gardens of the dead, too: a soil and a people made in the image of Islam, impregnated with it, decrepit with it, full of lassitude and melancholy and doom, mould-

ering away; yet set amid living fountains, lighted by placid reservoirs where the tall palms sun themselves in the silent waters as in another sky; queen, too, of that dark green sea of the palmerai, a marvel of nature; and last a vision of long-drawn walls and dismantled towers crumbling in the red sun. It is so I remember it; and it seems rather a mirage of the desert imagination than a reality, a memory.

#### IV

BENI-OUNIF was dull. There was nothing interesting there except the *mise-en-scène*. It was pleasant to be dining with officers, for they were the principal patrons of the hotel, with whom stars and crosses were as common as watch-guards in New York; and it was stimulating to see the ensigns of the Legion of Honor where they were something more than the international compliment of a ribbon twisted in a black button-hole and had their heroic meaning, a decoration on an officer's breast. The crosses I saw stood for acts of bravery on the field of battle. There were a few other guests who came and went, a French hunter, a Belgian professor who told me of the prehistoric cabinets he had seen farther south, an officer's remarkable collection, and explained to me the geology of the Sahara in brief and interesting lectures. The town itself never lost for me the vacant and makeshift frontier look that it had at first sight; one could walk from end to end of it in a few minutes and come out on the desert, which was monotony petrified. Nothing happened except the arrival and departure of the daily train. Once I met on the edge of the desert the *goum*, a compact small body of native Arab cavalry attached to the French arms, a splendid squad of fighting men; rather heavy and broad-shouldered they looked, wrapped in burnoose and turban, mature men whose life was war, black-bearded, large-eyed, grim-predatory faces; and they were in their proper place, with the naked mountains round and the desert under their horses' feet—a martial scene of the old raiding race. I should not like to see them at work, I thought; their trade is blood, and they looked it—strong, hard, fierce—pitiless men. But usually there was nothing



uncommon to my eyes. Once in the café, where we sat over our long glasses of the fortified liquors and tonic drinks of which there is so great a variety in desert towns, some one brought in a beautiful great dead eagle. It was as if he had been killed in his eyrie to see him there on the desert among the soldiers. We returned to our glasses and our talk: tales of Paris, tales of Odessa in the Revolution, tales of long Algerian rides, encounters, anecdotes of the road—what tales! And other men's tales, too—Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Maurice Le Blanc, Claude Farrère, Pierre Louÿs—all my favorites, for my friend knew them better than I did, and made me new acquaintances "in the realm of gold" that I like best to travel. What happy talk! and the time went by. I went out alone to see the full moon rise over the solemn desert by the reddish hills in the chill air, and fill the great sky with that white flood of radiance that seemed every night more ethereal, more remote from mankind, more an eternal thing; and at the hotel we would meet again to dine late, for my friend being a private soldier, we waited till the officers were gone; and then again the tales and the happy talk, and good-night. That was life at Beni-Ounif.

"Would I like to go to the theatre?" I repeated, for it was an unexpected invitation. "You might not think so, but there is a theatre at Beni-Ounif," said my friend. So it appeared that the Legion, among the multitude of things it did, occasionally gave a performance of private theatricals for its own amusement, and my friend himself was to play that night. It was a beautiful evening with a cold wind. I made my way through the burly military group wrapped in heavy blue cloaks, with here and there a burnoosed spahi or tall tirailleur, and entering the small hall was given a seat in the front row among a few ladies and very young children, two or three civilians, my Belgian acquaintance being one, and half a dozen officers with their swords and crosses. "The tricolor goes well with the palm," I said to myself, as I turned to look at the prettily decorated, not over-lighted room, where trophies of the colors alternated with panels of palm leaves on either side and at the rear, giving to the scene a simple, artistic effect of lightness and gayety with a touch

of beauty, especially in the palms. It was characteristically French in refinement, simple elegance, and color; there was nothing elaborate, but it was a charming border to the eye, and no framework could have been so fit for that compact mass of soldiers as was this lightly woven canopy of French flags and the desert palm on the bare walls of that rude hall. But it was the men who held my eyes. The room was packed with soldiers of the Legion; a few spahis and tirailleurs stood in the rear or at the sides; there was no place left to stand even; and I looked full on their serious faces. My first thought was that I had never seen soldiers before. I never saw such faces—mature, grave, settled, with the look of habitual self-possession of men who command and obey; resolute mouths, immobile features; there was great sadness in their eyes that seemed to look from some point far back, heavy and weary; they had endured much—it was in their pose and bearing and on their countenances; they had ceased to think of life and death—one felt that; but no detail can give the human depth of the impression I felt at the sight—faces into which life had fused all its iron. And there was, too, in the whole mass the sense of physical life, of hardship and hardihood, and of bodily power to do and bear and withstand—the fruit of the desert air, long marches, terrible campaigns in the sands. It was a sight I shall always remember as, humanly, one of the most remarkable I ever looked on.

The Foreign Legion is commonly believed to be made up of broken men who have in some way found themselves eliminated from society, thrown out or left out or gone out of their own will, whether by misfortune, error, disappointment, or any of the various chances of life, and who have joined the Legion to lose themselves, or because they did not know what else to do with their lives. They come from all European nations and are a cosmopolitan body; and, no doubt, here and there among them is a brilliant talent or a fine quality of daring gone astray; but I imagine a very large proportion of them are simply friendless men who at some moment of abandonment find themselves without resources and without a career, and see in the Legion a last resource. I believe there



are great numbers of such friendless men in our civilization. Among the thousands of the Legion there must be, of course, every color of the human past; the losers in life fail for many reasons, and in their defeat become, it may be, incidentally or temporarily, anti-social, or even habitually so, as fate hardens round them with years; but in a great number of cases, I believe, society has defaulted in its moral obligations to them before they defaulted in their moral obligations to their neighbors; and, holding such views, it was perhaps natural that, so far from finding the Legion a band of outcast adventurers and derelicts, I found them very human. I did not read romance or virtue into them. I know the hard conditions of their lives. If there be an inch of hero in a man, he is hero enough for me. The story of the French occupation of Algeria is largely the story of the Legion. For almost a century it has been one of the most effective units of the French army all over the world; and here in Algeria it has been not only a fighting force of the first order, but also a pioneer force of civilization. The legionaries have built the roads, established the military and civil stations, accomplished the first public works, drained and planted; they have laid the material foundations of the new order; they have not only conquered, but civilized in the material sense, and the labor in that land and climate has been an enormous toil. The reclamation of Africa is a great work, sure to be looked on hereafter as one of the glories of France in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and I thought, as I turned and the band began the overture, what a comment it was on society that in this great work of the reclamation of Africa from barbarism and blood and sodden misery so large a share was borne by this body of friendless men for whom our civilization could find no use and cared not for their fate. What a salvage of human power and capacity, turned to great uses, was there here! and from moment to moment I looked back on that body of much-enduring men with a keen recurring sense of the infinite patience of mankind under the hard fates of life, of the infinite honor and the infinite pity of it all.

To-night all was light gayety and pleasant jollity. The Legion has one charac-

teristic of a volunteer regiment—its men can do everything, so various are the careers from which it is recruited. Its music is famous, and the orchestra played excellently; and as the first little play began, "Mentons Bleus," the players showed themselves good amateurs. The audience responded quickly to the situations and the dialogue; there were brightened spirits and much laughter, easy, quiet enjoyment and applause. The second part was a series of songs, done by one performer after another, each doing his stunt with verve and the comedy of the variety stage; there was a full dozen of these light-hearted parts. In the intermissions the men stayed in their seats, though about the doorway there would be a little movement and changeful regrouping, but it was an audience that sat in their places ready for more; there was no smoking. The last number of the programme—a small, pretty double sheet, like note-paper, done by some copying process in pale blue, with a sword, rifle, and cap on the ground before two palms lightly sketched in the lower corner of the title-leaf—was another one-act play, "Cher Maître," and was received with a spirit that seemed only to have been whetted by the previous amusement; and when it was over the evening ended in a round of generous applause and a smiling breaking up of the company after their three hours' enjoyment. It was pleasant to have been with the Legion on such a night, and to have shared in its little village *festa*, and I stood by the doorway and watched the men go by as they passed out, till all were gone.

It was midnight. The radiant moon poured down that marvellous white flood on the hollow of the desert where the little town lay low and gleaming, very silent. But I could not rid my mind of the soldiers' lives. I thought of the torrid summer heats here in garrison, of the burning marches yonder in the south, of the days in sterile sands that make the sight of palm and garden a thing of paradise—incredible fatigues, mortal exhaustion, monotony. One cannot know the soldiers' desert life without some experience; but some impression of it may be gained from soldiers' books, such as one that is a favorite companion of mine, "Une Promenade dans le Sahara," by Charles La-



garde, a lieutenant in the Chasseurs d' Afrique, a thoughtful book, full of artistic feeling, and written with literary grace, the memorial of a soldier with the heart of a poet, who served in South Algeria. In such books one gets the environment but not the life; one touch with the Legion is worth them all. I fell to sleep for my last slumber at Beni-Ounif, thinking of soldiers' lives, friendless men—

"Somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan."

## V

It was a brilliant morning. I went to the edge of the desert and looked off south with the wish to go on that all unknown horizons wake, but which the desert horizon stirs, I think, with more longing insistence, with a greater power of the vague, than any other; for there it lies world-wide, mysterious, unpenetrated, and seems to open a pathway through space itself, like the sea. All true travellers know this feeling, the nostalgia for the "far country" that they will never see; it is an emotion that is like a passion—mystical, and belongs to the deep soul. The desert horizon, like the sea's, at every moment breeds this spell. But as I turned back, with the sense of the chained foot, my disappointment was tempered by the knowledge that I was to companion my friend, who had been ordered to Tonkin; and I had timed my departure to go with his detachment on its way north. As I went down to the train my Arab boy, with the infinite hopefulness of such attachés, brought me a dead wolf, if by chance I would like it; but I could not add it to my baggage, whereat he was sorrowful, but was comforted. The station presented a lively scene—many soldiers in their white duck frousers and

red caps; there was a band; the air was filled with good-bys and laughing salutations; the car windows grew lined with leaning forms and intent faces; the music struck up, high and gallant, and with the last cries and shouts we were off on the line.

It was too short a ride, though the train climbed slowly up the incline, while the desert grew a distant outlook and was shut from view as we made into the winding valleys; and we mounted up through the black defiles, the desolation of the shivered rock, the passes of the toothed ranges, the blocking cliffs and columnar heights—all the petrification and fantasy of that naked and severe land; but I was less sensible of its enmity and melancholy than when I came through it alone, though it was harsh and wild, a *terre perdue*. My friend travelled with his comrades, but we had a long lunch in the train before Ain Sefra, and a longer dinner when night began to fall, with tales and talk. Tales of the mutiny of the *bataillon d'Afrique*—Othello tales these, fit for fearful ears; tales of night surprises, Arabs crawling by inches for hours in the sands, the sentinels killed without a sound, the first alarm bayonets through the tents, and then the rouse, the square, the victory; tales of the desert madness, the *cafard*. Stirring tales. Talk, too, of home and friends left behind us in the world, of the dead and the living, and of what might yet be for both of us. He told me much of the Legion, for that interested me; but he never complained, and if he caught some unspoken thought on my face from time to time, "*C'est le métier*," he would say, and smile my sympathy away. He was a youth after my own heart; but the night fell darker and darker, and there would be an end. At the last station where it was possible, he came back to me. It was good-by.





# AS IN HIS YOUTH

By Ralph D. Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. WALL



CAPTAIN EDWARD DORLAND of the liner *Centarus* was not ready to believe himself an old man. Trimly erect was the spare figure in the uniform of blue, decisive the commands spoken from the lofty bridge. His mustache was white and the wrinkles of the thin, kindly face were graven deeper than those of exposure to wind and sun. After a long vigil in bad weather his bones ached and his knees were weary, but this he laid to a touch of rheumatism. His eyes had begun to reveal the indefinable expression, appealing and akin to sadness, that is common to the declension of life and which no artifice can conceal.

Nevertheless he was still efficient, indomitable, good for further service in the Atlantic trade. But he was about to be dismissed because he had reached the age limit of sixty-three years. The head of the Constellation Line, a Scotch baronet, regarded pensions as a foe to thrift. A man should save enough from his salary to stave off starvation when retired. In order to encourage thrift the salaries were pinchingly small. The company paid the shareholders ten per cent and the surplus made one's mouth water.

This was Captain Dorland's last voyage, bound out from New York to Liverpool. Standing behind a canvas weather-screen, on a night quiet and luminous, he dwelt with thoughts that brought unhappiness. In youth he had greatly dreamed of love and bold adventure, and a fireside waiting to welcome him near the end of life's long road. The wife, now dead, had quenched the spark of romance before it was fairly alight and he had made the best of a bad bargain. A son lost at sea as mate of an overloaded tramp; a childless daughter who had married no more wisely than her father; savings vanished in investments made with a sailor's guileless

trust in shrewder landmen. Nothing seemed to survive of the years of effort to do his utmost for his own and for himself.

Steaming to and fro, climbing a step at a time, his sea record had been singularly uneventful.

To his passengers he was courteous but avoided familiarity. The ship and her safety absorbed his attention and he ruled her like a just and vigilant despot. What happened at breakfast on the fifth day of this voyage was unusual. A chair at his table was vacant and he appeared perturbed, glancing at it several times in absent-minded silence before he asked the portly, consequential gentleman at his right hand:

"Nothing wrong with Miss Tyndall, I hope? She is too good a sailor to mind this bit of a roll. I have seen her out bright and early every morning."

"A bit of a headache, I believe," was the rather indifferent reply.

"Cousin Amelia Tyndall is plain lazy to-day, I guess," piped up the small daughter. "Mamma says I must be patient with her 'cause she isn't as spry and young as she was once."

The father laughed, but Captain Dorland's brown cheek flushed with anger. The family occupied "the royal suite," and this Mr. Sherman Underwood was a person of much importance in New York. It was the duty of the ship's officers to make his voyage agreeable. The captain offered no comment, but left the table sooner than the others and sent a stewardess to inquire concerning the welfare of Miss Amelia Tyndall. And when she appeared on deck two hours later he found it necessary to pass that way on the daily tour of inspection.

She was the younger by a very few years and her hair was as white as his own, a woman of a certain fine distinction of aspect. Her interest in life was zestful but unaffected. Not wholly lost was the bright



wonderment of youth that the world should be so full of diverting people and things, while with a spirit reconciled and untroubled she watched the shadows grow longer.

deal, Miss Tyndall. Such a passenger as you makes a voyage worth remembering. Would you care to come on the bridge at six bells—half an hour from now? It's a



"You are a remarkably young, and handsome woman for your years, whatever they may be."—Page 248.

Halting beside her chair, Captain Dorland held his gold-laced cap in his hand and bowed by no means clumsily.

"I was worried about that headache of yours!" he gravely exclaimed.

Miss Tyndall looked up, grateful, admiring.

"How very good of you, with this great ship to care for!" she said. In her sight the master of a liner was an immensely heroic figure, for she felt the magic and the mystery of the sea. His candid features reflected something more than admiration. He had the simplicity that scorns evasions.

"I have been thinking of you a good

fine view of the ship and the sea from there."

The color delicately suffused her face, and the sweet, well-bred intonations were slightly startled as she replied:

"Thank you for the compliment, Captain Dorland. May I ask Mr. and Mrs. Underwood to join us?"

"I will invite them some other time, if you don't mind," he firmly dissented, "unless you think we are young and frivolous enough to need a brace of chaperons."

"Hardly that," she smiled, finding no offence in the frankness of this elderly mariner. "I shall be delighted to see your sacred precinct. Our table-steward told

us that you were on the bridge three days and nights without rest on a voyage last winter, and your shoes had to be cut from your feet."

"A mere matter of routine duty—not worth mention—all in the day's work," he stammered like a self-conscious boy. "Which reminds me that I am neglecting my duty. Shall I find you here?"

"You will find me waiting, Captain Dorland."

He walked forward, his gait easy and alert, nor in all the Seven Seas was there a shipmaster who felt less like an old man. Holding himself even straighter than ordinary, he hummed a snatch of a chantey recalled from the brave days of his teens when he sailed before the mast. To this superannuated commander, about to be discarded from the service as human junk, there had unfolded the miracle of love for a woman, naught of passionate infatuation, for that lay far behind him, but an affection deep, serene, immutable.

Although so tragically deferred, it made him young in heart. Hopeless it was and utterly futile, yet he was glad nevertheless. She a woman of wealth and exalted social station, he a man so soon to face idleness and poverty, his achievements a finished chapter. Doubtless they would never meet again after this voyage.

When he escorted Miss Tyndall to the steamer's bridge, the soaring isolation of the structure thrilled her. It seemed a world removed from the noisy, populous decks and cabins. Two navigating officers and the quartermaster at the wheel—quiet, unhurried men—scanned the sea and held the liner to her eastward course.

"How many are there in your crew?" she asked the captain.

"Four hundred, all told. You wouldn't think so up here."

"Four hundred men, obedient to you," murmured Miss Tyndall. "And a thousand passengers or more to carry through night and fog and storm and ice, month after month, year after year. Do you feel the pride of power, Captain Dorland?"

"I don't quite understand what you mean," said he, but an inner voice told him that he was poignantly reluctant to lay this power down. "It is a big job, in a way, and I like it. I have been at sea

fifty years, Miss Tyndall. I know nothing else."

"As long as that? I shouldn't have dreamed it. But I suppose you have not begun to think of retiring. You are much more robust than some of our fagged business men who call themselves middle-aged."

This favorable verdict delighted him and he replied in his straightforward fashion:

"You are a remarkably young and handsome woman for your years, whatever they may be. I should say that you had cheerfully done your duty as you found it and let the worries take care of themselves. Those have been my sailing directions."

He could not bear to tell her that he would command the *Centarus* only three more days. She was to think of him, if she cared to recall the voyage, as she now beheld him, sovereign of his kingdom afloat. In her own soul she knew that she would many times think of him again, for romance can swiftly blossom as well for an elderly spinster as for a hoary master-mariner. Her sensitive lips trembled ever so little and she looked rather at the sea than at him as she said:

"I have found life both bitter and sweet, Captain Dorland. You are very flattering indeed, but if I am not really a withered old woman at sixty, perhaps it is because I have tried not to wither in spirit."

"And believed there was some goodness left in the world," he heartily added, "in spite of all the pessimistic drivel of a lot of half-baked lubbers ashore. I hear them now and then in the smoking-room, generally damning the universe."

"You and I preach the same gospel, I am sure," laughed Miss Tyndall.

"We think the same about a great many things, give us time to compare notes. How long do you expect to stay abroad?"

"About three months. We shall motor through France and Italy. The plan is to sail for home from Genoa on September 1st. I am sorry we can't return with you in the *Centarus*."

"I wish with all my heart we could sail together again, Miss Tyndall."

"Tell me something about yourself," said she. "Your references to me have been extremely personal, you know. Turn



about is fair play. You have no home in England?"

"My home was in Liverpool. I am a Canadian by birth—raised in St. John—went to sea from there as a boy. I may go back there—" he hesitated and his voice was not quite under control as he slowly repeated—"go back there—some day."

"When you are in port—in New York, I mean—between voyages—" Miss Tyndall was more confused than the words warranted—"I should be pleased to have you call. My cousins, the Underwoods, usually open their town house early in November."

"I—I—it would give me a tremendous amount of pleasure," he faltered. The trend of the conversation had become painful. To hide the truth gave him a sense of unworthiness. All he could think of was that he was to be turned out of the Constellation Line because he was guilty of the crime of sixty-three years. Go to see Miss Tyndall in New York? By another winter he might be begging his bread in the streets. More than one old shipmaster had asked alms of him. The impulse prompting his next remark was natural and unconsciously pathetic. This

woman who so profoundly stirred his emotions should see and know him to the best possible advantage.

"Do you want to go through the ship with me, Miss Tyndall? She is a big, complicated piece of work at close range."

She accepted with charming enthusiasm. They went from the fore-castle to the many decks, down, down to the clamorous engine-rooms and the inferno of the furnaces where the sweating stokers toiled in gangs. Everywhere throughout this vast and intricate fabric men respectfully saluted their commander, Norwegian seamen, pasty-faced stewards, white-clad



Back to the place of his boyhood, . . . the tall wharfs, and the roaring tides of Fundy.—Page 250.

scullions, grimy oilers, attentive engineers, all of them his servants, ready and willing, bound by the iron laws of the sea. The woman had sympathy to comprehend that this superb organization was dominated by the one masterful personality. When they came again under the open sky, she said:

"I shall not forget this experience. I have never known your kind of a man."

They stood forward, in the lee of a deck-house, apart from the passengers. As one who would say good-bye to a friend,

he took her hand and held it a moment. She let it rest there and her eyes met his unflinchingly. With a sigh he told her:

"I have never known your kind of a woman. I wish to God I could have met you years and years ago."

There was nothing more for him to say. Even this was more than he had meant to say. She stood as if waiting, but he was silent. Then she slowly returned to the promenade-deck while the captain climbed the stairway to the loneliness and the wide, empty spaces of the liner's bridge.

The wind veered that afternoon, increasing to a strident gale with an overcast sky. By sunset the weather was murky with rain and spray, and the commander did not appear at dinner. During the night the gale subsided, but a wet fog blanketed the gray sea and the *Centarus* crept cautiously to beware of other steamers. Nor did the sky clear until she had made a landfall off the Irish coast. It was decreed, therefore, that there should be no more interviews between the twain until the farewell, brief and outwardly commonplace, when the liner swung at anchor in the Mersey and the tender was alongside.

Captain Dorland cleared his ship of passengers and then put her in dock to discharge cargo. These final tasks accomplished, he laid aside the smart blue uniform, packed it in a chest with his other belongings, and went ashore to report to the marine superintendent. He received cordial commendation for his long and faithful service, including a formal letter from the Scotch baronet, and a bonus of a hundred pounds in token of the company's esteem. That same day the master of a smaller ship was promoted to the *Centarus*, and in as simple a manner as this did Captain Edward Dorland wind up an honorable career of fifty years on blue water.

He visited his daughter, who had inherited the mother's shrewish temper, and found that business misfortunes had again overwhelmed her luckless husband. Leaving with them a considerable part of the hundred pounds by way of succor, he took passage for St. John. It seemed useless to seek employment in England. Many friends would have been glad to offer tactful aid, but the thought of dependence was as bitter as death. By a sort of instinct he went homing back to the place of

his boyhood, to the windy streets, the tall wharfs, and the roaring tides of Fundy. He had been a person of importance in maritime Liverpool and it was abhorrent to tarry there as a derelict.

Several weeks later than this, another elderly man trudged into the dooryard of a white cottage overlooking the harbor of St. John. His legs were short, his breath likewise, and his circumference more notable than his height. You might have been slow to twit him of the fact, for the beam of his chest was formidable and there was room for any number of chips upon his shoulders. Rolling into the kitchen, he shouted an affectionate greeting at a bright-eyed little woman with the quick movements of a sparrow, whisked her into the air, and set her down on a table. This violent procedure she accepted as a matter of course.

"Caroline, something has got to be done about it, as sure as my name is Joel Bangs."

"I suppose so, whatever it is," amiably chirruped his wife, "but there's two cakes in the oven and with you trampin' and chargin' around this way they'll fall flat. You were a sea-cook long enough to know better."

With gingerly tread he sought a chair and explained:

"I saw Captain Dorland again this morning, Caroline. And I just can't stand it. He's agin' all of a sudden. The story that he's retired and living like a gentleman on his investments sounds flimsy to me. Trouble is eating the heart out of him. And I suspect he's plumb near on his beam-ends."

"It don't seem possible, Joel," absently observed Mrs. Bangs as she opened the oven door and anxiously peered within. "Master of big passenger ships like the *Centarus*? Deary me, and here you are, better off than him, with a home free and clear, money in the bank, and shares in three schooners!"

"It makes me ashamed as the devil," rumbled her husband. "When I sailed with him as chief cook he had the old *Andromeda*, in line for promotion to a better ship. I thought a lot of him, Caroline, after that ruction I've told you about. My first day aboard he sent a boy down for coffee. I burnt it a-purpose, to find out what kind of a man the skipper was.



Readin' human nature was my long suit. If he swallowed the rotten bad coffee and had nothin' to say, I'd know I could do about as I pleased aboard that hooker."

"Pshaw! I dassn't," he confessed. "You're not a seafarin' man, Caroline, and you don't understand how the etiquette of it was hammered into me. The



"Caroline, something has got to be done about it, as sure as my name is Joel Bangs."—Page 250.

"And what did he do to you?" she demanded with as much gusto as if the tale were new.

"Called me to the bridge, grabbed me by the neck, made me drink every drop of the blasted stuff, and broke the saucer over my head. Right there was where I quit readin' human nature with the aid of a coffee-pot."

"Why don't you ask him up to supper, Joel? I'll be very particular about the coffee. It's dreadful lonesome for him in lodgings, and he's been away from St. John so long that he can't have many friends here."

master of a big liner is a stupendous proposition, speakin' sailor-wise, and would you ask him to set at table with a ship's cook?"

"Nonsense, Joel," was the crisp comment. "You are just a pair of barnacles peaceably growin' old ashore, with all the frills and crinktum-cranktums left at sea, where they belong."

"He was down to the wharfs yesterday," resumed Mr. Bangs, "and when Naulty happened to say he needed a night watchman, Captain Dorland hinted he might consider the berth. Just think of it. I'm all stewed up."

Joel filled his pipe and sat sorrowfully

cogitating until the brisk little woman observed with emphasis:

"If etiquette prevents your treatin' Captain Dorland like a fellow human, suppose you lug me in some wood. I'm not too proud to be helped by a retired sea-cook."

While they discussed the lamentable fortunes of the recent master of the *Centarus*, the elderly gentleman in question was thoughtfully considering the self-same problem. He was drawing on his slender capital and had no source of income. Perhaps it would have been wiser to remain in England. A persistent quest might have discovered a clerkship in a ship-broker's or underwriter's office. He had professional knowledge to sell but there seemed to be no market for it in the hustling Canadian provinces.

It was difficult for him to comprehend that he was fit for nothing else than command upon the sea. He was afraid of the land. Already he had become vacillating, brooding, timorous, reluctant to thrust himself forward. St. John had wel-

comed and dined him as a distinguished native son and then taken it for granted that he was capable of looking after himself.

A burden of foreboding and discouragement made his shoulders sag and robbed his gait of its alert swing. The lines of his face deepened and his eyes were very tired. He no longer courageously warded off the conviction that he was a worn-out old man. The days of his splendid efficiency, so recent in time, began to appear vaguely remote.

He was reading in his room when Joel Bangs, having cogitated at much length and renewed the discussion with Caroline, came to see him. The prosperous sea-cook was hot and flustered. In his honest head was a magnificent idea, but all his resolution was required to disclose it. Standing stiffly at attention, just inside the door, he declined the proffered chair and hurriedly exclaimed:

"I'm fit and hearty, thank you, sir. Just a little call to wish you the same, which I hope you won't think presumin' of me."



Standing stiffly at attention, just inside the door, he declined the proffered chair.



"Oh, sit down and have a chat, Joel," cried Captain Dorland. "You and I are old friends. I have been intending to walk up the hill and pay my respects to your wife."

"We'd be prouder of our little place than ever, sir," broadly beamed the other.

hoped. Caroline said I wouldn't have the spunk to do it. It sounds impertinent of a man that once sailed with you as chief pot-walloper, sir, and if you don't like it, why, heave me out by the slack of my breeches. But if you're sure you



He flourished his cap and lustily shouted.—Page 255.

"Diggin' in the garden does me a heap of good. You ought to try it."

"They say there is nothing like a bit of land to putter about in, Joel. I am too old a dog to learn new tricks. You were wise to quit the sea so much sooner than I did."

"Do you think you'd feel better if you were at sea again?" queried Mr. Bangs, who had begun to breathe hard.

The master mariner brightened. The very thought of it was like a tonic.

"Go to sea again? Lord, I'd go in a barge! I am pickled and salted in brine to the bone. I am getting full of dry rot ashore, like a stick of old timber."

Joel wiped his bald brow. Even those stout legs of his seemed unable to support him satisfactorily and he slumped into a chair. After opening his mouth twice the words came with a rush:

"There, I've led up to it handier than I

would enjoy better health at sea again—well, I'm managin' owner of a two-masted schooner that trades between St. John and Boston. The master of her wants to quit me and go deep water. If you want her, the schooner is yours to command as long as you live and as long as she stays afloat."

Joel Bangs lay back in his chair like one exhausted, murmuring under his breath by way of peroration:

"Me talkin' that way to the skipper of the *Centarus*? Could you beat it?"

Captain Edward Dorland gazed hard at the wall and blinked before he brushed a hand across his eyes. He was not insulted. Very different from resentment was the emotion which welled in his heart. Ashamed of himself as womanish, he rapped out in the old curt, incisive manner:

"I am ready to report aboard and take

the vessel to sea whenever you say the word, *Mister Bangs*."

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir," humbly quoth the managing owner.

"You bully old fool, you," blurted the shipmaster. "The thanks are all on my side. I will do my duty to the best of my ability. You are the boss. Are you sure I'm not too old?"

"Good for ten years, sir, and then you take the little farm next to mine and we'll plant our gardens together. I pay decent wages in my vessels. You are a very fine gentleman, Captain Dorland. Only a thoroughbred could take it as you do. Now, if you want to come down to the wharf, we'll look the schooner over. She is seawor-

thy, and I'm willin' to spend some money to make her fit and comfortable for you."

A fortnight after this interview the two-master *Caroline B.* was ready for sea. Vainly had Captain Dorland protested against the lavish outlay for paint, stores, and furnishings. The owner was stubborn and his wife abetted him. The best they could do was not good enough for the new master of the schooner. She was to look as fresh and smart as a yacht.

"You were never aboard one of his crack ships, Caroline," declared her lord.

"He had an eye like a hawk for dirty paint or brass-work, and a spot on the deck-plank-in' gave him fits. It would drive him distracted to go in a disreputable vessel. God knows it's hard enough for him anyhow."

"The cabin looks mighty nice, Joel, with the new desk and chair and rugs. And I took real pride in makin' the window curtains. My best counterpane is on his bunk and there's plenty of new table linen."

"I'm givin' him a good crew," said the owner. "There's only five of 'em, instead of four hundred. Ain't it ridiculous? The mate is first-class and the seamen are sober. About

the cook, I dunno. Captain Dorland is used to having things served in proper style."

Mrs. Bangs giggled like a girl as she observed:

"Well, you've had that long-legged cook from the schooner up here every night this week, drillin' and trainin' him to make fancy dishes and wait on table, and muss up my clean kitchen."

"I've polished him off as well as I could at short notice," he anxiously affirmed.



"And now you find me in this little schooner, earning my daily bread."—Page 256.



"If he don't suit the captain I'll ship as cook myself next voyage."

With a fair wind the *Caroline B.* stood out of the harbor and laid her course to the southward. Pacing the tiny poop-deck was the spare, erect figure of her master in a uniform of blue from which the gilt buttons of the Constellation Line had been removed. Nothing of chagrin or humiliation was written upon his thin, kindly features, only thanksgiving that this opportunity for usefulness had been vouchsafed him. The crew showed solicitous eagerness to please him. They viewed him as a great man fallen to a very humble estate. The respectful friendliness touched him exceedingly. The seamanship which he had learned in sailing craft came back to Captain Dorland and he showed his men that he knew the business of handling a schooner. The good wind, the heaving deck, the spatter of spray, the slatting of canvas and the whining song of the blocks revived in him the ardent interest of the yesteryears.

When the *Caroline B.* was abreast of a bight of the Maine coast, a strong westerly breeze came bowling across a bright sea under blue skies. The captain hauled further in to find smooth water under the lee of the land and let the sturdy vessel drive with all sail set. The mate was upon the forecastle-head tinkering with a broken capstan-pawl. Straightening himself, he glanced beyond the bowsprit by force of habit and discerned a white motor-launch a little to starboard of the schooner's course and not far distant. It appeared to be drifting without headway, now lifting on the backs of the breaking waves, now wallowing in the small valleys between. He sang out to the man at the wheel and Captain Dorland, who was scanning a chart in the cabin, jumped on deck.

There were two persons in the launch, one of them a man who raised his coat on the end of a boat-hook and flourished it as a signal of distress. The captain caught up his binoculars and stepped to the rail, telling the mate to heave the schooner to.

The other occupant of the launch was a woman, slender, composed, who showed no signs of alarm. Her hair was as white as Captain Edward Dorland's. He stared, and the hands which held the glasses were so unsteady with excitement that the vis-

ion of the woman came and went. The woman with whom he had talked that day on the bridge of the *Centarus*? The shipmate who had inspired his yearning affection? He forgot to be ashamed that she should find him thus.

It was easy to perceive that the disabled launch had been blown off-shore. Cleverly manœuvred, the schooner ran close alongside and the mate, waiting his chance, leaped in and helped the man fend off. Captain Dorland dropped a short ladder from the bulwark, moving with the activity of a boy. Then, as he stood braced to catch her, Miss Tyndall recognized him. With a startled gesture she rose to her feet and clung to the coaming while she gazed up at the captain in wordless amazement. He flourished his cap and lustily shouted:

"You are Miss Amelia Tyndall or her ghost. Welcome aboard my vessel. Steady, now."

The mate picked her up, biding his time until the launch lifted again, and swung her to the ladder with a heave and a toss. Captain Dorland caught her, an arm around her trim waist, and helped her to mount the low bulwark. After her came a trunk and several pieces of hand-luggage. The navigator of the launch scrambled to the deck and his crippled craft was dropped astern in tow. The mate hovered in the background, expecting an order either to put the schooner on her course or to land the castaways at some near-by port. The crew, moved by lively curiosity that two old friends should meet in this odd fashion, edged within earshot. They heard Miss Tyndall say, in fluttered accents:

"Is it really, actually you? Are you quite sure you are not your own twin brother?"

"Thank God, I'm no twin brother nor anybody else but myself," devoutly exclaimed the skipper. "Bless my stars, how did *you* happen? Where do you hail from and whither bound?"

"I was on my way from Mr. Underwood's island estate off the coast yonder. My intention was to reach the mainland and take a train to Boston. But the motor-boat broke down."

"But you haven't returned from Europe, my dear woman."



"My cousin, Mrs. Underwood, died very suddenly in France," she explained. "And her husband brought home the little girl, Dorothea, and opened his place on the island. The child is delicate, the shock affected her seriously, and the physicians advised this bracing air. But you, Captain Dorland——"

"I am in command of the coasting schooner, *Caroline B.* of St. John."

He spoke with simple dignity and perfect poise, master of himself and the circumstances. Reminded of her plight he went on to say:

"You wish to be set ashore to continue the journey? With this off-shore breeze I'm afraid I can't fetch much nearer than Boothbay Harbor."

The man in charge of the launch stepped forward to assure him:

"That will suit me, sir. I can make repairs in Boothbay and go back to-morrow under my own power. It's very kind of you."

"Then ease off and keep her sou'-sou'-west," the skipper told the mate. "Now, Miss Tyndall, will you come below and let me try to make you comfortable while we spin our yarns? The cook will fetch tea and a bit to eat, presently."

They vanished into the cabin and the mate, who had left a sweetheart in St. John, sagaciously observed to the mainmast:

"If it isn't an old-folks' courtin'-match that we've crossed the hawse of, then you can call me seven kinds of a liar. Their faces were just shining."

Miss Amelia Tyndall dropped wearily into the armchair at the desk. For a spinster of her age the episode of the drifting launch had been excessively trying. She could not understand why, but as she looked at the captain and then at the pleasant room with its sense of simple homeliness, tears filled her eyes. He let her rest in silence for a few minutes before he gently began:

"I wanted you to think me a grand man, commanding a big ship. I put my best foot forward to win your favor. I am sorry I deceived you. It was my last voyage and I knew it. And I was due to be chucked ashore, stranded, finished."

"You were not guilty of false pretences, Captain Dorland. It must not make you

unhappy. I—I admired you—not because of your ship——"

"And now you find me in this little schooner, earning my daily bread—doesn't it make a difference?" eagerly exclaimed the mariner.

"Why should it?" she asked with engaging sweetness. "I see no difference in you. Isn't it the finer thing to bear adversity with pride and fortitude? But you must hear my confession now. I deceived you. I am only a poor relation, nobody at all. While my cousin, Mrs. Underwood, was living, she gave me a home, and clothes—and I made myself useful. Her husband is a hard, unfeeling man. He sent me away—told me yesterday—I was too old. He wanted a younger woman with Dorothea now that her mother is gone."

The distressing tidings brought no gloom to Captain Dorland.

"What do you expect to do with yourself?" he blithely inquired.

"What can a poor relation do when she has worn her welcome out? I shall try to find work of some kind," was the brave answer.

A moment later Miss Amelia Tyndall discovered that she was standing close to Captain Edward Dorland. He was patting her cheek with his hard, brown hand. His white mustache brushed her lips and she was not indignant. She heard him say:

"So you and I are in the same boat, my dear. Dismissed on account of old age. Are you willing to stay in the same boat with me, and call this schooner home—our home?"

"Nothing in this whole wide world could make me so happy," she murmured, radiant and content.

In the firm tones of one accustomed to command, he announced:

"You will stay aboard for the run to Boston, Amelia. It is perfectly proper for such superannuated lovers. You will have my quarters all to yourself. Then we shall have a wedding, as soon as I can get a boat ashore. And our honeymoon voyage will be back to St. John. And there will be dear, kind friends to welcome you, friends who have made this wonderful thing possible. It has all come true at last, all that I dreamed of when I was young."



# THE GENIUS LOCI

By Carter Goodloe



BONBRIGHT held out the newly arrived copy of *L'Art Universel* opened at Bannister's article on Goya, but Penrose shook his head.

"Thanks," he said; "the truth is, I never read Bannister now."

"What! you disown the Lucifer of American art criticism! My dear Penrose, what can have happened to you?" cried Bonbright aghast.

"My dear Bonbright, don't be tragic," laughed Penrose. "Nothing has happened to me—except a loss of faith in the gentleman you vociferously style 'the Lucifer of American art criticism.' In fact, my dear boy, I entertain now about the same sentiments toward Bannister as an art critic that you would toward a surgeon who had cut off your leg when it was your arm that needed amputation."

"My dear fellow, you speak in riddles—do explain yourself!" murmured Bonbright, knocking the ash from his cigar.

His host laughed again. "All right," he said, settling back in his *chaise longue* and looking reminiscently out into the starlit night.

They were sitting in the loggia of Penrose's little white villa just beyond Montreux. In the warm summer night they could make out the twinkling lights of near-by villas and the big white blur above Vevay and Villeneuve, and could hear the cool lapping of the water against the stone parapet at the foot of the gardens. In the softly lighted room at their back Penrose's young wife—an English girl with a contralto voice too precious to be exposed to the night air—talked animatedly with Mrs. Bonbright. A delicious sense of privacy brooded over the place—a privacy that Penrose took good care should be rarely interrupted except by the occasional visit of old friends such as the Bonbrights.

"My loss of faith dates from the last of my rare visits to America when I became Bannister's guest," said Penrose at length, pulling reflectively at his cigar.

"My guestship was absolutely involuntary, however—pressed upon me by Bannister—and it is this fact that palliates, to my way of thinking, the somewhat dreary happiness I experienced in being a spectator of his professional confusion. I say 'dreary' because, although I had disliked Bannister from the time we were boys together in old Ridgewold, still I had thoroughly believed in his impeccability as an art critic—in fact, my dislike had increased in direct proportion to my conviction of his value as an artistic monitor—and after all one does not exactly enjoy having one's firmly established illusions indecorously knocked about. Indeed, I remember, on his frequent appearance in print, having often referred to him, with the careless ingenuity one displays in mentioning celebrated connections, as 'my old friend, the author Bannister.' I don't do it any more. The truth is that Bannister had made good and I hadn't—in other words, if he hasn't turned out an artist he has become an eminent art critic, the next best thing to it in Ridgewold's estimation, while I, as you know, have subsided into a dilettante musician. Oh, no! don't protest! I am perfectly aware that while I am an extraordinarily good amateur I would be an extremely poor professional. Fortunately, having no money worries, it hardly matters, and I am and have been perfectly content with my lot. Music has always been my ruling passion, and this little villa suits me perfectly. So don't think for a moment that I've ever really envied Bannister—except for a few years when we were boys together in Ridgewold.

"Do you know Ridgewold? No? Well, it's a far cry from Chicago, though I dare say that most of the inhabitants of my native town would be surprised to know that even a Chicago stock-broker could be ignorant of Ridgewold's existence, and they would give you distinctly to understand that it was your misfortune, not theirs. Ridgewold, my dear Bonbright, lies enfolded in the Connecticut hills and an at-



mosphere of art. The surrounding country is enchantingly picturesque—a fit setting for Ridgewold, and artists annually forgather there for the summer with enthusiastic pupils who camp upon the scenery and reproduce it with more or less fidelity and success. You know the kind of place I mean. When I go back—which isn't often—I go for the scenery.

"It's not a large place, though it has long since outgrown its suburban name, and in any event its inhabitants make up in artistic culture and intensity what they lack numerically. The whole place is permeated with art—it amounts to a saturated solution; the houses are artistic, even the station is artistic with its 'tapestry bricks' and glazed tiles. As one walks about one is continually being startled by coming upon architectural bits that recall—if faintly—different European capitals, and continually impressed with the idea that this is not so much an American town as an art centre. It's been an art centre ever since John Quincy Lithgow lived and painted and died there. His daughter, Miss Felicia Lithgow, a charming little old lady, lives there still. What! You never heard of Lithgow! Good Lord! I'm confoundedly glad we are on the shores of Lake Geneva and not in Ridgewold. Even here I feel like sinking my voice!

"Lithgow, my dear fellow, was one of the early ones. He flourished along in the thirties and forties—you'll find him in anything on American art. He founded what was at one time derisively called 'the Connecticut school,' and he was, in my humble opinion—re-inforced by Laley's—a remarkable painter, if he and his school did suffer ridicule and neglect before America woke up to art. Not that he ever suffered either ridicule or neglect in Ridgewold. Through him did Ridgewold become dedicated to art. He was 'the man who made Ridgewold famous.' He was a god there, the deity of the place—at least until Bannister came. But I'll get to Bannister directly.

"As for Lithgow—my dear Bonbright, I wish that you had seen any of his canvases. You would better understand my enthusiasm. I can only say that when our American landscape art was in its not over-promising infancy, there appeared this young painter, a born *pleinairist* years before even the term was coined, with a vigor-

ous style of his own as different from the tentative, academic processes of most of his fellow pioneers as possible. He had invented a happy method, a legitimate trick, of throwing vivid colors together on the canvas with dazzling, bravura strokes that put cross-hatching, dotting, stippling, and such-like makeshifts to shame and produced a radiant luminosity that was later to be the chief glory of the French open-air school. And by a miracle of good fortune he had, too, a feeling for the harmony of line and masses almost as accented as his sense of color. Understand me—I don't mean that his brush work and drawing were always masterly—how could they be? He was almost entirely self-taught, and he never put his foot off of American soil. But if his methods were sometimes faltering, his ideals were always loftily inaccessible to all but himself. While his fellow artists were busy with remunerative portraiture and 'the painted anecdote,' while his fellow landscapists were smearing titanic canvases with chromo-lithographic representations of Rocky Mountains and Yosemite Valleys, or subordinating their art to allegorical horrors, Lithgow contented himself with the *paysage intime* of his own Connecticut. He went straight to nature, and he could make a purling brook sing you a low song between its sedgy banks, a defoliated tree against a windy sky sigh out a message.

"Unfortunately, Lithgow was not prolific. He must have painted *tout d'un coup*, and, if he failed of his hoped-for effect, sulked and started in on something else. I've a notion that he destroyed an immense amount of work. At any rate, his pictures are rare—you don't meet with them often in the big galleries. There are three in Ridgewold and a few scattered about in private collections. I think that is one of the things that put poor Bannister on the wrong tack about him—he believes literally that there is safety in numbers—likes a man to have a lot of canvases to his credit!

"Well, to get back to Ridgewold. As I've said, I rarely go back, and when I do it's only for Lithgow and the scenery. Ridgewold itself bores me. You see, the atmosphere is so surcharged with art—pictorial art—that my lungs don't function properly in it. All my sympathies and few



talents being enlisted on the side of music, I always felt like a social and artistic pariah. When I went to afternoon teas and art receptions and heard everybody about me babbling of 'planes' 'glazing and scumbling,' and the virtues of the *pointilists*, I felt as helpless as a ship in a fog, and the worst of it was that I couldn't blow a horn or send out any C Q D messages. I just had to drift conversationally and excite as little attention to my unfortunate artistic position as possible. It would only have made things worse and nobody would have come to my assistance. Nobody, that is, except Peabody. Peabody helped me a lot. Peabody was an art student in Paris when I was at the Conservatoire. He had started in for literature, but had got side-tracked to art. He didn't know the bass from the treble cleff, but literature was our bond of union, and after a while I took to frequenting studios and art exhibitions with him, at first for the pleasure of being in his company and later because I found that under his peculiar tutelage I was actually learning something about art. You see, my dear fellow, he pursued the very simple method of translating art into terms of literature for my benefit. Now, when a man tells me that such or such a painter is the Swinburne of art, I seize his idea; or that such another is as great a 'stylist' as Henry James, I get at what he means. I was blind to an exquisite little thing of Manet's until he took the seals off my eyes by suddenly saying one day that it was to art what 'Mutability' was to lyric poetry. He had translated it for me into a language I understood. By a rigid adherence to this artistic-literary method I have arrived at some comprehension of art—at a tardy but enthusiastic appreciation of Lithgow.

"But all this was long after I left Ridgewold. At twenty I couldn't stand the place any longer, so I packed my things and started for Paris and the Conservatoire, and I've been back only at long intervals since.

"The last time was three years ago—a year before my marriage. I hadn't been home for a long while, I am so confoundedly contented here. But one morning I woke up with a restless feeling. I wanted a sight of America and boresome, art-soaked old Ridgewold. The next day I rushed up to Paris, took the boat train, and

caught the *Kronprinzessin* at Cherbourg. I thought I had had a happy inspiration until I saw Bannister directing a deck steward where to put his steamer-chair.

"Well, he took possession of me from the first. He is one of those irritating people who, by boisterously and unrelentingly assuming your eternal friendship, make it impossible for you to reveal the real coolness of your sentiments. By the time we were half-way across the Atlantic I had seen enough of Bannister to last me a lifetime, and felt as if I had never left home. The worst of it all was that I had committed myself to stopping with him while in Ridgewold. I could no more withstand his cheerful certainty that I would enjoy being his guest than I could stem the torrent of his local information.

"The most important item of his budget of Ridgewold 'news' was the recent gift to our native town of a magnificent new art museum by Mr. John Greateorex, president of Ridgewold's bank. I had barely time to reflect, not without trepidation, that art must have become an even more potent influence in Ridgewold than of old, to have made 'tight-wad Greateorex' yield up three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, when I was made aware that I was speaking with the first vice-president and the chairman of the art committee. And I had scarcely assimilated this idea of Bannister's duplex greatness when I received the subtle impression that though there were three on the committee, Bannister himself was really the only one who knew anything about art.

"In my passive rôle of listener I was further informed that it was Bannister who had originated the idea of importing a foreign director to be at the head of the new art museum for several years and to give a *cachet* to the affair. As chairman of the art committee he had himself gone to Paris to see Laley and 'pick up' a few art treasures on the market. The negotiations and purchases having been triumphantly concluded—he had got hold of a Dagnan-Bouveret Madonna and a dancing-girl of Carrière Belleuse as *pièces de résistance*—Bannister was then on his way back to Ridgewold to superintend the transfer of the art objects from the old gallery to the new and prepare the way for Laley's arrival, which was to be in a few weeks. I had known Laley slightly in Paris myself,



but I had not thought it worth while to interrupt Bannister's flow of information to speak of that fact.

"Well, my dear fellow, by the time we got to Sandy Hook I was so tired of Bannister and his art projects and Ridgewold affairs in general that I pretended important business in New York and stopped over there for a week to recuperate. But Bannister, of course, was so *affairé* that he could hardly get from the pier to the Grand Central fast enough.

"When I joined him at Ridgewold a week later I found that he had accomplished prodigies. The old art gallery had been completely denuded and the new one was so nearly in order that a reception was to be held the very afternoon of my arrival, that the impatient *conoscenti* of Ridgewold might get a glimpse of their new art treasures.

"Bannister was so busy that he couldn't meet me at the station, but his motor was there, and after a hasty and solitary luncheon at his house, I was driven up to the new gallery, where I found him excitedly directing the hanging of a last dozen canvases. While he was thus engaged, I strolled about alone, glad to see things by myself, and I confess it was all good—very good. An hour before the reception Bannister got away from his workmen and joined me. He wanted to take me about himself, he said, and I was in such good humor with everything that I even failed to be irritated by the implication that I hadn't been able to see much by myself. He was full of enthusiasm, an enthusiasm that seemed to be justified, and I said so.

"But wait!—just wait until you see our *salon carré*!" chuckled Bannister. "I am saving it for the last—the *bonne bouche*. My dear Penrose, there are things in it that will astonish you. There's a sea-piece of Flameng's—*c'est épatant*!"

"By the way, it was a treat to watch Bannister going about getting opera-glass effects of the pictures through his doubled-up hands and babbling in French *argot* of 'tonality,' 'architectonic backgrounds,' 'wilful chiaro-oscuro,' and 'Munich platitudes'!

"As we went from room to room, in spite of Bannister's exaggerated enthusiasm I could not help but concede that the collection had made great strides—Laley

would certainly have something to begin on. Only one thing surprised and mystified me. Nowhere, among the old favorites I recognized nor among the many new acquaintances, did I see the three Lithgows which had hung for so many years in Ridgewold's old art gallery. It finally struck me that of course for them had been reserved the honor of hanging on the walls of the *salon carré*. You can therefore imagine my amazement when on looking about me in that decidedly crude imitation of the Louvre's famous treasure-room I failed to find them—they were nowhere to be seen.

"My curiosity could stand no more, and clapping Bannister on the shoulder I cried out: 'My dear boy, *where* are the Lithgows?'

"For a moment he was visibly embarrassed and I could see that he was meditating an evasive answer; and then summoning all his artistic fortitude he turned resolutely upon me.

"My dear Penrose, they are where they ought to be—stored in the basement with half a dozen other impossible canvases that I've had removed.'

"I stared at him incredulously. His statement sounded too monstrous to be believed. I was so evidently thunderstruck by his reply that, in spite of his assurance, he must have felt slightly disconcerted, for he began an explanation, a sort of extenuation.

"My dear fellow,' he exclaimed impatiently, 'of course you are shocked. I was shocked myself at first when it began to be borne in on me that they must go. I was as sentimental over it all as you could possibly be—more so. I dare say,' he added dryly. 'But *que voulez-vous*? I'm not here to uphold sentiment—I'm here to uphold art. It's a sacred trust. We've made a sort of fetish of Lithgow here, and it's time we stopped worshipping false gods. We've tremendously overrated him. Don't you see that, in the light of modern landscape-painting, his work is quite impossible? To be cruelly frank, it is rubbish. Lithgow and all the men of his day—an awful day, illumined by a light that certainly never was on sea or land—were all ineffectual, hopelessly on the wrong tack. I've only done my duty. I will confess to you it has cost me one or



two sleepless nights, but I have the consciousness of having stuck to the right artistically at some expense to my feelings.' He spoke with an almost touching solemnity. 'I simply *couldn't* let a man like Laley come here and find such specimens of American art hanging about. I declare I believe he would take the next steamer back, and I wouldn't much blame him. Lithgow, my dear fellow, has had his day. I don't deny that he was something of an inspiration to the early ones, but he wouldn't be an inspiration now—he'd be an "awful warning." Considered in that light, I might have continued to let him hang, but I couldn't quite stand that—I've too much feeling for the dear old chap. I'd rather hide him quietly away—relegate him right now to the oblivion his methods were bound to bring him to.'

"I was still staring at Bannister at the end of this tirade, too much *abasourdi* to attempt to argue the matter with him—I would as soon have thought of trying to explain a Tschaikowsky symphony. I simply took refuge in personalities.

"And what will *she* do?'

"He had the audacity to pretend not to understand me.

"She? Whom do you mean?'

"My dear Bannister, whom on earth should I mean but Miss Felicia?'

"He had the grace to color.

"Ah, she will have her sleepless nights, too,' he declared at length.

"Sleepless nights!' I cried. 'It will *kill* her. She has lived on her father's fame—blast it, and you will destroy her as surely as if you had put cyanide of potassium in her morning coffee. My dear Bannister, for Heaven's sake let your sacrifices to art take some other form than the blighting of a reputation and a life!'

"For an instant I thought he wavered, but the next moment, assuming the look of a harassed martyr and passing his hand with a theatrically weary movement across his troubled brow, he delivered his ultimatum.

"My dear Penrose, I have but done my duty, and I must stick by it.'

"I was so irritated by his attitude of adamant artistic probity that I was ready to reply with a good deal of heat, but was prevented by the arrival at that instant of the vanguard of expected callers. Further

private conversation with Bannister being impossible, I walked away, relieved to be at least out of his presence. I strolled about, meeting old acquaintances and hearing the familiar artistic chatter, furbished up with the latest *argot* like an old spring bonnet with new ribbons. I was particularly occupied in keeping an eye out for Miss Felicia Lithgow, for since boyhood I had been fond of her, and I was genuinely concerned as to what effect the public dishonor heaped on her father might have upon the fragile little old lady.

"She came in at length—a charming figure in pale-gray silk, with a fine lace fichu at her throat and her white curls bobbing about beneath a rather smart gray straw bonnet. Her manner was graciousness itself and expressed, in some inoffensively inarticulate fashion, the fact that to her, in that artistic *milieu*, belonged by right of birth a certain pre-eminence, an especial importance.

"I watched her trip with an astonishing gayety and verve from one room to another, greeting her friends and seeking—I could not doubt it—the coigns of vantage where hung her father's masterpieces. It was rather pusillanimous of me, perhaps, but I confess, my dear Bonbright, that I actually took care to keep out of her way. I simply couldn't have borne the sight of her humiliation, and it was only by an unlucky accident that I found myself at the top of the stairway when she passed out. I sha'n't soon forget the stricken look on her dear old face. The white curls that had bobbed so merrily in unison with her gracious nods hung with a pathetic droop about her lined, thin face. The gray silk rustled dumbly as she tottered slowly down the steps. I gathered my wits together just in time to rush forward and offer her my arm. The poor little lady scarcely seemed to recognize me, and it was only as I put her in her carriage that she recovered her composure enough to murmur a tremulous invitation to come to see her.

"She went into retirement, saw absolutely no one, and the rumor was current that she was actually ill. I was really wretched over the affair myself and after a week determined to take advantage of Miss Felicia's invitation and see for myself how she was bearing up under the blow Bannister had administered. She lived in



a little flower-embowered house just across the wide, elm-shaded street from Bannister's, and taking my courage in both hands I walked across one bright afternoon. The tidy maid who answered my ring was at first obviously opposed to my entrance, but when I assured her I was there at her mistress's own request, she reluctantly allowed me to come in and motioned me toward a little garden in the rear of the house. I found Miss Felicia there, seated in a chair drawn up in a sunny spot, and, although the day was overpoweringly warm, wrapped up in numberless fleecy white shawls out of which her drawn face peered pathetically. There was such a ravaged, blighted look about the little old lady that as I sank down on a garden bench beside her I almost wished I had not come. Even my worried imaginings had not been as bad as the reality.

"She showed unexpected fortitude, however, and for a long while tremulously kept clear of the whole topic of the new art gallery. I was just beginning to congratulate myself that I was going to make my escape without a reference to it when, unfortunately, she asked me where I was stopping. Involuntarily I faltered over Bannister's name and instantly she fixed me with her dark eyes, which had suddenly grown bright and angry. Her lips were drawn tight and a flush sprang to her withered cheeks.

"'Bannister!' she exclaimed; 'do not mention his name to me! He is a miscreant!'

"It may sound amusing to you, Bonbright, that in her personal distress and humiliation she should have called poor Bannister a 'miscreant,' but I assure you that at the time it seemed to me a peculiarly fitting epithet. When I looked at the pallid little old lady, and thought of that long life of honorable hero-worship crowned at last with insult, I could have called Bannister almost anything. The only feeling I was aware of stronger than my irritation against Bannister was a desire to comfort Miss Felicia. But I hardly knew how. I sparred for time.

"'My dear Miss Felicia,' I cried, 'why on earth do you call Bannister a miscreant?'

"'Ah, then you are one of those who think he has done right!' She spoke with a terrible bitterness.

"'Why, what has he done?' I faltered.

"She darted another bright, scornful glance at me, beneath which I covertly quailed.

"'Do you mean to tell me, John Penrose, that you don't know that he has dishonored my father?—refused to give a place to his pictures in this grand new art gallery?—don't you know that they are lying with the rest of the rubbish down in the basement of this new temple of art of which *he* is the high priest?' There was a sob in the thin, silvery old voice. A very passion of rage against Bannister took hold of me. I would have liked to thrash him at the moment. As that was impossible, the next best thing to do was to console Miss Felicia, and I determined to do so at all costs.

"'My dear Miss Felicia, certainly I know that your father's masterpieces are stored in the basement of the new art gallery—but of course you, too, know why!' I declared pleasantly. At that instant, I assure you, Bonbright, I hadn't the ghost of an idea what explanation I was going to give her, but I was thinking hard, and the next moment it came easily to my lying lips—full-grown like Pallas Athene from the head of Jove, if I may make use of so resounding a comparison.

"It was Miss Felicia's turn to falter. She was clearly puzzled by my tone and manner.

"'No, I don't know,' she said at length, dubiously, and looking hard at me.

"I crushed my soft hat between my knees and leaned forward with a smiling plausibility at which I hardly knew whether to be more astounded or pleased.

"'My dear lady, it's a question of varnish. There are some bad cracks, I believe, and Bannister is waiting to consult with Laley about a new varnish. As soon as the pictures are restored—!' I rose to go slowly. 'Have you any preference as to where they should hang? It's hard to tell about a new place—one has to get familiar with a new *milieu*. In the old gallery every one knew the best spots and the Lithgows always had them!'

"You can imagine, my dear Bonbright, that I did some hard thinking as I walked back to Bannister's. I really was in a tight place. I did not regret my inventiveness—I am an habitually truthful person



and felt I could afford the luxury of an occasional lie—but the fierce alacrity with which Miss Felicia had welcomed my explanation of the absence of her father's landscapes from the walls of the new gallery had had something terribly pathetic in it. The rebound of her spirits was as sudden and complete as the crushing of them had been. Her blighted air passed with the passing of her humiliation. In fact, she dismissed me with all the old lofty graciousness that had characterized her manner for fifty years. What it would mean to her to be replunged in her gulf of despair made me shudder. I knew that it would be useless to argue further with Bannister—he had all the obstinacy of the essentially weak person. Besides, the poor fellow really thought he was doing his artistic duty—he was genuinely blind. I had vague notions of appealing to Laley. But really, on sober second thoughts I hardly saw how I could interfere. Laley was a man of determination, of the highest artistic honesty. He would scarcely tolerate a sentimental appeal from a comparative stranger. I consoled myself finally by deciding that at the worst I could leave Ridgewold—could fold my tent and silently steal away to the shores of Lake Geneva and forget things.

“If I had disliked Bannister before, you can understand how cordially I detested him after that interview with poor Miss Felicia Lithgow. Justly or unjustly, I blamed him with my added perplexities and difficulties. I got so that the sight of him at the breakfast-table destroyed my appetite, and I was confoundedly glad that business took him so frequently to New York and left me to the solitary enjoyment of his handsome bachelor establishment and the renewal of old Ridgewold ties.

“He really had a lot on his shoulders and had to see to a host of things which his associates on the art committee—who if they were artistic were certainly not businesslike—would not attend to. To add to his worries, he had not heard for some time from Laley and was much disturbed in consequence, for he wished to make the art director's arrival in Ridgewold something of an event. Laley was to stop with him for several days, and I think Bannister rather fancied himself in the rôle of cicerone to the great art connoisseur.

“Well, it was on one of Bannister's numerous absences in New York, five or six days after my visit to Miss Felicia, I think, that, as I sat in the open window in the library smoking a solitary after-luncheon cigar, a station cab—a deplorable affair—rolled up to the door and Laley stepped out. For a moment I certainly was surprised, and then recalling what I knew personally of Laley and what I had heard of him, I decided that his abrupt appearance was characteristic of the man. Doubtless Bannister had been unable to refrain from giving him a hint of the functions attendant on his arrival and, his shyness taking alarm, he had simply caught an earlier steamer and appeared unheralded.

“In the midst of my pleasure at renewing Laley's acquaintance, I couldn't help a passing regret for poor Bannister's keen disappointment. On his return I knew he would feel a good deal as Admiral Sampson did when he got back and found that the laurels meant for the adorning of his own absent brow were resting becomingly on the head of the man who had been ‘Johnny on the spot.’ But I confess my regrets evaporated quickly in the genial glow of Laley's presence. He is really a delightful creature, and was as interested as possible in the new art venture at Ridgewold, which must have seemed an odd enough place to him, by the way. After half an hour's rest he was eager to go over to the new art gallery and have a look at his future field of activity. It goes without saying that I was anxious to have the pleasure and privilege of accompanying him, and in my quality of host I ordered Bannister's motor and we drove over.

“He was graciousness itself in regard to the collection and rubbed his hands with satisfaction as we passed from room to room.

“‘Mais c'est bien—très bien!’ he declared warmly. ‘Il y a de belles choses ici.’ He looked about him at the walls of the *salon carré* with which I had concluded our promenade—I had followed Bannister's lead and saved it for the last. ‘Mais—est-ce que nous avons tout vu? Il n'y a rien de plus?—pas de “beaux restes”?’ he inquired smilingly.

“I looked at him doubtfully. Suddenly I had an inspiration.

“‘There are some things stored in the basement. Suppose we give them a look.’



"He assented with enthusiasm, and together we made our way to the basement. I had not been down there before and a vast confusion of packing-boxes reigned, but by good fortune we had not gone twenty paces when we came upon the three Lithgows leaning face outward against the wall. By another piece of good fortune, as we approached them a shaft of afternoon sunlight struck through a low window full upon them, bathing them in a mellow radiance. I had never seen them so exquisitely beautiful.

"I heard Laley utter a low exclamation and saw him hurry forward toward them.

"*'Mon cher,'* he murmured over his shoulder, 'whose are they?'

"They are the work of John Quincy Lithgow, a native of this place, who lived and died here in 1850. How do they strike you?"

"For a few moments he did not answer; he was too busy moving rapidly from one canvas to the other, now scrutinizing them closely, now stepping back to get a better *coup d'œil*, and always ejaculating softly to himself.

"How do they strike me?' he returned at length. 'My dear Monsieur Penrose, they are amazing, simply amazing.'

"I think they are amazing, too—amazingly good,' I said.

"Good!—my dear fellow, from certain points of view they are superb! And to think that they were painted before 1850! It's positively incredible! Don't tell me America has produced many such landscapists!"

"I shook my head. 'He's the best of the bunch,' I replied somewhat irreverently.

"They are wonderful, wonderful!' murmured Laley. He turned one sidewise to get a softer light on it. It was a lovely bit of spring nature caught at twilight—the broad green edge of a river sparkling in the last shafts of afternoon sunlight, a group of feathery elms rising fountain-like into the radiant air. It was perhaps as successful as anything Lithgow ever did. Suddenly he looked at me. 'My dear fellow,' he cried, 'what puzzles me is what they are doing down here! In Heaven's name, why hasn't Monsieur Bannister had them hung?'

"I shrugged my shoulders and said nothing. I didn't intend to mitigate by a

word the *mauvais quart d'heure* that I saw was in store for Bannister. He might square himself as best he could with Laley. I metaphorically left him to his fate, not without, as I told you, a somewhat dreary happiness in so doing.

"It was a full hour before I could drag Laley away from the new-found treasures, and we had scarcely time to get back to Bannister's and dress for dinner before that punctual and admirable meal was served. During our drive back Laley kept up a running fire of question and comment about Lithgow. He wanted to know all about him, and in return pointed out to me in his ardent, epigrammatic fashion a hundred beauties and excellences in his work that I had ignored. When we were seated at the table he again took up the theme and we were in the midst of a discussion of Lithgow's lyrical suggestiveness and a delicious *vol-au-vent* when Bannister entered, fatigued from his trip to town and inexpressibly surprised and disappointed at Laley's unexpected arrival, of which he had heard from his chauffeur.

"He seated himself at the table as he was and began profuse apologies and explanations of his absence. But Laley cut him short. He could understand perfectly how it had happened that there was no one at the Ridgewold station to meet him—what he couldn't understand was why Bannister had kept from him the knowledge of exquisite, unhung art treasures.

"My dear fellow, you were sly—very sly!' he cried.

"Bannister turned an inquiring eye upon me.

"Monsieur refers to the three wonderful Lithgows in the basement,' I elucidated, not without a grim amusement at Bannister's blank look, though I rather dreaded the hedging and crawling he would have to do later.

"Ah, *mon cher*, they are indeed wonderful—wonderful!' murmured Laley enthusiastically.

"Bannister got up slowly and, going over to a table with smoking things on it, chose a cigar.

"You like them, then?' he asked carelessly, striking a match.

"Like them? My dear fellow, I have only seen the three you are lucky to have here, but they at least are masterpieces,



*tout simplement*. He transcribes nature with a robust method—I think it is the vigorous young America in him!—but with as fluid a color, as free a handling, as though one of the moderns had done it for last spring's salon. He strikes that almost unheard note between realism and suggestiveness—you look at a reproduction of nature but you think of poetry!

“Bannister had returned to the table and sat there nervously twisting his cigar between his thumb and forefinger.

“‘Or music,’ I suggested hastily, turning to Laley, for a sudden compassion for Bannister smote me. I saw that he was quite incapable of speech. ‘I believe the appeal he makes to me, who know so little of art, is the musical appeal. The radiant luminosity of most of his canvases, the rich, sombre tones of others, make me think of the limpid melodies, the overcrowded chords of Chopin.’

“‘Ah, yes—“the radiant luminosity.” His light effects are more than clever—they are exquisitely *raffinés*. If his drawing leaves something to be desired, his color work is amazing for that day—amazing and characteristic. He had no need “to rescue his individuality by employing an out-of-the-ordinary handwriting in copying nature,” as one of your critics has put it. And how deep and sincere a feeling for nature! He was great enough to be content to interpret her impersonally—a thing almost unknown in those days with you. His work, to my mind, is the forerunner of all that is best in your contemporary art. Cherish it accordingly, my dear sirs! What an astonishing artist he is *en somme*! and to think that he was a farmer's son, entirely self-taught; that he never left his native America! He should have come to us—he should have known Rousseau, Corot, Dupré! Ah! what things they would have had to say to one another!’

“During this eulogy of Laley's I had been watching Bannister not without a good deal of amazement. At the beginning of it he had been uneasy. I had caught his eye and I fancied that I saw in it an acute embarrassment, a tentative appeal. But as Laley progressed, as he felicitated Bannister again and again upon the possession of such an American painter and such works of art, I noted a change in Bannister's manner. He leaned forward; an

enthusiastic expression lit up his not unhandsome features, he listened attentively, with an air of almost personal grateful appreciation. At the conclusion of Laley's remarks he half-rose and, to my flat amazement, stretched a cordial hand across the table.

“‘My dear sir,’ he cried, ‘I thank you on behalf of all American artists and especially on behalf of Ridgewold, whose *genius loci* Lithgow was! You are generosity itself to the man who has been one of the very greatest inspirations to American art. I felt sure that his fame, his place, were safe in your hands. I knew you would do full justice to one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—of our pioneers in art. I left him to you!’

“‘In the basement,’ I put in, somewhat offensively, I admit. Bannister stared at me. The look of tentative appeal had disappeared and one of somewhat belligerent innocence had taken its place.

“‘In the basement!’ he echoed. ‘Certainly in the basement! I hardly felt competent to hang them. I wanted Monsieur Laley's advice. My position was somewhat delicate. I thought that we enthusiasts of Ridgewold might overestimate Lithgow's importance—’ he hesitated and directed an ardent, inquiring glance toward Laley. As for myself, I looked out of the window. I had no wish to meet Laley's eye. I was afraid of what I might read there. I was Bannister's guest and I had no intention of ‘giving him away.’ But with this abstention I felt that our accounts were squared and I permitted myself the luxury of a last shot.

“‘Ah, then I have made a mistake,’ I said regretfully. ‘I told Miss Felicia Lithgow—she was somewhat distressed that her father's pictures have not been *en évidence*—that it was a question of a few cracks—you wished to consult Monsieur Laley as to a varnish—’

“Bannister turned from Laley to me. ‘My dear fellow,’ he cried coolly, although I had the rather barren satisfaction of seeing him redden, ‘that is a mistake! I wouldn't have the dear old lady think such a thing for the world. The pictures are in perfect condition—they are miracles of freshness! Upon my word you ought to put on your hat and go over this minute to set the matter straight with her.’

"I looked at him for a moment over my coffee-cup. 'Suppose *you* go,' I suggested.

"It will give me pleasure,' he declared genially, and picking up his hat where he had laid it on coming in, he strolled out of the house and across the way to Miss Felicia's door. Heaven only knows what he told her. I can only say that the next

day I received a loftily reproachful note from Miss Felicia in which she was glad to inform me that I had been quite mistaken about her father's pictures—they were in excellent condition and were to be hung immediately in the *salon carré*.

"And now, my dear Bonbright, if you'll come in with me, I'll get my wife to sing 'Caro Mio Ben' for us."

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## WITH WALTON IN ANGLE-LAND

By Robert Gilbert Welsh

YOUNG Charles was crowned in ancient Scone  
 With sceptre, robe and ring,  
 Upon the royal seat of stone  
 As fits a Stuart king.  
 At Worcester he was put to rout,  
 To France he fled away,—  
 The doughty Cavaliers were out,  
 It was Noll Cromwell's day.  
 "Alas!" good Isaak Walton sighed,  
 His puzzled head he shook,  
 Then through the meadow-sweet he hied,  
 And fished in Shawford Brook.

Next, Cromwell with a tongue of flame  
 Swept Parliament aside.  
 "Traitors, self-servers, men of shame,  
 Begone! Begone!" he cried.  
 By ones and twos they slipped away,  
 Noll Cromwell turned the key.  
 If England in that April day  
 Had Parliament,—'twas he!  
 It was the time of fly and rod,—  
 Ik Walton breathed a prayer  
 Resigning England unto God  
 And angled in the Ware.

Then Cromwell died, and in his place  
 His son ruled England sore  
 Till, haply in a day of grace,  
 The King came home once more.  
 At Whitehall then he spent his time  
 As no wise king may do,  
 With idle gaming, naughty rhyme,  
 A careless love or two.  
 The folk of England said their say  
 With many "Haws!" and "Hems!"  
 But Isaak Walton slipped away  
 And angled in the Thames.



The younger Isaak sprouted fast,  
 Old Christ Church knew him well.  
 Deep learnèd, he came home at last  
 From famous Doctor Fell.  
 And when in Holy Orders bound,  
 He preached at length,—no doubt  
 The elder Isaak slumbered sound  
 And dreamed, perchance, of trout.  
 The buds were breaking on the thorn,  
 The skies were blue above—  
 Did Isaak wait for Monday morn  
 Ere angling in the Dove?

Ik Walton, full of years and pain,  
 Dull-eyed and short of breath,  
 Had seen four English monarchs reign,  
 Had known one done to death.  
 His time was come,—in good round script,  
 He wrote his will, full bold,  
 Remembering those whom Winter nipt,—  
 The poor and weak and old.  
 He prayed in Wykeham's stately pile,  
 Where now he sleeps in stone,  
 Then in the Itchen for a while  
 He angled all alone!

## · THE POINT OF VIEW ·

**T**HERE are times when I grow impatient of our threshold, it is so new, and consequently so expressionless. Under the green door, wide to admit whatever may come of life, it waits, hospitable and expectant, but it is as yet unworn. No hollows tell of the coming and going of patient and impatient feet; no dead have gone forth over it toward that vast threshold that waits us all; nor has the foot of wise physician touched it, coming to usher new life over the threshold of the earth. It is ignorant, slow to learn even the wisdom that we have brought it, and yet—experience comes, for it guards a busy doorway. Young seekers after knowledge cross and recross it, for ours is an academic world. Gladly we share our crumb and pour our cup—small, small, yet blue with the blue of far distance—with these young wayfarers, pilgrims of the soul, who stop with us for a moment now and

then in the endless quest of youth. I like the sound of their swift footsteps, with the touch of eagerness, of question, and the firm note of assurance; already they feel the goal. Even if no bride has paused upon our door-step, joyously venturing into the unknown, radiant-faced maidens bring their fiancés for our benediction; breathlessly they study our house-plan, look enviously at our dishes, and glance shyly at our *Caterer for Two*. There is one fair-haired, motherless girl, now busy, robin-fashion, in gathering together this and that for her home nest, whom we mean to coax here for her wedding, but as yet she does not know. Whatever hospitality we offer means receiving more than we give, for in all this friendly coming and going across our threshold we feel a sense of fellowship with fire-sides that we shall never see.

We have other, and many, guests, seen and unseen. When the crisp, busy winter

The Threshold  
 —The Real

days, and the busier days of spring, are over; when all are gone and no one else uses the knocker—old friends step from old books to visit us: Shakespeare, with his timeless wisdom, droll Lamb, and tender Thackeray, whom, in jest and in earnest, we understand better than we do more modern acquaintances. Old, charmèd days come back to linger with us, golden moments of delight in new beauty or new insight, by far seashore or distant mountainside. In the summer silences, now and then old sorrows knock, ever so gently; they have been trained to be unobtrusive, and we are too fully occupied to entertain them often. Through the warm fragrances of honeysuckle, rose, and sweetbrier, while drowsy birds chirp outside, they sometimes enter and possess the house, but with new faces, for

"Sorrows change  
Into not altogether sorrow like."

Sometimes when the eternal struggle between the two human impulses to go, to stay, leaves the former triumphant, I fling forth, impatient of the limitations of my own threshold. Though the little white house with the drooping roof looks the embodiment of home and of sheltering peace, for the time I will none of it, being breathless for knowledge of how life has fared with others. Lingering, lingering along the open road, I read much of the experience of my neighbors, human and other, written on their doorways. The bank-swallows, with their fascinating thresholds in the sand cliff near by; the orioles, with their safe, high thresholds of silken thread; the squirrel, whose doorway is a hole in a decayed chestnut; the woodchuck, into whose house I almost stepped, uninvited, are of undying interest. I know an old frog who lives down by a bend in the river, a philosopher, a friendly Diogenes, crooning and booming from his damp and charming residence, sheltered by reeds and lily-pads. His surprised and scolding protest the other night when a canoe, gliding too near, violated the sanctity of his watery threshold, roused sympathy of full understanding in me. We are not so far as we think from the stages of unobtrusive life that go on in meadow and wayside. The wood near us is one great threshold of innumerable homes that suggest a hundred points of contact with our

own; through the silences, bright, brave eyes watch the intruder from beyond the guarded doorways. I feel my pride in house-building put to shame by these little houses, often stronghold and larder in one, hidden with wise cunning, and showing a tender and secret wisdom shut from me.

I like to watch, too, people at their doorways: the white-headed carpenter, who sits on the front step of his little brown house by the aqueduct; the bent old woman at the edge of the wood who banks her tiny habitation with leaves when winter comes her way; the "spinsters and the knitters in the sun," on their old-fashioned porches in the old-fashioned villages near by. From all the walks and ways of life what knowledge have these folk brought home; word, or look, or gesture may perhaps bring some fragment of their hard-won wisdom to me as I pass. The wise ways of mothers with their children, and the charm of old faces, I see often through the lighted pane. If, sometimes, rough words resound; if the uncanny howling of the phonograph, the modern banshee, is heard through the open doorways of the poor—one hears too words that are the very melody of human life. Music floats to me across these thresholds, sometimes fine and sweet and far; two afternoons ago, the Pilgrim Chorus from "Tannhäuser," played by some one who understood, stole through the leaves and set the pace for me, coming, as music should, as a divine surprise.

There is nothing that more fully betrays the individuality of the dwellers within than these entranceways through which they come and go between their arcana, their secret selves, and the world outside. Character is written on a doorway, and human history on a gate-post. As I stroll past the lodges of the great estates hereabout, the stately hospitality of one tells me all I wish to know about the indwelling human spirit, for the generous paths are open, the wide driveways and curious close-clipped gardens are free to all; while the churlish sign of another, "Positively no admittance," makes up a fairly complete biography. Certain doors wear always an expression of the wisdom that reigns within. One is that of the village cobbler, who sits forever at work in his tiny shop, among his many lasts, pieces of leather with their pungent smell, shoemakers' wax, awls, needles, and innu-



merable instruments whose names I do not know. He mends holes, puts on rubber heels, and performs other cunning deeds, for his is the ancient and honorable task of fitting the human pilgrim for the endless way, and he does it well, being of incorruptible honesty. When the latest muck-raking article about corruption in this or that leaves me in despair about the race of mankind, I am sometimes tempted to cut holes in my shoes that I may have excuse for going down to watch the cobbler. He has solved the Labor Problem by laboring all the hours of daylight; at night the uncurtained window shows him often busy by candle-light, his head bent in the fashion belonging only to those who take absorbing interest in their tasks. I have never yet succeeded in getting him to utter a single sentence about anything but shoes, but watching his silent, busy toil, I feel in the presence of one who Knows.

There are other thresholds that encourage belief in the worth of life, at which I feel like taking the shoes from off my feet, such holy living and dying has been carried on there. Crossing one, I feel at once the jolly and indomitable courage of a widowed mother, who, worn out by the struggle for existence, lately fell ill, but fought her way back from the very gates of death when recovery was impossible, her physicians said, that she might protect her growing boys and girls a little longer. Such tales give one thoughts one hardly dare fathom about the reach of the human will; truly, were it not for the record written on certain thresholds of our kind, we should faint and fail altogether, I fancy, in this allotted task of life.

FROM these habitations which have something of the secret of true living to share with him who enters, I turn sometimes toward deserted abiding-places, impressive in the silence of life gone by. There is one with worn gray stone steps that lead to a grass-grown threshold out under the open sky. Lilacs blossom by the door-step; old-fashioned pink roses tell when June is there, but the house has vanished forever, and will not give up its garnered wisdom. Not far is a fine, old-fashioned, uninhabited farmhouse, which, in spite of the encompassing quiet, looks as if life still stirred within.

But tendrils of woodbine which have reached out from each side of the front door have clasped hands across the portal; the tangle of sweet, blossoming things—lilies of the valley, narcissus, periwinkle, and purple iris—are neglected in the shade of the tall solemn pines, and of clustering lilac and ragged syringa.

I can think of no more charming place for a new home than this, with its beautiful, rough stone gate-posts, its sheltering apple-trees, and its vines, vines everywhere, over the house, up the trees, and in great masses over the stone wall—woodbine, bittersweet, clematis, wistaria, tangled and entwined in loveliness of leaf and blossom. Pathos clings to it now, and it rouses wistful wonder, as does every spot where the flame of human life has gone up and out, whether sloping-roofed cottage of New England, or gray-rock mountain site of prehistoric city on the road to Epidaurus, dreaming against the blue-green sky of Greece, with eagles circling round.

There are other silent doorways that are full of eloquent appeal, such as the churchyard in our busy village, with motors and street-cars whizzing by, and many footsteps crossing and recrossing it past the old white headstones. It gets no moments for itself and for eternity except at dim midnight. There is a still older one in the ancient village to westward, set, with its gray and weather-beaten slabs, moss-touched, half hidden by long grass, about the old white church that wears the charm of an elder day, with its quaint windows and its faded blue blinds. Over all spreads the shadow of a gigantic elm under which, it is said, the apostle Eliot used to preach to the Indians. Generations of the faithful have worn that threshold of the house of God, and have won their rest in the deep shade without. The quiet hospitality invites us; with the old, consuming curiosity we wait for a little near those grass-grown doorways, silent, lest some shade of the larger significance escape us. Over this vast threshold one steps to—what?

In visiting my vanished neighbors I often find relief, for I like, when watching their abiding-places, either vacant doorways or the resting-places where they lie snugly tucked up in mother earth, to fancy that they lived well and bravely, facing the difficulties and the puzzles that we are facing

now, victorious on the whole. Their hospitality is restful compared with that of some of the living, whose dwelling-places resound with anxious talk and question, loud debate and argument, and problems—you would think to hear them that human life had never been a problem before our time! I have an idea that part of this is mistaken zeal for well-being; that home should be the abiding-place of peace, and that he who has solved the problems of his own fireside has made his best and wisest step toward solving the problem of the whole.

The only unfortunate side of that otherwise perfect relaxation, walking, is that it sooner or later sets you to thinking; the slow jogging on of one's footsteps almost inevitably stirs one's brain, and then, one's mind is busy again, trying to solve the old riddle of existence! So, pondering, I walk until I am tired, then wander back, eager for the shelter of my own threshold, and glad to sink down upon it, unconsciously typifying the deepest paradox of human thought, the need of endless motion, the dream of endless rest. Those two old Greek philosophers who, like all philosophers since, were busy with the eternal apparent flux and change in things—that greatest and most tragic of all earth's problems, the glory and the despair of thinkers since the dawn of time—doubtless held opposing theories partly because they had different habits. Heraclitus, with his doctrine of constant shifting and endless motion through all being, probably paced and paced woodland walks and city streets and sea-shore, where he watched the waves; Parmenides, who taught eternal fixity, doubtless sat ruminating upon his own door-step, and was sure that all is stable and permanent.

As I sit upon my own, weary, somewhat dusty, and full of a sense of the recurring irony of life, I think, half-drowsily, while fireflies pass now and then against the soft darkness of the leaves beyond, of the significance of the threshold. To all of us, human, or bird, or beast, it means refuge; it has thus a sanctity that nothing else in the wide world possesses. It brings the joy of the familiar, the settled, to relieve the haunting sense of endless quest. This longing for the unchanging, sought through shifting theologies, philosophies, systems of thought, may, after all, be profounder than this sense of ceaseless process with which it is constantly at war. Of this longing the threshold is our best and most constant symbol. It stands for man's first faith, and for his final faith in life. The fact that he can fashion it bears witness to his deep belief in permanency; sitting upon it, he dreams his dream of stable existence—even, if he be so minded, of the time, or the eternity, when the immemorial hope of the race may come true in everlastingness. Whatever belief the threshold may possess is not that of ignorance, or knowledge withheld; there is utter pathos in the thought that this, the symbol of the lasting, must, more than any other part of the house, bear witness to all there is of change. The threshold survives flood and fire, wars and revolutions, cyclones, material and immaterial, external and internal. That enduring trust in home, one of the deepest things in human nature, is magnificent in this universe of constant flux and devastating change. Its sign and token, the threshold, flings its challenge to accident, disaster, sickness, death, for

"It is more strong than death,  
Being strong as love."



## · THE FIELD OF ART ·

### CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING ON WOOD

FOLLOWING the decline of wood-engraving before the advance of the improved photo-mechanical processes, in this country and abroad, there appeared something like an organized rescue of the art, a movement to set it up on a new basis, or an old one revived. This was greatly aided by an apparent revival of the desire of painters to seek in some form of engraving another medium of expression. It was accompanied by some very serious reversals of the ordinary conceptions of design for engravings, but these, also, found much of their justification in ancient examples. As for the longing to abandon pigment and brush for the burin and black ink, there were many causes—the adventurous human temperament for one. A purely artistic cause was an increased recognition of the very curious capacity of the black line, drawn or engraved, to render something of the individuality of the designer or engraver and—what is equally strange—very many things in Nature and Fancy with which it has, apparently, not the slightest relation. There is, really, not very much exaggeration in some of the claims made for this unnatural thing, a black line. “*Le trait*,” says M. Henry Bataille, enthusing over the work of a contemporary etcher, Eugène Béjot, “that immediate means of expression sprung from the very subconsciousness of the artist, keeps under the hand of the engraver all its lineal beauty. . . . In such fashion that to a line which springs instinctively from the hand is added the amplification of the symphonic accents, light or grave, retained or supported.” And he continues: “There is in this a veritable graphology, in the engraving of the painter (since the professional engraver abolishes, on the contrary, the personality of the line), a species of writing, and this graphology is, when rightly perceived, a revelation of the very soul which inspired it, whether it be that it had preserved in the design the unreflecting expressiveness of the sketch or whether it had transformed, on the contrary, this spontaneous impressionism into

an organized and more deliberate ensemble.” The subtle, the tremendous, things in heaven and earth that art has been able to express or suggest by means of black lines need not be cited.

For that “essential quality” in the “original engraving” of the day (more particularly in wood-engraving) which has come to be so much in evidence—the synthetic, it is called, attained frequently by the careful selection, the freedom and boldness and increased size and greatly diminished number of the lines and the greater amplification of the solid blacks and the spacious whites—an American artist, Mr. Arthur Wesley Dow, has furnished a general thesis: “Composition, building up of harmony, is the fundamental process in all the fine arts. I hold that art should be approached through composition rather than through imitative drawing. The many different acts and processes combined in a work of art may be attacked and mastered one by one, and thereby power gained to handle them unconsciously when they must be used together. If a few elements can be united harmoniously a step has been taken toward further creation. . . . This approach to art through Structure is absolutely opposed to the time-honored approach through Imitation.” Mr. Charles H. Mackie, A.R.S.A., one of the most successful of the color-block engravers in England, testifies much to the same purpose: “One thing that has particularly struck me in this work, in which I have been experimenting for about fifteen years, is the capital exercise it affords of the picture-making faculty, since one sees one’s picture grow to completion in such a logical way. No more perfect exercise, in fact, could be devised for educating the logical side of an artist, for one has to plan the whole result from the beginning, when one chooses one’s forces and sequences of the block color shapes while throughout the printing one has to be as constantly on the alert as in painting, perhaps even more so, as any error in tone is irremediable.” Some similarity in principle may be discovered between this system

of instruction in art and those which have obtained in other branches of education.

With these, and other, buttresses for his cause the painter-engraver of the day, working on copper or on wood, has been encouraged to continue in these pictorial expressions of his temperament. The very restriction of his means has frequently given him inspiration—the expert workman's joy in overcoming difficulties—the pleasure in exploring new fields; the hope that in some new and entirely different technical process may be found more adequate presentation for those feelings, that vision of things, those "impressions, which he has received from his contact with nature and with life"—the possibility that with such apparently primitive methods as two or three flat tints, heavy outlines, and suppression of details there may be more truly presented (to a select audience), *e. g.*, the round white lighthouse tower on the dark crest of the hill against a shifting gray sky. The number and variety and greatly diversified temperaments of these "original engravers" in northern Europe and in the United States are surprising; and their activities are of recent date. The very first forerunner of what the French call *l'heureuse renaissance de la xylographie* was announced by Bracquemond, some twenty years ago, to be August Lepère, some of whose work is familiar to the readers of this magazine; the first exhibition of the Société des Artistes Graveurs Originiaux was held in Paris, in the Galeries Manzi, Joyant et Cie., in 1911, and the first exhibition of the Société de la Gravure sur Bois Originale, in the Pavillon de Marsan of the Louvre, in November and December, 1912. In the latter there were three or four English-speaking exhibitors, one of whom was an American, Rudolph Ruzicka. The first of these exhibitions was a very comprehensive one, including etchings, lithography, engravings on wood and copper, all the processes of engraving and printing in black or in color, and many designs. Many of these lithographs and etchings, in black-and-white or in color, were not rendered in the summary methods favored by Lepère and his followers, but were much more conventional in technique, "finished" pictures, full of detail, treated broadly, more or less frankly decorative.

Without waiting for the second exhibition of the Society of Gravure Originale or

the appearance of their journal, *Ymagier*, a number of the more enterprising *xylographes* organized an exhibition in November, 1913, in the Galerie Grandhomme in the rue des Saints-Pères in which they undertook to "modernize the frank facture of the ancestors" by works executed with the pen-knife, colored after the Japanese methods, with "disquieting nudes" and with "*camaïeux* largely rustic," etc. The very great liberty of design assumed in modern art, the almost entire freedom (if desired) from conventionality, the new freedom in the practically unlimited range of combinations of tone, color, and outline, give a surprising interest to these exhibitions. The visitor may readily get the impression that a new field of design has been opened, by the talent and the courage (sometimes reckless) of these artists.

The object of the Société de la Gravure sur Bois Originale, founded by wood-engravers, professionals and amateurs, is stated to be "to keep alive the true method of typographic wood-engraving—blank or in color—by assembling at expositions original work, and, by lectures, publications, etc., to again centre public attention on the art of wood-engraving, supplanted at present for many purposes by photo-engraving processes." Each exhibitor is required to agree in writing to send only original engravings on wood in the execution of which there shall have been no use of any photographic process. An interesting exhibition of some sixty of their works was shown in the gallery of the Museum of French Art, French Institute in the United States, in Madison Avenue, New York, in November and December, 1913. There are said to be in France to-day over twenty societies of wood-engravers, professionals and amateurs.

The "original engravers" on wood, sworn against the reproduction of any work but their own, found their inspiration, they assert, in "the wood-engraving of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, in the methods used by the Japanese for nearly three centuries." In the study of the prints of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries one of the leaders of these moderns, Pierre-Eugène Vibert, discovered "*la vraie tradition*" of the art: "A large and free distribution of the blacks and the whites, a harmony of tones and plans in the *camaïeux*, lines nervously



expressive, and that striking and indelible aspect which is the peculiar appanage of typography." By *cameaux* is probably meant that quality of low relief seen in early engraving, when tonal refinements for the purpose of rendering atmospheric depth were not sought, the aim being toward the decorative feeling of simple planes, with but little modelling. The French commonly use the term *en cameaux* to designate engravings in chiaro-oscuro, such as those made in two blocks, the one on which the high lights are engraved and the other superimposed for the shadows. This simple process has been used with much success by some of the American engravers. The range of the new art is, in fact, very wide, a great variety of technical processes, of tools and materials, is allowed, and the most varying artistic temperaments may find means of expression. The engravings vary from the strictly linear on a white ground, or with the addition of bold patches of a single tint or color variously applied, to the fullest exercise of the color sense, or to the utmost delicacy of engraving in black tint only, where the individual line disappears in favor of the tone. This latter method, that of the much-scorned "reproductive" engraving, is not viewed with favor by many of the more advanced practitioners of the art.

In the use of color great latitude is allowed, and a few of these painter-engravers are painters of excellent quality and secure results with their color blocks that are of singular richness and beauty. In the exercise of the simplest methods—a strict reduction of the design to its main structural forms in black and white; in the dipping into luxury and alien fields by borrowing from the palette a single color, made into two or more by applying it either solid or broken into tints; in the gradual yielding to temptation and more painter-like processes; in the austere, artistic, etcher-like determination to render *everything* with the bitten or engraved black line—in all these, and in all the shadings from one of these to another, are hidden untold wealths of expression.

In some of these artists the Japanese influences, especially in the chromo-xylograph, are strongly evident, tempered more or less by individual and Western qualities. In the choice of materials individual tastes as-

sert themselves: some cut the block with a pen-knife; the finer wood-engraving, for books, has been executed almost since the beginning on boxwood, because of the exceeding fineness of its grain; the coarser work, as for "posters," was usually cut on large pine or soft basswood blocks, free from knots; the contemporary engravers, in black and in colors, use box, cherry, pear, maple, sometimes sycamore; Mr. William Giles, one of the most successful of the English painter-engravers, prefers the wood of the Kauri pine from New Zealand. He also uses cameo zinc plates. The general testimony indorses Japanese paper to take the impressions in the finer work, as its long fibre enables it to withstand the vigorous rubbing to which it is subjected. Mr. Charles H. Mackie prefers oak for his blocks, and he mixes his color with an infinitesimal quantity of oil; he has discarded entirely the black key-block and relies for his effects on color shapes carefully juxtaposed. The color-printing is carried as far as thirty impressions or more, though these may be obtained from a very much smaller number of blocks. Very beautiful results in color and tone may be obtained by this more painter-like process, the completed proof presenting effects not unlike those accomplished by a very skilful use of water-color washes. The grain and quality of the wood from which it is printed give a peculiar texture and depth unlike that of the water-color, and in pure lightness and transparency of sky it is probable that the latter will excel.

Henri Rivière's generally larger pictures, in flat and slightly broken colors, with a free use of heavy but somewhat broken outlines in black or brown, present very decorative patterns and can suggest atmosphere and even aerial perspective by these simple means. His colored wood-engravings seen in connection with his water-color paintings enable the spectator to realize "his power of abstracting from either medium only that which is part of itself and which is closely allied to his interpretation of his subject." For the monochrome prints Lepère and others sometimes print their design, executed in black lines with a free use of solid blacks, on a flat light-gray tint which serves to complete the picture and give a decorative effect. Emile A. Verpillieux, as we learn from a recent magazine article,

works on the ordinary surface of the block and not on that specially prepared by cutting against the grain. His paper is ordinary thick, absorbent paper; he uses printing-inks exclusively, and at most six or seven different blocks. With a somewhat summary, but sufficient, modelling he contrives to present very important features of his composition, as an entire building, in gradations of one or two flat tones of color. Sometimes this color-construction takes the form of a very intricate pattern, as the iron framework of a railway station. With this he combines, in the immediate foreground, trees, lamp-posts, little figures, carriages, etc., in almost or quite black silhouettes, much like the *Ombres Chinoises* of the regretted *Chat Noir* of Paris.

Of the American engravers, one of those who may be taken as a representative of the successful abstinence from color is William G. Watt, who makes use of every variety of line. Sometimes they are the finest, so that his proof is as soft and atmospheric as a wash drawing, as in his reproduction of his own painting, "The Pool"; and sometimes they reproduce boldly the slashing strokes of the crayon drawing—keeping them not too hard. He has an excellent feeling for the suggestion of color by tone; and not infrequently his line suddenly grows adventurous, as in windy skies, flying in every direction. This sudden contrast with the more conservative, strictly constructive, lines of his architecture and ground, as in his "Carcassonne," suggests much of that vividness and lack of solidity which the sky is apt to present in nature. An effective contrast is secured in some cases by different methods, as in a finished and smooth rendering for faces and hands and a much bolder one for contiguous portions, and he even uses in the same group both hard outlines and the softest blendings of the figure into the background. In his occasional use of color there is generally a discriminating economy, as in a little Japanese winter

scene where the blue added is broken and softened in the sky and the snow shadows and solid in the small figures, the pool in the foreground, and the darks of the houses.

One of the closest followers of the Japanese is Miss Helen Hyde, who has lived in the island empire and generally renders Japanese subjects, both in colored wood-blocks and in etchings. Rudolph Ruzicka has endeavored in an ingenious series of experiments in black-and-white and in color to preserve certain fine relations between the initial design, which is of first importance, the block, and the press—this including considerations of paper, ink, etc. The quality of the paper on which his block is to be printed is nearly always in the engraver's mind; a more satisfactory and artistic effect can be obtained on hand-made paper than on the glazed—the quality of the former giving a slight effect of texture, or of atmosphere, on the broken surface, and of embossing in the printing. Howard McCormick, on the contrary, is content to leave the printing of his blocks to the professionals, reserving himself for the more purely artistic problems; he believes in preserving the character of the wood-engraving as such, respecting his material, not sacrificing the quality of the wood in an attempt to reproduce closely the medium used in the design, etc.; usually he works with regard to the white line, but does not follow Linton implicitly. His proofs are generally low in tone, without vivid contrasts of light and shade, somewhat summary in modelling, and with great freedom and variety and frequently fineness of line. In the use of colors, as with three, which give in the printing seven, he thinks the best results can be obtained by having them all practically of the same tone, which insures a good general tone for the completed proof; generally the successive printing of all three will give a better black than the usual black printers' ink.

WILLIAM WALTON.







THE GLADE.  
BY WALTER LAUNT PALMER.

—See "Field of Art," page 403.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" FILMS AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE  
ESPECIALLY FOR SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



IN my sophomore year my first sea voyage, by rare good fortune, led me to Santiago de Cuba, of all the cities of the Pearl of the Antilles the oldest, and to me the most beautiful. During the war with Spain, owing to San Juan Hill, to Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and to the fact that at her harbor mouth our admirals sank the Spanish ships, Santiago became famous. But when I first visited that city her history was only of buccaneers and pirates, and except in the secret hopes of the Cuban patriots she was in everything—in tradition, customs, costumes, architecture—wholly Spanish. Within her walls the few Americans were Reimer, the American consul, and the mining-engineers of the Juragua Iron Company, and it was on one of the ore boats of that company I took my first voyage south. The late William Wharton Thurston was then president of the company. It was he who in Madrid had obtained from the Queen the concession to carry north the mountain of ore that ten miles from Santiago rose from the sea at Siboney. It was his bribes of diamond rings, his banquets—for one of which, in a steamer especially chartered, he imported a cargo of flowers—his tact, and his manner of the great gentleman that won for the company the good will of the Spanish officials. It was he who obtained the loan of regiments of Spanish soldiers to work the ore.

For the American company those were the unhappy days. It was the pioneer

period. Not only had the engineers to make the dirt fly and clear the jungle, to build bridges, barracks, hospitals, a railroad, and an ore pier, but with diplomacy to overcome the prejudices and indolence of a people who, since Velázquez led them to Santiago, had never changed. At the mines, from these same engineers, young and eager, and at La Cruz in the Casa el Presidente, perched among royal palms above the harbor of Santiago, from Thurston, I heard hourly the story of the American company, of its fight against the mountains, against the indifferent and hostile Spaniard. Ten years later, to that story I added a love story, placed the mines in an imaginary republic in South America, and succeeded in getting the story, which was called "Soldiers of Fortune," published in this magazine. Later it appeared in book form. Still later the dean of the American dramatists, Augustus Thomas, turned the novel into a four-act melodrama which ran successfully for two years and in stock is still running.

And ten years after that, hand in hand, Mr. Thomas and I sailed to Santiago, again to tell the same story; this time in a succession of moving pictures.

I am assured by the All-Star Feature Corporation, who organized this expedition, that it was one of the most ambitious and best-equipped that as yet, for the single purpose of telling a story on a film, have sailed from the United States. Already the rights to the reels we shipped north have been sold to moving-picture palaces from St. Petersburg to Rio Janeiro

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and to all of our United States, where each day three million people patronize the movies. Some of these three million may find in the way the pictures are produced some of the same interest they take

all haciendas, trails, forts, mines, jungles, palm groves, water-fronts, and harbors within a ten-mile radius of the city. The rest of Mr. Pratt's time was his own.

When one cold morning late last fall our company sailed out of New York harbor, it consisted of three actresses, sixteen actors, two camera men, a business manager, a stage-director, our star, Mr. Dustin Farnum, and Mr. Augustus Thomas (who, besides being the director-general of the All-Star Corporation, was also the author of the scenario), and two miles of film. In my ignorance, for such an undertaking our expedition seemed inadequate. I did not then know that to the moving-picture people all the world's a stage, and men and women merely actors. I did not then know that through the energy of Mr. Pratt, and the subtle and diplomatic urgings of the director-general, volunteer actors by the hundreds would flock to our standard, that to assist us recruits would enlist from the sidewalks, from mountain passes, from the decks of ships, from the most conservative of clubs and drawing-rooms. I did not then know that to many people, of all con-



From a Royal Mail steamer Dustin Farnum starts on a journey that covers two miles of film. Captain Barrett, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Davis bid him good-by.

in the pictures. It is in that hope that this is written.

A month before our expedition set sail Mr. John H. Pratt had preceded us to make the ways straight. It was his duty to secure for our enterprise the good will of the people of Santiago, to obtain the co-operation of the military, the civil authorities, the Juragua Iron Company, the Spanish-American Iron Company, the police, the customs officials; to reserve board and lodging for the twenty members of our company; to engage interpreters, carriages, ponies, launches, and special trains; and in order to pick out "locations," as are called the scenes and backgrounds of a moving-picture play, to visit

conditions, to appear upon a film, to see themselves as they are seen by others, and to have their friends see them, is a temptation and an adventure. I had not calculated on a human weakness, on the vanity that even in the heart of the Congo leads a naked "wood boy" to push in front of your camera. That he will never see the photograph into which he has projected himself does not deter him. He desires only that his features, which he admires, may be perpetuated, that they may attain immortality, even the brief immortality of a strip of celluloid. But, whatever the motive, the fact remains that before we left Cuba, by the addition of "extra people," a few working for pay, the great ma-





The canvas on the ground reflects the light in the face of the actor. The numerals held in front of the camera give the number of the scene about to be photographed.

jority out of courtesy, our cast of characters had grown from twenty to two thousand. Of these were the soldiers of the garrison at Santiago, troops of the Guardia Rurales, or mounted constabulary, members of the most distinguished of the Cuban families, all the Spanish workmen on the pay-roll of the Juragua Iron Company, with its rolling-stock and good-will thrown in, the Santiago police, the American navy, and hundreds of kindly strangers who for one brief moment passed before our camera and out of our lives.

The scenario prepared by Mr. Thomas consisted of two hundred and thirty-three scenes and "inserts." In

pantomime these scenes tell the plot of the play. Later, when they are thrown upon the screen, they will cover ten thousand

feet of film, and in passing a given point consume two hours. Where pantomime fails to make clear the plot an "insert" is used. An insert may be the facsimile of a letter, telegram, or any written order; or it may be a line of explanation, such as: "The President grants the American engineer a concession to work the iron ore." Or, it may be a bit of dialogue, or an exclamation which will make clear to the audience what the actor is saying or thinking, as, "I wonder if I would like to be dictator of Olancho?"



"Why didn't you bring your own clothes?"



As Mr. Thomas arranged his scenario, the business of each scene and the wording of each insert were typewritten on a separate page of cardboard. There were duplicate sets of these cardboards bound in flexible-leather covers by adjustable steel springs, one set belonging to Mr. Thomas, and the other to his assistant

would read; "President Alvarez in number six, his wife in number five." It sounded as though he were condemning them to separate cells. But by his system Thomas saved endless confusion. As soon as he had decided what "location" he would use, it was necessary only to turn to the page that called for that location



An impromptu dressing-room. Mr. Farnum, Miss Brownell, Miss L'Uttrell.

and stage-director, Mr. William Haddock. Each page was as neatly ruled and as methodically planned as ship's log. Each gave the number of the scene and act, and the "business" of that scene; and blank spaces were left for recording the time of day and the kind of sunlight by which that scene was photographed. In double columns were the names of the characters to appear in the scene and the costumes each was to wear. The costumes were described by numerals. The garments a man wore in the mines would be numbered "1," his evening clothes "2," and if to his evening clothes a belt and revolver were added, that was counted as a new costume and described by a new number. At first it was confusing.

"Clay in number four," Mr. Thomas

and at a glance he knew what actors were needed, in what clothes they were to appear, and what part of the story they must carry forward.

In preparing a film play the scenes are not produced in the order in which later they appear upon the screen. Which scene will be photographed depends upon the location most available. For example, we were at sea and the scenario called for scenes on shipboard. Accordingly, for his stage-setting Thomas borrowed the decks of the Royal Mail boat on which we happened to be passengers, and for his backdrop the Atlantic Ocean. One scene was on board a tramp steamer, the other on a passenger ship. So, for our tramp we showed only the bow of the steamship *Danube*, reserving her boat-deck for the



liner; and as in each scene we needed a ship's captain, and the same captain could not appear on both vessels, to the command of the tramp we promoted the ship's doctor.

Captain Barrett, much to the horror of his junior officers, all of whom hold master's tickets and write after their names

him and the hungry waves. On his safe return to the ship he said he now understood why, when in times of disaster boats are lowered, the men hold back and cry: "Women and children first!"

We left the *Danube* at Antilla and the same afternoon arrived in Santiago, where, at the Hotel Venus, on the Plaza de Ces-



A "location" in the cocoanut grove at El Guao.

R.N.R., appeared as himself. He made a perfectly good captain, but his actions on the film are most misleading. In real life he does not beam upon passengers who try to run his ship. In real life to mount to his bridge, as did Mr. Farnum, and demand instantly to be placed ashore would lead only to one's being placed in irons. But before the camera Captain Barrett could not resist the impetuous gestures of our star, and for him manned a life-boat and set him ashore. At least, the chief officer lowered him as near to the water as was necessary to escape the eye of the camera. There was a heavy sea running, and Farnum, clinging to the life-line, and trying to look as though he liked it, twice was swung, bumping and pitching, over the side, with a fifty-foot drop between

pedes, Pratt had established our headquarters. That evening, as on every succeeding evening, in the Café de Venus, within a few yards of the military band and the pleasure-seekers circling in the plaza to inspire or distract us, we mapped out the work for the day to come. Pratt had selected many locations, and as Santiago is one of my "home" towns, I was able to suggest others; so before he turned in that first evening the director-general had arranged his programme, and hung up a "call" for 6.30. For the legitimate actors making their first appearance in the "movies," and who regard an 11-o'clock call as an insult, it was in every sense a terrible awakening.

"It can't be done!" protested Mr. Conkling, our villain. "You can't take



photographs without the sun, and the sun doesn't get up that early."

We began work at the wharves. Far-num was shown mounting the gangway of one ship, and "Ted" Langham descending another. To my surprise I found

the afternoon to the shack of the American engineers, known in the play as Clay, McWilliams, and Ted. At this location nearly all the characters appeared, and on our departure from the Venus we moved in a long line of open carriages, surrounded



Hope and McWilliams hold up the traffic on the tracks of the Juragua iron mines.

that neither then nor at any other time did any one object to our making use of his ship, his house, or himself. Instead, every one stopped work, or, if for local color we asked it, continued about his business. Thomas even pressed into our service a boat-load of Hamburg-American tourists.

"When you return to Boston," the director-general insidiously suggested, "would you not like your friends to see you walking about in Cuba?" They decided they would, and devoted their shore leave in Santiago to acting as supers.

From the wharves the scene shifted in

by a clattering escort of ponies and a rear-guard of commissariat wagons filled with interpreters and lunch-baskets.

The shack chosen for the engineers stands in the grounds of El Guao, formerly the country place of the British consul Mr. Ramsden, and later during the American occupation the official residence of Major-General Leonard Wood. For three days we worked there, and the contrast between our rehearsals and those of a play in a Broadway theatre were extreme. El Guao was no gloomy stage with a single gas-jet by which a hungry, sleepy, and thoroughly bored company



pretended to read their parts, or with avidity study the *Morning Telegraph*. Instead we rehearsed among the rustling fronds of cocoanut-palms, under the bluest of skies, and in the most brilliant sunshine. Those who were not in the scene sat in the high grass where the shade fell, or lay in wait for the small boys who had climbed aloft after coconuts, and of the fruits of their efforts robbed them. Nor, if one wanted to smoke, was there a house-manager or a fire commissioner's placard to prevent, and the Cuban cigars were real Cuban cigars, less sixty per cent duty. And when the noon hour came we did not race to a quick-lunch counter, but fared luxuriously on oranges, mangoes, alligator pears, and on pineapples that, at a touch of the fork, melted into delicious morsels. It was the difference between a meal at a railroad counter and a picnic in the Bois.

One must not suggest that in any other sense it was a picnic. Work began at 6.30, continued even though the thermometer was at 110°, and ended only when the light failed. No one ever was idle, nor, again in contrast to the theatre, did any one suggest he was not a stage-hand but an artist. The director-general himself destroyed that illusion. He set the example of ubiquitous energy. Although in supreme authority, he was not one to say go and come. He went and came himself. He built scenery, assembled machine guns, nailed rifles in piano-cases, held an umbrella over the camera man, policed the side lines, found a place of honor for the alcalde, and in his idle moments drilled, coached, and rehearsed everything from a troop of cavalry or a

string of flat cars to the lady who had to say, "Stuart, more than life I love you!" before an admiring and envious audience of six hundred Cubans.

Our location on the second day was at the mines of the Juragua Iron Company. Here the American engineers were supposed to show the millionaire owner of the



At the iron mines. Mr. Thomas selects a "location"

mines and his daughters the result of their labors. The iron company carried us to the mines over their own railroad in a special train that had the right of way over all the ore trains, and throughout our visit the company held up everything else that in any way threatened to interfere with the pictures.

On our arrival at the mines the day was declared a national holiday, and everybody quit work.

Of the actor engineers the real engineers



were somewhat critical. They suggested they would like to see the actors do something more strenuous than escort the ladies over the landslides. They made it evident that that part of the work might safely be intrusted to them. So Farnum, stripped to the belt and carrying a transit, laid out a new road-bed, and later drove a steam-drill, and Mr. Stark, who

Williams laughing gayly, it showed on the flat car the others pointing out the wonders of the mines; but it does not show the rest of us on the car that held the camera, imploring McWilliams to keep on the rails, and prepared at an instant's warning to leap into space.

Kirkpatrick, the engineer who was the original of the character of McWilliams,



At La Cruz overlooking the harbor of Santiago. Mr. Thomas directing a love scene.

appeared as McWilliams, ran a locomotive. One of the best pictures we secured was that of Hope Langham and McWilliams in the cab of a locomotive. It pulled a flat car from which the other members of their party were supposed to be inspecting the mines. To that flat car was coupled another on which was the camera. It caught all that went forward in the locomotive and on the first car, as they moved, sometimes through tropical jungle, sometimes between walls of ore as high as a skyscraper, sometimes balanced on the dizzy edge of a precipice. It made a splendid panorama. Against the changing backgrounds it showed Hope and Mc-

died at the mines and was buried there. And when the actor who represented him stopped at the grave, dressed as I always had seen Kirkpatrick, in mining-boots, blue shirt, and sombrero, it gave one a curious thrill. It was more curious on the days following, when our location was at La Cruz, which overlooks the harbor of Santiago. This is the house that was built for the president of the company and which, from the reign of Thurston to that of Charles M. Schwab, has been his official residence. In the novel I call this place the Palms, and it is there that much of the action of the story takes place. Sometimes Thomas followed the





At La Cruz. The younger Langham sister begs to go to a dance.



The Americans distribute the rifles taken from the filibusters.



scenes in his play, sometimes those in the novel. But whenever it was possible he preferred for his backgrounds the exact places the novel described. So I had the curious sensation of seeing characters that had existed only in fiction, but which had been placed in a real setting, now appearing in flesh and blood in that real setting, wearing the uniforms or ball dresses I

bor three miles across and the red roofs of Santiago, and beyond them a great circle of mountains, with shadows in the valleys and white clouds resting on the peaks. And for our immediate needs there were dressing-rooms, shower-baths, wicker chairs, a library of novels, and at disturbingly frequent intervals trays loaded with the insidious Daiquiri cock-



Madame Alvarez and Hope "escape" from the palace.

had described and which Charles Dana Gibson had drawn, walking in the same avenue of palms, making love in the same corner of the veranda, fortifying the same iron gates with real machine guns, issuing the same commands to real American bluejackets. It was as puzzling as one of those moments when you come upon some spot you know you never have visited before but which, you feel, in some other existence, or in a dream, you already have seen.

The manager of the iron company, Mr. D. B. Whitaker, made us welcome at La Cruz, and few rehearsals ever were carried forward under such conditions. We were surrounded by flowering plants and whispering palms; below us stretched the har-

tail. This latter is the creation of the late Jennings S. Cox, for some time manager of the iron mines, and it is as genial and as brimful of brotherly love as was the man who invented it. It consists of Barcardi rum, limes, sugar, and cracked ice; and, so long as it obtained, rehearsals never dragged and conversation never flagged.

Again I fear it reads like a picnic; but the actors did not find it a picnic. For in the "out-of-doors" drama one man in his time plays many parts. In the legitimate drama the hero has only to read lines, and other lines inform the audience that he is brave, that he is daring, that in every out-of-door exercise he excels. For the spectators of the silent film such hearsay evi-





Real soldiers of the Cuban infantry scaling the gates of the palace.

dence is not possible. To them the actor may not explain in pantomime that he can climb a tree. He must climb the tree. They demand to be "shown." Farnum, who was making his *début* in the film drama, illustrated this. When he played Lieutenant Denton in Mr. Thomas's "Arizona," every one in the cast except the villain told the audience that in all the cavalry Denton was the finest officer and most daring rider. All Denton actually did in front of the audience was to comb his hair. But in the "out-of-doors" drama, with all out-of-doors to work in, Thomas did not give Farnum leisure to comb his hair. This time Thomas could

not tell the spectators his hero was a rough rider; but on horseback sent him to jump precipices and scale ravines, and so proved it. It was fortunate for our

star that he enjoyed the strenuous life. We gave him his share. And when we did not invent work he improvised. In one scene he escorted the wife of President Alvarez to the coast, where, under a heavy fire from revolutionists, a shore boat was to row her to a warship. When the picture was being taken, forty feet from shore, the boat, loaded with bluejackets, stuck on a sand-bar. The boat could not come to the lady, the lady could not go to the boat, and imaginary bullets were splashing



A "close up," showing Stuart and Alvarez life size.



around her. What was more important, yards of real film were being wasted. Farnum acted as the hero of a film drama must act. He lifted the lady to his shoulders, and, with the water up to his arm-pits, plunged into the surf and carried her to the boat. It made a far better scene than the one we had rehearsed. But, if our hero had been a small man——?

After each scene in which he appeared Leighton Stark, who is a very large man, and who on and off is possessed with humor, used to mutter grimly: "It's a small part, but a good one!"

One day I asked him the meaning of this cryptic utterance.

"In New York, when Thomas engaged me," he explained, "he said, 'I want you to play McWilliams. It's a small part,

but a good one.' From that I got the idea I would spend most of my time in Cuba sitting around the plaza, instead of which I'm on in every scene of the play. It doesn't matter whether it's a mining-camp, or a ballroom, or a mountain trail, I'm in it. I have to drive engines, couple freight-cars, ride bucking ponies, and wear a dress-suit at six in the morning. Yesterday, with the sun at 105, I had to climb a telegraph pole and cut the wires—and I weigh two hundred and fifty pounds! And to-morrow I've got to wade into the ocean and shove a



The death of Stuart as shown by Charles Dana Gibson in the novel.



The death of Stuart as shown by Mr. Thomas in the play.



boat through the surf, and if I don't drown the sharks will get me. So that's what I mean when I say: 'It's a small part, but a good one.' "

On the other hand, Miss Winifred Kingston, who was Madame Alvarez, the part played in the stage version by Miss Dor-

Miss Kingston really had much more to do than to register fear, and did it well, but it seemed as though, as she said, she always was escaping. One would come across her in lonely mountain trails, in the crowded streets of Santiago, in avenues of arching palms, with the driver of her



The death of Stuart as shown by Mr. Thomas in the movies.

othy Donnelly, complained that all she had to do was to escape in a carriage and "register" fear.

In the moving-picture language to "register" anything means to put it on record on the film. If in one scene an actor wears a certain costume, that costume is registered, and, once registered, in not the slightest detail may it be altered. If a character walks from a garden into a street, even though the two scenes are photographed on days a month apart, in both his clothes obviously must be the same. It is not to be supposed that in passing through a garden gate his tan shoes changed to patent leathers. And in the same vernacular, when a director wants an actor to express an emotion, he tells him to "register" indignation, laughter, remorse.

state carriage always lashing his horses, while she looked back at imaginary pursuers and registered fear. For some time no one but Thomas really knew from just what she was escaping; we were certain only that she was a long time about it. Thomas finally explained she was the wife of the President, and was escaping from the palace, where, had she remained, the disloyal troops would have shot her. A few days later I found her and her state carriage in a dripping jungle, entirely surrounded by mosquitoes and an atmosphere comparable only to that of a steam-laundry. She was in a ball dress, with arms and shoulders bare, and against several thousand mosquitoes was making a hopeless fight.

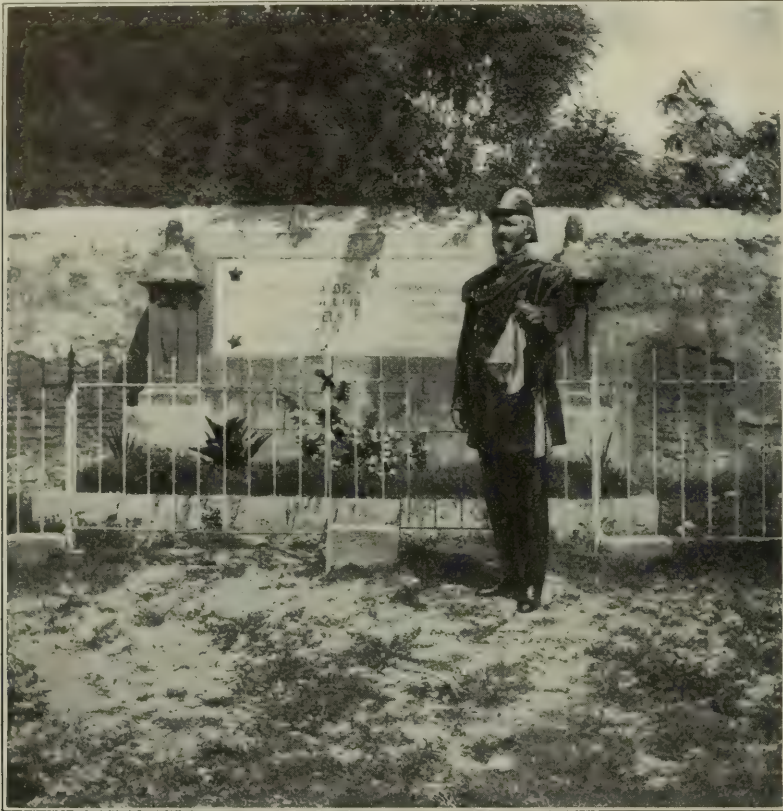
"If I had known," she cried, punctuat-



ing each word with a vicious slap, "that escaping was like this, I'd have stayed in that palace and got shot!"

But the part had its compensations. In her ball gown of blue satin and pearls, with a black-lace mantilla and a towering crown of tortoise-shell, the Cubans and Spaniards easily found her the most interesting member of our company. That, except on match-boxes and bull-fight fans, no such Spanish woman had ever existed,

had impressed me as they have thousands of others; and it was because he possessed these sterling qualities that I supposed he had been engaged. I was wrong. I found that in choosing his star Mr. Thomas had considered only whether he could or could not wear my clothes. Every other leading actor in America had been measured and found wanting. Farnum had survived every test. It was proved that he alone was the man whose



President Alvarez gives the signal for his own execution. This is the actor who "played dead" too realistically.

did not lessen their loyalty. One day she was escaping at one location when she was needed at another, and I rode after her carriage to bring it back. At a cross-road I asked a man if he had seen an American woman pass that way. As though still questioning his eyesight he shook his head.

"No," he said doubtfully; "but the Queen of Spain just went by."

When in New York I learned that Farnum was to be our star I was naturally delighted. As the Cow-boy in the "Virginian," the Union Officer in the "Little Rebel," as the hero of "Arizona," his manliness, his force, his charming good humor and the naturalness of his acting

head my hat would fit, whose legs were at ease in my riding-breeches, whose hands were not lost in my gloves. So, at enormous expense, they engaged him. The plot against my property developed at the first location. The director-general said critically: "That coat is the sort of coat a man would wear in a mining-camp. Lend it to Farnum—just for this picture." The next day they borrowed a sombrero; on succeeding days riding-boots, leather gaiters, gauntlets, coats of khaki, coats of pongee, gray flannel shirts, white flannel trousers, tan shoes, tennis-shoes, my riding-whip, my raincoat, my revolver. And when, to cover my nakedness, I





In the patio of a private house the hostess and her friends watch rehearsals for the movies.

begged that any part of my clothing be returned, I was greeted with exclamations of amazement and reproach.

"Impossible!" they cried. "Everything you own is 'registered'!"

By that time I had learned that to get back anything that has once been registered is as easy as to take the crown jewels from the Tower of London. There was one saving clause. Having been told he was to play a mining-engineer, who spent his time either on a horse or in the mines, Farnum had brought with him perfectly good evening clothes and a high silk hat. So I was still able to go about at night.

Before we arrived in Cuba there was a rumor we were coming to reproduce the battle of San Juan Hill, and that we wished to use the soldiers of the garrison to represent American and Spanish troops. It took some time to make it clear that the soldiers were to represent an army which existed only in a novel, and on the stage. When, thanks to the diplomacy of Mr. Thomas and of our consul, Mr. R. E. Holladay, this was understood, nothing could have been more courteous and

friendly than the attitude of the Cuban Government, as represented by the minister of foreign affairs in Havana, and of Colonel W. I. Consuegra, commanding the garrison of Santiago Province, and of his chief-of-staff Major Cuero. At the disposition of our director-general they placed as many of two thousand infantrymen and of the mounted Guardia Rurales as we needed. They stipulated only that the soldiers should not appear under any other flag than that of Cuba. To meet this very proper condition, Thomas invented a flag of his own, submitted it to Colonel Consuegra, and on its receiving that officer's approval issued it to the troops. And if the Cuban troops fight under their own flag as they fought for us under the green-and-white banner of Olancho, their enemies had best keep away from Cuba. They fought so well that, at what we called the battle of Obras Publica, two were wounded, and at the battle of El Guao three more were sent to the hospital. That the list of casualties was no larger was not due to any caution on the part of the fighting men.

They were told to charge the gates of the Public Works, which for the time being represented the gates of the President's palace. We meant they were to charge the "palace guard" who were holding the gates; to drive them back and then to

selves were excellent actors. They quickly understood, and moved with spirit, and with never a glance at the camera. Only once were they embarrassed. That was when a firing squad that had been told off to shoot John Santoplis as President



To Mr. Thomas and the camera man all the world's a stage, even the deck of a ship.

open up so that the cavalry could pursue. But in an excess of realism the palace guard, before they fled, bolted the gates. We feared our picture was ruined. We did not know the discipline of the Cuban soldiers. They had been told to take those gates—so they took them. Mounting on the shoulders of their comrades, they flung themselves across the sharp iron spikes, and, while some were impaled, others with the butts of their rifles drove the gates open. At that moment the troopers, eager to get into action, charged at a gallop, and rode them down. I thought at least a dozen men had been injured, and the only moving picture I foresaw was an exceedingly moving one of Thomas and myself in the dungeons of Morro Castle. But the more our sham battles approached the real thing the more the soldiers enjoyed them, and, whether led by their own officers or by the actors in our play, they fought, marched, and drilled like veterans. They them-

Alvarez, thought they had killed him. Alvarez was placed with his back to a cemetery wall and, by dropping the handkerchief with which they had tried to bind his eyes, gave the signal for his own execution. As the rifles cracked he crumpled up, pitched forward, and fell face downward. He supposed the camera would show the firing squad reform and march away. So he remained motionless. The firing squad did not march away, but with increasing concern waited for Alvarez to come to life. The prostrate figure did not move, minutes seemed to pass, and to every one came the terrible thought that the men had been served with ball cartridges. And then, to the delight of the firing squad, and in answer to the excited appeals of the Americans, Santoplis rose leisurely and brushed the dust from his trousers.

On another morning a soldier played with such realism that he nearly lost us a valuable actor. The soldier had been rehearsed to shoot George Stilwell, who



played Captain Stuart. He stood within three yards of Stilwell, and Thomas warned him not to aim at the actor but at a pencil-mark which Thomas scratched on the wall. When the moment came the soldier could see in Stuart only the enemy and banged at him point-blank; and all that saved Stilwell was Thomas's flag, which was floating at his side, and which received the wadding and powder. As it was, for some time after he came to life Stilwell insisted that the top of his head was missing. Sometimes an accident gave Thomas a scene he preferred to the one he rehearsed. Sam Coit, as the American consul, had to ride a donkey into the presence of an officer commanding a United States war-ship and demand protection. Frantically working spurs and whip, Sam approached at a gallop. But just as he reached the officer, the donkey in disgust threw out his front legs and sent the American consul hurtling through space. It was a better entrance than the one prepared, and, appreciating this, Coit, while still on his knees, began to beg for a war-ship.

The Hon. Josephus Daniels believes, by methods that are legitimate, in adding, if that be possible, to the popularity of the navy. And it was owing to him and to his generous point of view, and to the fact that with the present administration Mr. Thomas is *persona grata*, that we were permitted to show in our pictures American war-ships and bluejackets. . Indeed, the use we might make of them seemed so unlimited that I wanted to take a moving picture of our sailors marching into the city of Mexico. But on looking through his scenario Thomas said he could find no such incident. Instead, I had the privilege of watching Cuban soldiers and our own bluejackets marching in the same column. They were under the green-and-white flag of Olancho. When last I had seen them together they were allies, and fighting under flags of a very different color.

Should a company of actors of any foreign country come to New York and propose to use Central Park as a battleground, and fire volleys across Madison Square, you can imagine the permits the mayor, the police, the bureau of combustibles, the park commissioner, and the

fire department would require of them. It also followed that when we invaded Santiago we were not at once given a free hand. Our purpose at first was misunderstood, and often in our ignorance we neglected to apply for permits to the proper authorities. Difficulties arose that as strangers we could not foresee, and the first week of our visit was spent in cabling and telegraphing, in visiting high officials, and in obtaining credentials. If during that same week our legation in Havana handled as many international questions as diplomatically as did Augustus Thomas at our end of the island, it should be elevated to an embassy. I admit Mr. Thomas is our leading dramatist, I grant he honors the gold medal of the Institute of Arts and Letters, but I feel that as a playwright his genius is wasted. Any man who, in a foreign country, can command the loyal services of the army of that country, of his own navy, of the department of state as represented by our legation, Consul Holladay and Vice-Consul Morgan, of the street-car lines, the electric-lighting company, the police, and the Roman Catholic Church, should be a general or an ambassador. If any one questions this conclusion, I refer him to the battle of the Plaza Aquilera. On that occasion, under the orders of Mr. Thomas, two thousand soldiers and civilians acted before his camera. The tactics and strategy of the battle itself were worked out by Thomas and the Cuban officers on many maps, and as methodically as for a real attack: street-car lines were tied up, all traffic was halted, and among those present were the highest officials of the church, army, and state and the first families of Santiago, who for days before had reserved windows and balconies; and when the battle finally came off they greeted it as they always did our out-of-door performances, with the most courteous applause.

As a matter of fact, all of our performances were out of doors. This was possible only because the action of the play was laid in Spanish America, where the indoor life of the people is largely spent in the patio, or the court around which the house is built, and which lies open to the sky and sun. Not once were we forced to "build" a scene, or use "studio"



locations. Our interiors were just as solid and real as our palm groves and mountains, and just as beautiful. For when the good people of Santiago understood that we wished to photograph their houses and gardens because we so greatly admired them, with the most charming courtesy they invited us to photograph what we pleased. In twenty years of visits to Santiago it has been my privilege to know some of the Cuban families, and these made us known to others. From one we borrowed a background or a fountain; from another a pair of marble stairs; from the roof of another a view of the harbor. In this way our President's palace spread over half the city. Señor Batelle graciously gave us the use of his patio; Señora Schumann the ornamental entrance gates; Herman Michaelsen, the German consul, the garden; the San Carlos Club loaned us one of the most beautiful ballrooms on this continent—it is entirely of marble; and our rear entrance we stole from the Public Works. The black stallion with his saddle of silver, ridden by our star, was loaned us by Señor Prudencio Bravo, and that was the least of his many courtesies.

When we made use of a private house our host and hostess, as a rule, telephoned their friends, and as a result we rehearsed before a large and interested gallery. One gentleman, who had loaned us his garden, had built a chapel in memory of his father which, on the morning we visited his house, was consecrated with high mass. His return from that ceremony was so abrupt that one of his friends commented upon the fact. Our host shrugged his shoulders.

"Any time I can say my prayers," he explained; "but I seldom can see a man murdered in my own patio."

Under these unusual but charming conditions rehearsals took on a social aspect which was demoralizing; our paid assistants and interpreters were ousted from their jobs by the gilded youth of Santiago's four hundred, and when the young ladies of the company were called to rehearse a ride for life, they were found at afternoon tea.

After one has watched rehearsals under these conditions, the traditions and mysteries that surround those held in the theatre seem rather silly. Have you ever

tried to get word to a man who is directing a rehearsal, or, when you were directing a rehearsal, have you had the members of your family, your best friend, a man who is trying to pay you money, hurled from the stage-door, or permitted to approach you only on his tiptoes?

When the lady who is sweeping out the auditorium lets fall her mop, have not you heard the star and the author and the stage-manager all shriek: "My God! how can we work in all this tumult?" I recalled the holy calm, the awful secrecy, of those rehearsals behind closed doors when I saw Thomas and the company bowing and picking their way among the first families and murmuring, "No se mueva usted," or in the street, dodging trolleys, automobiles, and sun-stroke, while our fifteen policemen struggled with a mob of five or six hundred people.

Amidst all this riot there was one figure that remained calm. Even the imperturbability of our director-general could not surpass his poise. He was the man behind the camera; while actors, interpreters, policemen fretted and perspired, he coldly waited. For, no matter what the others may plot, the only thing that counts is what he registers. And the last word always is his. He is all-powerful. He can "cut out" the love scene of the hero to "cut in" a messenger approaching on horseback, or follow him as he climbs the mountain, or, as he gallops at right angles to the camera, "pan" him. To "pan" is to make of the picture a panorama. Some think nothing is required of the camera man but to turn the handle. Were that so, the ideal camera man would graduate from a street-organ. He must be much more than a motive power. He should have three hands: to keep the film evenly unrolling, to swing the eye of the camera left or right, to elevate or depress it; he must possess a mind that acts faster than can any number of humans and animals, an eye to follow every object in the radius of his finder, the patience of Job, and the nerve of a chilled-steel safe. We had such a one in young Irvin Willat. He better understood the intricate insides of his mysterious box than most men understand the mechanism of a wheelbarrow; he knew which variety of sunlight called for which number of grease paint; he knew



which colors registered white and which black; he knew that the necktie worn by the villain was not the same necktie he had registered three weeks previous, and that the leading lady, since she had last worn them in front of his camera, had dared send her gloves to the cleaner's. Undisturbed he would grind his handle from a moving train, the deck of a pitching ship, while hanging from a tree.

Horses rearing and plunging bore down upon him; men fired point-blank at him; as he stood between the rails a locomotive charged him, but he only smiled happily and continued to grind. From an airship he had photographed Morro Castle and the Caribbean Sea. He saw the world only as food for his camera. Had

his brother Edgar raced in front of it, pursued by a grizzly bear, "brother Irvin," with a steady hand, would have "panned" him.

One day in a cocoanut grove, when we were standing about at lunch-time, brother Irvin turned the camera on us to get a "souvenir" picture. As he did so, a man on horseback suddenly galloped out of the trail and shouted: "You are all under arrest!"

We did not know what new permit we had failed to obtain, and there was an unhappy silence.

It was broken by the voice of Irvin raised in excitement.

"Move in closer, sheriff," he shouted; "I haven't got you!"

## EXPERIENCE

By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



IT is easy enough to lose one's character, but sometimes very hard to get rid of a well-deserved reputation. So Peter Sanders discovered.

He had abdicated his throne as king of American gamblers rather than recognize the suzerainty of district attorneys. He could never have been contented to rule in a small way, or to evade by craft a show of force on the part of powers which had a standing army of police at their command. When diplomacy failed, he had elected, like other wise monarchs of recent days, to live in dignified and opulent retirement. For some years he had enjoyed the immunity from care and the absolute leisure that all ex-kings, who do not plot to regain their thrones, know to the full.

For nearly the same length of time, however, he had found both his retirement and his leisure too absolute. He had chafed at his complete idleness and his complete isolation. Plans cherished in busier days for self-improvement, when he should have time for it, somehow came to nothing; and partly because he was so much thrown back

on his own society. In his enforced wanderings he could read only the books at hand, and he lacked the stimulus of intellectual companionship. With the instincts of many another scholarly gentleman, just passing middle age, for a solitude tempered with the choicest distillation of society, he found himself condemned to associate either with sharpers or with his valet. In a philistine world he seldom came upon a man sufficiently unscrupulous or fearless of evil report to treat him civilly, whose conversation was not extremely dull. He abhorred the fraternity of gamblers now that he had no business with them; and Henry was no adequate substitute for a circle of cultivated men and women.

He had made a few excursions in respectability, but tentative and furtive excursions, which had ended in some sort of disaster or other. A cynicism bred by watching his victims in other years had been intensified by observing the efforts of the righteous to avoid the moral contamination of his presence. Yet he knew by experiment that just so long as his name, and consequently his reputation, were hidden, the



people whom he liked liked him. It had all been very discouraging.

More to pass the time than with any hope of escape from himself, he took passage one April, from New York to Plymouth. He wished to attend a book auction at Sotheby's on the 29th, but he had no plans beyond that. He was drifting; and the currents not infrequently swept him to the other hemisphere. He escaped reporters, when he boarded the *Sardonic*, by the expedient of having entered his name on the passenger list as P. Smith, Esq. Monarchs are objects of public interest even in exile, and must travel either much heralded or incognito. Mr. Sanders's quiet taste preferred the latter course. Aboard ship he avoided publicity by keeping to his very comfortable state-room on the promenade deck and well forward, or to his chair in a sheltered spot close by, where Henry could unobtrusively make him quite unrecognizable with two rugs and a woollen cap.

During the first two days at sea, however, Mr. Sanders did not need to avoid inquisitive fellow passengers by studied seclusion, for he was a bad sailor. When he ventured on deck, the third morning, he was still too miserable to care whether he was recognized or not. Revived by the sun-filled atmosphere and accustomed at length to the steady lope of the racing steamer, he began by afternoon to watch with some interest the procession of promenaders. From his covert of rugs he could review the endless chain of chattering persons which wound by as if impelled by the throbbing engines. Mr. Sanders was still bilious and a little inclined to resent the superabundant health that was evident in the free gait of the carefully veiled women and in the reddening cheeks of the men. He wondered how they had the heart to ignore so completely the rise and fall of the deck; he himself felt so unnerved and miserable that their vigor seemed to him mere bravado.

Yet he liked to watch them, after all. He felt a queer happiness in being so near to them, even though he was doing his best to evade recognition. He found, as always was the case on shipboard, an odd pleasure in making part of a company which during several days must suffer perforce the same fate as he. They were the comrades of Peter Sanders, though the majority of them

would have done anything in their power to escape the possibility of such an infamy. That he knew, and he hated the thought of it. He wished to be upright; and he felt himself to be in all essentials the equal in virtue of these people of good repute who had their friends and their expectations of friends, their freedom to come and go without restriction in the circles of which they made a part. He was frankly envious, both of their animated health and of their companionships, though the cynicism of experience made him sure that most of them had guilty secrets of their own.

One young woman he observed with especial interest. For an hour or more she passed and repassed his chair at regular intervals. She did not bounce along, like so many of the women; she was quietly dressed, slender and dark; she was a welcome relief to a critical eye that disapproved of all Jews and of most representatives of other races. She seemed to be more than twenty, though the upper limit of her possible age he could not guess. Perhaps she was twenty-five.

There would be no excuse, Mr. Sanders felt, for venting his misanthropic scorn upon this girl. He could not imagine her to be the guardian of any family skeleton or the prey of any improper desires. He would like to talk with her if he were well enough to talk. He wondered who she was and where she came from. Every time she cut the lines of the railing in front of his chair he opened his pursy eyes a little, though he lay quiet all the while with the deathlike stillness of the seasick. She had for him the charm of real refinement and utter respectability. With her rapid, even step, her eager face bent seaward half the time as if she were some wild thing with kinship to the deep, she seemed to Peter Sanders the embodiment of romance and youth.

The afternoon was waning, and the chill of the north Atlantic began to penetrate his covers. He suspected that they were going to run into fog. "The damned siren will keep me awake all night," he reflected. He grunted two or three times to mark his emergence from his day-dreams. "Sanders, you're a fool!" he said to himself. "That girl wouldn't talk to you if we were shipwrecked on a desert island; and you know it." He welcomed the coming of his valet.



"Shall I help you in, sir?" asked Henry. "The first gong has rung."

Reclining in his luxurious state-room, Mr. Sanders ate his dinner of recovery. After many hours of sleep, he woke the next morning quite rehabilitated and able to enjoy the clean sunlight of mid-ocean. He took an early breakfast in his own room, for he had no mind to expose himself to the people and the stuffiness below, or to the service of any one less skilful than Henry. He liked his breakfast, and afterward, while the deck was still comparatively deserted, he took a walk. It was about the middle of the morning when Henry brought him, with a cup of bouillon specially prepared, his opera-glasses.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sanders," said the man, "but there's a rather large steamer approaching off the starboard bow. I thought it might amuse you to look at her as she passes, sir."

"Thanks, Henry," replied Mr. Sanders, sipping the bouillon. "It will be highly exciting. Perhaps you think that I'd better try a game of shuffle-board, too, or turn a few handsprings, to avoid *ennui*."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Henry, in a tone from which even his faultless breeding was unable to keep a trace of injured feeling, "but I thought as you'd been in bed so long, sir——"

"You are quite right. As you imply, I'm a beast. As a matter of fact, I shall be glad to look at the steamer. Only you're never ill, so you can't appreciate the difficulty of being both seasick and polite. You may take the cup now."

Assisted by Henry, who forthwith disappeared, Mr. Sanders rose. Mechanically, he adjusted the glasses and, steadying himself by the rail, gazed at a small passenger-steamer which trailed a line of dirty smoke not far off to starboard. He was profoundly uninterested, but felt that courtesy to his valet demanded a show of concern. One did not have so excellent a servant with impunity.

He had just decided that it made no difference to what blanked line the steamer belonged—it looked even more disgusting than the *Sardonic*—when he was startled by a rather sharp voice, which evidently was addressing him. "I beg your pardon. Can you tell me what she is?"

He turned, and recognized with amaze-

ment the girl he had watched the previous afternoon. She stood, quite unabashed, awaiting his answer. He, on the other hand, was unable to conceal his embarrassment, and both blushed and stammered.

"I—I'm very sorry—not to be able to tell you. W—would you look? My eyes are not what they were."

She accepted the glasses readily with an interjected word of thanks. While she stood gazing at the boat, which was now directly amidships, she gave him an excellent opportunity to observe her. He liked her even better at close range and motionless than he had the day before. He didn't see how her appearance could have been altered for the better. She was trim and admirably clothed; she carried herself well; her small features were cut for beauty no less than for intelligence. He liked the upward flash of her dark eyes as she returned the glasses.

"I can't make it out either. The funnels are red and black, but she's not a Cunarder."

"Perhaps I could find one of the officers," suggested Mr. Sanders tentatively. He had recovered his self-possession and with it his ordinary courteous suavity of manner.

"It doesn't matter, really—it was the idlest impulse that made me ask you. Please don't bother. I had no right to trouble you with my question, and it isn't precisely good manners to be talking with you, of course."

"It is a great pleasure to me, I assure you," said Mr. Sanders, with reassuring gravity. "I was feeling rather lonely."

"Then you have no friends aboard?" The young lady made her speech half comment and half question. "That must be rather stupid. I'm not overwhelmed with acquaintances myself. I know two old ladies and the elderly banker who sits next me at table, but I'm with my aunt."

"You are more fortunate than I," he answered. "I suppose you're never lonely."

She laughed. "Ought I to be? You see how easily I scrape acquaintance when I wish. But, ordinarily, I assure you, I'm much more conventional than this."

"I am the more honored by the exception," said Mr. Sanders with a bow. "But isn't it perhaps dangerous to make exceptions, particularly on an Atlantic liner?"

You see, I'm an old fellow and don't precisely know the limits of convention nowadays."

"I deserve the reproof," she answered, smiling at him frankly, "but I think you're paying me an undeserved compliment in supposing that I need to be chaperoned every minute. One doesn't go through college quite for nothing; one gains, at least, the confident belief of the world in one's ability to look out for oneself."

"But you're not—" Mr. Sanders did not conceal his genuine surprise. "I've never had the pleasure before of talking with so learned a lady, at least not to my certain knowledge. I'm not even a college graduate myself, but that was a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"In the arrangements of nature. I ought to have gone to college. I should have had a more interesting life."

"But you must have done interesting things. That's a *perfectly* conventional thing to say"—she spoke protestingly—"only I mean it."

"Oh, business is, I suppose, always business," answered Mr. Sanders, with a curious shrug of his fat shoulders.

"But big deals and that sort of thing? You've surely made them, or—or you wouldn't be travelling with a man servant. I saw him leave you just now." She ended with a laugh and, crossing her arms on the railing, looked up at him little-girl-fashion.

"Yes," he admitted doubtfully, "I've been in some deals; I've managed some pretty big ones. But they don't interest me. I'd rather have your knowledge than my experience."

"How absurd!" she exclaimed. "Have you still to discover that experience, not knowledge, is what one goes to college for nowadays?"

He gasped a little. "Not to get learning? Boys and girls both? What kind of experience?"

"Oh, of life!" She made merry over his evident bewilderment. "They don't know anything about life, and most of their professors don't either, so they all learn from one another. It's extraordinarily simple. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Mr. Sanders, "that you are making fun of me, which is very wrong of you. Please remember that I'm an old man who hasn't been to college and so

hasn't any experience of life. And don't forget that I've never talked with a lady who had a college education before I met you."

"But you haven't met me!" she responded, a little uneasily. "I don't know why I should go on talking with you like this—except that I like it. Seriously, you must have had a great deal of experience with people."

"With some kinds. But mostly with men." He had somehow the feeling that he was being pushed by her innocence, that he was on the verge of damaging revelations. What would the aunt say if she knew that her niece had fallen into conversation with the notorious Peter Sanders? Despite his rebellion against the code that made him an outcast, he couldn't help feeling responsible for the reputation of this young creature who was so carelessly talking with him. He wondered, with bitter irony, why the officers didn't post a warning against gamblers in the ladies' cabin as well as in the smoking-room. He caught only the end of the girl's next remark.

"—so much better worth while. Men who can talk at all always have something to say."

"I'm afraid you flatter us," he answered. "At least, most men can't talk at all, and most women can talk always. Do you happen to remember Juvenal's wicked description?"

"*"Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetores, omnis  
Turba tacet . . . verborum tanta cadit vis."*

"I'm afraid that I don't," said the girl, opening her eyes very wide. "I don't even know what it means, but perhaps that's an advantage."

"It means," returned Mr. Sanders, with a grave face, "that whatever woman says is right to the mind of any gentleman. That is why it is wicked."

"I don't believe I do understand," she said, looking very much puzzled. "Like all my kind, I suppose I still have the superstition of academic training. We are surprised when we hear a gentleman quote Latin, particularly if he says that he never took a college degree."

"On your own showing? You see, I didn't go to college, so I may be permitted to know something—a very little—about books. I've had time."



"But you said you were in business."

"I was, but I'm very idle now. I cumber the ground and sometimes read. By the way, you can't have been through college long." He felt that he was very bold, but he had the excuse of her questions to him.

"Oh, almost a year," she answered. "I got my degree last June."

"Not so long as I've been through with business. I've had more time than you to grow wise, only I don't know how very well. There ought to be a new kind of college for old men with nothing to do but improve their minds."

"What an amusing idea!" commented the young lady. "What would they teach?"

"Lessons in the conduct and associations of life, I suppose. I've just thought of the plan. Nobody admitted under fifty-five. From what you tell me, I judge that a course in human experience would be the best incentive to the study of books. The lecturers would be recent graduates of colleges, particularly of women's colleges, which would be very pleasant indeed for the old gentlemen who attended. Don't you think it a good idea?"

"I think you're making fun of *me* now," answered the young lady, "but I'm not sure but what I like it. One doesn't often have such a conversation as this." She bent forward and looked over the rail at the bubbling water as she made the avowal, turning her head quite away from her companion.

He laughed. "One would suppose you had led a very arid and unadventurous life," he said, "whereas I'm sure you can't have got beyond chaperons without needing them."

"Life is very dull," she countered with the easy cynicism of the very young, but she blushed vividly.

"I usually find it so, but not this morning," said Mr. Sanders. "You are very exciting—to a recluse anyway."

"A recluse?" She was clever about leading the conversation away from herself.

"Every person in retirement is a recluse. A hermit doesn't need to have any of the virtues, you know, except the ability to hold his tongue. I'm not a very good hermit, I admit, but ordinarily I talk to no one except Henry—my man, I mean."

"And you find me more exciting than Henry? Is that a compliment too?" She

laughed in turn, having recovered her self-possession.

"That's the kind of compliment that recluses pay, yes. They're not clever people, or they wouldn't be hermits." He beamed, for he felt that he was acquitting himself very well.

She beamed also. "I stick to it that you're extraordinarily interesting to talk with. I'm going to do it some more if you'll let me. I must go back to my aunt now, or she'll think I've fallen overboard. I'm going to be unconventional again—I warn you, you see. My name is Paula Smith." She held out her hand. "What is yours?"

It was one of the few occasions in his life when Peter Sanders lost his wits. Miss Smith's appalling frankness broke down his guard. Unhesitatingly, unthinkingly, quite as though he had no scandalous past, he took her hand and answered: "I'm very glad to have met you now." And he added the fatal name, Sanders.

He was panic-stricken at once. Where would she run to cover? Would she go trembling to her aunt or to the captain? She would certainly turn in flight from the horror of the revelation. So self-conscious was he about his reputation that he could not immediately grasp the meaning of her reaction. He had not believed such innocence possible. She tightened her grasp of his hand momentarily and said, as she withdrew it: "It has been such a nice morning, Mr. Sanders! I'll see you again soon. Good-by."

With a gay nod, she disappeared into a doorway down the deck, leaving Mr. Sanders much shaken and utterly at a loss to explain the encounter.

"What in h—heaven's name does it mean?" he murmured.

He was surprised, on entering his state-room, to find Henry making ready to receive the luncheon-tray. He could scarcely believe that the morning had so far gone, but he had enjoyed himself. The pity was that the experience couldn't be repeated. Now that he had revealed his name, she would soon find out (and the whole shipload, as well) who he was. The wonder was that she had not taken in the full enormity of the situation at once. He should see her again only at a distance. It was a pity, though he realized that he had no reason to expect anything else.



He was quite as much mystified by the young lady's conduct, moreover, as he was disgusted by his own awkwardness. He was not so witless as not to see that her first question about the steamer had been merely an excuse for addressing him, but he was very far from fathoming why she wished the excuse. Though his experience of women was the slightest, he was not so fatuous as to suppose himself in any way attractive to the boldest young person. He was almost an old man, he recognized, and he was approaching both obesity and baldness. Besides, he could not fail to see that his young lady was, in every particular, a "nice" girl. Irreproachable as his own conduct toward the other sex had been throughout a sensational career, he had known for thirty-five years the ear-marks of feminine impropriety. He was an elderly Galahad who could not be deceived by the most perfect counterfeit of virtue. He would take a thousand to one on this girl's being what she seemed; and she seemed to him a charming young lady, as interesting as she was pretty. In only one particular could he wish her different: her voice was unmodulated and, to his critical ear, rather shrill. That was part of her Americanism, he supposed. He had heard the kind of voice he liked in woman—he quoted Lear's phrase to himself—even though he had seldom talked with any one who used it. Otherwise she was perfect, a joy to all the senses and to the most delicate standards of taste.

What puzzled Peter Sanders was the difficulty, when you considered her admirable qualities, of finding any reasonable explanation for his conversation with her. Obviously, she hadn't known who he was, else she would never have addressed him; just as clearly, she was not the kind to address a stranger without excuse. She had not been interested in the steamer, and she couldn't have felt any interest in him. Between the two horns of this dilemma he was tossed uneasily all day long. He pondered the chances and spent himself in trying to work out a solution, just as many of his victims had in other days vainly attempted to find a "system" that should impoverish him. The odds were all against him now; he realized that he did not understand the workings of the game. At last he gave up the problem altogether, concluding that an

inscrutable Providence had given him an opportunity for which he should be thankful. He had talked on equal terms for once with a kind of human being such as before he had never known.

He did not see Miss Smith again that day, even at a distance. If she walked, she walked on the other side of the ship. When Henry, after dinner, asked his master if he would go out again to see the moonlight on the water, he was astounded at the reply, which accompanied a whimsically melancholy shake of the head.

"No, Henry, it's no use, I fear. It has been the dark of the moon for me since mid-day."

"I beg pardon, sir?" said Henry.

"The disappearance of Diana," explained Mr. Sanders. "But you won't understand, I fear, since you've never taken the trouble to get up your mythological astronomy."

"Very good, sir," Henry answered with equal gravity, for there were things that he never tried to understand. "Then I think perhaps you'd better be got to bed, sir."

The following morning Mr. Sanders sat reading, yet not greatly absorbed, when he saw his Diana wandering aimlessly along the deck. To his astonishment she nodded to him in the friendliest fashion as she approached. Some feeble aftermath of youthful pride made him dislike to get out of his chair in her immediate presence. He struggled wildly to release himself from his covers. It was not easy for a person so rotund as he to rise gracefully from a steamer chair. With all his efforts he was in the act of it, a struggling mass of rugs and flesh, when she came opposite. She could not fail to notice the spectacle; but she showed her good breeding by ignoring it, and greeted him demurely.

"Do you feel like taking a turn, Mr. Sanders?" she inquired. "If you do, won't you join me?"

"If I may?" he answered, and took his place at her side, greatly wondering at his good luck and a little doubting the propriety of his conduct. It was awkward. He certainly didn't wish to make the girl conspicuous by exhibiting himself in company with her; but he couldn't in decency decline her invitation.

"My aunt is in her state-room with a headache this morning," she volunteered.





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg*

He let his heavy eyes close till they were the merest slits, and made an answer that he recognized as mine.—Page 300.

"I have been told that the kindest thing I can do is to stay away till lunch-time, so I'm particularly grateful to have some one talk to me."

"And I am particularly grateful to be humbly serviceable to you," he returned with heavy-handed gallantry.

"By the way," remarked Miss Smith, "I looked for your name in the list of passengers, and it seems not to be there. Have you noticed?"

"I confess I haven't seen the list," answered Mr. Sanders with an effort. "I'm a bad sailor, you see, and have my meals brought up here. They've probably made some mistake about my name. It's not uncommon." He was taking care not to repeat his blunder of the previous day.

"Perhaps they've set you down under my name," said the girl lightly. "There's a Mr. P. Smith aboard, who was assigned a seat at the table with us, but he hasn't come to the dining-room at all."

"Perhaps they have," he replied, glad to be furnished with so reasonable an explanation. "That would be odd, wouldn't it? I must look into the matter."

Both of them laughed, and the conversation drifted off through a discussion about errors in names and cases of secondary personality to a variety of other topics of equal interest. Mr. Sanders forgot both his fears and his scruples, and kept in mind only his desire to make the girl so far reveal her tastes and experiences that he might discover her reason for making friends with him. He had no difficulty in persuading her to tell what she knew of books and pictures: she gave her opinions frankly, expressing her preferences and dislikes without any trace of self-consciousness. Her reticence began only when the talk fell on themes that might betray her family connections and personal life. She did not even reveal the name of her college, though references to it were frequent. Mr. Sanders was too fearful about overstepping the boundaries of decorum to question her; he had the instincts of a gentleman without the habit of talking with well-bred women. He learned that she preferred Rossetti to Byron, but he did not find out whether she had been reared in town or country. He had the impression every time the conversation veered to himself, just as he had got it on the previous day, that he was being

prodded a little to reveal his own experiences as well as his attitude to things in general. Though by no word or play of feature did she indicate that she had any suspicion of his identity with the Peter Sanders of shameful eminence, she seemed to think that he must have a fund of interesting stories at command.

He would have been glad to satisfy his companion's whim, except that he could think of few experiences that seemed proper to relate. If he told her how he succeeded in ousting Dick Harris from the control of plutocratic gambling, she would be shocked and go away, though the struggle had been exciting; if he sketched the most approved methods of fleecing young gentlemen of fortune, she would think him "horrid." His life and his craft seemed singularly ill fitted to be subjects of conversation with a delicately nurtured young lady. Besides, they didn't interest him in the very least. He preferred to appear an elderly nonentity rather than a celebrated rascal. She was too inexperienced, he felt sure, to make allowances.

It all came to a head, at length, as they halted in a sheltered, sunny corner behind the bridge and sat down on the edge of some kind of glazed arrangement for light and ventilation.

"I wish," she said hesitatingly, "you would tell me—you said yesterday that you'd put through some big deals—which one of them interested you most. My world is singularly lacking in chances for adventure, and I have to get romance at second hand."

Though she put it in such a tentative fashion, a horrible suspicion shot through Mr. Sanders's mind, that she might have guessed his guilty secret. It was, of course, absurd. She wouldn't have come back if she had divined. She was probing the sore quite innocently, and in the ruthless way that innocents have. He did not know how to reply without being impolite, and he needed all his experience of many years to keep from showing what he felt. He let his heavy eyes close till they were the merest slits, and made an answer that he recognized as inane.

"Romance, I suppose, is always what somebody else has. Certainly, I'm as prosaic a person as ever was. Fat men like me don't have adventures."



"Fortune doesn't take account of the figure, does it?" she responded, smiling. "You admit that you've made a fortune, yet you are shy of instructing my ignorance about the strange ways of it. Nothing seems to me more romantic than making one's fortune."

"It's grubby while you're doing it," he replied. "All businesses are pretty much alike. You've got something, or you can make something, that other people want; and you sell as much as possible of it every day. That's the whole game."

"Not when you make deals, I should suppose—big deals," the girl suggested. "That must be much more thrilling."

"Not a bit less grubby anyhow." He was evasive, and he chose his words carefully. "Chance plays a big part and—well—being willing to take advantage of the other fellow's disadvantages."

"It must be great fun, though," she said reflectively, clasping her knees with her hands, "to stake everything on a single moment, to plunge in and hope to get out somehow."

Mr. Sanders shrugged his shoulders. "Only a fool does that, and he loses almost every time. He always loses in the end. The man wins who has calculated the chances most accurately and who squeezes hardest."

"You make it sound like a combination of mathematics and football," she remarked laughingly.

"That's not such a bad description. I had a good string of—houses before I retired, but I never stood to lose more than I could afford. And whenever a man got in my way I kicked him out. Does that sound brutal?"

"A little, perhaps, but I suppose it was necessary?" She seemed absorbed by his words, a picture of uncritical innocence.

"My business was like everybody's," he went on. "I had to do it or go under. Finally I had to quit—but that's another story. It hasn't been a romantic career, you see."

"That depends altogether on the circumstances, I should say: how you took chances and why you quit."

"Oh, I was forced out. The public didn't want what I had to give—or pretended not to. At any rate, they got rid of me." He ended with the air of having

completely unbosomed himself, and he felt satisfied with his performance.

"Somebody kicked you out, do you mean? You got in somebody's way?" The young lady demanded an even more explicit statement. "Or did the business decline? I'm afraid you'll think me shockingly inquisitive, Mr. Sanders; but I'm really interested to learn how things go in a world from which I'm barred out. I like the element of chance—the gambling, I suppose it is. There are disadvantages about being a woman."

Mr. Sanders laughed easily. "In my opinion," he said, "you don't lose anything. You're not barred in, at any rate, as I've been for a good many years. As to the circumstances of my retirement, all I've said is true. The business did decline, at least my business did; and I was forced out. I don't mean that other concerns don't keep on. That's why I'm bitter about it, though I long ago ceased to feel any interest in the business. A man doesn't like to have his game blocked, that's all."

"Of course not," said the girl. "One understands that. But you make the whole thing sound dreadfully prosaic, somehow. Don't you think you're a little unkind to prick the bubble that I've blown? If no good business man really plays a gambling game, what am I going to do for romance?" With a comical tilt of her little head, she looked up at her companion and sighed.

She made him feel that he had been awkward and unkind. Though she spoke of it lightly, he was persuaded that she suffered from the shattering of her dream. He knew little about children, but this young creature seemed to him a child, really, in spite of her college degree; and, according to his code, the man was a brute who darkened the sky for a child, even momentarily.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Miss Smith," he said with sincerity. "You've come to the wrong shop for romance, I'm afraid, but you may be sure that it exists and that it will find you sometime. You deserve it, and I never have."

"Oh, I don't mean that!" she exclaimed with a sudden catch of the breath. "Not that at all! I want the romance that men are supposed to find in life, even if I can get it only at second hand." She laughed a little uneasily.

"As to that," he answered gravely, "I



*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.*

"Good Lord!" he muttered to himself. "What a mess the world is!"—Page 306.



can't give you much information, you see."

For some seconds she did not speak, but looked at him questioningly. "I wonder!" she said at last. "I should think that there would be romance—real adventure—in professional gambling, even if not in what they call legitimate business. I should like to meet a real gambler and have him tell me about it."

Mr. Sanders pulled himself together with an effort. It seemed to him that his perturbation must be visible. Outwardly he remained calm, and managed to arrange a dry smile, as he shook his head. "You wouldn't like it when it came to the case in hand," he remarked. "You'd find the gambler vulgar and his adventures sordid."

"That's what people always say," she returned. "Personally, I don't see why a professional gambler shouldn't be a gentleman, for certainly many gentlemen are gamblers. And why is the excitement of the game more sordid than anything else? Your 'deals,' for instance?"

"Oh, I said *they* were grubby." Mr. Sanders felt himself caught. Ironical as the situation might be, it had clearly become his duty to point out to the young lady the danger and wickedness of gambling, and it was impossible to indicate himself as a horrible example, though that would have been his most effective line of argument. He had never lacked courage, as even his enemies admitted. Forced into the odd rôle, he accepted the duties of it without flinching. His chief difficulty was in finding something to say.

"You don't understand," he began, "or I don't believe you do, the difference between fighting in the open and fighting behind trees. I suppose the reason why the old buccaneers are romantic figures is just because they sailed up and scuttled ships by main strength. I must say I think modern war would be more attractive if the soldiers ever saw the other army. The trouble with a lot of business, and even more with gambling, is just this: it isn't aboveboard. A man can't get much feeling of adventure about laying a trap for another fellow to fall into. At least, my own experience is that the game gets tiresome, though it's better than idleness. Besides, I give you my word of honor that I've never met more than two or three professional gamblers

who were at all interesting. I don't explain very well, but I've had a good deal of experience."

"With gamblers?" questioned the girl in evident amusement. "How interesting!"

"Oh, any man meets a lot of queer people," Mr. Sanders replied. The situation was getting too much for him. He rose, feeling that in retreat lay his only safety. "In reality, they weren't interesting at all," he said. "If you wish my advice—which I'm going to give anyhow—I may say that you'd better avoid them. Not that they are likely to cross your path!"

She rose in turn. "I suppose not," she remarked laughingly, "but I wish one or two really good specimens might. Your picture of them doesn't frighten me. I think—" she stopped and stood with her hands clasped behind her like a little girl—"I think they might be as nice as you are. I'm coming back to talk with you again. Good-by for now."

She floated off down the deck, leaving Mr. Sanders to make his way thoughtfully to his state-room. He shook his head a little as he went. It was a pity, he reflected, that so charming a young lady should be so deceived about life. Her college ought, at least, to have enabled her to distinguish between the tinsel of adventure and the real thing. Mad about meeting a gambler! Perhaps the sooner she discovered with whom she had been talking, the better it would be for her. That would disabuse her of her foolish notions: she would understand then how little romance had to do with gambling, or gambling with romance. He chuckled at the notion that anybody could conceive of him as a figure of adventure. But he grew grave again. His business had been as good as anybody's, no doubt, but it *had* been sordid. As for the girl, it was to be hoped that some young man would fall in love with her soon, and woo her well. He almost wished that he were twenty years younger and a reputable citizen.

"Henry," he said, as he reclined on his sofa and took up a volume of Ferrero, "I have had a very exhausting conversation, and I need a drink. Scotch, please. Women are hard to understand."

"Yes, sir," answered the man imperturbably. "In a tall glass, I suppose, Mr. Sanders. I never did understand my wife, sir."



Mr. Sanders smiled and began to read, though he found that the face of Miss Smith sometimes obscured the lineaments of Julius Caesar.

The afternoon and evening passed uneventfully. Mr. Sanders kept to his state-room, partly because he wished to avoid the temptation of again meeting Miss Smith and partly because he was afraid that she might seek him out. Conscience and policy alike dictated the severest seclusion. He could not properly expose her to further danger from his society; and he was unwilling to run the risk of being exposed to her scorn, when she learned that he was a Mr. Sanders whom she must abhor, the Peter Sanders of diabolic fame. Luckily, the voyage was nearing its end. He was to land the following afternoon. The incident was closed.

But Fortune, the goddess whom Peter Sanders had worshipped so long, spun her wheel once more. Faithless in all else, she did not neglect to take vengeance on her recreant votary. While the *Sardonic* was steaming up the Channel under clear skies and in a fresh land breeze, he left Henry to finish packing and stepped out on deck. It was two o'clock. The bustle of landing already pervaded the ship. In a couple of hours the *Sardonic* would discharge those of her passengers who were landing at Plymouth. As he caught the smell of earth again and refreshed his eyes with the green and white of the sunlit coast, Mr. Sanders suddenly remembered that one obligation of the trip was not yet discharged; he certainly had not given Henry money to pay a very modest bill for the week's supply of wine and whiskey. He stepped back into his state-room to consult the valet.

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Mr. Sanders," said Henry, "but I supposed, sir, that a steward had brought the bill in my absence. I will go at once and rectify the matter."

"Never mind," answered Mr. Sanders, who saw that the man was unwarrantably disturbed by his lapse from perfection of service. "You're busy packing. I'll get a smoking-room steward to look out for it. That's the easiest way."

With a trace of self-consciousness, he entered the smoking-room. He did not fail to notice that interested glances were cast in his direction by men whose appearance made clear their knowledge of Peter San-

ders and all his ways. He feared a little that some old acquaintance might accost him. Quite brazenly, however, he made his inquiry. To his astonishment, the steward returned in a few minutes with the information that the purser had no bill against Mr. Smith.

"But he has!" exclaimed Peter Sanders, whose honesty had always been meticulous, even if warped. "I'll go down and see him myself."

"Very good, sir," said the steward, pocketing a coin. "Thank you, sir. I'll show you his office."

So Mr. Sanders descended into depths that he had hitherto avoided, and confronted the twinkling blue eyes of a rubicund officer in a mahogany frame.

"You must be mistaken, I think, Mr. Smith," the purser said. "Your bill has been paid."

"But I tell you it hasn't," answered Mr. Sanders, who forgot gentle manners in the face of such invincible stupidity as this. "I haven't paid it, and my man hasn't; and I want to pay it now."

"I'm sorry to dispute you," returned the purser rather brusquely, "but you owe nothing. The bill was paid this morning. It's entered here: 'P. Smith, State-room 47.'"

"I must say your book-keeping seems to me rather shocking!" remarked Mr. Sanders, now thoroughly annoyed. "I've never in my life had so much trouble about paying a bill. My room is 17, not 47."

"Huh!" grunted the purser, looking interested and consulting another document.

"This *is* odd. I see! Two ladies have 47, and one of them is Miss P. Smith. I'm very sorry indeed, sir; the bill must have been presented to her."

"What?" roared Mr. Sanders. "And she paid it? How much is it? I know the young lady. What a dreadful imposition!"

"It is very regrettable," said the officer, who looked seriously concerned. "The bill amounts to \$4.17. I will apologize to Miss Smith personally and at once. Perhaps—eh—would you mind helping me explain, since the lady is a friend of yours? It's deucedly awkward, you know."

He appeared so much disturbed that Mr. Sanders had no choice but to lend his aid. Since he had been so foolish as to acknowledge himself a friend of Miss Smith's, he



could not well explain that it would be inconvenient. He paid the bill, and unwillingly accompanied the officer. On the upper deck a stewardess was despatched, with the purser's apologies, to request the ladies in State-room 47 to grant him a moment's interview.

They emerged at once: Miss Smith and an older woman, who might have been her mother except that so obviously she had never married. They looked a little worried, and Miss Smith both blushed and started when she saw Mr. Sanders.

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Miss Smith," began the purser—"I never knew such a thing to happen before—but we have been so stupid as to have rendered you a bill that should have gone to this gentleman. In your haste you seem to have paid it without protest. I have the sum here—\$4.17. Mr. Smith, as a friend of yours, has been good enough to come with me to help explain."

"Thank you," said Miss Smith weakly.

"Paula," put in the older woman with some heat, "what does it mean? Why didn't you tell me, instead of paying? What was it for?"

"For liquors," said Mr. Sanders firmly. "It was merely a mistake, madam, which I regret quite as much as any one."

"Yes—indeed, yes," protested the officer, placing the money in Miss Smith's hand, which closed over it mechanically. "I hope you will pardon me—it was a quite shocking blunder—and pardon me if I go back to my office now? Mr. Smith will tell you the circumstances, I'm sure. I am very busy."

He took the license of the occupied and hastily disappeared, leaving Mr. Sanders to cope with the disagreeable situation alone. It was grossly unfair to him, but he was helpless.

"Paula," continued the older lady inexorably, "I wish you would explain what this means? I wish you would say something."

"There isn't anything to say," the girl replied miserably. She was a picture of dejection.

"Then I wish you would introduce this gentleman," said her aunt, "since he seems to be an acquaintance of yours. Perhaps he will tell me what it all means."

Mr. Sanders felt that by all the laws of

courtesy he must save Miss Smith from her embarrassment, but he felt very nervous.

"The mistake was due to the similarity of our names—a quite natural mistake, you see—" Under the aunt's disapproving gaze he spoke with increasing confusion. "I mean, it was quite natural. You see, I'm Mr. Sanders, Mr. Peter Sanders."

In a flash he realized with utter horror the thing he had done. He did not need the frozen look in the older lady's eye, the perceptible recoil of her body, to show him how he had blundered.

"What!" she exclaimed. "How dared you? Paula, you will explain this instantly, or I shall cable your father from Plymouth."

In the stress of the moment Mr. Sanders found his wits again. His very disgust calmed him. He, whose nerves had stood the shock of a thousand turns of fate, had gone to pieces first before a maiden, and then before a maiden aunt! "I am the only one to blame," he remarked smoothly. "I am a lonely old man and foolishly permitted your niece to talk with me on two occasions. I think she has taken no harm from it, but I apologize to you most abjectly. I had assumed the name of P. Smith for the voyage; and they seem to have confused us in the purser's office. You need feel no further alarm."

"But Peter Sanders!" exclaimed the lady, whose distress made her forget all courtesy. "Oh, Paula, how could you? What would your father and mother say?"

"I'm altogether to blame," repeated Mr. Sanders. "Miss Smith had no notion, of course, that she was talking with a person of—of my repute. Inadvertently I told her my true name. She did not even know that I was using the name Smith."

"But I did! I did!" cried the girl. "I knew all the time—I knew everything! I recognized you from your pictures as soon as I saw you on deck, and—and I asked the steward when Mr. P. Smith didn't come to table. I wanted to see what you were like." She was on the verge of tears, but she turned bravely to her aunt. "It's I who ought to ask Mr. Sanders's pardon, and I do—most abjectly."

"I see," said Mr. Sanders gravely. He was too greatly astonished to say more.

"Oh, Paula!" ejaculated the older lady, utterly overcome.

"I thought it would be a lark," went on Miss Smith. "I fancied you'd be a sort of civilized pirate. I didn't see how it could do any harm. In one way, you've been a great disappointment to me."

"What do you mean?" queried Mr. Sanders, in whom amazement and confusion began to give way to amusement. He had been played by this little girl—he who had measured himself successfully against the sharpest wits in America—as if he were a lad fresh from the country. He enjoyed the novelty of the situation.

"I expected you to seem romantically wicked, I suppose," Miss Smith confessed shamefacedly.

"Oh, Paula!" exclaimed the aunt again. "But whatever possessed you to pay Mr. Sanders's bill? It is too dreadful!"

"Yes," answered her niece. "It is. I knew Mr. Sanders didn't know what I was up to; and when the bill came to me, I thought he would be still more mystified if I paid it. I didn't suppose he would find out. There never was such a little fool as I am!"

The aunt nodded. "That is quite true, quite true, my dear," she said.

Mr. Sanders smiled and turned to the older lady. "I can't quite agree with either of you, I'm afraid. Your niece's folly can't match mine, for I have cut myself off from everything I like best. But I hope you will at least allow me to shake her hand in parting. I shall have one pleasant recollection the more."

The girl looked up bravely and took his hand. "Please forgive me," she said. "It has been a great experience for me anyhow."

"Good-by," said Mr. Sanders. "Don't forget that all the newspapers have said about me is true. The devil is just as black as he is painted. You must never play with fire again—I warned you it was dangerous!"

"I won't," said Miss Smith. "Good-by."

"I wish to shake hands, too," put in the aunt. "You're not what I should have expected. Good-by, Mr. Sanders."

With a low bow Peter Sanders turned away. "Good Lord!" he muttered to himself. "What a mess the world is!"

## IN THE HIGH HILLS

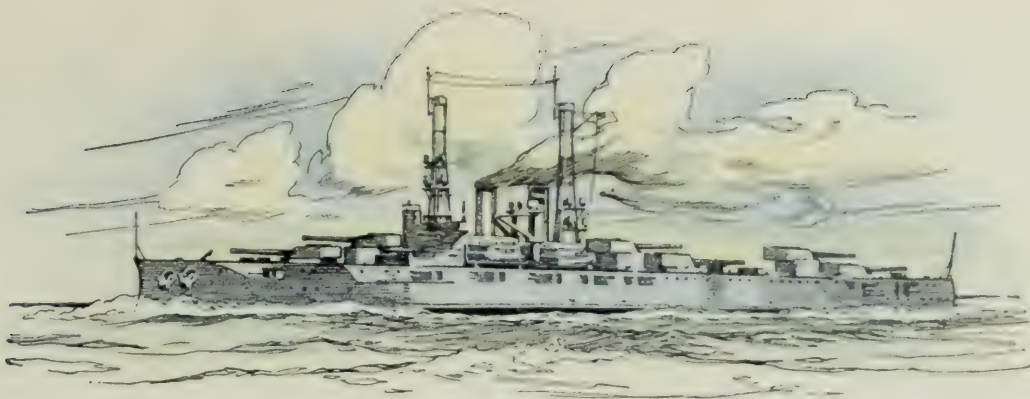
By Maxwell Struthers Burt

God has lent the wind to you,  
Swept the great sweet mind of you  
Keen and clean and splendid as the morn on peaks agleam.  
Peace of sunny hidden hollows  
Down whose slope the long light follows,  
And the hush is musical with dripping mountain stream.

God has lent his coolness too;  
Wet green woods and bramble-dew;  
Scent of quivering aspen leaves still joyous from rain;  
Ah, if one were burned with sorrow,  
Sleep would come until to-morrow  
From a dream of cool fine hands to bless with peace the pain.

Morn among the high white hills,  
Evening where the forest thrills,  
Magical with moonlight, the scented ambient hush:  
Things like these are part of you,  
Soul and mind and heart of you;  
Winds and storms and sunny days and sparkling, dawn-wet brush.





# WITH THE NAVY

## THREE PAINTINGS

BY

HENRY REUTERDAHL

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DESTROYERS IN A SEAWAY

BATTLE PRACTICE, DIVISION FIRING

THE AMERICAN FLEET IN  
THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN DURING  
ITS WORLD-CRUISE, 1907

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MR. REUTERDAHL, AMONG OTHER VOYAGES WITH THE NAVY, MADE  
THE CRUISE FROM HAMPTON ROADS THROUGH THE STRAIT OF  
MAGELLAN TO SAN FRANCISCO AND LATER TO THE MEDITERRANEAN





Destroyers in a seaway.  
From a sketch made at sea by Henry Reuterdahl.





Battle practice, division firing.  
From a sketch made on the target range by Henry Reuter Dahl.





The American fleet in the Strait of Magellan during its world-cruise, 1907.  
From a painting by Henry Reuter Dahl, in the Naval War College.



# TOUGOURT

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

I



It was a cold dawn in late April at Biskra. The carriage, long and heavy, with three horses abreast, stood at the door. Ali, a sturdy Arab, young but with no look of youth, wound in a gorgeous red sash, sat on the box; and, as I settled in my place, Hamet, the guide, followed me gravely and sat down beside me, and at a word from him we were briskly off on the long, uneventful drive to Tougourt, over the desert route of about a hundred and thirty miles southward, to be covered in two days' travel. We were soon beside the sleepy silence of the oasis, and passed the old yellow slope that was once a fortress to guard it on the edge of the sands; we dipped along by little fields of fresh green barley and rose on the steppe of the *bois*, a tangle of low undergrowth, scarcely waist-high, of twisted and almost leafless shrub that clothes the desert there with its characteristic dry, rough, tortured, and stunted, but hardy, vegetation. A few Arabs were to be seen in places cutting it for fire-wood. Camels, too, far away in almost any direction, loomed up, solitary and ungainly as harbor-buoys on a windless morning tide. On all sides lay the sharp black outlines of oasis-clumps of palm-trees, distinct, single, solid, each a distant island, with miles to cross before one should land on its unknown shore; and behind us the range of the Aurès seemed to block out the world with the wild beauty of its precipices, which made one cliff of all the north as if to shut out Europe. It was like a wall of the world. All about us was the desert; everything seemed cold and gray and distant, lifeless, in the pallor of the morning; but with every mile the whole world brightened and warmed. Desert air intoxicates me; every breath of it is wine, not so much to my blood or my nerves, but to

my whole being of man; and long before we reached Bordj Saada, the first halt, I was keyed to the day. It was a glorious day, cloudless and blue, and drenched with sunshine and radiance and warmth pouring on vast spaces; and the Bordj, a disused military post, a sort of large stockade for refuge and defence, standing solitary on its high ridge, was an old friend and a place of memory for me; there once I had turned back, and now I was going on. There was excitement in the moment, in the look ahead; and so it was only as we swept round the curve down into the valley of oued Djedi, and crossed its dry channel, that I felt myself embarked, as it were, on my first true desert voyage. I had coasted the Sahara for a thousand miles here and there, like a boy in a boat; but now I should be at last out of sight of land.

We were quite happy voyagers, the three of us. Ali, on the box, sang from time to time some cadenced stave, careless as a bird, in a world of his own; indeed the drive was an adventure to him, for, as I afterward found, it was his first going to Tougourt; and had not Hamet, almost as soon as we started, lifting one intent, burning glance straight in my eyes—it was the first time I had really seen him, as a person—told me that I had brought him good luck, for that night his wife had borne him a boy? He was content. A fine figure, too, was Hamet; he answered, as no other guide but one I ever had, to the imagination; he filled my dream of what ought to be. A mature man, rather thick-set, with a skin so bronzed that in the shadow it was black, with the head of a desert sheik, noble, powerful; when he moved he seemed still in repose, so sculptural were all the lines of his figure, such dignity was in every chance attitude; he seemed more like some distinguished aid to attend me than a guide. His white burnoose fell in large folds, and as he threw it partly over me in the first cool hours, he



disclosed some light white underdress over whose bosom hung low a great gold chain, with beads under; a revolver swung in a leather case, rather tightly drawn below his right breast with a strap over the shoulder; white stockings and slippers completed his garb. We talked of trifles, and the conversation was charming, not too fluent—talk of the road; but what I remember is my pleasure in finding again what often seems to me that lost grace of a fine natural demeanor in men. It is of less consequence to me what a man says than is his manner of saying it, and speech is not of the lips only but of the whole man; and, in my experience, it is the unlearned who are also unspoiled, that, all in all, say things best. And ever as we talked or were silent the horses went on; the brilliant bare line of the Aurès sank slowly down; and round us was the waste of rock with its fitful tangle of tamarack and drin, the sea of sand with its ridged breadths, the near or distant horizon-lines as the track rose and fell; and with the hours the panorama of the road began to disclose itself.

The road was really a broad camel-trodden route on which the carriage-way, winding about, found going as best it could; the railway that will sometime be had been surveyed along it, and the telegraph-poles that already bore the wire far beyond Tougourt into the desert were seldom far away. On the earlier part of the journey the going was excellent in that dry season. It was not a lonely road, though for long stretches it was solitary. Over the brink of a rise suddenly would spring up a half-dozen human figures, sharp outlines on the blue sky, and a flock would come tumbling after as if clotted about their feet, and there might be a donkey or two; it was a Bedouin family on its northern migration to the summer pasturage. What an isolated fragment of human life it seemed, flotsam tossing about with the seasons, as little related to anything neighborly as seaweed, yet spawning century after century, living on, with the milk of goats, in such a waste; and how infinitely fresh was the simple scene! one or two men, a boy, women, children, and goats tramping in the desert toward water and green food, a type of humanity for ages—and it was such a wretched subsistence! But

what a bodily vigor, what a look of independence, what a sense of liberty there was there, too! Now it would be two or three camels with the canopy in which women ride, with flocks, too, and more men and boys, more warmly clad, with more color and importance—some wealthier headman with his family going the same northward journey. Or, as the carriage crested some ridge, we would see miles ahead a long line creeping on toward us—a trade caravan; and after a while it would pass, the camels pouting in high air, under the loads of balanced boxes or bales laid across them, lumbering dumbly along in the great silence, like convicts, as it always seems to me, from another sphere of existence.

Many creatures give me vividly this impression of having haplessly intruded into a state of being not meant for them. The turtles in the swamps of my boyhood, leaning their sly and protruded heads out of their impossible shells, the fish that have great staring eyes in aquariums, frogs and toads and all centipedal sea creatures, are to me foreigners to life, strays, misbirths, “moving about in worlds not realized,” and all grotesque forms of life—even human deformity when it becomes grotesque—wake in me something between amusement and pity that they should be at all. I feel like saying as a guide, wishing to correct a friend of mine, once said: “Monsieur, you are a mistake.” But, of all such creatures, the camel fills me with the most profound and incurable despair. He is the most homeless-looking of all creatures. He has been the companion and helpmate of man from the dawn of human life, and our debt to him through uncounted ages and in places where the human lot has been most penurious and desperate is untold; but [man has never been able to enlighten him; he looks, on all occasions and under all circumstances, hopelessly bored with existence, unutterably sick of humanity. There is a suicidal mood in animal life, and at times one can see glimpses and intimations of it surely in the eyes of animals; the camel embodies it, like a stare. I wish they were all dead; and when I see their bones in the sand, as I often do, I am glad that they are gone and have left the ribs of their tabernacle of life behind them by the wayside. Every



desert traveller writes a little essay on the camel. This is mine. I will not modify it even for the sake of the meharis that come down the route, overtaking us from Biskra; they are the racers that have just competed in the yearly trial of speed from Tougourt—aristocrats of the species; they have a clear gray tone and slender delicacies of flank and skin; all day they will be speeding ahead and dropping behind us; the desert is their cloth of gold and they its chivalry—splendid beasts they are, as native to this blown empire of the sand and the sun and the free air as a bird to the sky—and they lift their blunt noses over it with unconquerable contempt. It is amazing how the creature, supercilious or abject, refuses to be comforted. There is no link between him and man. If you seek a type for the irreconcilable, find it in the camel.

It is said that one meets his enemy in every place, and every traveller experiences these surprising encounters that prove the smallness of the world; but I better the proverb, for it is a friend I meet in the most solitary places. On the loneliest road of Greece a passing traveller called out my name; in the high passes of Algiers I came face to face with a school-mate; and, however repeated, the experience never loses its surprise. Surely I had seen that gaunt figure pressing up on a stout mule from the head of the fresh trade caravan that was just approaching; that face, like a bird of prey, that predatory nose before the high forehead and bold eyes—yes, it was Yussef, my guide of years ago, with welcome all over his countenance and quick salutations to his old companion. He was a caravan-man now, for the nonce, and coming up from the Souf. How natural it was to meet on the desert, with the brief words that resumed the years and abolished the time that had sped away and renewed the eternal now. But we must follow the meharis, slim forms on the horizon ahead, and we went on to overtake them at Ain Chegga, a mere stopping-place, where there was on one side of the way a sort of desert-farm, and a relay of horses waiting for us, and on the other a small, lonesome building by itself where we could lunch from our own stores. The sun was hot now, and the shade and rest

grateful; but we had a long way to go. With thoughtless generosity we gave our fragments of bread to some adjacent boys, and started off rapidly with the fresh horses on the great plain.

The road was lonelier than in the morning hours; the solitude began to make itself felt, the silence of the heat, the encompassment of the rolling distances, the splendor of the sky. There was hardly any life except the occasional shrub, the drin. I saw a falcon once, and once a raven; but we were alone, as if on the sea. Then the Sahara began to give up its bliss—the unspeakable thing—the inner calm, the sense of repose, of relief, the feeling of separation from life, the falling away of the burden, the freedom from it all in the freedom of those blue and silent distances over sandy and rock-paved tracts, full of the sun. How quiet it was, how large, and what a sense of effortless elemental power—of nature in her pure and lifeless being! It is easy to think on the desert, thought is there so near to fact—a still fresh imprint in consciousness; thought and being are hardly separate there; and there Nature seems to me more truly felt in her naked essence, lifeless, for life to her is but an incident, a detail, uncared for, unessential. She does but incline her poles and it is gone. Taken in the millennial æons of her existence, it is a lifeless universe that is, and on the desert it seems so. This is the spectacle of power where man is not—like the sea, like the vault of heaven, like all that is infinite. What a repose it is to behold it, to feel it, to know it—this elimination, not only of humanity, but of life, from things! The desert—it is the truth. How golden is the sunlight, how majestic the immobile earth, how glorious the reach of it—this infinite! And one falls asleep in it, cradled and fascinated and careless, flooded slowly by that peace which pours in upon the spirit to lull and strengthen and quiet it, and to revive it changed and more in Nature's image, purged—so it seems—of its too human past.

It was late in the afternoon. Hamet roused himself as we passed down to oued Itel and crossed its dry bed, and Ali ceased from his vagrant music as the horses breasted the slope beyond. We came out on a high ridge. It was a magnificent view. The long valley of the great chotts



lay below us transversely, like a vast river-bottom; far off to the northeast glittered, pale and white, the chott Melrir, like a sea of salt, and before us the chott Merouan stretched across like a floor, streaked with blotches of saltpetre and dark stains of soil. The scene made the impression on me of immense flats at a dead low tide, reaching on the left into distances without a sea. It was a scene of desolation, of unspeakable barrenness, of the waste world; its dull white lights were infinitely fantastic on the grays and the blacks, and the lights in the sky were cold; the solitude of it was complete; but its great extent, its emptiness, its enclosing walls of shadow in the falling day crinkling the whole upper plane of the endless landscape round its blanching hollows and horizontal vistas below, stamped it indelibly on my eyes. I was not prepared for it; it was an enlargement, a new aspect of the world. This was the southwestern end of the chain of chotts, or salt wastes, that lie mostly below sea-level and are the dried-up bed of the ancient inland arm of the sea that washed this valley in some distant age; they stretch northeasterly and touch the Mediterranean near Gabès, and the suggestion is constantly made that the sea be let into them again by a canal, thus flooding and transforming this part of the Sahara. It may some time be done; but there is some doubt about the lay of the levels and whether such an engineering feat would not result merely in stagnant waters. Meanwhile it is a vast barren basin, saline, and in the wet season dangerous with quicksands, unsafe ground, a morass of death for man and beast. The ridge where I stood commanded a long view of this sterile and melancholy waste; but I did not feel it to be sad; I only felt it to be; it had such grandeur.

We went down by a rough descent and began the crossing of the chott before us, Merouan, on its westerly edge. The road ran on flat ground, often wet and thick with a coating of black mud, and there was the smell of saltpetre in the air; the view on either side was merely desolate, night was falling, it began to be chill; and by the time we reached the farther side the stars came out. It was a darkened scene when we rode into the first oasis of young palms, without inhabitants, which

belonged to some French company. It was full night when we emerged again on the sands; a splendor of stars was over us and utter solitude around; it was long since we had seen any one, and as the second oasis came into view it looked like a low black island cliff on the sea, and as deserted. We drove into its shadows by a broad road like an avenue, with the motionless palms thick on either side, as in a park; there was no sign or sound of life. It was like night in a forest, heavy with darkness and silence, except where the stars made a track above and our lights threw a pale gleam about. This oasis, which was large, also seemed uninhabited; and we passed through it on the straight road which was cut by other crossing roads, and came out on the desert by the telegraph-poles. The going was through heavy sand, which after a mile or two was heavier; our hubs were now in drifts of it. Hamet took the lights and explored to find tracks of wheels, and the horses drew us with difficulty into what seemed a route; in ten minutes it was impracticable. We crossed with much bumping and careering to the other side of the telegraph-poles, and that was no better; forward and back and sidelong, with much inspection of the ground, we plied the search; we were off the route.

We drove back to the oasis thinking we had missed the right way out, and on its edge turned at right angles down a good road; at the corner we found ourselves in the dunes—there was no semblance of a route. We returned to the centre of the silent palm grove, where there were branching ways, and taking another track were blocked by a ditch, and, avoiding that, coasting another and ruder side of the grove, again at the upper corner of the oasis struck the impassable; so we went back to our starting-place. Hamet took the lanterns and gathered up his revolver and set up, apparently to find the guardian, if there was one. It was then Ali told me he had never been to Tougourt before; Hamet was so experienced a guide that it was thought a good opportunity to break in a new driver. These French oases across the old route, with their new roads, were confusing; and Hamet had not been down to Tougourt of late. The silence of the grove was great, not wholly unbroken



now: there were animal cries, insect buzzings, hootings, noises of a wood; and every sound was intensified in the deep quiet, the strange surroundings. It was very late. We had spent hours in our slow progress wandering about in the sands and the grove in the uncertain light. Hamet was gone quite a long time, but at last we saw his waving lantern in the wide, dark avenue and drove toward him. He got in, said something to Ali, and off we went on our original track, but turned sharply to the right before issuing from the wood, down a broad way; we were soon skirting the western edge of the oasis; branches brushed the carriage; the ruts grew deep, the track grew narrow, the carriage careened; we got out, the wheels half in the ditch, horses backing. Hamet threw up his hands. It was midnight. We would camp where we were. The route was lost, whatever might be our state; and I did not wonder, for as nearly as I could judge we were then heading north by east, if I knew the polestar. We were on the only corner of the oasis we had not hitherto visited; the spot had one recommendation for a camp—it was a very out-of-the-way place. The horses were taken out, and each of us disposed himself for the night according to his fancy. It was intensely cold, and I rolled myself in my rugs and sweaters and curled up on the carriage-seat and at once fell fast asleep.

An hour later I awoke, and unwinding myself got out. It was night on the desert. Ali was asleep on the box, upright, with his chin against his breast. Hamet lay in his burnoose in the sand some little distance away. The horses stood in some low brush near the ditch. The palm grove, impenetrably black, stood behind, edging the long, low line of the sky; there was a chorus of frogs monotonously chanting; and before me to the west was the vague of the sands, with undistinguishable lines and obscure hillocks, overlaid with darkness. Only the sky gave distance to the silent solitude—such a sky as one does not see elsewhere, magnificent with multitudes of stars, bright and lucid, or fine and innumerable, melting into nebulous clouds and milky tracts, sparkling and brilliant in that keen, clear, cloudless cold, all the horizon round. I was alone, and I was glad. It was a wonderful moment and

scene. Hamet stirred in his place, and I went back to my post and slept soundly and well.

## II

I WOKE at the first streak of dawn. Two beautiful morning stars still hung, large and liquid, in the fading night, but the growing pallor of daybreak already disclosed the wild and desolate spot where we had fortunately stopped. Drifts of trackless sand stretched interminably before us; the young palms showed low and forlorn in the gray air; the scanty brush by the ditch was starved and miserable; everything had a meagre, chill, abandoned look. As soon as it was light we reversed our course, and re-entering the oasis hailed a well-hidden group of buildings with a koubba that Hamet seemed to have discovered the night before. An old Arab gave us our bearings. We were seventeen kilometres short of Mraier, the oasis which we should have reached; and now, making the right turn-off, we saw in another direction over the sands the black line of palms toward which we had gone astray. We soon covered the distance to Mraier, which was a large oasis with a considerable village and a caravanserai whose gates were crowded with camels; here we got a very welcome breakfast, but we did not linger, and were quickly out again on the desert on the long day's ride before us.

Since we passed the chott we were in the valley of the oued Rir, along which is strewn a chain of oases like a necklace as far as to Tougourt and beyond. We were really on the crust of what has been well called a subterranean Nile, formed by the converging flow of two Saharan rivers, the oued Igharghar and the oued Mya, whose underground bed is pierced by wells, and the waters gathered and distributed to feed the oases. There are now forty-six of these palm gardens that lie at a distance of a few miles one from another, spotting the arid sands with their black-green isles of solid verdure, making a fantastic and beautiful landscape of the rolling plain of moving sands, with many heights and depressions, stretching with desert breadth on and on under the uninterrupted blue of the glowing sky. The district has long been a little realm by itself, sustaining



with much toil the meagre life of its people and periodically invaded and subdued by the great passing kingdoms of the north. Its prosperity, however, really dates from the French occupation. At that time the oases were dying out under the invasion of the unresting sands that slowly were burying them up. The French almost at once, with their superior skill, sank artesian wells, and the new flood of water brought immediate change. The number of the inhabitants has doubled, the product of dates, which are of the best quality, has increased many-fold; and new oases of great extent and value have been planted by French companies. This is one of the great works of public beneficence accomplished by France for the native population; and evidence of prosperity was to be seen on every hand all the way.

The route for the most part was sandy with occasional stretches of rock, often a beautifully colored quartz, whose brilliant and strange veins harmonized well with the deep-toned landscape; but the eye wandered off to the horizon and drifts of sand as the heavens began to fill with light and the spaces grew brilliant; in that vacancy and breadth every detail grew strangely important and interesting; a single palm, a far glimmer of salt, a herd of goats, would hold the eye, and, as the day grew on, the deceptive atmosphere gave a fresh touch of the fantastic, playing with the lines and forms of objects. We passed from Mraier, leaving these island oases on the horizon as the route threaded its way more or less remote from them, and at intervals we would touch one—a palm grove on the right and the village by itself on higher dry ground to the left. Two of these villages, of considerable size, were entirely new, having been built within two years; they were constructed of the sun-dried mud commonly used, but they did not have the dilapidated look of the ksar; they were clean and fresh, a new home for the people who had abandoned the old unhealthy site that they had formerly occupied and had made a new town for themselves; and Hamet, who told me this, said other villages had done the same, and he seemed proud of their enterprise and prosperity.

We went on now—through heavy sand at times—and always there was the broad

prospect, the gray-and-brown ribbed distance, the blue glow—a universal light, a boundless freedom, the desert solitude of the dry, soft air. "*C'est le vrai Sahara*," said Hamet, content. For myself I could not free my senses of the previous day's impression of the great chotts as of the shore of a world, and the landscape continued to have a prevailing marine character. I do not mean that the desert was like the ocean; it was not. But the outlooks, the levels, the sand-colored and blue-bathed spaces were like scenes by the sea-shore; only there was no sea there. The affluence of light, the shadowless brilliancy, the silences, the absence of humanity and human things as again and again they dropped from us and ceased to be, were ocean traits; but there was no sea—only the wind-sculpture of the sands, beautifully mottled and printed, and delicately modulated by the wind's breath, only a blue distance, an island horizon. Even the birds—there were many larks to-day—seemed sea-birds, so lonesomely flying. But there was never any sea. It was the kingdom of the sands.

Here, not far from the route, I saw what was meant by the invasion of the sand. The oasis on its farther side toward the desert was half blown over with the white drifts of it that made in like a tide; the trunks of the palms were buried to a third of their height in it; the whole garden was bedded with it, and as we drew away from the place, looking back, the little oasis with its bare palm-stems resembled a wreck driving in the sea of sands. Elsewhere I saw the barriers, fences of palm-leaves and fagots, raised against the encroaching dunes, where the sand was packed against them like high snow-drifts. The sand grew heavier now, and as we came to Ourlana, about which palmerais lay clustering in all directions, the horses could hardly drag through the deep, loose mass up to the low building and enclosure where was our noon stopping-place. The resources of the house were scanty: only an omelet, but an excellent one, and coffee; bread, too, and I had wine. The family, a small one with boy and girl, whom chocolate soon won to my side, was pleasant, and there was a welcome feeling of human society about the incident; but as I lit a cigarette and watched the fresh horses put



in—for here we found our second relay that had been sent ahead some days before—I saw that, if the population seemed scanty, it was not for any lack of numbers. A short distance beyond our enclosure, and on a line with it, in the same bare sandy waste, stood another long building with a great dome, evidently a government structure, and at right angles to it before the door was forming a long line of young children; it was the village school—these were the native boys marching in to the afternoon session, for all the world like an American school at home. I had not expected to see that on the Sahara. I photographed it at once—a striking token of modern civilization; and I saw no happier sight than those playful little Arabs going to school.

We dipped ahead into the oasis by the long lines of palms lifting their bare stems far overhead and fretting the sky with their decorative border of tufts. Here and there were fruit-trees, and occasionally vegetables beneath, but as a rule there were only the palms rising from bare earth, cut by ditches in which flowed the water; there was no orchard or garden character to the soil, only a barren underground, but all above was forest silence and the beauty of tall trees. It was spring, and the trees had begun to put out their great spikes and plumes of white blossoms in places, and the air was warm and soft. A palm fascinates me with the beauty of its formal lines; where two or three are gathered together they make a picture; a single one in the distance gives composition to a whole landscape. This was, notwithstanding the interludes of the oases, a continuously desert ride, and I remember it mostly for its beauty of color and line, and a strange intensity and aloofness of the beauty; there was nothing human in it. It seemed to live by its own glow in a world that had never known man, the scene of some other planet where he had never been. There was, too, over all the monotony and immobility of things, a film of changefulness, a waver of surface, a shifting of lights and planes; it was full of the fascination of horizons, the elusiveness of far objects, and the feeling of endlessness in it, like the sky, was a deep chord never lost. It was beyond Ourlana that I noticed to the southwest,

a mile or two away, three or four detached palms by a lake; their tall stems leaned through the transparent air above a low bank over a liquid, mirror-like belt of quiet water—a perfect Oriental scene. It was my first mirage; and two or three times more I saw it that afternoon—the perfect symbol of all the illusion of life. How beautiful it was, how was its beauty enhanced, framed there in the waste world, how after a while it melted away!

Oasis after oasis dropped from us on the left and the right, and in the late afternoon we were climbing a sharp rise through the deepest sand we had yet encountered, so that we all got out and walked to relieve the horses, and ourselves toiled up the slope; and soon from the ridge we saw a broad panorama like that of the day before; but, instead of that salt desolation, here the eye surveyed an endless lowland through which ahead ran a long dark cluster of oases, one beyond another, like an archipelago; and Hamet, pointing to one far beyond all, on the very edge of the horizon, said, "Tougourt." We descended to the valley, passing a lonely old gray mosque, or koubba, of some desert saint by the way—very solemn and impressive it was in the failing light, far from men; and we rolled on for miles over land like a floor, as on a Western prairie; and the stars came out; and at intervals a dark grove went by; and we were again in the sands; and another grove loomed up with its look of a black low island, and we passed on beside it. I thought each, as it came in view, was our goal, but we kept steadily on. It was nigh ten o'clock when we saw, some miles away, the two great lights, like low harbor lights, that are the lights of the gate of Tougourt. Ali was perceptibly relieved when we made sure of them; for they were unmistakable at last.

Then, in that last half-hour, I witnessed a strange phenomenon. The whole sky was powdered with stars: I had never seen such a myriad glimmer and glow, thickening, filling the heavenly spaces, innumerable; and all at once they seemed to interlink, great and small, with rays passing between them, and while they shone in their places, infinite in multitude, light fell from them in long lines, like falling rain, down the whole concave of night from



the zenith to the horizon on every side. It was a Niagara of stars. The celestial dome without a break was sheeted with the starry rain, pouring down the hollow sphere of darkness from the apex to the desert rims. No words can describe that sight, as a mere vision; still less can they tell its mystical effect at the moment. It was like beholding a miracle. And it was not momentary; for half an hour, as we drove over the dark level, obscure, silent, lonely, I was arched in and shadowed by that ceaseless starry rain on all sides round; and as we passed the great twin lights of the gates, and entered Tougourt, and drew up in the dim and solitary square, it was still falling.

### III

I EMERGED the next morning from the arcaded entrance of the hotel, which was one of a continuous line of low buildings making the business side of the public square, and glancing up I saw a great dog looking down on me from the flat roof. There was little other sign of life. The square was a large irregular space which seemed the more extensive owing to the low level of the adjoining buildings, over which rose the massive tower of the kasbah close at hand on the right and, diagonally across, the high dome of the French Bureau, with its arcaded front beneath, filling that eastern side. A fountain stood in the midst of the bare space, and beyond it was a charming little park of trees; and still farther the white gleam of the barracks, through the green and on either side, closed the vista to the south. The Moresque architecture, which the French affect in the desert, with its white lights and open structure, gave a pleasing amplitude to the scene; and the same style was taken up by the main street straight down my left, whose line was edged by a long arcade with low round arches, and the view lost itself beyond in the market-square with thick tufts of palms fringing the sky. A few burnoused figures were scattered here and there.

Hamet joined me at once, still content; he held in his hand a telegram from his new boy, or those who could interpret for him. We turned at once to the near corner by the kasbah, where was the entrance

to the old town and the mosque—a precinct of covered streets, narrow, tortuous ways, with blank walls, dim light. There were few passers-by; occasionally there was a glimpse of some human scene; but the general effect, though the houses were often well built, was dingy, poor, and mean, as such an obscure warren of streets must seem to us, and there was nothing here of the picturesque gloom and threatening mystery of Figuig. I remember it as a desert hive of the human swarm; it was a new, strange, dark mode of man's animal existence. This was a typical desert town, an old capital of the caravans. It had been thus for ages; and my feeling, as I wandered about, was less that of the life than of its everlastingness.

We went back to the mosque and climbed the minaret. It was a welcome change to step out on the balcony into the flood of azure. The true Sahara stretched round us—the roll of the white sands, motion in immobility; and all about, as far as one could see, the dark palm-islands in the foreground and on every horizon. The terrace roofs of the old town lay dark under our feet; off there to the west in the sand were the tombs of its fifty kings; eastward the palm gardens, bordering and overflowing into the new quarter with its modern buildings, lifted their fronds; and near at hand the tower of the kasbah, and here and there a white-domed koubba, rose in the dreaming air; and the streets with their life were spread beneath. Tougourt, at the confluence of the underground streams, is the natural capital of the Rir country, a commanding point; on the north and west it is walled against the inroad of the sands; south and east is a more smiling scene, but the white sand lies everywhere between, like roads of the sea; it is the queen of the oases, and one understood in that sparkling air why it was called a jewel of the desert. I went down to the gardens, where there were fruit-trees and vegetables among the palms, but for the most part there was as usual only the barren surface of earth, fed with little canals and crossed by narrow raised footways, over which sprang the fan-shaped or circular tufts of sworded green. On that side, too, was a native village—dreary walls of sun-dried earth with open ways; they seemed merely a new form of the



naked ground shaped perpendicularly and squared—windowless, sealed, forlorn. I entered one or two. Indeed, I went everywhere that morning, for the distances were short.

In the afternoon I sat down by a table near a café in the market-square, and I remained there for hours over my coffee, watching the scene. All Arab markets are much alike, but this was prettily framed. On my right a palm grove rose over a low wall; on the left, across the broad space, the low line of shops, with a glistening koubba dome in their midst, broke the blue sky; and all between, in front, was the market-place. In the foreground were a few raised booths, or tables, and at the near end by a group of three or four palms was a butcher's stock in trade, the carcasses hanging on the limbs of a dead tree. Farther off to the left squatted a half-dozen Bedouins round little fagots of brushwood spread on the ground, and beyond them a group of animals huddled; in the centre, on the earth, one behind another into the distance, were many little squares and heaps of country goods, each with its guardian group as at a fair—vegetables, grains, cloths, slippers, ropes, caps, utensils—that together measured the scale of the simple wants of the desert. The place, though not crowded, was well filled with an ever-moving and changing throng, gathering into groups here and there—turbaned people of every tint and costume, young and old, poor and prosperous, picturesque alike in their bright colors or worn rags; but the white or brown flowing garments predominated. There were Arab and Berber faces of purer race; but in the people at large there was a strong negroid character, showing the deeper infusion of negro blood which one notices as he goes south of the Atlas. All the afternoon the quiet but interested crowd swarmed about; and round me at the close tables were soldiers and Arabs who seemed of a more prosperous class, drinking and talking, playing at cards, chess, and dominoes, and some were old and grave and silent. At our table there was always one or two, who came and went, to whom Hamet would perhaps present me, a thin-featured cadi, a burly merchant—and we talked a little; but I left the talk to them and watched the scene, and from time to time snapped

my camera. A caravan came down the street, with great boxes strapped on the camels, and I thought the first two would sweep me, camera, table, and all, out of the way; but the long line got by at last, ungainly beasts with their pawing necks and sardonic mouths. At Tougourt one was always meeting a caravan. As I stood, at a later hour, in a lonely corner by the wall outside the gates, one was just kneeling down on the great sweep of the sand-hill to camp in the melancholy light that was falling from the darkening sky—a sombre scene; and when I came out of the hotel at night I found another sleeping, humped and shadowy, on the public square. The camel was as omnipresent as the palm, and belonged to the same dunes and sky; and as I sat watching there through the uneventful and unhurried hours, the market-place was a microcosm of the desert world.

#### IV

I SPENT the evening in the *Café Maure* of the Ouled-Nails. They are *la femme* of the Sahara, daughters of a tribe whose centre is at Djelfa, not far from Laghouat, leagues away to the west, and thence they are dispersed through the desert, adept dancing-girls who perform in cafés; and in that primitive society, it is said, no reproach attaches to their mode of life, which yields them a dowry and brings them at last a husband. The custom is not peculiar to the Sahara: I have read of its existence in Japan and in the north of Scotland in the eighteenth century. I had met with them before, and was familiar with their figures, but always in a tourist atmosphere; here they were on their own soil, and *au naturel*, and I expected a different impression.

The room was rather large, with the furnace and the utensils for coffee in the corner near the entrance; four or five musicians, on a raised platform, were discoursing their shrill barbarian art, but it pleases me with its plaintive intensity and rapid crescendos, in its savage surroundings; a bench went round the wall, and there were tables, at one of which Hamet and I sat down, and coffee was brought. There were not many in the room—a sprinkling of soldiers, mostly in the blue of the *tirailleurs*, Arabs, old and gray-bearded, or



younger and stalwart like Ali, whom I had lost sight of and now found here, much more attractive than I had thought possible, with a desert rose in his mouth and a handsome comrade. A few women with the high head-dress and heavy clothes they wear were scattered about. Close behind me, and to my left, was a wide entrance to the dark shadows of the half-lighted court whose cell-like rooms I had inspected in the morning, and men and women were passing in and out, singly and in groups, all the evening. For a while there was no dancing—only the music; but at some sign or call a full-grown woman, who seemed large and heavy, began the slow cadence and sway of the dance. I had often seen the performance, but never in such a setting; at Biskra and in the north it is a show; here it was a life. She finished, and I beckoned to a young slip of a girl standing near. She came, leaning her dark hands on the table, with those unthinking eyes that are so wandering and unconcerned until they fill with that liquid superficial light which in the south is so like a caress. I offered her my cigarettes, and she smiled, and permitted me to examine the bracelets on her arms and the silver ornaments that hung from her few necklaces; she was simply dressed and not over-ornamented; she was probably poor in such riches; there was no necklace of golden louis that one sometimes sees; but there were bracelets on her ankles, and she wore the head-dress, with heavy, twisted braids of hair. A blue star was tattooed on her forehead, and her features were small but fine, with firm lines and rounded cheek and chin; she was too young to be handsome, but she was pretty for her type and she had the pleasant charm that youth gives to the children of every tint and race. She stood by us a while with a little talk, and as the music began she drew back and danced before us; and if she had less muscular power and vivacity than the previous dancer, she had more grace in her slighter motions. She used her handkerchief as a background to pose her head and profile her features and form; and all through the dance she shot her vivid glances, that had an elasticity and verve of steel, at me. She came back to take our applause and thanks, and talked with Hamet, for her simple French phrases were exhausted;

there was nothing meretricious in her demeanor, rather an extraordinary simplicity and naturalness of behavior; she seemed a thing of nature. The room began to fill now; three women were dancing; and she went over to the bench by the wall opposite, and I noticed a young boy of eight or ten years ran to sit by her and made up to her like a little brother. There were three or four such young boys there.

The scene was now at its full value as a picture; not that there was any throng or excitement, and to a European eye it might seem only dull, provincial, rude; the rather feebly lighted room was obscure in the corners and the walls were naked; the furnace corner, however, was full of dark movement, the sharp music broke out afresh, the dance was almost sombre in its monotony, seen mechanically and without any apparent interest by the Arabs, wrinkled and grizzled, banked together or leaning immobile on the bench by the wall; and the cavernous shadow of the court behind me made a fine background to the figures or groups that disappeared or emerged, or sometimes stood stationary there in the semi-obscurity. To my color and shadow loving eye it was an interesting scene; and its rudeness enhanced its quality. I noticed many a slight thing: a tall negro stalked along the opposite wall with a handful of candles which he offered to a woman and found no welcome for, and he went away apparently exceeding sorrowful. And I sat there long in the midst of it, thinking of striped tents by the city wall in the sand near the graves; of streets in the Orient and the north where the women sit by the door-post like idols; and especially reconstructing in imagination the scenes of a romance by an Arab which I had lately read, depicting the life of an Ouled-Nail along these very routes where I had been passing, a book full of desert truth—"Khaled," it is called. Toward ten o'clock we rose to go, and I caught the eye of the young girl I had talked with, and had a smile for good-by.

## V

THE horses stood at the door early the next morning for a drive to Temacin, some thirteen kilometres south. We were soon out of town, travelling beside an oasis on



the left and going in the open desert; a boy joined us from the oasis and excitedly struggled to keep up with the carriage, no difficult task, for the route was heavy with sand; two other boys on donkeys ahead were having a race; and the route had always some touches of travel. The openness of the view was boundless, and I had not seen finer sands, stretching away in long rolls and ridges, and mounded into splendid dunes, with palms here and there for horizon-lines. There were always groups and little strings of camels, isolated but living, in the expanse over which the eye roamed; we passed from time to time within view of clumps of lost palms, little oases buried and left in the sands, half-submerged, derelicts; now there were Bedouin tents, low, striped shelters, by one's or two's, pitched on the sterile waste, looking infinitely solitary, at a distance from a small village or a ridge that itself seemed a heap of ruined and ribbed walls left abandoned. The morning was hot, the sun beat down, and every line and tracery of the wind was visible on the sand. The surface of the dunes was beautiful—light and full of the spirit of fantasy; the modulation was exquisite, ribbed and fretted, furrowed in lines and touched all over with little disks and curves, like the imprint of small shells; and their mottled and wavy surfaces broke the monotony of the vast slopes and dunes like an infinite enamelling of nature. It was the land of the blue distance, the simple in the grand, the apotheosis of paucity in the means, of poverty in the substance, elemental, abstract, superb: the glory of the desert. I never so felt it as on that morning. I watched the slender, film-like, far-off minaret of Temacin take body and height as we drew nearer and nearer, and saw plainly and distinctly at last the boldly perched, irregular oblong of walls and roofs that topped a rising ridge of the sands, with its minaret like a dark, mediæval tower standing in heaven with a lance-like solitude. Its top was bordered with a broad frieze of colored tiles and capped with a pyramidal head or balcony pierced with slim Moorish arches. There were men working under the wall; but the town looked marvellously silent and alone, dark and withdrawn, like an impenetrable earthen ruin, incommunica-

ble; it rose as if made of the earth itself, with the dilapidation of old earthworks, forbidding and melancholy, with no touch of life except the gleam of its tiled minaret; in all that sun it seemed sunless—ruinous, decadent, infinitely old. Soon after we passed another heap of earth-walls on a sand-mound, a small village, and came almost at once to Tamelhat, the zaouia, which we had set out to see.

High walls surrounded the enclosure, which was extensive. Tamelhat is a holy village, a chief seat of the religious order of the Tidjania and daughter of the mother-zaouia at Ain Madhi near Laghouat, with which it shares the devotion of this important brotherhood, one of the most influential of the Moslem associations in North Africa. The zaouia is a sort of monastery or abbey; but I was not prepared to find it so large an establishment. We left the carriage at the gate, and passed in to a second gate, and I was struck by the ornamental work and texts on them and on the walls. A straight avenue led down to an open space where the mosque stood on the right side of the street as we turned sharply upon it. Three square windows set in little ornamented arches in the centre broke the broad white space of the wall, and there were other windows irregularly placed. A little to one side was a heavy door, with a double row of faience set over its square top and descending on beautiful onyx pillars. An octagonal dome, tipped with a shaft of three golden balls, completed the building above. It was a pretty exterior with a touch of art in the line of windows, and as I passed into the interior by the lovely onyx columns it seemed like a reminiscence, almost a renaissance, to find before my gaze the familiar blue and green tiles, plaques of wrought plaster in arabesque, pretty bits of faience adornment,—forms of the ornament and color so delightful to me. The interior was roomy, with good spaces, and lofty above; in the main fore part a palanquin was in one corner, and a few tombs were placed here and there; but the shrine, the tomb of the marabout who founded the zaouia, stood in the space to the left, directly under the dome, as in a chapel. It was heavily covered with stuffs, as usual, and overhung with many banners; a grill ran round it, and outside of that a wooden



rail; the tomb also bore Arabian texts. The whole effect, notwithstanding the bareness, the few elements, the uncostly materials, had the grand simplicity of the Moslem faith; it was impressive—imposing to a simple soul; but, beyond the restful sense of the neighborhood of beautiful and sacred things in that far and desert solitude, what pleased me most and the feature I carried away to be my memory of it was the ample lights in the cool spaces by the open windows above the tomb toward the street, where the birds were continually fluttering in and out, unfrightened and undisturbed, as if this was their quiet home.

I thanked the Arab sacristan who stood looking at me with old and tranquil eyes, and we went out and walked up the street which seemed like a long cloister. There were grilled windows on the well-built walls at intervals; a few men sat here and there on benches along the way; it seemed a place of peace. The street, which was quite long and straight, ended in a large court near which was the dwelling of the marabout. Hamet asked me if I would like to see him, and I gladly assented. After a brief interval an Arab came to us, to whom I gave my coat and what things I was carrying; and leaving them below he guided us up an irregular stairway, as in an old house, and took us into a rather large, high room, plainly plastered and bare. The desert saint—such he was—was seated on the floor in the middle of one side by the wall on a rug; he was old and large, white-bearded, with a heavy look, as if he were used to much repose and was aged. He gave me his hand as I stooped down to him, and after a word or two invited me to be seated at a plain table before him in the middle of the room; and attendants silently brought food. There was already in the room the caïd of Temacin, a stout and prosperous-looking Arab, to whom Hamet presented me, and the three of us sat down to what turned out to be a hearty breakfast. Two or three other tall Arabs, apparently belonging to the family, sat by the wall to my left, as I faced the marabout, and at a doorway in the corner on the right stood a group of different ages, younger, with one or two boys, intelligent and bright-eyed. The caïd and myself talked in low

tones, and no one else spoke, except from time to time the marabout gave some direction to the attendants, apparently of a hospitable nature, as each time it resulted in fresh dishes. There was pastry that resembled rolls, and after a few moments, served in another form, hot with sugar, it resembled pancakes, but I dare say it was something quite different, and the marabout urged it upon me; there was another combination that reminded me distantly of doughnuts, with which the hot food ended; but there was a desert of French cakes, almonds, and dried aromatic kernels like peas, and much to my surprise there were oranges that must have come on camel-back from Biskra. There was coffee, too, with a curious pot and sugar-bowl, and the whole service was excellent, the attendants kindly and pressing, though very quiet. It appeared afterward that no one ever sees the saint eat; his food is brought and left, and he takes what he likes alone. I observed him through the meal, and occasionally he addressed a sentence of inquiry or interest to us. The impression he made on me was one of great indolence, as if he had never done anything for himself, and also of what I can only describe as a somnolent temperament, heavy and rousing himself at times; but it may have been only age. The profound silence and atmosphere of awed respect were remarkable; the few words spoken were hardly above a whisper, and the caïd and I used low tones. It was a hospitable and generous breakfast, however, and the manner of it wholly pleasant and friendly; and as I again took the old marabout's large, soft hand, and expressed my pleasure and thanks for having been thus received, he seemed to me very cordial and kind; and for my part I was glad that I had found the unusual experience of breakfasting with a saint so agreeable. The caïd and I parted below, and I walked back through the tranquil street and by the mosque with the bird-haunted windows and the onyx portal, well pleased with my morning in such a place of peace and good will.

We drove back through the hot horizons of a burning noon; by sombre Temacin with its far-seen tower, old watcher of the desert; by the distant western oasis with its two gleaming koubbas, that seemed to



dissolve between the sands and the blue; by the Bedouin tents crouched in the long drifts below the brow of the earthen ruin whose walls gaped on the hill with fissure and breach. We passed a bevy of brightly-colored Bedouin women hurrying in their finery to some marabout to pray. The long slopes and mounded dunes had not lost that wonderful enamel of the breath of the wind. All nature seemed to stretch out in the glory of the heat. It was spring on the desert; it was a dreaming world. "*Le vrai Sahara*," said Hamet, half to himself. And slowly over the palmy plain, beyond the lost oasis, the tower and minaret of Tougourt, slim lines on the sky, grew distinct in their turn, and solid, and near, and we drove in through the garden green as over a threshold of verdure. It was a great ride.

The day ended lazily. I had the pleasure of a few courteous words with the agha of Tougourt, to add to my hospitable distinctions. "He is an Arabian prince," said Hamet proudly, as we walked away. Along the arcade I saw a Jew seated cross-legged with his back to the jamb of his shop; he held a heavy folio volume on his lap and seemed to peruse it with grave attention; that was the only time I ever saw a native reading a book in North Africa, and I looked curiously at the fine venerable face. The boys were playing leap-frog before the hotel as I came back from my walk; they had thrown off their haiks, or jackets, or whatever their upper garment might be. How they played! with what strong, young sinews and vivacity of rivalry and happiness! though the children of the street seemed often poor, destitute, and with faces of want. I photographed two of these Bedouin boys, with whom I had made friends. In the evening I sat outside and watched the camp-fires burning by the camels in the square. I thought of the massacring of the French garrison here forty years ago, and of the protests that a military interpreter, Fernand Philippe, records from the lips of the soldiers when a year or two later the government contemplated withdrawing from this advanced desert post.

It was a place of homesickness, of fever, and of utter isolation; but the soldiers wished to stay—withdraw? never!—and all this peace and prosperity that I had witnessed was the French peace.

## VI

It was three o'clock in the morning when I went out to start on the return under the stars. The streets were dark and silent as we drove out; but the heavens were brilliant, and the twin lights of Tougourt shone behind us like light-houses as we made out into the sandy plain. A few miles on we passed a company of soldiers convoying a baggage-train—strong, fine faces above their heavy cloaks, marching along in the night. The stars faded and day broke quietly—a faint green, a dash of pink, a low black band of cloud, and the great luminary rolled up over the horizontal waste. The morning hours found us soon in the heavy sands of the upland, with the old gray mosque and stretches of the *bois*, the desert drin, and we descended into the country of the marine views, the land of the mirage, mirror-like waters shoaling on banks of palm, dreaming their dream; and now it was Ourlana and the school, fresh horses and an early arrival at Mraier, and sleep in the caravanseraï amid horses and camels and passing soldiers, a busy yard. The chotts looked less melancholy as we passed over the lowland in the bright forenoon, and again there shimmered the far salt—the ocean-look where there was no sea, near marine views, and there was much mirage; and we climbed the ascent and glided on over the colored quartz, and the range of the Aurès rose once more above the horizon, beautiful and calling, and Ain Chegga seemed a familiar way-station. Fresh horses, and the last start, and Bordj Saada seemed a suburb; and as we drove into Biskra, with its road well-filled with pedestrians and carriages, it seemed like a return to Europe—so soon does the traveller's eye become accustomed to what at first was "rich and strange." And Hamet went to his baby boy.



# THE GHOST ON THE STAIRS

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford

## I



MR. DAWLEY sat on the sands, leaning a little forward, watching the great waves that came nearer and nearer, foaming and roaring at their highest, then spending themselves on the shore, only to be followed by others that were higher and louder and came nearer still, as if they were trying to force her back, up the steps and along the pathway, to the little house at the end of the terrace in which she lived her secluded life.

She had gone down to the sea, when the early post brought its news, to think the past years over, holding in her hand the while a gold cross on a slender chain which she wore round her neck. It had been given her in Rome some years before, a parting gift from a Catholic friend who was about to take the veil. Concealed in it was a little photograph of Leo XIII. Leo XIII had blessed it, the friend told her, and said: "Wear it day and night; it will keep the Evil One from you." She pressed it against her face now, while gradually she realized what the news meant. Just this, that the man she had loved best in the world was lying dead, not here but in London. She had supposed that all feeling for him had ended, that he was nothing—nothing to her; but those three lines had made her heart leap and then grow cold, as if an icy hand had been laid on it. She had risen to her feet and stood for a moment dazed, then read the notice again, and again, and told herself that it was true—true, he was dead; it was all over, everything in the world was over for him—never, never would she see him again. And O God! dear God, how did it fare with him?

It was impossible to stay in the house; the whole weight of the ceiling, of the roof itself, seemed to be on her head. She dragged herself out, along the garden path, to the road, to the little gate and

down the steps to the bay, which was always deserted in the early morning; it was the one place in which she might be able calmly to think. The sands looked soft and yellow, the sea was blue, the sky was blue, the sunshine was everywhere. The great waves seemed to mock her—all Nature seemed to mock her; she felt afraid and lonely, an alien in the world; for a moment she almost lost count of her own identity and wondered aimlessly how she came there, and thought again of the man she had loved. He was lying dead. She imagined his face, and wondered if he had thought of her in that last hour, and if he had known that the end was coming.

She had been married to him when she was twenty-two. He was infatuated with her for three weeks before he proposed and for a hurrying month after he was accepted, well content for half a year of marriage. Then he cooled down. He was incapable of being constant to any one woman long, and rather despised the men who were; he thought it showed a lack of enterprise and too much satisfaction with existing conditions which, he told her with a laugh, he held to be fatal to the advancement of the world in general and the exhilaration of man in particular. Two years later she had divorced him and was living alone at St. Ives. For a time she was utterly miserable; then the thought of the other woman, of his desertion—his desertion for that woman!—had filled her with a shivering anger and repulsion. She imagined that she had learned to hate him. Now it was all swept away, and she thought of the day she had met him first, of the mad infatuation on his part and her own calmer, deeper love for him: it struggled to come back, and the tones of his voice, the sound of his laughter, filled her ears.

The waves frightened her; they seemed to know—they did know—she felt it, heard it; they came nearer and nearer with their message. They drove her at last into her own room to lie face downward on the



bed and think. Lionel was dead, and the other woman had watched beside him. What could he have seen in *her*, "a free lance" she had been called, probably because she lived alone, smoked—and drank too much, it was said—painted little daubs of pictures, and had a studio at Chelsea to which she gathered a Bohemian godless set? †

Those last two words made Edith Dawley stop and shiver again. She was a religious woman, and she didn't believe that a serious thought had entered his heart or brain since the day he made his marriage vows only to break them. She had talked to him of their solemnity once. He had looked rather amused and said: "All right, my dear. I don't believe in hell, you know, and if there is one I don't expect it's such a bad place, after all." Now perhaps he was standing at the bar waiting for judgment. How had he lived these last few years? How had he died? Had any one prayed beside him when he was ill? Did any one kneel by him now that he was dead? The old tenderness had stolen back into her heart, but with it there came a paralyzing fear, an awful dread.

She looked at *The Times* again—on the 8th. This was the 10th. He was probably lying in the front room over the first floor in Connaught Square, the house he had removed to after the divorce. She felt that she would give everything she possessed to see him once again, to see his dead face—even to be near the house in which he lay still and cold would be something.

She got up, hesitated, and with weary eyes looked round the room, then took a time-table from a little shelf over the bureau in the corner. The London train started at 10.25—three-quarters of an hour hence. As if at the bidding of a dream, she put on a long black cloak and hat, tied a thick veil over her face, gathered a few things into a hand-bag, and with a word or two of explanation to the solitary servant went down to the station.

A long, weary day. The train stopped at all the little Cornish places. Despairingly she stared at them, at the station-master gossiping with the guard, at the few passengers, country folk mostly, carrying baskets or bags, leisurely taking leave of those who had come to see them off.

The start again was slow and reluctant; but after Plymouth the engine seemed to shake itself free and rushed on, the carriages rocking with relief behind it. Across the quiet west country, past sleepy villages and their blurred name-boards at the stations, till with a shriek of exultation they were in sight of Exeter—the platform was crowded with people, but the train only gathered speed as if to avoid some signal that might delay it.

All the time in her thoughts she followed a scared and silent procession of men and women who went through the gate of the world and on in the mist and blackness toward a shining road—for the stars were its landmarks—and a distance that was saturated with light and mystery. Away from it stretched a pathway, dark and dank it looked, darker—darker till blackness hid it. She shuddered with dread as they came near and went past her—the ghostly men and women. She could see them plainly. Their worn faces were marked with care and pain and remembered deeds; their shadowy robes and outstretched hands would have touched her but for the screening glass; she watched their noiseless feet, that had not power to hesitate or stop, going on—and on. O merciful God, was Lionel among them! And what would be his sentence when it was given out? Which way would *his* feet turn? Suddenly she remembered being told that the Semitic races believed the soul did not leave the body till the third day. Perhaps even yet there was time! With her whole heart, with passionate intensity, she prayed—as she sat there silent, motionless, in the railway carriage—pleading his carelessness, his charm and good nature, his lack of strength to do right and of intention to do wrong; and his happy generosity, for he had given all he possessed carelessly enough.

She arrived at Paddington in the evening and waited till the twilight came. Then, leaving her hand-bag in the cloak-room, she put down her veil and walked slowly to Connaught Square. It was just a little way—she knew the house well, for long ago she had gone to parties next door to it.

The blinds were down; there were lights in the dining-room; probably she—the



other woman—was having dinner. Edith Dawley shrank back, and drawing her cloak round her walked by on the other side and looked up. The windows were open a little way in the room over the drawing-room. It was as she thought . . . While she hesitated at the corner a servant opened the door and whistled for a cab. A woman came out and drove away—the woman who had supplanted her. And the dead man was left in the house. If only she could get in and see his face once more? But she had no courage to knock, no excuse to give. She walked round the square again, the shadows of the calm night hesitated to shroud it, but gradually they were blurring and hiding and beautifying everything with their grayness. As she drew near the house again a postman went there and knocked twice; she was ten yards off, she saw him give in a letter and a paper which the servant, leaving the door open, evidently went away to sign. Without considering what she was doing, she went up the steps and entered the house. The postman, seeing her blackness, thought she belonged to it; the servant had not returned.

She went softly up-stairs to the room, the electric light had not been turned on, but enough twilight lingered to let her see the way. The door was locked, but the key was there; she turned it and went in. It felt very still and cold and everything was white: the whiteness showed plainly through the gathering darkness. Between the windows she could see dimly that for which she was seeking. For a moment she shuddered and hesitated. On a little table outside she had vaguely noticed a candlestick and a box of matches; she went back for the matches, took them into the room and shut the door. For a moment she stood still, while gradually the room revealed itself to her and the silence struck icily at her heart; a sheet was over him; she drew it back and softly lit a match, shielding it with her figure so that its radiance might not fall on the door and show from without. Then she saw his face. It was grave and very sad—she felt her whole being reach out to him with

yearning love, with pity and dread. O God, what did his closed eyes see—what was he hearing—what surprise had come to him? She lighted another match, carefully smothering the little sound its striking made. Another long look, an unconscious entreaty to all the unknown Immensities—then with her left hand she pulled the gold cross from her neck and pushed it into the white folds next his heart. “If it’s true what they believe,” she thought, “it will help—it will bar the downward way.” She drew the sheet back over his face. The ends of the matches were in her hands; she clutched them tightly; the last one burned her palm, but she did not even feel it.

The closed door was between them again; she turned the key and, keenly listening with the sense of a hunted woman leaving forever all that was left of what had once been dearest life, she went slowly down.

There was no light on the staircase, but as she passed the first floor she could see that a door was open; the room beyond was still and dark; her dress made a little swishing sound against the banister—a smothered cry—a sound of fright within the drawing-room—a movement and then a halt from sheer horror—she knew it was her chance and quickened her steps. In a minute she was at the street door; she closed it noiselessly, but a scream met her ears—the sudden isolated scream of fear. Luckily the house was near a corner; she turned it and disappeared.

She went back to Cornwall by the night mail, desolate, miserable, but shiveringly, shudderingly thankful. “It will bar the way,” she said to herself again and again; “perhaps I have done that for him.” In the darkness without the faces of thwarted fiends shaped themselves and pressed against the windows; they mocked and mouthed at her; she covered her face with her hands. . . .

Three months later, in a letter from a friend, she heard that the house in Connaught Square was empty. It was said to be haunted by a woman in black, who, in the twilight, went up and down the staircase.



# THE FÊTE OF M'SIEUR BOB

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN



SMALL, fair man whose scholarly forehead was set into child-like curls, not very gray yet at sixty-five, in his dressing-room, his careful morning toilet almost completed, fresh in fine linen and well-cut tweed, he fingered a razor. With a considering manner he moved the blade this way and that. Through the closed door came the sound of his valet in his bedroom. The man turned a glance toward the door, reflectively; then, with a shrug, lowered the razor. "Such a mess," he muttered, and proceeded quietly to put on his coat.

It was the self-contained gentleman to whom the valet was accustomed who gave a crisp order two minutes later. "The electric in half an hour, Stebbins."

In exactly half an hour, as he walked through the door of his house, another, younger man was stepping along the sidewalk. This one stopped; a smile lighted his face.

"I'm delighted to see you back, Mr. Schuyler," he said.

Schuyler's greeting was calm, a bit austere, yet there was pleasure too in his manner. He nodded toward the brougham and the chauffeur at the curb. "Won't you drive down with me?"

Walter Morgan hesitated. "I meant to walk," he said. "It's hard to get exercise. But I want to hear about the Canadian fishing. You had a wonderful time?" he began as the car slid away. "And how are you? A lot better?"

Schuyler shrugged his shoulders. "As to that—but the fishing was very fine. I took a large number of salmon. One of them kept me busy two hours by the clock. The only reason I killed him and he didn't kill me is that I had a flask and he hadn't. He weighed thirty-seven pounds."

"Ah!" said Morgan enviously; "I'd

like a chance like that. I've never taken salmon."

"You should have come. I wanted you."

"I wanted to go," answered Morgan. "But I must work for my living at times instead of going fishing. It's hard lines." He slewed about and regarded the older man. "It's done you good, I hope?" he asked again. "A month of fighting salmon ought to do good." But his tone was uncertain as he gazed at the worn face, with its reserve, with the tell-tale sadness in the large eyes.

Peter Schuyler, millionaire banker, art amateur, collector, expert fisherman, met the gaze. The blue eyes, which with the carved features and short, fair curls, had given him in his heyday the title of "the most beautiful boy in New York"—the old blue eyes knew how to guard against impertinent looks. He had been stared at all along his life. But he did not meet Walter Morgan's gaze with the usual chilling courtesy. He was fond of this man. The mask was dropped, and Morgan, looking, saw a lonely soul in trouble.

Then Schuyler laughed, not mirthfully. "To tell the truth, I didn't have such a tremendous spree up there by myself. I got a bit depressed. A man isn't in high spirits after a bout of nerves. You were lucky in not going with me."

"I would have given a great deal to go," Morgan threw back. "If I could have helped you at all it would have been an added pleasure."

"You're very good," said Schuyler, in a colorless tone. And Morgan felt that he had somewhere overstepped the line, and the talk drifted swiftly to commonplace.

A week later the younger man appeared on a morning at Peter Schuyler's office. Although nearly July there were doings in the world of affairs which made necessary his presence there. Morgan got through the suave clerks and secre-



taries who guarded the throne. "I have a scheme," he began.

Something in the joyous, friendly manner of this man always touched Schuyler with a shock of pleasure.

"You have?" he threw back, and smiled as few people saw him smile.

Morgan went on. "You remember that I've told you about our camp in the club in Canada?"

"Certainly."

"It's a rough log camp, you know, but it's a great lake country, and the trout are thick and big. Would you consider coming up there with Bob and me for a month?"

The great blue eyes regarded the other man with a startled expression. A flush crept across Morgan's fresh color.

"I quite realize, Mr., Schuyler," he said, "that you have any number of attractive things to do, always. I feel that it's rather presuming to suggest this. My idea was"—he hesitated a little and went on with a winning sincerity. "My idea was partly that the simplicity of the thing might be a change, after the way you get amusement generally. My young brother Bob is uncommonly good company too. I'm pretty sure you'd find him good company. And then—it would be such a pleasure to Bob and me. My wife has gone to England with her sister for August. Bob and I are off by ourselves on July 29th. I believe you'd enjoy it. Do come."

"My dear fellow," said the banker, and laid his hand on Morgan's hand, lying on the desk. "My dear fellow!" he repeated, and stopped a second. "Enjoy it! You've given me the best moment I've had for months merely in asking me. I'm so pleased to think you want me. I didn't know"—he stopped. "I'm getting old," he said, and his voice broke as the hidden soreness of his soul crept into it. "I'm old—and sick. Those things are not attractive. Young, strong people don't want detrimentals." Then quickly, giving no chance for an answer, he went on with calm dignity again. "I can't quite tell, Morgan. May I let you know in a few days? I may have to—be somewhere else, at that time."

Morgan was gone. Peter Schuyler sat at his desk with the door locked. He

stared down at the litter of papers. For moments he sat so, staring. Then in a flash he was alert; a gleam came into the blue eyes. He drew a bunch of keys from his pocket and chose one and opened a drawer. Out of it he lifted a small, bright affair, and turned the barrel toward him. He looked into it, half longingly, half curiously.

"Peace down there," he whispered. "Peace, locked up—I *think*. I think it's peace. Shall I turn the key and let peace loose into my brain?"

He lifted and cocked the pistol and pressed the cold ring of the end of it against his forehead. His finger was on the trigger.

"One easy movement and this unbearable life would be over." He was whispering aloud again. "God knows what next. I've a right to see. Haven't I? Why haven't I? It's my own life." He was arguing now against some ghostly adversary.

With that he sighed suddenly, wearily; he lowered the pistol, put it at half-cock, laid it back in its drawer, and locked the drawer.

"Not yet," he spoke. "I can't leave loose ends to other men."

He whirled in his swinging chair and stared from the high window. Over New York Bay the June sunlight poured and broke across millions of wave-tops. Ships moved with leisurely swiftness; sail-boats fled before the wind, like irresponsible, playful big birds. Away down there the tall goddess lifted her torch eternally over the eternal ocean. It seemed, as he looked at it, a glaring happy planet, with no corner in it which needed him. His wife was dead; his children were grown and married and rich; he had more money than he could use; there was no point in piling up more still; he was ill; he was growing old. What dignity was there in a life with no work to do? So he reasoned, and, clear of brain as he was, never saw his fallacy. A disgust of the whole useless round of his days seized him as he sat at the wide window of the nineteenth story of the great building and looked over the teeming June world. He would not stay about this place, earth, and finish out an ever-sillier life of twenty or thirty more years. In September, when his business should be



so arranged that he might leave it without giving too much trouble, here in his office he would take out the little steel affair and retire from life. The time between must be got through.

With that he was aware of a subconscious pleasant thought, and dragged the thought out. The Morgans had asked him to their camp for a month. He would go. It would be an agreeable taste for his last mouthful of life. With a brightening face the man who had decided on suicide drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote. . . .

"Many happy returns, Bob."

The eight-o'clock sunlight of the August morning poured full on the lake dancing twenty feet away. In the woods it was cool; a light breeze was stirring. Schuyler, moving through sun-spotted shadows down the trail, from the big tent which was the guest-room, came in range of Bob Morgan on the log step hovering over an assortment of articles. He sprang up, a big young American in a gray flannel shirt, and towered above the small, elderly gentleman in his dapper woods togs.

"Thank you, Mr. Schuyler. Good morning, sir. I want to thank you a lot for this stunning reel. It's a wonder," said Bob. "I never saw one like it, and I'm clean crazy about it. It sure was nice of you." He shook hands with a smile like the morning and a grip that made Schuyler wince.

"Good," said the older man heartily, with a throb of satisfaction. "You've got a good bit of loot, I see."

"You bet—I mean, ves, indeed," agreed Bob. "Walter gave me these cunnin' things," and he dangled a huge pair of Canadian *bottes sauvages*, caribou moccasin boots. "And Margaret, my sister-in-law, sent this princely fly-book; and my mother some silk socks, which I can't wear with the hunting-boots; and my uncle donated this shotgun. Walter bought it for him. Isn't that a beauty?" He handed it over for inspection. "And I've got other things—an electric torch, and books, and a subscription to *Country Life*—a lot of stuff. See."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Peter Schuyler. He thought of his sons, and

the automobiles and checks which celebrated their birthdays, and of the satiated appetites which needed that and more to stir them. He considered the pleasure of Bob in his presents and found him lucky. "You're a fortunate lad," he repeated. "Where's your brother?"

Bob turned his head and lifted his hand. "Shaving," he whispered. "Hear!" Out of the other side of the camp issued sounds as of measured wailing. Indian medicine-men over a victim might chant such music. "That's his shaving-song," explained Bob. "It dies down when he's in action—hear? He's finished now; listen to that!" Loud and steady the wails swelled triumphant through the camp window.

"I want to be an ange-eye-el  
And with th' ange-eye-els stand;  
A crown upon my fore-eye-head  
A harp within my hand-hand-hand  
A harp within my—

"Bobby, you young cuss, where's my trewsies? Holy Moses, Bob, you've coopered my trewsies and I haven't got the wherewithal to appear in society and how——"

Bob sent a big laugh crashing into the everlasting hills. "Cut it out, Wallie," he shouted. "I'll bring the trewsies—left 'em in my room to dry," he explained *en passant* as he dashed inside, and then came swinging out, his tall head bent in the low doorway, with the cherished raiment.

Schuyler watched him as he went leaping like a giant young rabbit down the wide gallery of the camp. Bob's strength and youth never made him feel old and quiet, as that of many youngsters. It seemed rather that youth and strength were in the air and he himself likely to catch them. From the other side of the camp came now a chastened song of joy.

"Every night I used to hang my trewsies up  
On the back of the bedroom door,"

warbled Morgan, far, far out of Harry Lauder's tune. Bob swung, moccasin-footed, around the corner, grinning.

"He'll be ready in a minute, sir. Hungry for your breakfast?"

And Schuyler, now he came to think of it, was hungry. The guides' camp and the dining-room and the kitchen were a



hundred yards away through the woods. The procession of three filed down a brown thread of trail, deep in forest shades, bright with drops of sunlight, filtered, shaken through the birches and spruces. The breeze blew the tall ferns, and the ferns nodded a broken, continuous good-morning, and brushed them softly as they passed. A brown partridge ran across the brown earth by an old log and fled clucking up the hillside. Up there, one heard the ring of an axe, and knew that the *garçons*, the younger guides, were after firewood. The lake sparkled through the tree-trunks like a mammoth, tossing field of jewels. And with that the dining-camp was in view. Godin, the butler, stood smiling; a pleasant crackling of wood, a flash of flame, a sputtering of hot butter in the frying-pan, an appetizing smell of homely good things to eat, such as bacon and trout and coffee, met them full, coming around the moss-set trail. They sat down on backless plank benches about a table covered with white oil-cloth, and breakfasted from enamelled-ware plates, and the roof above their heads made all the dining-room there was. Yet that is a misstatement, for the walls of their dining-room were a panorama. The lake twenty feet from their feet lapped two sides of the knoll shadowy with spruce trees; across the lake green hills crowded to the water and beyond them tops of higher hills rolled into the blueness of the oldest mountains on the planet, the Laurentian range.

"Gosh," remarked Bob later, and patted his lungs, "I've et plentiful." And Godin carried away the last *poêlée* of flapjacks untouched. The butler here served flapjacks in the frying-pan. And with that Godin stepped forward and presented Morgan with a pile of envelopes.

"*La poste, m'sieur*," he said. "The morning's mail," and rippled a laugh.

Morgan put them in his corduroy pocket with a grave "Thank you," and led the way over the trail back to camp. There one proceeded to sit on the step of the wide log gallery, facing down the lake to the Damned Little River two miles away, and read the letters. There were five. In various forms, all unconventional, Jean Godin, Josef Vézina, Jacques

Alouasse, Zoétique Vézina, and Josef Godin accepted an invitation from Monsieur Morgan for the fête of his brother, Monsieur Robert Morgan, on the afternoon of August 9, from four to six o'clock.

"We always do it this way," explained Bob. "We send them each a solemn note the day before, and they accept it solemnly in a note apiece the morning of my birthday. They can't all write, but they worry out the answers among 'em. They're a good lot of fellows," he added, with a manner of protecting gentleness over the labored, ill-written papers. And Walter indorsed him.

"They're nice fellows, all of 'them," he said heartily.

"Josef Godin, that's Blanc," explained Bob further. "Here's his note, Mr. Schuyler. It makes me—well, sort of ashamed to have had all the chances."

And Peter Schuyler, putting on his gold-rimmed eye-glasses, read Blanc's note.

"MONSIEUR:

"I, Josef Vézina, present my respectful compliments to monsieur, with a thousand thanks for my invitation to the fête of Monsieur Bob, and I will come with all that there is of pleasure. Monsieur will be good enough to pardon my writing and also the spelling, because one has not had very much of instruction.

"Monsieur, I am

"*Votre serviteur*,

"JOSEF VÉZINA."

"He is a good fellow," Schuyler repeated, and was aware of a queer feeling which warmed him interiorly.

"I'm going across to Lake Harlan," announced Bob then. "It's getting too blamed beaverish over there. Zoétique and I tore down the dam yesterday, and if those blessed beasts have built it again I'm going to hang up a handkerchief soaked in tar oil to smell 'em away. Want to come, Mr. Schuyler? I'd be delighted to paddle you across; and it's a nice walk to Harlan."

There was a quality in Bob's doing of things which made the things he did seem desirable. Schuyler was suddenly anxious to know personally if the beaver had rebuilt their dam, which flooded the lake and ruined it for hunting.



"I'd like to go," he said, "and—and I'd rather like to paddle too."

"Sure, sir," said Bob. And presently the bright, long morning was gone, and then lunch was over.

"Now we've got to get ready for the festivities," said Walter Morgan, and Schuyler, at first looking on, and wondering, found himself, shortly, helping with his whole soul. Wiping perspiration from his brow he stood back; an hour later, and viewed with deep satisfaction the result of his labors.

"I think I've got those prizes pretty well arranged," he announced, and regarded a miscellaneous labelled lot of small articles spread on a box cover, on the gallery bench, with interest and pride.

There was a package of cigarettes, labelled "First, Potato race"; there was a box of letter-paper labelled "First, Axe-throwing"; there was a necktie, not from Budd's, marked "First, Obstacle race"; and four cigars which said "First, Shooting." Other first and second prizes of much the same ilk were there. On the writing-table inside, where one might reach through the window and serve them, were refreshments: punch, brewed of good ingredients, in the thermos bottles; candies brought from New York; a box of sweet wafers unknown of guides; that was all—except cigars, which were a crown of glory to these pipe-smokers.

At four o'clock sounds of desultory conversation and a little chopping and a little sawing of wood were heard back of the camp. The Morgans grinned at each other.

"You'll have to lep into the high-and-by-ways and lug in the party," said Bob. "They always lose their nerve at the last minute and fuss around in the woods," he explained to Schuyler. And shortly Morgan was heard genially adjuring his guests from the wings, in his own peerless French.

*"Venez, Godin, et Zoétique, et Jacques, et toutes personnes. Le bal champêtre sommes prêt. Nous attendait pour vous. Tout sommes prêt. Venez avec moi."*

And around the corner he led his sheep. Clean and scrubbed they were, in fresh cotton shirts and no coats, and conspicuously suspended. The sheep were

sheepish; they shook hands shyly, with pretty French politeness, as if they had not met for weeks, with Bob and Mr. Schuyler, receiving. And with that the *bal champêtre* began.

There was a shooting-match first, and the men who never wasted a cartridge because of expense were given Schuyler's English magazine rifle and cartridges galore, and everybody shot in turn. Jacques Alouasse won. Schuyler looked at him curiously as he swung forward, handsome, nonchalant, as full of grace as a wild animal, to take his prize of cigars.

Jacques was an Indian, unlike the others, who were French-Canadian brothers and cousins from the Rivière Sainte Anne. The ancestors of Jacques were those Hurons who had been chased from what is now central New York State by the Iroquois and had found asylum and made a little village, still called Indian Lorette, beyond Quebec. Here they live to-day, a tiny colony in a foreign land, pure-blooded Indians yet, and manufacture canoes and moccasins and do guiding. Schuyler looked at Jacques. Not only was the historic background a setting for the lithe and vigorous figure, but his personality was interesting. He was here in the Morgan camp to fill a vacancy, accepted here only because guides were scarce. Yet he was probably the best guide in the club, untiring, willing, powerful, capable.

"Just that one thing against him," said Walter Morgan, "but it's enough. You can never tell when he'll turn up wild drunk."

It was said that he was now deliberately drinking himself to death, and no one could give a reason why. His dark face was a mask of stolidity, but a smile flashed and was gone as he took the cigars from Walter Morgan with a deep-toned "*Merci, m'sieur.*" A heron's feather, stuck in his hat, gave a dramatic touch to his old clothes; a scarlet bandanna was around his straight throat; his shoulders were broad and his waist small and he moved springily as if every muscle played joyfully. He was lean and not too tall, a perfect figure of an athlete. "A beautiful creature," thought Schuyler regretfully, as Jacques turned away.

The games went on and each guide



threw his heart into each event. No one ever had more delightful guests. They were interested in every moment, considerate, eager to help, quick to understand. Peter Schuyler, the world-worn, the blasé, forgot that he was either, forgot to remember himself at all. He roared with laughter as Blanc, driven by Bob, with long strips of red cotton for reins in the blind-fold race, charged whole-heartedly into a spruce-bush; he presided with keen interest over the tableful of seventeen odds and ends which the men were to try to catalogue after ninety seconds' study, and he marvelled, with the appreciation of a trained brain, at the high percentage which these brains of home-made training could remember. He entered like a boy, like Bob Morgan, into the entire primitive festivity.

Then the laughing, happy Frenchmen had said their "au revoirs" with shy gratitude and thanks repeated over and over, and, each with his load of two-penny, precious prizes, each crowned with a bright-colored paper cap out of the "snappers" that were a wonderful novelty to these children of the remote world, had gone off down the little trail into the forest, with fainter and fainter sound of gay, excited voices. And Schuyler, as he turned with a sigh of pleasure toward the brothers, suddenly realized that he too had been happy. Unused nerve connections were tingling; atrophied muscles were aching deliciously from laughter and exercise. And he was conscious of pushing aside impatiently the familiar thought of his own wretchedness, to get room for the thought of the pleasure of a handful of French habitants.

"By Jove," he exploded. "I've had a remarkable afternoon. What fellows they are—what a joyful lot! And what gracious manners! I never had a party with such guests. It makes me feel like going home and shovelling cart-loads of things to give them."

Walter Morgan shook his head. "You mustn't spoil them, Mr. Schuyler. You could do it, you know. Their life runs in narrow grooves. They're contented inside those grooves, and mostly they've got to stay inside." And Schuyler deferred to the man who knew them.

"But I'd like to do something for—or

to—that fellow Jacques Alouasse," he reflected aloud. "Does any one know why—" and behold here was Godin, slipping noiselessly back, a brown figure, out of brown afternoon shadows. Would M'sieur speak to him a moment? And as Morgan went down the portage, Bob grinned. "They're going to surprise me," he stated. "Just wait, sir—it's going to be awfully pretty. You'll see."

As they went through the twilight woods to dinner Schuyler saw. When they turned the corner of the trail toward the dining-camp, suddenly all the forest of Canada was dancing with many-colored lights. High in the darkness, low, and near and far they hung and swung and sparkled; red and green and yellow they were, and ringmarked and speckled. One cannot believe, till one has seen, what a magic earth fifty paper lanterns can manufacture, with a lake reflecting manyfold their broken brilliancy.

As they came to the camp all the guides stood at the fire, smiling, pleased with the great fête, gay yet with the afternoon's pleasure. Sitting at the table to trout and bacon and fried potatoes was feasting in fairyland, and the men's figures moving about, serving, topped with the mad-shaped, colored-paper head-dresses were as unreal as a story of German elfs. And then, when one had devoured corn bread and flapjacks and other delicacies, at the last came Godin emerging from a secret place, bearing in state a large frosted cake blazing with candles, one for each year of Bob's great age and one "to grow on." And the guides, in their bright caps, trooped respectfully behind Godin, for one did this each year—one knew what was expected.

The cake was set in front of the hero of the day, and all the bright head-dresses bent about the table around the *messieurs* seated there, and blew mightily to see who should be the last one married. And with great laughter it was judged to be Bob himself, who proceeded to knock out the pretty pink candles brought from New York and cut open the cake to give a slice to each one. The little regiment stood under the gay Japanese lanterns, odd and picturesque in their white and blue and crimson and orange caps, and each one held his plate with its huge slice of



fruit-cake, and munched a bit slyly and searched surreptitiously for what might be found. Till Godin discovered a thimble, amid much laughter, for Godin was an old bachelor, a "*vieux garçon*." And then promptly Zoétique had a silver ten-cent piece and Blanc a ring and Jacques Alouasse had found a toy watch for the one who should live the longest. A lightning gleam flashed across the immobile Indian face.

"*Crais que non*"—"I think not," said Jacques Alouasse, and swiftly he had laughed and was saying his deep-toned "*Merci, m'sieur*" to Bob.

When the *messieurs* went home, lantern-guided, through the velvet darkness, the night was so warm and the lure of the starlit lake so strong that they strolled down twenty feet to the dock, and then Bob shoved a canoe into water and the three stepped in and floated into the dimness between sky and sea, to the silent pushes of a paddle. And behold, as they rounded a point toward the guides' camp, a miracle: the black mass of Canadian woods was all alight and the lake gave back enchantment, redoubling the elusive sparkle of the lanterns in the rippled water. There seemed no end of the lights; all the woodland was *en fête*; it might have been a casino at Newport or Narragansett Pier; one listened for the music of an orchestra, for sounds of revelry. Instead there came voices and laughter of the guides, out of the clump of spruces where the flame of candles told of the dining-table. Excited words floated to the three on the lake.

"M'sieur Bob—*crais*—but he fell hard in the potato race—*crais que oui!*" and much laughter. Then an animated discussion of the eating of the biscuit and smoking of cigarettes in the obstacle race: "But the biscuits there were dry—but yes! Me, I choked on the second and thou, Blanc, I saw thee gobble a whole one at a *bouchée*—a mouthful. I saw it." Shouts of laughter again, at Blanc's expense. The men, simple-hearted as children, were going over the events of the "*fête* of M'sieur Bob," the great day of the summer.

Schuyler, an hour later, lying on his cot, inhaling the balsam through his tent-door, stared out at the dark rim of moun-

tains across the lake back of which a six-foot golden moon was slowly lifting, and wondered what was the hidden magic which had made this day a landmark in his history.

"The *fête* of M'sieur Bob," he spoke half-aloud in the dark. "The *fête* of M'sieur Bob. I wonder why it has been such a beautiful day." And was asleep.

He woke to the scolding trill of a squirrel and a cannonade of pine cones on his tent. He laughed. The squirrel whisked into a tree-top, and Schuyler lay and basked in a peace which passed understanding. Noiselessly across the tent roof wove a dance of breeze-blown branches. Reflected inside the tent walls, the light and shade of the lake waves played unendingly; one heard birds in the tree-tops and silver lapping of water against the pebbled shore; far off, dreamily, one heard the slow ring of an axe. Schuyler looked at his watch; half an hour yet before it was time for the dash to the lake and the swim in the sharp, sweet water. He lay still and thought.

"The *fête* of M'sieur Bob" was still his consideration. How had it been possible to construct hours of genuine delight out of a dozen or two paltry jimcracks whose total value would not have exceeded five dollars; out of association with a number of ignorant peasants? It sounded to this man of opportunity paradoxical. Yet it had happened; he had felt it. Slowly, as he considered, it came to him, more or less unphrased, that perhaps all people, even though they do not know it, enjoy giving themselves—that yesterday every one had given the best that was in him to all the others; that consequently—perhaps consequently, for this was only a theory to Peter Schuyler—each one had enjoyed himself hugely. That might be it. With that came the memory of a dark young face masked in stoic calmness; of a reserved dignity which Schuyler felt akin to something in himself. The two thoughts fused. If it was so delightful an amusement to do things for some one, why should he not try the trick with this fellow who attracted him, Jacques Alouasse?

About four that afternoon, armed with the last thought in a four-ounce rod, with a fly-book *de luxe* and the general sporting outfit of a dandy who was yet a sport,



Schuyler stepped into the bow of a canoe which Alouasse held. He took his place facing the stern and watched with fastidious satisfaction the perfection of the guides' movements as he slid the boat to the end of the dock and sprang into the flying stern effortless and sure. Down at the *tête du lac*, in a bay, was a hole which was in shade early. With short, strong strokes, as the Canadian woodsman paddles, Alouasse brought the canoe to this place, and Schuyler, as they came, trailed his leader and his flies to take the curl out of them. Then he cast carefully; he was conscious of doing his best for the knowledge in the dark, watchful eyes. He was conscious of a desire to win the good opinion of an Indian guide who was drinking himself to death. He was an expert fisherman and he cast to-day as even Jacques had seen few people cast. The nine-foot thread of light which was the leader lifted, folded back into space, paused, and with a single movement of the forearm shivered forward, out and out in a clean loop till it hung straight; till seventy-five feet away the tail fly touched, then the second, and then the hand fly. The three bright spots flecked the water in a line scientifically zigzagged, not too slow and not too fast; it was perfect casting and Schuyler knew it, and knew that Jacques knew it. A truly Indian grunt at the third cast spoke approval. But no fish rose to break the brown surface with a flash of white, and the whir of the reel and the glory of the fight were not forthcoming.

After ten minutes of exhibition casting, "Go somewhere else, Jacques," ordered Schuyler. And Jacques, twisting his paddle under water, had the boat about in forty-five seconds and shortly they were landing at the portage up the Rivière à la Poêle.

There is probably no sweeter spot on earth. The spruces lean over the afternoon water in a dark canopy; back of them are silver birches and a shadowy trail up a slope; above, the river spins and whirls, a sliding mass, in crests of foam, in polished, dangerous pools, over and around and through great gray rocks tossed about as if giant children had been at play. There is a gentle murmur all about one, and under that one detects the swift

rush of strong water, and under, deep under all, is the hollow, booming beat of the heart of the rapids. One is drowned in a luxury of rich sound, of keen, fragrant air, of pervading dim greenness.

Schuyler, after walking the half-mile portage to the pool above was disappointed to find it still partly in sunlight.

"One must wait," said Jacques Alouasse philosophically, and squatted at a civil distance and filled his pipe.

Schuyler sat down on a log and followed his example. "It was a good party yesterday, Jacques?" he inquired. "The *fête* of M'sieur Bob, eh!"

"But yes, m'sieur," said Jacques, and said no more.

Schuyler wished the man to talk. "You have been here before at such times?" he went on.

"But no, m'sieur," said Jacques, and fell into another pool of silence. This time, however, he was moved to climb out alone. "I have wished to be here for that *fête*," Jacques volunteered. "One has heard much of it. In Saint Raymond, where I worked at boat-building last winter, they spoke of the *fête* of M'sieur Bob. The men had told of it, and it was wonderful to the people of Saint Raymond. They could hardly believe that such things could happen in the woods."

Schuyler gasped. Was this naïveté possible? But Jacques was perfectly serious. His enthusiasm had carried away his reserve; he went on:

"Me, I wished to see such an affair. I asked the steward of the club, M'sieur Demers, to say a good word for me if m'sieur should wish another guide. And he did."

A sudden thought flashed to Schuyler's mind, to his lips.

"Everybody is ready to say a good word for you, Jacques, in every way except one," said Schuyler.

A silence; the older man felt his pulse quicken as he thought, "Now, I've spoiled it all—now he will think he is to be lectured and go back into his shell."

Jacques spoke. "Ah! I get drunk," he agreed with quiet dignity.

"Yes," Schuyler nodded. "What makes you?"

Jacques visibly hesitated, and Schuyler, in the pause, was conscious of a feeling





*Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.*

He roared with laughter as Blanc, driven by Bob, . . . charged whole-heartedly into a spruce bush— Page 332



which most people, all people surely who have what is called temperament, have known a few times. It was the feeling that between this man and himself there stretched a definite bond of comprehension. Perhaps no intangible proof is stronger than this that we are all rather literally "members one of another"; that under all our small personal manifestations of life lies the universal linking life which is God. Neither Schuyler nor Jacques had any such formulated thought; yet both felt the unmistakable glow and opening of spirit which is the thing meant. The mask seemed to drop from the Indian face; the dark, bright eyes met Schuyler's, wistful, troubled. Schuyler's heart warmed to the look.

"M'sieur would like to know about me?" asked Jacques. And m'sieur briefly indicated that he would.

So Jacques, in bare sentences, told a curious, mediæval tale. He had been wild; he had drunk whiskey and gotten *en fête*; he had played tricks on the chiefs at Lorette; he had been absent from mass many times, and one Sunday morning while so absent he had fought a bear and killed him without a gun; when he had gone back in high glee with his game, the priest, Père Augustin, had made him come into his house and had told him that it was the devil who had helped him to kill that bear—that he was no doubt possessed of the devil. Père Augustin had gone farther; he had told Jacques that there was no doubt that, for his many sins, he was now damned to all eternity; also that if Marie Gros-Pierre should marry him she also would be damned. Jacques had come out from that interview a desperate man. He had gone to Marie and freed her from her promise. But Marie would not be freed. She would marry Jacques if he were a lost soul or not; she would go to hell with him if that must be. He was hers; she would not leave him for heaven or hell.

Jacques, squatting by the brown, lapping water, laid down his pipe and gazed at Peter Schuyler from dark eyes filled with the tragedy of a race. "What, then, can one do?" he demanded. "Me, I cannot let Marie be damned. I cannot refuse to marry her. So I kill myself. It is all the way I can think of. It is more

trouble to my people and to Marie if I shoot myself, so I drink. I drink very much. I am strong, so it go more slow, but I kill me in one year, maybe. Maybe more. It is a good way; m'sieur thinks so?"

M'sieur did not. M'sieur stared speechless for a moment, and then found energetic speech. Jacques listened attentively.

"But, m'sieur," he reasoned gently, "the good God had doubtless told Père Augustin that I was damned. In fact he said so."

"The good God never told any one any such thing," Peter Schuyler answered hotly. "The good God is ready to help you out of the mess you are in the minute you're ready to try to get out." Schuyler marvelled as he heard his own voice in this unmistakable sermonizing. But he was too eager to think about that.

Jacques shook his head. "I thank you, m'sieur. It would be agreeable to believe m'sieur. But the priests know. That is their *métier*," he repeated.

Schuyler considered. He thought of the saintly priests whom he had known, of the church to which Jacques belonged; of shepherds of little flocks, such as this Huron fold at Lorette, and their kindly guidance and lifelong examples of self-sacrifice and loving-kindness; he thought of priestly orators, swaying masses of ignorant souls to better things; he thought of busy, earnest years of unselfish men threading in their worn black clothes the close streets of crowded cities; he thought of Father Jogues and the martyrs who had counted their lives as nothing for the souls of other Indian people three hundred years ago; and then he marvelled that the poor little village had somehow missed the multitude of good men and fallen into the hands of a rascal. For rascality will happen in any calling, and a sacred one is no exception.

Then Schuyler squared himself to argument. Had Jacques meant to be wicked? Why, no, Jacques answered, not at all. He had been foolish; he had perhaps wished to be more daring than others, but that was all. Would Jacques himself forgive a person who had done these things? Schuyler asked. Why, certainly, Jacques said. Then, threw back



Schuyler, what sort of a God would it be who would not be as generous as Jacques Alouasse? Who would send a young fellow to eternal torture for foolishness? Why, reasoned he, dragging out long-neglected teachings, why, even if a man were a

—with a shrug—“take the punishment. Also”—an arrow of light glittered from the black eyes—“also, I hate the good God. And I hate Père Augustin.”

“I don't wonder,” agreed Schuyler. And then: “Why do you hate him?”



All the bright head-dresses bent about the table around the *messieurs* seated there, and blew mightily to see who should be the last one married.—Page 332.

criminal, the wickedest man on earth, the good God was so great and so kind that he would gladly forgive him the moment he tried to do better.

A gleam of grim amusement lighted the tragic black eyes. “M'sieur doesn't know God very well,” suggested Jacques. M'sieur agreed to that.

“We are not instructed of him like that in our village,” Jacques went on. “Père Augustin has taught us that if one does not do as Père Augustin says, God will give him the stick, one way or another. It is probably well for us to believe so. Mostly it makes a person careful. Me, I have a feeling here”—he tapped his broad chest—“that if God is unjust to me like that I will not do his way, but my own. And”

“Because when I am dead he will force Marie to marry his nephew. His nephew, Achille, will give him Marie's money. Marie is rich. She has nine hundred dollars which her father left her. Me”—and he lifted his head haughtily—“me, I do not want Marie's money. I want Marie.” And any one listening would have known that he spoke the truth.

Schuyler meditated. He formed a mental picture of a greedy plotter, exploiting the poor little village. He followed the windings of the sordid plan. Jacques, the difficult black sheep, driven to suicide; Marie bullied into marriage with Achille, his tool; and Marie's money absorbed, under some pretence, by himself; then Père Augustin, with his wealth of nine hundred

dollars, might leave Indian Lorette and go afield for a career.

"Jacques," spoke Schuyler, "you make a mistake to kill yourself."

Jacques shrugged his shoulders Frenchly.

"That makes nothing. I go to hell in any case. God is bad. He send me to hell no matter what I do now."

With that Schuyler argued again as to the inevitable character of a good God. Jacques listened even more attentively.

"M'sieur, is there another God than the God of Père Augustin?" he asked hopefully.

And Schuyler, considering, thought how each of us, in his groping to find out, shapes that great unknowable after his own feeble pattern. Very gently he tried to tell the man, listening breathless to the tale of wonder, how the reality must be kinder, stronger than any vision of any of us. "Your life is a part of him," explained Schuyler. "It is for that you have no right to cut it short"—and was aware with a jump that his words applied to others than Jacques. Yet, he thought hurriedly, it was most different. Jacques was young, strong, at the beginning; he himself was ill and growing old, nearing the end; it was another question; also, he was capable of judging; Jacques was not. He went on.

"Do you think you are a brave man, Jacques?" The troubled eyes met his with a glance like a blow.

"I have not the habit to be afraid, m'sieur."

"Then, if you are brave, why should you act like a coward?"

Schuyler had a glimpse then of how the forebears of Jacques, only a few generations ago, had looked, on the war-path. But Jacques said nothing. Schuyler went on. "To live our lives here is a battle. Many creatures suffer to make a life possible. We come here through suffering. The poor beasts suffer whose flesh we eat and whose skins and fur are our clothing. Isn't it honorable that we should suffer something in return for all this innocent pain? Also, isn't it the part of a brave man to stay in the fight till the fight is ended? Or—or"—Schuyler stammered a bit—"or as good as ended. You are just beginning. It would be like a cow-

ard to throw down your bow and arrow and run out of the battle. And how do you know what is coming? It may be good things. It may be honest work and a man's place in the world. Prove that Père Augustin is wrong. Take up your life and live it well. God will not damn you because any one says so."

"Won't he?" inquired Jacques surprised.

Schuyler brought down his fist on the old log with a force that sent loose bark flying. "You have a better chance for heaven than Père Augustin. It's damned nonsense and malice. The game is in your own hands. Stop drinking, live the best life you know how, and you'll get to heaven in spite of Père Augustin."

"Ah!" said Jacques, with a shadowy smile. "I thank m'sieur." And with that a large fish jumped and the case rested for this sitting.

There were other sittings. Paddling in the gleaming, hill-set fastnesses of the Rivière à la Poêle, floating down the west side of Lac Noir, deep in afternoon shadow, casting the long light-ray of the leader over the dark bay at the head of the lake, fishing the Lightning River amid murmuring waters, one held séances. One discussed heaven and hell when the fish did not rise. Schuyler's blood was up; he would save this fellow. More and more he grew to like him. He threw the force of his trained brain into the combat, and he began to see that he scored. Jacques was intelligent. The wall of prejudice was sapped from within while it was battered from without.

"M'sieur is very clever? The education of m'sieur *coûtait cher*—cost much?" he asked wistfully one day, twisting the canoe deftly to a better position. He wanted to believe in this strange new hope.

And Schuyler went to work, half-smiling, half with tears in his eyes, to set forth the expense of sending a boy to Groton, to Yale, to Oxford, and around the world. Jacques was impressed to speechlessness. It was apparent that the brains of Schuyler, translated into cash, were more than the brains of Père Augustin so translated. Schuyler saw the blind faith of years crumbling before this battering-ram of dollars. Yet the argu-





*Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.*

"You have a better chance for heaven than he."—Page 338.



One discussed heaven and hell when the fish did not rise.—Page 338.

ments which fetched Jacques in the end were better arguments than this. The mind behind the keen black eyes was a thinking mind, once stirred. Schuyler drag-netted his brain for the reading of years back and put it in battle-array, and so Jacques, who did not know how to write, came to be fairly well informed in the broadest modern views of philosophy and religion.

Then, on a day, the *garçons* came back from a two-days' trip to the club with mail. Among the letters was one for Schuyler from the daughter whom he loved the best of his children.

"Can't you pick up a trustworthy, interesting guide for little Peter?" wrote Mary Van Rensseler from her Adirondack place. "He reads too much, and I can't get him excited over paddling and woodcraft as a boy should be. Our guides are too old for him, I think, and not one is dramatic enough to appeal to little Peter, who is greedy for a Cooper, King Arthur, Robin Hood incarnation. Can you lay hands on such, father? He needs it physically."

And Schuyler recognized the letter as a crisis in a life not that of little Peter.

The water was high that afternoon; the foam lay in mounds of whipped cream under the bushes of "thé Sauvage," which overhung the shores of the Rivière à la Poêle, the Frying-Pan River. The water being so high, it was not good fishing, but yet it was worth while to paddle to the wide mouth of the stream, sentinelled with bowlders, with grouped serene spruce-spires pointing upward to the sky, re-

flected downward in the lake. It was worth while to cast across cold brown water and know that big trout lay hidden there and might by chance rise to the fly.

"Jacques," said Schuyler, when, after fifteen minutes, no trout had risen, "Jacques, would you like to go back with me and guide for my little grandson?"

The black velvet eyes glittered with a swift light; Jacques said nothing. Schuyler briefly stated the case.

"M'sieur jokes?" inquired Jacques.

M'sieur made it clear that he did not joke. There was a silence. Schuyler waited. Out of the black-green depths of a spruce wood on the hillside an hour-bird, a hermit thrush, sang his liquid, lingering four notes and stopped. The earth was deep peace.

"M'sieur knows my affair, that I am a drunkard?" Jacques asked.

"I know your affair," answered Schuyler.

"M'sieur would trust the grandchild which m'sieur loves, the little chief, to a drunkard?"

"You are wrong," said Schuyler. "The man to whom I would trust my grandchild would be a man who has got through with drink forever."

Then he waited rather breathlessly. Jacques sucked in a long breath.

"M'sieur would trust *me*, the outcast, with a child dear to him?"

"I would trust you," Schuyler answered.

It was the crucial moment. Neither of the two men missed the largeness of the four words. To Schuyler a vision of little



Peter rose, and he shivered a bit. Who was this wild Indian that for his salvation he should hand over the safety of that beloved cropped head and those priceless bare brown legs? Yet some force held him to his bargain. As he stared at the wild Indian concerned he was aware with a start of embarrassment that the brilliant black eyes were staring back through a mist; two drops rolled on the lean, dark cheeks of Jacques.

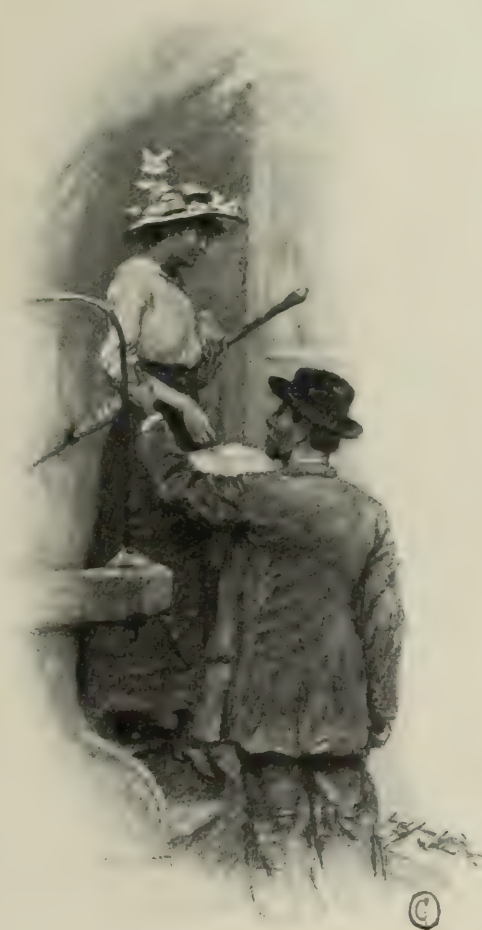
"M'sieur," said Jacques, "my life is not good enough to give you. But I will give it to you, for it is all I have."

Three years after this Peter Schuyler waited, on a day, at a little country station in the far northern part of New York State. His great-grandfather had owned a tract of land thereabouts before the Revolution, and much of it had come down to him. He had lately installed a new superintendent, trained for the purpose, over the farms and their industries, and he was interested in the young man's success. The young man had gone away to get married, and Schuyler, at the little station on the road to Canada, sat in his touring-car and waited to meet him and his bride.

Far down the rails a whistle tooted distantly, a locomotive slid into the gap between the great hills, raced screaming toward him, stopped; the train had arrived. Schuyler, on the platform, watched a dark, lithe young man spring out with

a free grace a bit incongruous with his middle-class new clothes. He turned, and helped to alight one of the very prettiest dark girls whom Schuyler had ever seen. And then in a moment the two had spied him and the man's black eyes were ablaze.

"It is my wife—it is Marie Gros-Pierre," Jacques cried eagerly, sweeping the slim figure forward, and looked proudly from one to the other. And Schuyler took the girl's hand and said friendly things with a graciousness which many high-born ladies had never known from him. And with that Marie Gros-Pierre was having the first motor-drive of her life, and Schuyler was wondering more and more, as he talked to her, not shy, not forward, sparkling with happiness, responsive to every kind look, at the perfect breeding which nature gives to some of her children free gratis. He had made plans for Marie Gros-Pierre's well-



He turned, and helped to alight one of the very prettiest dark girls whom Schuyler had ever seen.

being for years to come, before the car drew up at the stone farm-house in the deep valley by the stream.

"But, m'sieur, it is a palace," said Marie, gazing awe-struck at her home. "Jacques and I, we can never deserve it. But yet we will try." And she went to get supper in her palace.

Two hours later, as Marie rattled dishes happily, Schuyler and his superintendent talked outside in the scented June darkness. First practically, of crops and machines and money. Then, as the pipes

burned low. Jacques, in his deep, vague tones, resonant yet of forest streams and still hills, thanked Schuyler straightforwardly for giving him life and God and a career and his wife. "There is nothing of the great things I have this night which I do not owe to m'sieur," Jacques said. And Schuyler, laying his pipe on his knee, had no answer. Yet after a time he spoke.

"Jacques," said Schuyler, "I owe you as much as you owe me."

"Me, m'sieur?" Jacques was surprised. "M'sieur owes me anything? M'sieur jokes."

So Schuyler, seeing of Jacques only the light of adoring black eyes, talked for a few minutes as if to his own soul. He told of his illness, his loss of interest in the world, his dread of old age; he told of the little steel affair in his desk and of his resolve to use it that September, of his going to Canada to fill in the interval; he told how the simple joy of living of the Morgans had given him a manner of happy shock; how he had found himself, with his resolve of suicide still unbroken, feeling oftener and oftener inconsistently contented. Then he told how, with this preparation, he had grown interested in Jacques himself; how he had come to feel it vitally necessary to save him; how in reasoning against Jacques's self-murder he had reasoned against his own, and how at last the keen interest in another life had undermined the morbid desire to end his own. He told how it had come to him as an illumination, as world-old truths often come, that the one thing which keeps a life fresh is that it should, like a stream, continually spend itself. These inmost soul-secrets Schuyler, the reserved, the haughty, who could not have said such things to his brother or his son, these things he expounded to an Indian guide, his farm-superintendent. It is likely that

when a soul gets down to bottom reality it talks, if talking is done, to a soul, without regard for race, creed, or color. Jacques's soul was a strong one, and developed by suffering, and given once for all, with Indian finality, to the service and worship of Schuyler. Also, now, of a new God introduced by Schuyler. Jacques listened, and understood.

When the older man had finished, and the quiet June night had closed about his voice and laid over it two or three soft moments, and built it into the great wall of things past, then Jacques answered, with a liquid, hollow depth of tone which had often made Schuyler think of the rapids on the Rivière à la Poêle, booming distantly at midnight.

"M'sieur," Jacques said, and his English still carried a strong accent and an effect of translation. "I am an ignorant man, but I see more clearly than I did formerly. It appears to me, m'sieur, that if a man's life is for himself he becomes rather sick of it, *ennuyé*, m'sieur; and sometimes would like to end it because it is tiresome; but if it is for others, which I believe is the better arrangement, and which is m'sieur's way,"—and Schuyler in the dark felt ashamed and contented—"then it is clear that a man has no right to end his life. For how can one tell at what moment one may be of use to those others—anybody—everybody? One cannot tell; therefore, one must live on, and keep the lookout to be of service; for that is what living is for. Also that way is more amusing. *N'est-ce pas*, m'sieur?"

"You are undoubtedly right, Jacques," answered Peter Schuyler calmly. "I began to see that point of view on the day of the fête of M'sieur Bob."

"Ah!" Jacques was smiling in the darkness. "The fête of M'sieur Bob! It was a day of good luck for me, that day."


"And for me," agreed Schuyler.





# SARDIS AND THE AMERICAN EXCAVATIONS

By Howard Crosby Butler

HE excavations which have been in progress at ancient Sardis during several months of each year for the past four years are the first work of the kind, on so large a scale, that has yet been undertaken by Americans in Greek lands. The place which, after the first season, was pronounced by competent scholars on both sides of the Atlantic to be the most important of all the ancient sites in Asia Minor, has already yielded scientific results far beyond the expectations of those who were most interested in it. A temple to Artemis, one of the largest erected in Greek antiquity, has been completely unearthed. Hundreds of objects, large and small, objects of beauty as well as of archæological interest, have been brought to light, and many inscriptions in Greek, one of them of great historical importance, have been discovered. But the discovery which stands out by itself and which would make the whole undertaking worth while if nothing else had been found is that of a large body of inscriptions in Lydian, a new and unknown tongue, together with two keys which promise eventually to open this entirely new store of historical information. Thus, archæologists and historians, as well as philologists and epigraphists, both at home and abroad, are looking with the keenest interest toward this new field for research. But an article which is to describe, in a popular way, the work being done at a place so little known as Sardis must begin with excursions into geography and history, and some brief descriptions of the country and its present inhabitants may serve to give a fresh and living setting to a theme devoted to the resurrection of a long-dead city.

There is a river which flows northward, eastward, and northward again, finding its hazardous way through the rugged mountains of ancient Lydia in Asia Minor. Its

waters, now scant and limpid, now voluminous and turbid, are poured at length into a larger and more sluggish stream, which, fed by a hundred other snow-born fountains that descend from the almost perpetually snow-clad mountains on the south, flows westward, in its turn, through a broad and fruitful plain, and then through a narrow defile, to lose itself and its yellow hue at last in the clear expanse of the Bay of Smyrna, which at this point represents the Ægean Sea. The smaller river is the ancient Pactolus—the gold-bearing stream of classical legend and song—in which mythical Midas washed to cleanse himself of the “golden touch” and from which historical Cræsus washed his wealth by the simple process known as placer mining. For Cræsus was no other than the last king of the ancient Lydian nation, and the Pactolus cut in halves the market-place of no less a city than Sardis, his capital. The greater river was anciently the Hermus. Beside its banks the armies of Xerxes and of Alexander encamped. It made of the plain of Lydia a great nation’s granary and garden; but it did not appeal to the poets and the builders of legend as did its little mountain arm with the sands of gold. The snow-capped mountain was Tmolus to the Greeks. Its rugged fastnesses saw the birth and youthful sports of Pan. Thus, in a few words, we may place the setting of this story on the ancient geographical chart, and in the mythology and legends of the ancient Greeks.

On the east bank of the Pactolus, just above the point where that stream enters the plain to join the Hermus, rises a sharp-crested, precipitous-sided crag, some six hundred feet high, composed of reddish, hard-packed clay shot through with rounded pebbles. There is a thin line of green along its summit, and straggling wisps of pine and broom cling to its almost naked sides as they rise abruptly from lower slopes that are thick with



scrub-oak, thorn, and oleander. This shaft of red clay with its spear-point crest—for it is hardly more than a shaft—is all that remains of the famous acropolis of ancient Sardis, and, if you look carefully, you will see two fragments of massive wall balancing themselves below the crest. If you were to climb the shoulder of the acropolis you would see several hundred feet of this wall still holding itself in place by some acrobatic feat of statics which the beholder is powerless to explain.

At the foot of the acropolis, quite near the river's eastern bank, two Ionic columns of white marble, for years on end, have been the only monument to mark the last resting-place of the older Sardis, the lower city of the Lydians and the Greeks. Beside these columns, in the month of March, 1910, a party of American excavators pitched their tents, prepared to begin the unearthing of the ancient city, and, since the two Ionic shafts were the only visible signs of a building of undoubted antiquity that might, or must, be buried below, it was natural that the excavators should choose to begin their operations in the neighborhood of these two guide-posts, rather than on the farther side of the acropolis hill where there are remains of a Roman Sardis, or out toward the plain where crude and unsightly masses of broken wall mark the site of the town of Byzantine days.

A moderately practised eye could see that columns of such massive girth, and so disproportionally low, could be showing hardly more than one half of their original height. They stood over six feet in diameter, and only a little over thirty feet high. They were undoubtedly Greek, and in the Ionic style, and the correct proportion of height to diameter should be nearer nine times than five times. Thus one could reason that the building to which these columns belonged, allowing for the platform upon which such a building might be presumed to stand, must be buried from thirty to forty feet deep at this point. To the south and west the level of the ground fell off toward the river, whose banks were not more than fifteen or twenty feet high; but to the north and east the present level gains one or two feet with every

rod, so that the city, in these directions from the columns, must lie fifty, sixty, even seventy feet under ground. Every intelligent visitor who stands beneath these columns and looks up to the scanty remnants of the fortifications on the sharp peak above them, asks the same question: "How did a city as great as Sardis is believed to have been, a city which must have had many and large buildings, ever become so completely and so deeply buried?" And such as have read their *Polybius*, as a few visitors do in preparation for a visit, also ask: "How in the world were a great fortress, one of the most impregnable of antiquity, and numerous large buildings, enough to compose an upper city, ever perched upon that knife-blade, and what has become of them all? surely they were not buried." The answer to one question is answer to the other. It involves an explanation that the hill we now see is not the hill of Croesus's stronghold, not the acropolis so gallantly defended by Achæus in the third century B. C., but only a small fragment of it: the remainder of it lies below, burying the ancient lower city in its débris. Look at it now; tiny avalanches of sand and pebbles are coming down under the tread of every venturesome goat; with the flap of an eagle's wing against its sides it is falling every moment. Or, better, creep up toward the base of one of those cliffs on a winter morning, when the sun first strikes it after a night of frost, hear that bang and rattle like artillery, see that pinnacle topple and fall; while the eagles, the hawks, and the owls which have their nests in its pitted surface fly screaming from their nooks. This is a country of earthquakes. It is written down in history that a great one destroyed Sardis in the year 17 of this era, in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar. We shall never know how much of the acropolis fell down on that occasion, nor how much has fallen in the earthquakes which have shaken it during the nineteen hundred years since; but the fragments of walls which we see up there are not the walls of Lydians or Greeks, not even of the Romans; they are the building of the latest of the Byzantine defenders, even Turkish perhaps; but not an inch of the hilltop now visible



could be seen when Alexander the Great stood upon it; these parts were probably near the core of the acropolis in those days.

I cannot leave Alexander standing upon the top of the acropolis without giving some description of the splendid panorama that spread out before him, looking then very much as it does now; for, although the pedestal on which he stood and its base have changed much, the outlying hills, being of more enduring stuff, the plain, the river, the lake, and the glorious expanse of sky have altered only as light and shade and the varying clouds can change them. Beyond the vast expanse of whitened housetops and marble-tiled temple roofs, beyond the massive walls and the city gates, beyond all these things that are no more, to the north, and far around toward the rising sun, spreads out the sumptuous plain divided and subdivided into squares and rectangles of golden yellow, green, and reddish-brown—the wealth of Lydia in various stages of development. Through the midst runs a stream of molten silver winding in broad majestic curves. Near the river a mighty assemblage of tents marked the camp of the Macedonian army; the plain was dotted with more and better-looking villages; but the squares and rectangles which change their colors with every moon were there as they are now. Beyond the plain, straight to the northward, on a long low ridge, rises a vast array of cone-shaped mounds of varying sizes, some as large as the great pyramids, others no bigger than a thirty-foot tent; all regular in form and smoothly overgrown with grass. If Aristotle had schooled him thoroughly in *Herodotus* as well as in *Plato*, Alexander knew that these mounds were the famous tombs of the Lydian kings, even before his attendants informed him of the fact. The great one toward the east is the tomb of Alyattes, the next one is King Gyges's tomb, the others have no names, and the smaller ones were probably not royal tombs at all, unless the kingdom of Lydia lasted much longer and had many more kings than we have any reason to suppose. The Turks now call the ridge with its tumuli *Bin Tepé*—The Thousand Mounds. The background of the tomb-

hills is a broad expanse of burnished steel—the lake of Gyges. Beyond this, range above range, purple and azure, rise the distant mountains which form the northern boundary of the plain; the faint blue peak which seems to pierce the sky is said to be the summit of the Mœsian Olympus. In all other directions, far and near, mountains and hills, snowy crest and beetling crag, tufted forest slope and black cavernous ravine, compose a prospect of wild splendor. To the east loom the towering masses of Mount Tmolus, crowned and streaked with white. To the south rises a mighty pine-clad mountain wall, cleft with deep and shadowy gorges through which wild mountain torrents roar and leap from cataract to cataract, cutting their way through barriers of glistening marble until white precipices rise sheer on either hand. To the westward, gaunt and bare, the red-clay hills stand, carved by wind and rain into a thousand fantastic shapes, like the spires and pinnacles of Gothic architecture; and beyond, more fair blue hills reaching up to mountain height. Then at the northwest the eye once more rests where the plain and mountain meet again below the steep wall of Mount Sipylus, where still weeps Niobe, that huge pathetic figure in stone.

“But what was there,” inquires again the intelligent visitor, “to make a town like Sardis, shut up between two mountains, on the edge of a plain that was no richer than many other plains, so important in antiquity? Surely it was not merely the wealth of Crœsus, and what is there about Sardis now that makes it worth while to spend so much money and so much labor in excavating it?”

The two questions are perfectly fair; but it would make a very long story to answer them fully, and I doubt if I have the knowledge to answer them in detail, giving justly balanced weight to the claims of every reason for these things; but brief answers which may be satisfying for the moment can be given offhand by any of us who have the work here in our hands. It certainly was not simply the wealth of Crœsus that gave Sardis its ancient importance, although, in a sense, that played an important part. Crœsus's



great fortune may have been, in part at least, a myth—he might rank to-day only as a third or fourth rate millionaire; but let us consider that fortune as a symbol of things more significant than the treasure of one man. Gold was found in the bed of the Pactolus—it was easily obtained; the Lydians and Crœsus's royal predecessors for generations had been growing rich from this source. But it is more important to remember that the Lydians were the first nation to coin gold. Crœsus made his coinage in such values that it was easily exchangeable in the East and West. He became, one might say, a great exchange banker, and the position of his kingdom, midway between the Oriental world and the Greek world, helped his business. And this brings us to a consideration of the second question. Sardis is important as a site for excavation just because of her position at a point where East and West met. She moreover commanded the terminus of the greatest of all the trade-routes of its day—the Royal Road—which, coming straight through Asia Minor, carried the converging commerce of all the peoples of the East into her warehouses, and sent it forth again westward to the seaports. Imagine what tolls and customs duties Sardis could have exacted from this commerce; imagine what a power she had as a disseminator of Oriental goods in the West and of Occidental goods in the East, a power of exchanging thoughts, arts, industries between the two—this made her important.

There are many people nowadays, many scholars in fact, who believe that the civilization of the Greeks, their religion, and their art did not spring wholly and independently from the soil of Hellas. Eastern civilization was older, Eastern art had been longer; did they affect the civilization and the art of Greece, and, if so, to what extent? This is an important question; for to a high degree it bears upon the origins of our own civilization, though few realize this until their attention is called to it. And how much we hear of origins in these days! Since Darwin wrote his "Origin of Species" what mines of wealth, what labors of the brain, what regiments of lives have been devoted to the study of origins! The study

of history and of art, no less than that of the natural world, must be treated by the evolutionary method, and these sciences are no longer sciences without it. Now, it safely may be assumed that if there is any ancient site which holds secrets touching the origins of Greek civilization, that site, for reasons given above, is Sardis. Sardis had a long history, longer than the unbroken history of Greece. She was great, powerful, and progressive; yet all that we know about her is to be gleaned from a few sentences of the great Greek historian. This cannot be all there is to know. The Lydians had a language of their own, written in characters of their own devising—a highly developed language which they wrote in beautiful letters on their monuments, as we have actually discovered. This language has not yet been completely deciphered, but it will be before very long. Is it presumptuous to say that more secrets will be revealed here in time?

In the middle of the sixth century B. C. Sardis was the capital of an old and powerful independent kingdom and one of the great cities of the world. Her history must have been a long one, though how long we cannot say, owing to the scantiness of our present information. Crœsus, the last, and perhaps the greatest, of the Lydian kings, was himself a Phil-Hellene, but he was undoubtedly not the first to encourage Greek culture in Lydia. The sixth century was a time of Greek expansion and of Greek colonization in all parts of the Mediterranean basin. Greeks had come to Lydia and had settled in Sardis, bringing their culture with them, long before the famous visit of Solon. Then came the Persian war—that great war of invasion from the East—and Crœsus, who had done so much to save Hellas from the invaders, lost his throne, and was carried away a captive to the Persian capital. Sardis became the western capital of the Persian Empire, the seat of a Persian satrap, and a Persian garrison became a fixture upon the acropolis. For over two hundred years the city remained under Persian sway, but she did not become Persian—quite the contrary; for the seeds of Greek civilization already sown grew up,



bore fruit, increased, and multiplied, so that the conquest was in effect one for the Greeks. When Alexander arrived before the gates of Sardis they were thrown open to him, he was welcomed as

cities of Asia Sardis was rebuilt after the great earthquake of the year 17 A. D., and flourished as a metropolis for a few centuries longer. She was among the earlier cities to harbor a community who had



The columns before the excavations were begun, March, 1910.

a deliverer, and, without delay, he made Sardis a free Greek city, on a footing with the Ionian cities of the coast. From this time whatever still survived of the old Lydian life and custom was merged in the common Hellenistic civilization that had begun to cover the then known world. Lydia and her capital, after two stormy centuries under the successors of Alexander, like all the ancient kingdoms of Asia, were engulfed in the maw of Rome. Holding an honored and more or less independent position among her sister

embraced the newly preached tenets of Christianity, and was the seat of one of the seven churches of Asia. Although Saint John, in the Apocalypse, is not sanguine of the condition of the Sardian church in the first century, it remained an important centre of Christianity long after the early struggles of the infant church were over and passed. As a city of the later Roman and Byzantine days, Sardis seems to have lost much of her pristine power and eminence. She fell to the Turks in the eleventh century and



The excavations in April, 1910.

Acropolis, tents of the excavators, and columns of the temple of Artemis Pactolus in the foreground.

met her final destruction at the hands of Timour Lenk (Tamerlane) in the year 1402 A. D.

The task of excavation was begun to the westward of the columns so often referred to above, at the river-bank, where some flood had cut a perpendicular face—a practical cross-section—of the accumulated *débris* that buried the city. The first cutting was carried down to a level, or stratum, of clay almost as hard as rock, which seemed to be a natural and undisturbed formation. But this lowest level was soon abandoned for one about five feet higher, where a large paving-block of marble, apparently in place, gave the first sign of human handiwork. Excavation was carried rapidly eastward on this level, by means of a cutting one hundred and fifty feet wide, for several weeks, until an ancient building, oblong, with a flight of steps on its long western side, and preserved to a height of from six to ten feet, was unearthed. It was evident that the building was very early; it was

tentatively called the "Lydian building," and the level was called the Lydian level; later discoveries established the correctness of these titles. About the walls of this Lydian building, and in two rows on either side of it, stood rectangular marble bases with sockets in their tops to receive the bottoms of tall inscribed slabs or *stelæ*. One of these *stelæ* was found, having fallen forward from its elevated base; it contained a long and well-engraved Lydian inscription. All the other *stelæ* had been carried away.

But scarcely had these interesting remains of Lydian civilization come to light when farther advance on this level was checked by the finding of heavy walls of huge, roughly finished blocks of white marble perfectly fitted together immediately east of the Lydian building. These were soon found to be the foundations of the great temple the eastern end of which was represented by the two tall columns standing over three hundred feet away. This discovery at once gave proof that the temple was one of the





The temple from the north, March, 1912.

largest of Greek antiquity, and necessitated the temporary abandonment of the Lydian level for that of the temple platform about ten feet above it. The original cutting was then widened, and the force of laborers was increased to about one hundred men. Before the end of the first season the foundations of the western quarter of the temple had been exposed, and progress eastward had carried the excavations into the western chamber of the temple, that is to say, the treasury. With every few yards' advance the temple was found in a better and better state of preservation. The western portico preserved only the foundations of columns in large blocks of marble; but the north wall of the treasury chamber was found to be standing to a height of about seven feet above its foundations, and here, on the inner face, was found a long inscription, beautifully cut in small Greek letters, which was found to be a mortgage given by one Mnesymachos to the stewards of the temple of Artemis, a most interesting and important document

in itself, which gave the first incontestable proof that the building was the temple of Artemis. The inscription is to be dated, by internal evidence, in the closing years of the fourth century B. C. Ionic capitals of unusual beauty, and a number of highly finished fluted-column drums, together with fragments of carved-column bases and other details which were recovered during the first season, indicated that the temple was begun early in the fourth century.

With the second campaign a further widening out of the original cutting was accomplished in addition to the principal work of digging continually eastward in the direction of the columns. But even with the introduction of a de Couville system of railway, and an increase in the number of laborers to two hundred men, the eastern progress was slower than it had been during the previous campaign. This was due, in part, as had been anticipated, to the rapid increase of the depth of soil to be removed; but principally to the increasing number of fallen

building-stones and architectural details which were encountered. Drums of columns and blocks for the walls, weighing from five to seven tons, to say nothing of a block of the architrave of twenty-five tons' weight suspended in soft earth

buried in thirty feet of débris. As the excavations progressed it became more and more apparent that the western end of the temple had been exposed, or only little buried, during the Byzantine period, and that the ancient building had



General view of the excavations in June, 1912.

high above the bottom of the excavations, constituted an ever-present danger to laborers working near them, and caused constant delays until these huge obstructions could be removed to permanent places of safety. The end of the season, however, saw the clearing out of the *cella*—the main chamber of the temple—the exposing of the foundations of a long line of columns on either side of the building, and the unearthing of the bases of two columns at the southeast angle, including one of the standing columns which was thus converted from a short, thick shaft to one of unusual height and slenderness, about twenty-five feet having been added to its length. The remainder of the eastern portico remained

served as a quarry, at least from the sixth century onward. On the level upon which much of this breaking up had been carried on, among a heap of intentionally broken blocks of marble, we found a hoard of two hundred and seventeen bronze coins of the sixth century, which probably represented the savings of some laborer engaged in the work of destruction. It was further evident that the temple was preserved only in proportion as it had been buried, and that more than two thirds of the edifice, its walls, its columns and entablature, even its roof of marble tiles, had been broken up and converted into lime at least twelve hundred years ago. Fortunately the foundations had been spared even at the



unfortunate west end. In the middle of the cultus chamber was disclosed a massive platform, composed of two layers of coarse purple sandstone blocks evidently belonging to a structure far older than the fourth-century temple and presumed to

plete unearthing of the temple and the discovery of a large body of Lydian inscriptions, together with a key in the form of an Aramaic translation of one of them, in addition to the almost daily "finds" of greater or less importance; but



The little church from the north.

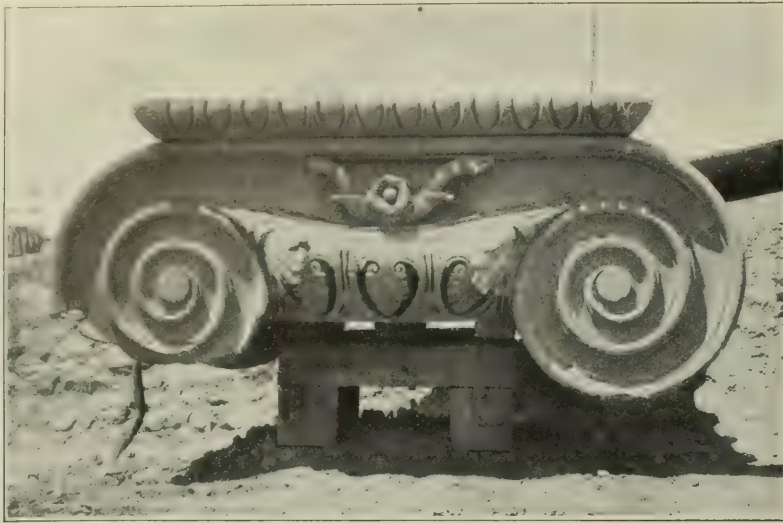
be the basis for the great cultus statue of Artemis. At a point where one of the later marble-column foundations had been joined on to this ancient construction, in the vertical joints between the two, a collection of large Greek coins in silver was found, fifty-five in all, tetradrachms of Philip, Alexander, and several of the earlier successors of Alexander, all in a perfect state of preservation and most of them as fresh as they were the day they came from the mint. In another similar position a mass of copper coin of the same age was found, and, between the layers of the "basis," a silver coin of Cræsus.

The third season was most interesting and spectacular, for it witnessed the com-

plete unearthing of the temple and the discovery of a large body of Lydian inscriptions, together with a key in the form of an Aramaic translation of one of them, in addition to the almost daily "finds" of greater or less importance; but the fourth season, the campaign just closed, was the most satisfactory of all, for it saw the temple brought up, as it were, out of a pit and set in a broad open space, more as it was of old. It equalled the preceding season from a scientific standpoint by producing a bilingual in Lydian and Greek, and it surpassed all previous seasons in the field of the history of art. The four campaigns have comprised but eighteen months of actual working-time, since it has been possible to carry on the work only between the end of January and the beginning of July of each year, owing to severe weather conditions in the winter and the demands of the crops upon the laborers in the late summer and autumn months. But, in

this brief space of time, a sloping barley field, with two columns and a heap of fallen column-drums clustering about them, has been converted into a vast pit over six hundred feet long and four hundred feet wide, twelve feet deep at one

were to have carved the flutings. This and other evidence shows that this portion of the building was undergoing a process of rebuilding, doubtless as the result of earthquakes, and was not completely finished in all details when it was finally



Capital found in the excavations.

end and fifty feet deep at the other, with four lines of railway on either side running on four different levels and spreading out, toward the west, over the great, flat, brown dump which now almost fills the broad river-bed at this point. In the midst of the excavation stands the temple, its every outline at the far end marked out by marble foundations against the brown earth, its middle section outlined by walls standing at a height of six feet or more, and its east end rising majestically in highly finished walls fifteen to twenty feet high, and thirteen huge columns still preserving twenty-five to thirty feet of their original height, in addition to the two original columns which tower almost sixty feet above the platform. All this marble is now a soft yellowish-brown rapidly turning to an ivory white by the natural washing of rains and intentional washing with a hose-pipe. The columns, almost seven feet in diameter, create an impression of Egyptian massiveness which is relieved by the graceful curves and the rich and varied ornament of their bases. Only two of these eastern columns are fluted, though all the others show bands and lines for the guidance of the stone-cutters who

overwhelmed and abandoned. All the fragments of columns at the opposite end of the building are in a finished state, with deep and well-cut flutings. At the westward of the temple, and on a level well below it, is the ancient Lydian building; at the east end, near the southeast angle, and on a level five feet above the column bases is an early Christian church, crudely built of brick, with its walls and the half-dome of its apse all intact, and the little altar standing as it stood at the close of the celebration of its last mass. Behind the little apse is a half-ruined one that belonged to a still earlier period. At the very close of the third campaign, directly in front of the temple of Artemis, the excavation of which had just been completed, we found a tall stele with a fine Greek inscription of one hundred and thirty-eight lines, one of the longest inscriptions that have been found in Asia Minor, which contained a letter from the Emperor Augustus and gave us the welcome information that the temple of Zeus is in the same sacred enclosure with the temple of Artemis. Owing to the conditions of the site, this temple must be near at hand, buried in from fifty to seventy feet of soil. If, like the other



temple, it is preserved in proportion as it is deeply buried, we should find it a very well-preserved building, and, if it is the temple of Zeus referred to by Arrian, it stands upon the ruins of the Palace of Crœsus.

It is almost startling, even to those who have watched the work day by day, to reflect upon the miracle that has transformed the barley-field into the site of a splendid building: it is the next best thing to the creation of a great work of art, to dig it out of the earth. Most of the credit for the rapidity of this transformation is due to the skill and the untiring energy and patience of the engineers who have had the work in charge. But we cannot pass without a tribute to the quality of the laborers which good fortune has placed at the disposal of the excavators. Good fellows they are, mostly Turkish peasants, farmers from the plain, and shepherds and woodmen from the hills, with an occasional Cretan Moslem or a Greek from one of the neighboring towns. Strong of back and limb, tract-

able and hard-working, and, to an astonishing degree, interested in their work and devoted to their foreign employers, they make as satisfactory a body of workmen as could be found anywhere in the world. They have learned that the excavators are not in search of treasure in their accepted sense of the word, and in their desire to please take great pains with the digging out of bits of carving or inscriptions, and seem, many of them, to be truly interested in what they are doing.

The most important discovery from a scientific point of view, namely, that of the collection of Lydian inscriptions and the Lydian-Aramaic bilingual key, was not made at the temple, where, to be sure, several good inscriptions in this new language and the Lydian-Greek bilingual have been found, but at the tombs across the river, where excavations on a small scale have been in progress simultaneously with those at the temple. I say a "collection" of Lydian inscriptions, for the reason that most of them were found, not in place, but built into a compara-



In the east porch of the Temple of Artemis



The east end of the temple.

tively late wall which itself had become deeply buried. They had stood originally in front of the entrances to tombs, and, after the dead whom they commemorated had been forgotten by generations that could not read Lydian, had been collected and used in the construction of the foundation walls of some Greek or Roman monument. A remarkable hoard of documents they proved to be, large marble slabs with long and beautifully written inscriptions, perfectly preserved, as inscriptions, in many cases, and as clear as the day they were written. They had been tall stelæ with rich anthemion crests, and all of them had been broken into two or three pieces to render them more useful for building purposes. But few of the inscriptions had been injured, and others which had been broken were found to fit together without injury to the writing, and the flowery crests of two of them were easily reset in place. Among them was the bilingual, with two long documents, one line of the Lydian part miss-

ing but supplied in the translation. That the one was a translation of the other there could be no doubt, for a slight emendation of the writing had been made at the same point in both. The first line of the Aramaic translation gives a date, for it names the day and the month and the year in the reign of King Artaxerxes in which it was written. This extraordinary document, even with the aid of the Lydian-Greek key, of course does not solve the whole problem of the reading of the Lydian tongue; but it gave the first surely right turn in an intricate combination lock.

The tombs, already referred to above, form a great necropolis which honeycombs the steep clay hills across the river opposite the temple. They are pretty much of one type and are arranged in tiers, each tomb consisting of an entrance passage leading to one or more chambers with raised shelves or couches on either side, and at the end all hewn out of the hard clay, and for the most part still well





The excavations as they are to-day.

preserved, though full, or nearly full, of earth and completely concealed from view by the surface earth that has been carried down over them.

The objects found in these tombs are the usual furnishings of sepulchres in Greek lands,—pottery of the highest interest, vessels of bronze and silver, bottles of alabaster and of figured glass, personal ornaments in gold, and stones which were precious to the ancients, engraved seals, and odd objects connected with the daily life of those who have passed away, objects too numerous and too varied to be described in an article of this kind. No effort was made on the part of the ancient Lydians to preserve the bodies of their dead; only a few bones remain and these usually crumble at the touch. The dead were, in most cases, brought to the tombs on wooden biers and laid upon the simple hewn-out couches, though a considerable number were placed in large terra-cotta coffins, and a few bodies were laid in huge sarcophagi of limestone unornamented.

These were the tombs of the ordinary well-to-do citizens, and it is plain that, while some of the dead were entombed with objects of intrinsic value, others, even in the same chambers, were buried with little or nothing of this world's wealth. A sarcophagus of terra-cotta or of stone is no indication of wealth, for some of the most valuable articles are found upon simple couches, and many of the sarcophagi contain nothing but bones and dust.

The lure of the gold is, as in all excavations, irresistible; but the jewelry found at Sardis is particularly attractive because it is all of a most delicate, refined, and careful workmanship which suggests the best Etruscan work. There are necklaces of many forms with pendants of rare beauty, earrings of fascinating designs, some large and some small, finger-rings in many charming forms, plaques with delicate moulded designs, to be sewn onto garments, and beads and trinkets of many varieties. With the jewelry may

be counted the engraved gems which, as a collection, are among the most beautiful and interesting of all the finds. A few of these are Greek, including a fine large chalcedony, with an intaglio of Athena and Hermes, set in a gold bracelet; but the majority belong to an older period, and are of a very rare style which has been known as Greco-Persian, but which we now believe to have been Lydian. They are for the most part cut in chalcedony, carnelian, or rock crystal, and of conoid form, and many still preserve their mountings of gold or silver, which provide rings by which they were attached to or suspended from a girdle or perhaps a necklace. The

technique of the cutting is exquisite; the subjects are decidedly Oriental and suggest many Persian prototypes, such as kings fighting with lions or griffins, enthroned kings, lions and bulls in combat, single lions, two monsters facing each other, and similar scenes which are often connected with early Persian art. The most interesting of all represents an archaic Artemis holding two lions aloft at arm's length, precisely like the Artemis of a bronze relief found at Olympia which is usually dated as of the seventh century B. C. and which may possibly have come from Sardis. Some of these intaglios are cut in carnelians of scaraboid form set in rings of gold, one was executed on a cylinder which still has its gold mounting, while in other cases lions and human figures are engraved with rare beauty of technique on plain gold rings which are Mycenæan in shape.

Early in the third campaign a find of unexpected interest was made in a tomb the outer chamber of which had collapsed

and the inner chamber had become filled with earth. As the earth was removed it was found that there were two terra-cotta sarcophagi on the double couch at

the end of the inner chamber. These were carefully cleared of earth and the cover of the first was lifted off to disclose a small skeleton rapidly falling to dust, with an alabaster bottle beside either shoulder. Two bright and beautiful earrings, like little clusters of berries, lay one on either side of the head; where the breast had been were a mass of golden beads and pendants of lovely design that had composed the necklace; on the finger-bone of one hand was a seal-ring of gold. About the foot of the coffin



Terra-cotta mask.

were clusters of gold beads that had probably been sewn onto the bottom of the garment. A physician happened to be visiting the excavations at the time. He was called, among the first, to examine the body. He pronounced it to be the remains of a young girl of sixteen or seventeen. She had probably died as a bride and had been buried in her wedding garments and jewels. The coffin next to this, probably that of the husband, who may have died many years later, contained nothing but bones. Less sentiment had been shown at his funeral.

It is a source of regret, even of disappointment, I might say, to many of those interested in these excavations that there is small likelihood of any of the objects discovered at Sardis ever coming to enrich the collections of American museums, in spite of the fact that American funds are being expended and that the work is being carried on by Americans. The Turkish law covering these matters, like



those of Greece and of Italy, provides that all movables shall go to the National Museum. One may find satisfaction, however, in the reflection that, by this arrangement, all objects of all kinds will be kept together, and can be observed and studied in their mutual relations. It is further satisfaction to know that the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople is rapidly becoming one of the most important of the art museums of Europe, a well-administered institution where all these things will be well cared for and well displayed.

Of course the sole right of publication, both of the ruins and of the various kinds of objects, belongs to the American excavators. It has to be borne in mind that in these days all archæological investigation in the Ottoman Empire, in Greece, or in Italy, must be undertaken on purely scientific grounds, without hope of tangible rewards, just as expeditions to observe an eclipse or to find the poles of the earth are undertaken.

We may hope that this undertaking, among the many supported by generous and disinterested Americans who are in a position to do these things, will not be

permitted to become crippled, or to languish and die, for lack of funds. An American enterprise, it has had the good fortune to secure a site for excavations which, in the opinion of many of the most distinguished archæologists and historians of this and of other nations, is the most to be desired in Asia Minor or perhaps in the world of the ancient Greeks, and which has remained so long unexcavated solely on account of the difficulties and heavy expense entailed by the great depth of the soil in which the city is buried. The returns, after eighteen months of work, have far exceeded the highest hopes of the excavators and the expectations of scholars who have been interested in the work from the beginning. Thus far the undertaking has been supported by the private subscriptions of a small number of lovers of art. One cannot but believe that the spirit of idealism in the United States will see it through to a position of efficiency and accomplishment which will make the excavation of Sardis the first great American monument to the science of archæology and history in its broadest sense, as well as to art as a living subject.



Objects in pottery.



*Drawn by Victor C. Anderson.*


"The rose arbor ought to be on the edge of the cliff over there, with a stone balustrade broad enough to sit on and watch the ships in the harbor."—Page 359.



# THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE ON

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

"HE rose arbor—" began Havens.

"The pergola, you mean," interrupted Mrs. Havens, smiling.

"The rose arbor," repeated Havens, with emphasis. "I won't call it a pergola. When I design houses for the criminal classes, I call such things pergolas because the name adds ten per cent to my fees. I can't afford the luxury, and, anyhow, it's a rose arbor. Madeira isn't Long Island or Newport."

"No. Madeira is just Madeira, though it would smell as sweet by any other name," answered his wife. "What were you going to say about the per—rose arbor?"

"The per—rose arbor," Havens continued, "ought to be on the edge of the cliff over there to the left, with a stone balustrade broad enough to sit on and watch the ships in the harbor and be glad you didn't have to go away."

"And it must join on to the dining-room."

"By all means. Is there soil enough for roses, do you think?"

"Plenty." Mrs. Havens poked the point of her parasol deep into the heavy loam that brings forth flowers that have no peers under the sun. "Plenty. Roses, and rhododendrons, and—and radishes; everything that begins with an 'R.' It will be a dream of a place, Jim."

"A dream of a place," he assented, and looked for a long time down upon the roofs of Funchal, jasper against the jade and sapphire of the bay. A steamer had just rounded to under the wide sweep of the point opposite, and the brief rattle of her anchor-chain came to them, mellowed by distance to an almost musical cadence.

"Union Castle line," he commented, "bound for Cape Town. The sun's setting."

She rose and stood beside him, leaning on her parasol.

"A dream," she mused; "do the best ones ever come true?"

"They're the only kind that do," he replied.

They walked slowly away from the cliff, and through a tangle of bushes and vines to the road, where José and the mules awaited them, and then rode downward through the unreal dusk to Funchal.

It was their last night on the island; tomorrow the liner would call at the port on her way to New York, and Madeira would be but the Mecca of another year, as it had been the Nirvana of many a spring. His friends called him the hardest-working architect on Manhattan Island; he had always in his office two or three impecunious young men, whose goal was the Beaux-Arts, and whom he instructed variously in drawing and French. He spent almost as much time advising them about their designs as he did on his own ideas, and did not lose sight of them even when they had left him and gone to Paris. He always spent the summer in his office; week-end parties along the Sound welcomed him and his wife for their good-fellowship and their thousand whimsicalities. At several places it was probable that some one would speak of Madeira; the mention of the island would induce no incriminating comment from either Jim Havens or his wife.

"Oh, yes. We've been there. A beautiful spot."

No more than that. Only a few of their intimates had certain knowledge that every spring for the last ten years they had gone to the island and seen the flowers freshen in the ocean-softened air, and heard through the smooth night the theme of old and pure romance—the vagrant thrumming of a guitar, the lilt of a murmured song, the light laugh from a balcony veiled in rose and bougainvillea. Keenly analytical in most of the relations of life, Havens took Madeira for granted, just as in his childhood he had accepted fairy-tales, and later

stories of buried treasure. His feeling for the island was vital to him, and yet so delicate a thing that he never spoke of it. Clients found him an eminently practical architect, who never attempted to shoe-horn a fifteen-foot load of hay through a highly ornamental stable door twelve feet high; contractors were unable to circumvent him or to put him off with excuses. Acquaintances of his college days from whom he had grown apart wondered at the change the world had wrought in him; his friends marvelled that he had never changed. He had only put on a surface for the daws to peck at; a shell for the soul behind his eyes.

Jim Havens and Mrs. Jim had discovered Madeira on their wedding-trip; they had meant to stop over one steamer, and had stayed on for two months. Three years later, when their child had died, he had taken her back to the island and they had spent the spring there. After that, at first every two or three years and then more frequently, they had returned to the island, and had found new beauties in it at every visit. The quarantine boat had never quite cleared the ship's gangway before Manoel, dressed in fresh white dungarees to do honor to their arrival—Manoel, with the sinewy throat and the huge gold rings in his ears, appeared on deck to take entire charge of them and their effects. "I kiss your hands, senhora," he would say, and did it forthwith, while Cooks and Cookesses stood about them, vocal in the ribaldry of raw surprise. Long since the Havenses had forsworn Madeiran hotels; Manoel had an aunt who owned two teeth, a passion for cleanliness, and a reverential affection for the senhor and the senhora.

"But next year," she was used to say as she served them on the first evening, "next year the senhor and the senhora will have their own house on the cliff?"

"Who knows?" Havens always answered. "Next year is—next year, Anita."

Anita usually vanished at that, and returned presently with an old, old bottle, wherein lay such nectar as Ganymede was wont to put aside for his own consumption when Jove wasn't looking.

"What vintage this time, Anita?"

"Sixty-three, if the senhor pleases."

The senhor always did please, and the senhora also, to the extent of one glass sipped slowly. More would have been a

desecration. They paid for these things in the bill, or Anita thought they did. She charged them the equivalent of two dollars a day, and lived for the rest of the year on the proceeds of their visit.

They were never without occupation in Madeira. Sometimes they sailed with Manoel when he went fishing, sometimes they took his boat for the whole day, and visited the little villages that melt into the flowery shores of unknown coves, or cruised to the furrowed cliffs of Las Desertas—"No man knows what is on top of them, senhor." Thence they would come back in the level sunlight, and sail under the stern of some newly arrived vessel to see what her name was, while the passengers looked down upon them in the inquisitive and superior manner that is characteristic of passengers, and so through the high surf, where half-naked boys caught the boat by the gunwales and rushed it up the beach on the crest of a roller.

"And to-morrow?" Manoel always asked

"We shall not want the boat to-morrow."

"The mules, perhaps?"

"Not to-morrow."

From the wharves they would wander inland through the clean, pebbled streets to their dinner of soup with sweet peppers, baked fish, and a Spanish omelet of the finest, topped off with a glass of the sixty-three. Thereafter, they sat among the roses on the balcony, or strolled into the Botanical Gardens and watched the population of Funchal parade in the half-light under the palms and rhododendrons. Here Mrs. Havens kept calling Jim's attention to this and that and the other person—to a slim dandy with a malacca cane, to the play of long-lashed eyes between a mantilla and a fan. Every night is a festa to your right Madeiran, a time for the making of love and the superficial bruising of hearts, and every new senhorita the loveliest of the year. The Havenses watched it all, and sometimes, when the moon was large, summoned José and the mules and rode out to their point to see how it looked when every rock was tarnished silver.

On certain—or rather uncertain—mornings, José came for them before the sun was up, and they drank their morning coffee to the jingle of shaken head-stalls and the stamp of impatient little hoofs in the street below.



"We shall be gone three days, senhor?"

"Yes, José. The kit is packed, and the food?"

"In the alforjas, senhor—as you directed."

In proof he always lifted a corner of a tarpaulin, while Havens glanced beneath it. There was no need for closer inspection; Manoel, the father of José, never forgot any necessary thing. They would jog inland, past the vines and villas that the tourist knows, and up the long ravine that he looks down upon from the hotel on the heights. Even the children seemed prettier on the mountain farms and vineyards; the griminess of them was less evident—no more than a contrast to their red cheeks. There were woods also, and mountains to be clambered over, and at night a grove of live oaks by a stream in which to sling their hammocks. Their excursion over, they would return to Funchal, a little torn, on Havens's part a little unshaven, but not in the least bored or weary of the island.

They never had enough time to do all they wanted to do. Almost every day some hour would find them on the point which, in defiance of the Portuguese Admiralty, they had christened simply "Havens," and they could never decide which of its many aspects they liked the best. Days there were when the woolly sea fog glistened upon the rocks, dripped from the leaves, and shut them into a world twenty feet in diameter; other days when it hung low over the bay, and the sun touched the billows of it with fairy argent, and the topmasts of ships pricked through it like the lances of a giant cavalry. There were days when the seas pounded at the foot of the cliffs, when the spindrift bit like hail, and the orange-trees leaned before the storm. More often the ocean stretched calm to the horizon in a tinted harmony of blues and grays and greens. The nights were as various as the days—now intensely and caressingly dark, now cameo-cut in contrast of silver and sable shadows. There were dawns also, and sunsets.

The house which they meant to build had changed its shape with a protean whimsy in the first years, but of late it had taken on a permanent form, and only details were altered. It never grew much larger than they had at first conceived it, however, but remained a miniature—small and per-

fect. Six or eight weeks out of the fifty-two were all they could spend in Madeira, but those weeks restored Havens as nothing else could have done, and sent him back to his office a new man. Six or eight weeks' vacation—it was none too much for Jimmy Havens, said those who knew him. They wondered how a man of his physique got along with so little and did so much. They wondered also why he took it in the spring, and whether he always went to Madeira. Many accused him of a periodical and uncontrollable liking for certain vintages, and of very great selfishness in keeping them all to himself; for all their exploratory badinage, they got nothing save a conclusive repartee.

Coombe, however, got a little more. He came one raw March day into Havens's inner draughting-room, and found Havens busy on the plans for a house.

"Hello, Nelson," said the architect, looking up for a moment from the drawing-table. "Want a house or a cigarette?"

Coombe chose a cigarette, and busied himself with examining the elevations and floor plans upon which Havens was working.

"I want a house," he said at length, leaning on his elbows over a finished drawing. "Why are all these measurements in metres?"

"I asked you if you wanted a house *or* a cigarette," answered Haven, sketching in the bowl of a fountain; "you can't have both." He sat back, cocked an eye at the drawing, and added, "Pig."

Coombe came around the table and looked over Havens's shoulder.

"More than that," he said, "I want this house."

"You can't have it," responded Havens.

"What multimillionaire has monopolized it?"

"A fellow called Havens," said the other, "and he isn't even an unprefixd millionaire."

"So that's it?" commented Coombe. "Madeira, I suppose? It looks as if it belonged on a rugged coast. That's the reason I wanted it—Maine, you know. Tell me about it."

"You've been to Madeira, Nelson?" Coombe nodded. "Then you must remember the long, high point on the eastern side of Funchal Bay. That's where I've

bought land. The open side of the patio"—he indicated the plan—"faces the west."

Coombe leaned forward in interest; Havens went over the sketches one by one with the detail of an enthusiast.

"Helen insists on calling that a pergola," he concluded. "What do you think of the place?"

"Helen's right, as usual," asserted Coombe. He looked appreciatively at the outline of the patio. "Spanish, rather—concrete and red tiles. As good a house as you've ever designed. How appropriate that you have to build the cellar first, even in Madeira!"

"It is the most important part. I knew that you would come and visit me, you see."

"Why did you select Madeira?"

Havens laid aside his pencil, clasped his hands over one knee, and leaned back against the pull of them, looking out over the roofs of the lower office buildings toward the Hudson, just visible in the distance.

"There are many poets," he said slowly, "and somewhere in their poems you find the reasons for most things—this among others:

'God gave all men all earth to love,  
But, since man's heart is small,  
Ordn'd for each one spot should prove  
Beloved over all.'

Madeira attracted me first because it was an island; the name meant romance to me even when I was a small kid, though I didn't call it romance in those days. Then Helen and I went there on our wedding-trip, and found that it was beautiful; a few years later we found it was more than that—consolatory, and—and soothing. Ships call there, too, on their way to all the improbable ports in the world, and you get to know them, and hail them as old friends. It's an improbable place, is Madeira; just as Venice is. It seems to be the only place where I can really rest and get acquainted with myself after a year in New York. I can't explain my feeling for it very well; it's more as if the island was a person I was very fond of. Do you see?"

"I see," said Coombe, after a few minutes. "No wonder you wouldn't duplicate the house. When will it be done?"

"A year from now. We're sailing this week to get things started."

"There it is," said Mrs. Havens a year later, handing the binoculars to Jimmy.

"Yes," he said, not taking them, "there it is."

Manoel took charge of them as usual, only, instead of going to his aunt's they took a carriage out along the upland road to "Havens." Manoel had seen to everything; old Anita cooked and served their dinner that evening.

"There is a cook," she said haughtily, as she brought coffee to them in the patio, "but I wished everything to be well to-night. Is everything well, senhora?"

"Quite well, Anita," answered Mrs. Havens.

Manoel came later, cat-footed through the dark, and to him also they said, "Everything is well."

"Good night, senhora and senhor."

"Good night, Manoel."

He vanished into the house, and the lowered hum of his voice and Anita's came to them from somewhere in the rear.

"Last year," said Havens, throwing away his cigar, "they would have sat here and told us the gossip: the latest cure of that old witch Maria, and who had had children, and who had married whom."

"They don't want to intrude on the first night," said Mrs. Havens.

But they did not bring their budget of island news on the next night, or on any following night. Once, when Havens made Manoel sit on the parapet and talk to them, the Portuguese was so evidently uncomfortable and so stiltedly communicative that Havens took pity on him and let him go. It was the same, though to a less degree, in Manoel's boat, and even the mercurial José stood at a low temperature on the inland excursions. They were land-owners now, and guests no longer. The old intimacy of their humble friends gave place to a certain aloofness; the men bowed to them with bent shoulders, and not standing upright as heretofore, and the women swept a lower courtesy. They enjoyed their excursions as much, or nearly as much, as formerly, but their property had brought them an undesired standing in the community; there was a shadow between the old life and the new one. The



gossamer of their dreams had given way to the coarser thread of reality.

"It's a jewel of a spot," mused Havens, "but——"

"But what?" asked his wife.

"Damn," said he.

"Exactly," said she, reflecting his smile.

One morning Manoel brought them a wireless message; Coombe would arrive that afternoon. A year ago even Coombe would have been almost an intruder; now his imminent arrival made them eager. They went out to the steamer for him in Manoel's boat; during the drive out to "Havens" they kept stopping the carriage to show him a typical view, or to point out a characteristic group of Madeirans in the vineyards. Somehow his coming had in some degree revived their old childish delight.

Anita, who firmly believed that she alone of all the islanders knew what things tickled the palate, had come voluntarily to "Havens," and had for the second time ousted the regular cook; she outdid Savarin that evening. After dinner the three of them sat in the pergola—even Havens called it that now—and breathed in the fused odors of the night, and watched the lights in the harbor below, and luxuriated in the sensation that there was nothing to do in the morning. Coombe rose as the coal of his cigar burned near his lips, and leaned on the broad parapet.

"I don't wonder at you at all," he said; "I don't wonder."

"All the same," said Havens, "if you still want a house like this on Seguin Island, I'll build you one."

## MY FIRST YEARS AS A FRENCHWOMAN

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

III—M. WADDINGTON AS PRIME MINISTER

1879

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS



HERE had been a respite, a sort of armed truce in political circles as long as the Exposition lasted, but when the Chambers met again in November, it was evident that things were not going smoothly. The Republicans and Radicals were dissatisfied. Every day there were speeches and insinuations against the marshal and his government, and one felt that a crisis was impending. There were not loaves and fishes enough for the whole Radical party. If one listened to them it would seem as if every préfet and every general were conspiring against the Republic. There were long consultations in W.'s\* cabinet, and I went often to our house in the rue Dumont-d'Urville to see if everything was in

order there, as I quite expected to be back there for Christmas. A climax was reached when the marshal was asked to sign the deposition of some of the generals. He absolutely refused—the ministers persisted in their demands. There was not much discussion, the marshal's mind was made up, and on the 30th of January, 1879, he announced in the Conseil des Ministres his irrevocable decision, and handed his ministers his letter of resignation. We had a melancholy breakfast—W., Count de P., and I—the last day of the marshal's presidency. W. was very blue, was quite sure the marshal would resign, and foresaw all sorts of complications both at home and abroad. The day was gloomy too, gray and cold, even the big rooms of the ministry were dark. As soon as they had started for Versailles, I took baby and went to mother's. As I went over the

\* W., here and throughout these articles, refers to Mme. Waddington's husband, M. William Waddington.



bridge I wondered how many more times I would cross it, and whether the end of the week would see me settled again in my own house. We drove about and had tea together, and I got back to the Quai d'Orsay about six o'clock. Neither W. nor Count de P. had got back from Versailles, but there were two telegrams,—the first one to say that the marshal had resigned, the second one that Grévy was named in his place, with a large majority.

W. was rather depressed when he came home,—he had always a great sympathy and respect for the marshal, and was very, very sorry to see him go,—thought his departure would complicate foreign affairs. As long as the marshal was at the Elysée, foreign governments were not afraid of coups d'état or revolutions. He was also sorry that Dufaure would not remain, but he was an old man, had had enough of political life and party struggles—left the field to younger men. The marshal's letter was communicated at once to the Parliament, and the houses met in the afternoon. There was a short session to hear the marshal's letter read (by Grévy in the Chamber of Deputies) and the two houses, Senate and Chamber of Deputies, were convoked for a later hour of the same afternoon. There was not much excitement, two or three names were pronounced, but every one felt sure that Grévy would be the man. He was nominated by a large majority, and the Republicans were jubilant—thought the Republic was at last established on a firm and proper basis. Grévy was perfectly calm and self-possessed—did not show much enthusiasm. He must have felt quite sure from the first moment that he would be named. His first visitor was the marshal, who wished him all possible success in his new mission, and, if Grévy was pleased to be the President of the Republic, the marshal was even more pleased not to be, and to take up his private life again. There were many speculations as to who would be charged by Grévy to form his first cabinet—and almost permanent meetings in all the groups of the Left. W.'s friends all said he would certainly remain at the Foreign Office, but that depended naturally upon the choice of the premier. If he were taken from the more advanced ranks of the Left, W. could not

possibly stay. We were not long in suspense. W. had one or two interviews with Grévy, which resulted in his remaining at the Foreign Office, but as prime minister. W. hesitated at first, felt that it would not be an easy task to keep all those very conflicting elements together. There were four Protestants in the ministry, W., Léon Say, de Freycinet, and Le Royer. Jules Ferry, who took the Ministry of Public Instruction, a very clever man, was practically a freethinker, and the Parliament was decidedly more advanced. The last elections had given a strong Republican majority to the Senate. He consulted with his brother, Richard Waddington, then a deputy, now a senator, president of the Chamber of Commerce of Rouen, and some of his friends, and finally decided to accept the very honorable but very onerous position, and remained at the Foreign Affairs with Grévy, as prime minister. If I had seen little of him before, I saw nothing of him now, as his work was exactly doubled. We did breakfast together, but it was a most irregular meal—sometimes at twelve o'clock, sometimes at one-thirty, and very rarely alone. We always dined out or had people dining with us, so that family life became a dream of the past. We very rarely went together when we dined out. W. was always late,—his coupé waited hours in the court. I had my carriage and went alone. After eight or ten days of irregular meals at impossible hours (we often dined at nine-thirty) I said to Count de P., W.'s chef de cabinet: "Can't you arrange to have business over a little earlier? It is awful to dine so late and to wait so long," to which he replied: "Ah, Madame, no one can be more desirous than I to change that order of things, for when the minister dines at nine-thirty, the chef de cabinet gets his dinner at ten-thirty." We did manage to get rather more satisfactory hours after a little while, but it was always difficult to extract W. from his work if it were anything important. He became absorbed, and absolutely unconscious of time.

The new President, Grévy, installed himself at once at the Elysée with his wife and daughter. There was much speculation about Madame Grévy,—no one had ever seen her—she was absolutely



unknown. When Grévy was president of the National Assembly, he gave very pleasant men's dinners, when Madame Grévy never appeared. Every one (of all opinions) was delighted to go to him, and the talk was most brilliant and interesting. Grévy was a perfect host, very cultivated, with a marvellous memory—quoting pages of the classics, French, and Latin.

Madame Grévy was always spoken of as a quiet, unpretending person—occupied with domestic duties, who hated society and never went anywhere—in fact, no one ever heard her name mentioned. A great many people didn't know that Grévy had a wife. When her husband became President of the Republic, there was much discussion as to Madame Grévy's social status in the official world. I don't think Grévy wanted her to appear nor to take any part in the new life, and she certainly didn't want to. Nothing in her former life had prepared her for such a change, and it was always an effort for her, but both were overruled by their friends, who thought a woman was a necessary part of the position. It was some little time before they were settled at the Elysée. W. asked Grévy once or twice when Madame Waddington might call upon his wife—and he answered that as soon as they were quite installed I would receive a notice. One day a communication arrived from the Elysée, saying that Madame Grévy would receive the Diplomatic Corps and the ministers' wives on a fixed day at five o'clock. The message was sent on to the Diplomatic Corps, and when I arrived on the appointed day (early, as I wanted to see the people come in, and also thought I must present the foreign ladies)

there were already several carriages in the court.

The Elysée looked just as it did in the marshal's time—plenty of servants in gala liveries—two or three huissiers who knew everybody—palms, flowers, everywhere. The traditions of the palace are carried on from one President to another, and a permanent staff of servants remains. We found Madame Grévy with her daughter and one or two ladies, wives I suppose of the secretaries, seated in the well-known drawing-room with the beautiful tapestries—Madame Grévy in a large gold armchair at the end of the room—a row of gilt armchairs on each side of hers—Mademoiselle standing behind her mother. A huissier announced



Jules Ferry.

every one distinctly, but the names and titles said nothing to Madame Grévy. She was tall, middle-aged, handsomely dressed, and visibly nervous—made a great many gestures when she talked. It was amusing to see all the people arrive. I had nothing to do—there were no introductions—every one was announced, and they all walked straight up to Madame Grévy, who was very polite, got up for every one, men and women. It was rather an imposing circle that gathered around her—Princess Hohenlohe, German ambassadress, sat on one side of her—Marquise Molins, Spanish ambassadress, on the other. There were not many men,—Lord Lyons, as “doyen” of the Diplomatic Corps, the Nuncio, and a good many representatives of the South American Republics. Madame Grévy was perfectly bewildered, did try to talk to the ladies next to her, but it was an intimidating function for any one, and she had no one to help her, as they were all quite new to



the work. It was obviously an immense relief to her when some lady of the official world came in whom she had known before. The two ladies plunged at once into a very animated conversation about their children, husbands, and various domestic matters—a perfectly natural conversation, but not interesting to the foreign ladies.

We didn't make a very long visit—it was merely a matter of form. Lord Lyons came out with me, and we had quite a talk while I was waiting for my carriage in the anteroom. He was so sensible always in his intercourse with the official world, quite realized that the position was difficult and trying for Madame Grévy,—it would have been for any one thrown at once without any preparation into such perfectly different surroundings. He had a certain experience of republics and republican manners, as he had been some years in Washington as British minister, and had often seen wives of American statesmen and ministers, fresh from the far West, beginning their career in Washington, quite bewildered by the novelty of everything and utterly ignorant of all questions of etiquette—only he said the American women were far more adaptable than either French or English—or than any others in the world, in fact. He also said that day, and I have heard him repeat it once or twice since, that he had *never* met a stupid American woman. . . .

I have always thought it was unnecessary to insist upon Madame Grévy's presence at the Elysée. It is very difficult for any woman, no longer very young, to begin an entirely new life in a perfectly different "milieu," and certainly more difficult for a Frenchwoman of the bourgeoisie than any other. They live in such a narrow circle, their lives are so cramped and uninteresting—they know so little of society and foreign ways and manners, that they must be often uncomfortable and make mistakes. It is very different for a man. All the small questions of dress and manners, etc., don't exist for them. One man in a dress coat and white cravat looks very like another, and men of all conditions are polite to a lady. When a man is intelligent, no one notices whether his coat and waistcoat are too wide or too short and whether his boots are clumsy.

Madame Grévy never looked happy at the Elysée. They had a big dinner every Thursday, with a reception afterward, and she looked so tired when she was sitting on the sofa, in the diplomatic salon, making conversation for the foreigners and people of all kinds who came to their receptions, that one felt really sorry for her. Grévy was always a striking personality. He had a fine head, a quiet, dignified manner, and looked very well when he stood at the door receiving his guests. I don't think he cared very much about foreign affairs—he was essentially French—had never lived abroad nor known any foreigners. He was too intelligent not to understand that a country must have foreign relations, and that France must take her place again as a great power, but home politics interested him much more than anything else. He was a charming talker—every one wanted to talk to him, or rather to listen to him. The evenings were pleasant enough in the diplomatic salon. It was interesting to see the attitude of the different diplomatists. All were correct, but most of them were visibly antagonistic to the Republic and the Republicans (which they considered much "accentuée" since the nomination of Grévy) the women rather more so than the men. One felt, if one didn't hear, the criticisms on the dress, deportment, and general style of the Republican ladies.

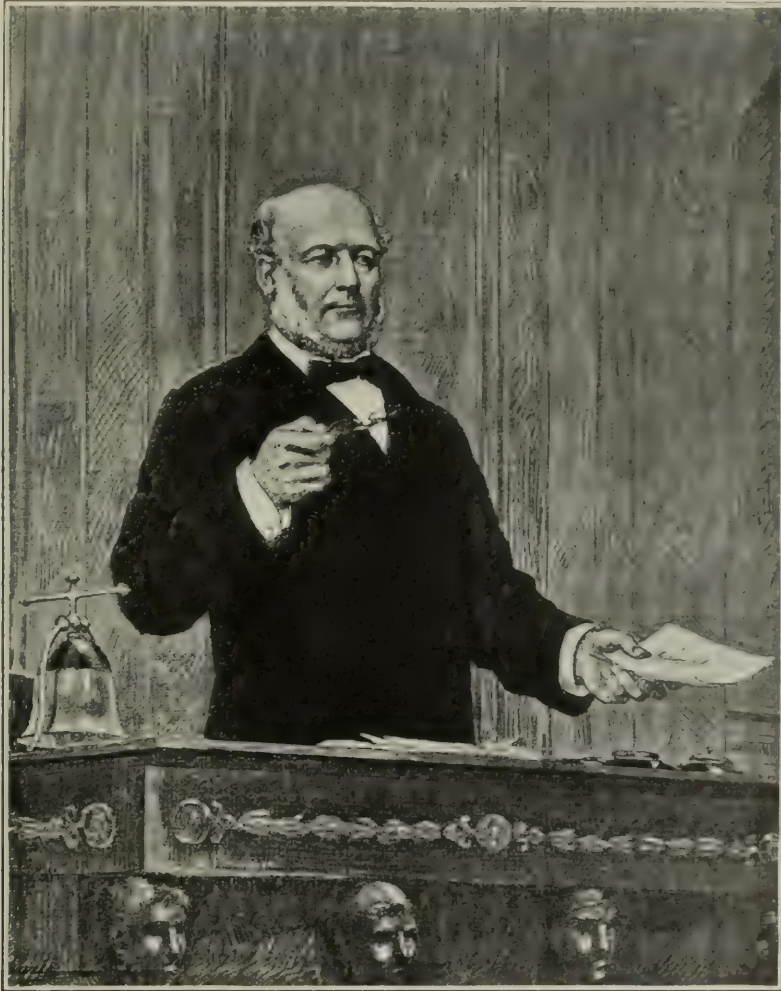
We saw a great many English at the Quai d'Orsay. Queen Victoria stayed one or two nights at the British Embassy, passing through Paris on her way south. She sent for W., who had never seen her since his undergraduate days at Cambridge. He found her quite charming, very easy, interested in everything. She began the conversation in French (he was announced with all due ceremony as Monsieur le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères) and W. said she spoke it remarkably well,—then, with her beautiful smile which lightened up her whole face: "I think I can speak English with a Cambridge scholar." She was much interested in his beginnings in England at Rugby and Cambridge—and was evidently astonished, though she had too much tact to show it, that he had chosen to make his life and career in France in-



stead of accepting the proposition made to him by his cousin Waddington, then Dean of Durham, to remain in England and continue his classic and literary studies under his guidance. When the in-

French minister—everything about him was so absolutely English, figure, coloring, and speech.

Many old school and college experiences were evoked that year by the vari-



From *L'Illustration*, February 8, 1879.

Jules Grévy, reading Marshal MacMahon's letter of resignation to the Chamber of Deputies.

terview was over he found the Queen's faithful Scotch retainer, John Brown, who always accompanied her everywhere, waiting outside the door, evidently hoping to see the minister. He spoke a few words with him, as a countryman,—W. being half Scotch—his mother was born Chisholm. They shook hands and John Brown begged him to come to Scotland, where he would receive a hearty welcome. W. was very pleased with his reception by the Queen. Lord Lyons told him afterward that she had been very anxious to see him; she told him later, in speaking of the interview, that it was very difficult to realize that she was speaking to a

ous English who passed through Paris. One night at a big dinner at the British Embassy I was sitting next to the Prince of Wales (late King Edward). He said to me: "There is an old friend of your husband's here to-night, who will be so glad to see him again. They haven't met since he was his fag at Rugby." After dinner he was introduced to me—Admiral Glynn—a charming man, said his last recollection of W. was making his toast for him and getting a good cuff when the toast fell into the fire and got burnt. The two men talked together for some time in the smoking-room, recalling all sorts of school-boy exploits. Another school friend was



Sir Francis Adams, first secretary and "counsellor" at the British Embassy. When the ambassador took his holiday, Adams replaced him, and had the rank and title of minister plenipotentiary. He came every Wednesday, the diplomatic reception day, to the Quai d'Orsay to talk business. As long as a secretary or a huissier was in the room, they spoke to each other most correctly in French; as soon as they were alone, relapsed into easy and colloquial English. We were very fond of Adams—saw a great deal of him not only in Paris, but when we first lived in London at the Embassy. He died suddenly in Switzerland, and W. missed him very much. He was very intelligent, a keen observer, had been all over the world, and his knowledge and appreciation of foreign countries and ways was often very useful to W.

All the autumn of '79 was very agitated. We were obliged to curtail our stay at Bourneville, our country home. Even though the Chambers were not sitting, every description of political intrigue was going on. Every day W. had an immense "courrier" and every second day a secretary came down from the Quai d'Orsay with despatches and papers to sign. Telegrams came all day long. W. had one or two shooting-breakfasts and the long tramps in the woods rested him. The guests were generally the notabilities of the small towns and villages of his circumscription,—mayors, farmers, and small landowners. They all talked politics and W. was surprised to see how in this quiet agricultural district the fever of democracy had mounted. Usually the well-to-do farmer is very conservative, looks askance at the very advanced opinions of the young radicals, but a complete change had come over them. They seemed to think the Republic, founded at last upon a solid basis, supported by honest Republicans, would bring untold prosperity not only to the country, but to each individual, and many very modest, unpretending citizens of the small towns saw themselves "conseillers généraux," deputies, perhaps even ministers. It was a curious change. However, on the whole, the people in our part of the world were reasonable. I was sorry to go back to town. I liked the last

beautiful days of September in the country. The trees were just beginning to turn, and the rides in the woods were delightful, the roads so soft and springy. The horses seemed to like the brisk canter as much as we did. We disturbed all the forest life as we galloped along—hares and rabbits scuttled away—we saw their white tails disappearing into holes, and when we crossed a bit of plain, partridges a long distance off would rise and take their crooked flight across the fields. It was so still, always is in the woods, that the horses' feet could be heard a long way off. It was getting colder (all the country folk predicted a very cold winter) and the wood fire looked very cheerful and comfortable in my little salon when we came in.

However, everything must end, and W. had to go back to the fight, which promised to be lively. In Paris we found people wearing furs and preparing for a cold winter. The house of the Quai d'Orsay was comfortable, well-warmed, "calorifères" and big fires in all the rooms, and whenever there was any sun it poured into the rooms from the garden. I didn't take up my official afternoon receptions. The session had not begun, and, as it seemed extremely unlikely that the coming year would see us still at the Quai d'Orsay, it was not worth while to embark upon that dreary function. I was at home every afternoon after five—had tea in my little blue salon, and always had two or three people to keep me company. Prince Hohenlohe came often, settled himself in an armchair with his cup of tea, and talked easily and charmingly about everything. He was just back from Germany and reported Bismarck and the Emperor (I should have said, perhaps, the Emperor and Bismarck) as rather worried over the rapid strides France was making in radicalism. He reassured them, told them Grévy was essentially a man of peace, and, as long as moderate men like W., Léon Say, and their friends remained in office, things would go quietly. "Yes, if they remain. I have an idea we sha'n't stay much longer, and report says Freycinet will be the next premier." He evidently had heard the same report, and spoke warmly of Freycinet,—intelligent, energetic, and such a precise mind. If W. were obliged



to resign, which he personally would regret, he thought Freycinet was the coming man—unless Gambetta wanted to be premier. He didn't think he did, was not quite ready yet, but his hand might be

Chambers continued to sit at Versailles, he would be obliged to establish himself there, which he didn't want to do. Many people were very unwilling to make the change, were honestly nervous about



From *L'Illustration*, February 8, 1879.

M Jules Grévy elected President of the Republic by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies meeting as the National Assembly

forced by his friends, and of course if he wanted it, he would be the next *président du conseil*. He also told me a great many things that Blowitz had said to him—he had a great opinion of him—said he was so marvellously well-informed of all that was going on. The Nuncio, Mgr. Czaski, came too sometimes at tea-time. He was a charming talker, but I always felt as if he were saying exactly what he meant to and what he wanted me to repeat to W. I am never quite sure with Italians. There is always a certain reticence under their extremely natural, rather exuberant manner. Mgr. Czaski was not an Italian by birth—a Pole, but I don't know that they inspire much more confidence.

The question of the return of the Parliament to Paris had at last been solved after endless discussions. All the Republicans were in favor of it, and they were masters of the situation. The President, Grévy, too wanted it very much. If the

possible disturbances in the streets, and, though they grumbled too at the loss of time, the draughty carriages of the parliamentary train, etc., they still preferred those discomforts to any possibility of rioting and street fights, and the invasion of the Chamber of Deputies by a Paris mob. W. was very anxious for the change.

He didn't in the least anticipate any trouble—his principal reason for wanting the Parliament back was the loss of time, and also to get rid of the conversations in the train, which tired him very much. He never could make himself heard without an effort, as his voice was low, had no "timbre," and he didn't hear his neighbors very well in the noise of the train. He always arrived at the station at the last minute, and got into the last carriage, hoping to be undisturbed, and have a quiet half-hour with his papers, but he was rarely left alone. If any deputy who wanted anything recognized him, he of course got



in the same carriage, because he knew he was sure of a half-hour to state his case, as the minister couldn't get away from him. The Chambers met, after a short vacation in November, at last in Paris, and already there were so many "interpellations" announced on every possible subject, so many criticisms on the policy of the cabinet, and so many people wanting other people's places, that the session promised to be very lively—the Senate at the Palais du Luxembourg, the Deputies at the Palais Bourbon.

The end of December was detestable. We were "en pleine crise" for ten days. Every day W. went to the Chamber of Deputies expecting to be beaten, and every evening came home discouraged and disgusted. The Chamber was making the position of the ministers perfectly untenable—all sorts of violent and useless propositions were discussed, and there was an undercurrent of jealousy and intrigue everywhere. One day, just before Christmas, about the 20th, W. and his chef de cabinet, Comte de P., started for the house, after breakfast,—W. expecting to be beaten by a coalition vote of the extreme Left, Bonapartists, and Legitimists. It was insane policy on the part of the two last, as they knew perfectly well they wouldn't gain anything by upsetting the actual cabinet. They would only get another one much more advanced and more masterful. I suppose their idea was to have a succession of radical inefficient ministers, which in the end would disgust the country and make a "savior," a prince (which one?) or general, possible. How wise their reasoning was time has shown! I wanted to go to the Chamber

to hear the debate, but W. didn't want me. He would be obliged to speak, and said it would worry him if I were in the gallery listening to all the attacks made upon him. (It is rather curious that I never heard him speak in public, either in the house or in the country, where he often made political speeches, in election

times.) He was so sure that the ministry would fall that we had already begun cleaning and making fires in our own house, so on that afternoon, as I didn't want to sit at home waiting for telegrams, I went up to the house with Henrietta. The caretaker had already told us that the stock of wood and coal was giving out, and she couldn't get any more in the quarter, and if she couldn't make fires the pipes would burst—which was a pleasant prospect with the thermom-



M. le Marquis de Molins, Ambassador to Spain.

eter at I don't remember how many degrees below zero. We found a fine cleaning going on—doors and windows open all over the house—and women scrubbing stairs, floors, and windows, rather under difficulties, with little fire and little water. It looked perfectly dreary and comfortless—not at all tempting. All the furniture was piled up in the middle of the rooms, and W.'s library was a curiosity. Books and pamphlets accumulated rapidly with us, as W. was a member of so many literary societies of all kinds, and packages and boxes of unopened books quite choked up the room. H. and I tried to arrange things a little, but it was hopeless that day, and, besides, the house was bitterly cold. It didn't feel as if a fire could make any impression.

As we could do nothing there, we went back to the ministry. No telegrams had



come, but Kruft, our faithful and efficient "chef du matériel," was waiting for me for last instructions about a Christmas tree. Some days before I had decided to have a Christmas tree, about the end of the month. W. then thought the ministry would last over the holidays, the "trêve des confiseurs," and was quite willing I should have a Christmas party as a last entertainment. He had been too occupied the last days to think about any such trifles, and Kruft, not having had any contrary instructions, had ordered the presents and decorations. He was rather depressed, because W. had told him that morning that we surely would not be at the Quai d'Orsay on the 29th, the day we had chosen for our party. However, I reassured him, and told him we would have the Christmas tree all

the same, only at my house instead of the ministry. We went to look at his presents, which were all spread out on a big table in one of the drawing-rooms. He really was a wonderful man, never forgot anything, and had remembered that at the last tree, the year before, one or two nurses had had no presents, and several who had were not pleased with what was given to them. He had made a very good selection for those ladies,—lace scarfs and "rabats" and little "tours de cou" of fur,—really very pretty. I believe they were satisfied this time. The young men sent me up two telegrams: "rien de nouveau,"—"ministère debout."

W. came home late, very tired and much disgusted with politics in general and his party in particular. The cabinet still lived, but merely to give Grévy time to make another. W. had been to the Elysée and

had a long conversation with Grévy. He found him very preoccupied, very unwilling to make a change, and he again urged W. very much to keep the Foreign Office, if Freycinet should succeed in making a ministry. That W. would not agree to—he was sick of the whole thing. He told Grévy he was quite right to send for Frey-

cinet—if any man could save the situation he could. We had one or two friends, political men, to dinner, and they discussed the situation from every point of view, always ending with the same conclusion, that W. was right to go. His policy wasn't the policy of the Chamber (I don't say of the country, for I think the country knew little and cared less about what was going on in Parliament), hardly the policy of all his own colleagues. There was really no use to continue

worrying himself to death and doing no good. W. said his conversation with Grévy was interesting, but he was much more concerned with home politics and the sweeping changes the Republicans wanted to make in all the Administrations than with foreign policy. He said Europe was quiet and France's first duty was to establish herself firmly, which would only be done by peace and prosperity at home. I told W. I had spent a very cold and uncomfortable hour at the house, and I was worried about the cold, thought I might, perhaps, send the boy to mother, but he had taken his precautions and arranged with the minister of war to have a certain amount of wood delivered at the house. They always had reserves of wood at the various ministries. We had ours directly from our own woods in the country, and it was en route, but a



Lord Lyons.

flotilla of boats was frozen up in the Canal de l'Ourcq, and it might be weeks before the wood could be delivered.

We dined one night at the British Embassy, while all these pourparlers were go-

W.'s presence at the Foreign Office during the last year had been a help to the Republic—said also he didn't believe his retirement would last very long. It was frightfully cold when we came out of the



*From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.*

Her Majesty Queen Victoria, about 1879.

ing on, "en petit comité," all English, Lord and Lady Reay, Lord Edmond Fitz-Maurice, and one or two members of Parliament whose names I have forgotten. Both Lord and Lady Reay were very keen about politics, knew France well, and were much interested in the phase she was passing through. Lord Lyons was charming, so friendly and sensible, said he wasn't surprised at W.'s wanting to go—still hoped this crisis would pass like so many others he had seen in France; that certainly

Embassy—very few carriages out, all the coachmen wrapped up in mufflers and fur caps, and the Place de la Concorde a sea of ice so slippery I thought we should never get across and over the bridge. I went to the Opera one night that week, got there in an entr'acte, when people were walking about and reading the papers. As I passed several groups of men, I heard W.'s name mentioned, also that of Léon Say and Freycinet, but just in passing by quickly I could not hear any



comments. I fancy they were not favorable in that "milieu." It was very cold in the house—almost all the women had their cloaks on—and the coming out was something awful, crossing that broad "perron" in the face of a biting wind.

end on the 26th of December, and the next day the papers announced that the ministers had given their resignation to the President, who had accepted it and had charged M. de Freycinet to form a cabinet. We dined with mother on Christmas day,



*From a photograph by Lock and Whitfield, London.*

His Royal Highness, Edward, Prince of Wales, in 1876.

I began my packing seriously this time, as W.'s mind was quite made up. He had thought the matter well over, and had a final talk with Freycinet, who would have liked to keep both W. and Léon Say, but it wasn't easy to manage the new element that Freycinet brought with him. The new members were much more advanced in their opinions. W. couldn't have worked with them, and they certainly didn't want to work with him. The autumn session came to a turbulent

a family party, with the addition of Comte de P. and one or two stray Americans who were at hotels and were of course delighted not to dine on Christmas day at a "table d'hôte" or café. W. was rather tired; the constant talking and seeing so many people of all kinds was very fatiguing, for, as long as his resignation was not official, announced in the *Journal Officiel*, he was still minister of foreign affairs. One of the last days, when they were hoping to come to an agreement, he was obliged to come home

early to receive the mission from Morocco. I saw them arrive; they were a fine set of men, tall, powerfully built, their skin a red-brown, not black, entirely dressed in white from turbans to sandals. None of them spoke any French—all the conversation took place through an interpreter. Notwithstanding our worries, we had a very pleasant evening and W. was very cheerful—looking forward to our Italian trip with quite as much pleasure as I did.

W. made over the ministry to Freycinet on Monday, the 28th, the "transmission des pouvoirs." Freycinet was very nice and friendly, regretted that he and W. were no longer colleagues. He thought his ministry was strong and was confident he would manage the Chamber. W. told him he could settle himself as soon as he liked at the Quai d'Orsay, as we should go at once, and would sleep at our house on Wednesday night. Freycinet said Mme. de Freycinet (whom I knew well and liked very much) would come and see me on Wednesday, and would like to go over the house with me. I was rather taken aback when W. told me we must sleep in our own house on Wednesday night. The actual packing was not very troublesome, as I had not brought many of my own things from the rue Dumont-d'Urville. There was scarcely a van-load of small furniture and boxes, but the getting together of all the small things was a bore,—books, "bibelots," music, cards, and notes (these in quantities, "lettres de condoléance," which had to be carefully sorted as they had all to be answered). The hotel of the Quai d'Orsay was crowded with people those last two days, all W.'s friends coming to express their regrets at his departure, some very sincerely sorry to see him go, as his name and character certainly inspired confidence abroad—and some delighted that he was no longer a member of such an advanced cabinet—(some said "de cet infect gouvernement") when he was obliged by his mere presence to sanction many things he didn't approve of. He and Freycinet had a long talk on Wednesday, as W. naturally wanted to be sure that some provision would be made for his chef de cabinet and secretaries. Each incoming minister brings his own staff with him. Freycinet offered W. the London Embassy, but he

wouldn't take it, had had enough of public life for the present. I didn't want it either, I had never lived much in England, had not many friends there, and was counting the days until we could get off to Rome. There was one funny result of W. having declined the London Embassy. Admiral Pothuau, whom W. had named there, and who was very much liked, came to see him one day and made him a great scene because Freycinet had offered him the London Embassy. W. said he didn't understand why he made him a scene, as he had refused it. "But it should never have been offered to you over my head." "Perhaps, but that is not my fault. I didn't ask for it—and don't want it. If you think you have been treated badly, you should speak to Freycinet." However, the admiral was very much put out, and was very cool with us both for a long time. I suppose his idea was that being recalled would mean that he had not done well in London, which was quite a mistake, as he was very much liked there.

We dined alone that last night at the ministry, and sat some time in the window, looking at the crowds of people amusing themselves on the Seine, and wondering if we would ever see the Quai d'Orsay again. After all, we had had two very happy interesting years there—and memories that would last a lifetime. Some of the last experiences of the month of December had been rather disillusioning, but I suppose one must not bring any sentiment into politics. In the world it is always a case of "donnant—donnant" and—when one is no longer in a position to give a great deal—people naturally turn to the rising man. Comte de P., chef de cabinet, came in late as usual, to have a last talk. He too had been busy, as he had a small apartment and stables in the hotel of the ministry, and was also very anxious to get away. He told us all the young men of the cabinet were very sorry to see W. go—at first they had found him a little cold and reserved—but a two years' experience had shown them that, if he were not expansive, he was perfectly just, and always did what he said he would.

The next day Madame de Freycinet came to see me, and we went over the house. She didn't care about the living-rooms, as they never lived at the Quai d'Orsay, remained in their own hotel near the Bois de



Boulogne. Freycinet came every day to the ministry, and she merely on reception days—or when there was a party. Just as she was going, Madame de Zuylen, wife of the Dutch minister, a great friend of mine, came in. She told me she had great difficulty in getting up, as I had forbidden my door, but my faithful Gérard (I think I missed him as much as anything else at first), knowing we were friends, thought Madame would like to see her. She paid me quite a long visit,—I even gave her some tea off government plate and china,—all mine had been already sent to my own house. We sat talking for some time. She had heard that W. had refused the London Embassy, was afraid it was a mistake, and that the winter in Paris would be a difficult one for him—he would certainly be inop-

position to the government on all sorts of questions—and if he remained in Paris he would naturally go to the Senate and vote. I quite agreed that he couldn't suddenly detach himself from all political discussions, must take part in them and must vote. The policy of abstention has always seemed to me the weakest possible line in politics. If a man, for some reason or another, hasn't the courage of his opinions, he mustn't take any position where that opinion would carry weight. I told her we were going to Italy as soon as we could get off after the holidays.

While we were talking, a message came up to say that the young men of the cabinet were all coming up to say good-by to me. I had seen the directors earlier in the

day, so Madame de Zuylen took her leave, promising to come to my Christmas tree in the rue Dumont d'Urville. The young men seemed sorry to say good-by—I was, too. I had seen a great deal of them and always found them ready and anxious to help me in every way. The Comte

de Lasteyrie, who was a great friend of ours as well as a secretary, went about a great deal with us. W. called upon him very often for all sorts of things, knowing he could trust him absolutely. He told one of my friends that one of his principal functions was to accompany Mme. Waddington to all the charity sales, carrying a package of women's chemises under his arm. It was quite true that I often bought "poor clothes" at the sales. The objects exposed in the way of screens, pin-cushions, ta-

ble-covers, and, in the spring, hats made by some of the ladies, were so appalling that I was glad to have poor clothes to fall back upon, but I don't remember his ever carrying my purchases home with me.

They were much amused when suddenly Francis burst into the room, having escaped a moment from his "Nonnon," who was busy with her last packing, his little face flushed and quivering with anger because his toys had been packed and he was to be taken away from the big house. He kicked and screamed like a little mad thing, until his nurse came to the rescue. I made a last turn in the rooms to see that all trace of my occupation had vanished. Francis, half pacified, was seated on the billiard-table, an old gray-haired huissier, who was always on duty up-stairs, taking



John Brown, Queen Victoria's Scotch retainer.

care of him. The huissiers and house-servants were all assembled in the hall, and the old Pierson, who had been there for years, was the spokesman, and hoped respectfully that Madame "would soon come back. . . ." W. didn't come with us, as he still had people to see and only got home in time for a late dinner.

We dined that night and for many nights afterward with our uncle Luttheroth (who had a charming hotel filled with pictures and "bibelots" and pretty things) just across the street, as it was some little time before our kitchen and household got into working order again. The first few days were, of course, very tiring and uncomfortable—the house seemed so small after the big rooms at the Quai d'Orsay. I didn't attempt to do anything with the salons, as we were going away so soon—carpets and curtains had to be arranged to keep

the cold out, but the big boxes remained in the carriage-house—not unpacked. We had a procession of visitors all day—and tried to make W.'s library possible,—comfortable it wasn't, as there were packages of books and papers and boxes everywhere.

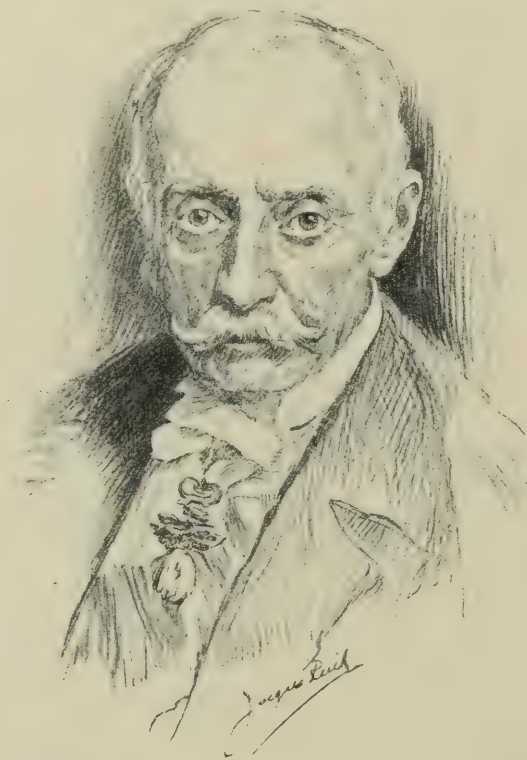
I had a good many visits and flowers on New Year's day—which was an agreeable surprise,—Lord Lyons, Orloff, the Sibberns, Comte de Ségur, M. Alfred André, and others. André, an old friend of W.'s, a very conservative Protestant banker, was very blue about affairs. André was the type of the modern French Protestant. They are almost a separate class in France—are very earnest, religious, honorable, narrow-minded people. They give a great deal in charity and good works

of all kinds. In Paris the Protestant coterie is very rich. They associate with all the Catholics, as many of them entertain a great deal, but they live among themselves and never intermarry. I hardly know a case where a French Protestant has married a Catholic. I suppose it is a remnant of their old Huguenot blood, and the memories of all their forefathers suffered for their religion, which makes them so

intolerant. The ambassadors had paid their usual official visit to the Elysée—said Grévy was very smiling and amiable, didn't seem at all preoccupied. We had a family dinner at my uncle's on New Year's night, and all the family with wonderful unanimity said the best wish they could make for W. was that 1880 would see him out of politics and leading an independent if less interesting life.

An interesting life it certainly was, hearing so many questions

discussed, seeing all sorts of people of all nationalities and living as it were behind the scenes. The Chamber of Deputies in itself was a study, with its astounding changes of opinion, with no apparent cause. One never knew in the morning what the afternoon's session would bring, for, as soon as the Republican party felt themselves firmly established, they began to quarrel among themselves. I went back to the ministry one afternoon to pay a formal visit to Mme. de Freycinet on her reception day. I had rather put it off, thinking that the sight of the well-known rooms and faces would be disagreeable to me and make me regret, perhaps, the past, but I felt already that all that old life was over—one adapts oneself so quickly to dif-



Prince Hohenlohe.

After the painting by F. H. László.



ferent surroundings. It did seem funny to be announced by my own special huis-sier, Gérard, and to find myself sitting in the green drawing-room with all the palms and flowers arranged just as they always were for me, and a semicircle of diplomats saying exactly the same things to Mme. de Freycinet that they had said to me a few days before, but I fancy that always happens in these days of democracy and equalizing education, and that, under certain circumstances, we all say and do exactly the same thing. I had quite a talk with Sibbern, the Swedish minister, who was very friendly and sympathetic, not only at our leaving the Foreign Office, but at the extreme discomfort of moving in such frightfully cold weather. He was wrapped in furs, as if he were going to the North Pole.

However, I assured him we were quite warm and comfortable, gradually settling down into our old ways, and I was already looking back on my two years at the Quai d'Orsay as an agreeable episode in my life. I had quite a talk too with the Portuguese minister, Mendes Leal. He was an interesting man, a poet and a dreamer, saw more, I fancy, of the literary world of Paris than the political. Blowitz was there, of course—was always everywhere in moments of crisis, talking a great deal, and letting it be understood that he had pulled a great many wires all those last weeks. He too regretted that W. had not taken the London Embassy, assured me that it would have been a very agreeable appointment

in England—was surprised that I hadn't urged it. I replied that I had not been consulted. Many people asked when they could come and see me—would I take up my reception day again? That wasn't worth while, as I was going away so soon, but I said I would be there every day at five o'clock, and always had visits.

One day Madame Sadi Carnot sat a long time with me. Her husband had been named under secretary at the ministry of Public Works in the new cabinet, and she was very pleased. She was a very charming, intelligent, cultivated woman—read a great deal, was very keen about politics and very ambitious (as every clever woman should be) for her husband and sons. I think she was a great help socially to her husband when he became President of the Republic. He was



M. de Freycinet.

After a photograph by M. Nadaz, Paris.

a grave, reserved man, didn't care very much for society. I saw her very often and always found her most attractive. At the Elysée she was amiable and courteous to everybody and her slight deafness didn't seem to worry her nor make conversation difficult. She did such a charming womanly thing just after her husband's assassination. He lay in state for some days at the Elysée, and M. Casimir-Périer, his successor, went to make her a visit. As he was leaving he said his wife would come the next day to see Mme. Carnot. She instantly answered: "Pray do not let her come; she is young, beginning her life here at the Elysée. I wouldn't for worlds that she should have the impression of sadness and gloom that

must hang over the Palace as long as the President is lying there. I should like her to come to the Elysée only when all traces of this tragedy have gone—and to have no

wanted to put order into his papers before he left. Freycinet made various changes at the Quai d'Orsay. M. Desprey, directeur de la politique (a post he had occupied for years) was named ambassador to Rome in the place of the Marquis de Gabriac. I don't think he was very anxious to go. His career had been made almost entirely at the Foreign Office, and he was much more at home in his cabinet, with all his papers and books about him, than he would be abroad among strangers. He came to dinner one night, and we talked the thing over. W. thought the rest and change would do him good. He was named to the Vatican, where necessarily there was much less to do in the way of social life than at the Quirinal. He was perfectly "au courant" of all the questions between the Vatican and the French clergy—his son, secretary of embassy, would go with him. It seemed rather a pleasant prospect.

W. went once or twice to the Senate, as the houses met on the 12th or 14th of January, but there was nothing very interesting those first days. The Chamber was taking breath after the holidays and the last ministerial crisis and giving the new ministry a chance. I think Freycinet had his hands full, but he was quite equal to the task. I went late one afternoon to the Elysée. I had written to Mme. Grévy to ask if she would receive me before I left for Italy. When I arrived, the one footman at the door told me Mme. Grévy was "un peu souffrante," would see me upstairs. I went up a side staircase, rather dark, preceded by the footman,



*Photograph, copyright by Pierre Petit, Paris.*

President Sadi Carnot.

sad associations—on the contrary, with the prospect of a long happy future before her."

W. went the two or three Fridays we were in Paris to the Institute, where he was most warmly received by his colleagues, who had much regretted his enforced absences the years he was at the Foreign Office. He told them he was going to Rome, where he hoped still to find some treasures in the shape of "inscriptions inédites," with the help of his friend Lanciani. The days passed quickly enough until we started. It was not altogether a rest, as there were always so many people at the house, and W.

who ushered me into Mme. Grévy's bedroom. It looked perfectly uncomfortable—was large, with very high ceilings, stiff gilt furniture standing against the wall, and the heat something awful,—a blazing fire in the chimney. Mme. Grévy was sitting in an armchair, near the fire, a gray shawl on her shoulders and a lace fichu on her head. It was curiously unlike the bedroom I had just left. I had been to see a friend who was also "souffrante." She was lying under a lace coverlet lined with pink silk, lace, and embroidered cushions all around her, flowers, pink lamp-shades, silver "flacons,"



everything most luxurious and modern. The contrast was striking. Mme. Grévy was very civil, and talkative,—said she was very tired. The big dinners and late hours she found very fatiguing. She quite understood that I was glad to get away, but didn't think it was very prudent to travel in such bitterly cold weather—and Rome was very far, and wasn't I afraid of fever? I told her I was an old Roman—had lived there for years, knew the climate well and didn't think it was worse than any other. She said the President had had a visit from W. and a very long talk with him, and that he regretted his departure very much, but that he didn't think "Monsieur Waddington était au fond de son sac." Grévy was always a good friend to W.—on one or two occasions, when there was a sort of cabal against him, Grévy took his part very warmly—and in all questions of home policy and persons W. found him a very keen, shrewd observer—though he said very little,—rarely expressed an opinion. I didn't make a very long visit—found my way down-stairs as well as I could—no servant was visible either on the stairs or in the hall, and my own footman opened the big doors and let me out.

We got off the first days of February—as, up to the last moment, W. had people to see. We went for two or three days to Bourneville—I had one or two very cold tramps in the woods (very dry) which is quite unusual at this time of the year, but the earth was frozen hard. Inside the woods one was well sheltered, but when we came out on the plain the cold and icy wind was awful. The workmen had made fires to burn the roots and rotten wood, and we were very glad to stop and warm ourselves. Some had their children with them, who

looked half-perished with cold, always insufficiently clad, but they were quite happy, roasting potatoes in the ashes. I was so cold that I tied a woollen scarf around



Mme. Sadi Carnot

From a drawing by Mlle. Amélie Bequy-Saurel.

my head, just as the women in Canada do when they go sleighing or skating.

We had a breakfast one day for some of W.'s influential men in the country, who were much disgusted at the turn affairs had taken and that W. could no longer remain minister, but they were very fairly "au courant" of all that was going on in Parliament, and quite understood that for the moment the moderate, experienced men had no chance. The young Republic must have its fling. Has the country learned much or gained much in its forty years of Republic?

# THE BRAVEST SON

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



JOHN RODNEY and the North Country committee of the Toronto Board of Trade came to Haileybury on the same June day. The committee's special train steamed in from Cobalt to the little station on the hill ten minutes before Rodney fell from the van of a freight that had been scorched in two bush fires on its way southward from the Porcupine gold camps. In those minutes Haileybury had welcomed its important visitors with a fearful brass band, and started them on a steamer chartered to keep them out on the silver waters of Lake Temiskaming, while the Ladies' Aid Society stacked up the evening's banquet in the big hockey rink. Every man in the town, except the bishop, the habitants, the bartenders, and MacLaren, who was supervising the banquet preparations, was at the dock. The habitants, already drawing the lines of the approaching elections, kept to their own part of the town, disdaining to notice the coming of the party from southern Ontario, and so, with the rest of Haileybury, missing the reappearance of Rodney, usually the signal for the rise of the curtain on some wild adventure.

Rodney must have felt the omission of the half-laughing, half-jeering welcome the depot crowd was wont to give him, for he stared a little uncertainly around the deserted platform before he found a flaring announcement in red-and-yellow that flaunted the more sombre bulletins of the railroad. He rubbed his fire-smartened eyes to read its grandiloquent phrasing of the Haileybury Commercial Club's invitation to the public to attend the after-dinner speeches in the rink. He nodded to express his acceptance of it before he strode down the hill to the nearest saloon. For John Rodney was drunk and bent on getting drunker.

By the time he reached the bar of the

hotel near the lake he had succeeded so well that MacLaren, just over from the rink, suggested to the few stragglers in the room that Rodney be put in jail until after the guests from the south had departed. "He's so varry noticeable," the little Scotchman argued, "with his size and record, that he'll shame the city. The Board of Trade 'll never be knowing that he's just drifted in from the Porcupine with the desire of tearing up our town." But his record and his size were the factors that saved John Rodney from the Haileybury jail. Not even the sergeant of provincial police cared to approach the big man without more urgent cause than MacLaren's civic pride.

With his arms set solidly on the brass rod of the hotel-bar the man from the Porcupine defied MacLaren's diplomatic efforts to take him out of the place that would be the area of the spotlight as soon as the steamer brought the Board of Trade men back to the town. He had arrived at his most joyous mood of rollicking good humor. He reeled off tale after tale of other men's splendid deeds in his inimitable narrative manner. He recalled Odyssean wanderings and Hectorean combats. John Rodney had taken to every big gold-camp the world has erupted in the last twenty years his gift of dropping a plumb-line into the heart of every man he met—when he was sober. Drunk, he dramatized his wanderings and his visionings in vivid flashes of brilliant prose that seldom failed to surround him with avidly interested listeners. But to-day, although men kept coming to and going from the room, no one but MacLaren paid any heed to his monologue. And after a time MacLaren went, warned by the shrill whistle of the returning steamer. Then Rodney addressed himself to a statue of Robert Burns that decorated the bar.

"There was a time in Dawson, Bobbie Burns," he confided to the gray plaster



image of the poet, "when men came in from the trails to hear John Rodney. Big men they were, too, men who sent the fame of the Klondike ringing around the

span of this little old earth, Ladue, and MacCormack, and Henderson, and old Juneau, the first of them all. And they vowed they'd rather hear John Rodney tell a habitant story than find a new strike. But they're gone, all gone." He shook his head at the statue lugubriously. Then his arm swept out in oratorical circling. "And down in the Diamond Town," he cried, "he used to play to bigger crowds than ever Bernhardt drew. Dukes and earls, and little knights sought to know him there. Cecil Rhodes used to listen to him

and laugh at him. But you can't laugh at me, old Timber-toes," he blazed out at a lumber-jack who made hasty retreat after his mistake of the questioning smile that had called Rodney's attention to him. "Do you see that?" He drew from the pocket of his blue flannel shirt a shining bit of metal on a red ribbon that he swung before the uninterested watchers. "Do you know what that means?" His contemptuous scorn leaped over every man in the place. "It means a thing you can't understand," he sneered at them, replacing the ribbon, and its dangling bauble swiftly in his pocket, "but I'll tell you

something you will understand." He whirled his back against the bar and faced the little group of loungers defiantly. "You'll have to build an empire before you can laugh at me!" he boasted.

No one took his challenge. For a moment, while the room was so still that the chugging of the steamer sounded close, the raucous tones of the band arose in the strains of "The Maple Leaf Forever." Rodney, catching the tune, hummed it for three bars, then shifted his song to one of the plaintive melodies of the habitants on the Quebec side of the lake. Almost as quickly again, with the mimetic facility that made him the fame and the game of the North Country, he had launched into the swing



He rubbed his fire-smartened eyes to read . . . the Haileybury Commercial Club's invitation to the public.—Page 380.

of "Mandalay" just as MacLaren returned. The Scotchman was puffing furiously, holding to the edge of one of the swinging doors. "Your husky dog," he trumpeted to Rodney, "the brute you brought with you from the fretful Porcupine, is eating the head off the Episcopal minister's bulldog. If you'd see a grand fight, Jack Rodney, you'll find it going on near the church at the top of the hill." He could not wait to see the effect of the inspiration that had come to him from an urchin's rumor, for the steamer was coming against the pier; and as he ran toward the dock he looked back, fearful lest Rod-



The man watched the tussle for a time with apparently concentrated interest.

ney should follow him rather than climb the hill to the promised entertainment. But Haileybury was safe for the time. Rodney's great figure was vaulting over shorts cuts to the sentinel spire that marked the scene of bitter conflict.

It was a good fight that John Rodney's husky and the minister's bulldog waged against each other on the Haileybury hill. The pup was gamely fighting a losing battle when Rodney came close enough to see its progress. The man watched the tussle for a time with apparently concentrated interest, but he did not interfere till his husky began to show the wolf in his breed. Then Rodney called off the brute, and addressed himself to the yelping bulldog with maudlin philosophy.

"Blood tells," he said solemnly, "and if the fight's in you, it stays. But that wolf of mine would have killed you if I

hadn't stopped him, for he's the concentrated essence of all that's wild in the North. But, never mind, doggie," he assured the aggrieved but none the less combative victim, "you'll get your chance to fight again, and that's no more than any of us get." He whistled the husky to him and with the wolfish creature at his heels, sauntered loiteringly along the street.

At the first intersecting avenue he paused, looking down on the crescent of the town that sloped out to the gleaming twilight beauty of the great lake of the voyagers. From the farther purple shore of the Quebec province dusk was rising, softly looming over Temiskaming and drifting in to the harbor where the white steamer lay close to the long pier. On the northern horizon against the blackness of the bush blazed the line of one of the fires Rodney had come through on his



way down from the Porcupine. To the southward along the track of the railroad Cobalt had already lighted the beacons of her welcome to the men coming in from the silver mines. "Good old Cobalt," said Rodney, "I'll see you later." He waved a promising hand to the sweeping headlight of an electric car that rushed along the ridge between the towns. An arc light over his head sizzled into flame with a hundred others, flinging long lines of brightness and shadow over Haileybury. Down at the shore the great building of the hockey rink suddenly blazed into a hulk of lavender light. The banquet to the North Country committee of the Board of Trade had begun.

Some recollection of the red-and-yellow invitation to the public must have flickered nebulously across Rodney's brain, for the illumination sped him down the avenue toward the rink. But at the next corner chance again aided MacLaren. The pink door of a little green-and-white saloon stood open. Rodney, attracted toward the doorway by the sound of fiddling, saw a lithe little Frenchman, who wore the sash of the *Rivière Quinze* voyager, dancing with gay abandon to the accompaniment of an old man's violin. The dance was one that the watcher, familiar as he was with *habitant* steps, had never seen, and he moved nearer to observe it. A shout of welcome greeted him from the dozen men within, calling him to their revelry, to their yarns, to their dance, to their cherry brandy. He joined them in all, making himself one of them in speech and in act, echoing their political sentiments against his own people's party—for in the North racial difference had come to be the line of political cleavage—with a bitterness none of them knew, and amusing them with his mimicry till twilight had run into darkness before he came out of the pink doorway.

The sound of the band led his wavering steps through the quiet streets to the rink. The music was coming to a sharp stop as he paused under the great open windows. Fluttering echoes of applause were rising as he shoved his husky into a corner by the threshold and went blinking forward into the brilliancy of the improvised banquet-hall.

On the floor of the rink the tables had

been shoved back so that the diners might cluster around the board from behind which the speakers of the evening faced their hearers. There was a long line of speakers and many of them had already spoken overlong. The hosts of the occasion, vividly alert to the opportunity of instructing their guests in the magnitude of the North Country, had set no time-limit on the speeches of glorification. The men of the Board of Trade listened with polite interest, but the crowd, packed closely behind the netting that separated it from the rink floor, had come to the point of restive weariness. MacLaren, watching the men there with the nervousness of a little man who tries to shoulder the Atlean burden of his world, was the first to see Rodney. He signalled to old man Parr, the big Englishman whose boredom had led him into heavy pacing of an imaginary line at one side of the tables while he puffed furiously on a thick black pipe. "Watch Rodney," ordered MacLaren.

Old man Parr changed his pacing to a line that brought him close to the pillar where Rodney stood. Rodney grinned at him sleepily. "Got on the boiled shirt, haven't you, grandad?" he inquired genially. "Saw it out on the line this afternoon. Great occasion, eh?"

Old man Parr nodded ponderously. He expressed his dominating idea, that of the greatness of the British Empire, by solemnity of personal demeanor, particularly in the presence of Rodney, who always seemed to him a personified mockery of certain ideals he held sacred.

"What are they playin'?" Rodney inquired, peering through the rising cigar smoke toward the tables. "Playin' hockey, grandad?"

"No," said Parr.

"Not hockey," Rodney went on. "'Nother old game, then. Know it now. 'You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours' we used to call it in the service."

"Hush!" commanded the other.

For a silence had fallen on the restless crowd. The president of the Board of Trade, chairman of the committee and honored guest of the evening, had risen amid the applause of the Haileybury men and was standing in readiness to make answer to the celebrating welcome their



North Country hosts had given to him and his fellows. There was in his waiting a quality of authority that held the crowd before he began to speak. When he spoke he drove in his words incisively.

"You have a wonderful country," he said, raising his hand to hold back the outbreak of self-gratulatory cheers, "a country that has impressed us in every way, by its vast resources, by its impelling beauty, by its magnificent power. But I pass over these glories without comment. You, yourselves, have been telling us of them, showing them to us. May I speak of something that I've found for myself?"

"It is always true that new countries draw the best and the worst of men. They have a way of tempering the best, and of making over the worst so that in the long run the new country's excellence lies in its men. There is no new land without its heroes, but it has always seemed to me that no point of the compass has ever drawn so many brave men as has the North. I do not know by what magic the North draws to itself the splendid men of the earth. I only know that it is the magnet for the braver adventurers."

"Little Lajeune in Frenchtown makes a better speech," muttered Rodney. "Talks for Laurier, too."

"Keep still," rumbled old man Parr.

"I am sure that I should have remarked on the men of the North Country," the speaker was saying, "even without the coincidence of discovering that my own particular hero was now in this part of the world. When I chanced to see in one of your newspapers the mention that this man of whom I had not heard in ten years, but whom I have held in my heart as the standard-bearer of a true ideal of heroism, was in the Porcupine camp, I realized how truly was the North magnetic to men of his quality."

"I never met this man. I heard of him only as tens of thousands of others did, at a time when an empire thrilled with the tale of his courage." The president of the Board of Trade dropped his voice to the conversational level with the ease of the practised orator. "Ten years ago," he said, "I was in London when the news of the taking of Bloemfontein flashed across the world. I was dining in one of the ho-

tels with three English merchants when the boys on the street began to cry the news of a great fight on the South African veldt. We had the papers brought, searching them for the special tale of how our men had broken the cordon that held Bloemfontein so long. One of us began to read jerkily phrases that set our blood on fire. We grasped our own papers to leap past his reading to the heart of the tale.

"Oh, it's great!" one chap cried out.

"That's fightin'!" some one banded.

"Glorious!" "Splendid!" "They're the boys!" "Went it alone, that chap!" All around us men at the tables were crying out in praise of some one whose deed shouted from the black-and-white of the print.

"One of your countrymen," the man who was dining us cried to me. A dozen men circled me. "D'ye know him?" they were asking. "One of us," a boy declared. "As English as we are, God bless him."

"I couldn't find the part they'd been reading and the boy read it to me. I don't know what it said. There were burning words trying to picture the story of how one man's courage under fire had inspired the army behind him till he had swept them into Driefontein, the key to the city of the siege. 'How many men do they make like him over in your land?' they asked me. And never in all the days of my life have I known such a thrill of glory as I had in the joy of knowing that the hero of the great battle of the Boer War was my countryman. I was as proud of him that night in London as you have occasion to be proud of him to-night, for that captain of Canadian scouts who won the Victoria Cross for continued, repeated, and glorious bravery on the battle-fields of Africa is one of you, one of the men of your North Country, the greatest of your Iliad of heroes. I give you Canada's bravest son, Captain John Rodney!"

The president of the Board of Trade raised high his glass. The members of the committee came to their feet with courteous haste. But for a full instant there was a pause of hesitation among the men of Haileybury. Then a score of them rose stragglingly, the others following. In silence they drank the toast while along the benches back of the netting there ran



a snickering laugh. "Jack Rodney?" The derisive inquiry pierced the space between the benches and the pillar where Rodney stood.

"The braves' son," Rodney was repeating. "Who was he, grandad?"

Old man Parr removed his thick black pipe from his mouth, and looked contemptuously at the lounging figure. "He *was* you," he said. Then he turned his back on him and crossed to the tables.

Rodney stared after him with the dawning of resentment rising to his flushed face. A feeble hurrah was forming amid the crowd on the benches where some one had recognized the hero of Driefontein. Rodney caught the beginning of the cheer. He pulled himself up, standing erect and facing the speakers' table with arm uplifted for attention. "Hooraw!" he shouted. "Vive Laurier! Vive reciprocité! Vive la France!"

The president of the Board of Trade peered down under the lights at Rodney's vivid pose. "The voyagers have started their electioneering?" he inquired smilingly.

The cheer of the crowd, halted by Rodney's daring shout, took life again as the men on the benches caught the full humor of the situation. Jeers were volleying into roars when MacLaren gave frantic signal to the band. Loud and louder shrilled the strident brasses into bars of martial music, dinning cheers and jeers alike, and rousing the man who stood alone at the back of the rink to some recollection of times he had listened to more stirring strains. He squared his shoulders, clicked his heels, raised his hand to his hat in an officer's salute to his men, and turned to the door. The Haileybury band was playing "Rule, Britannia" as Captain John Rodney went out of the banquet-hall.

All the way up the street the music followed him. Its dinning insistence must have irritated him, for he pushed from the narrow sidewalk the husky that came to his heels and paced on in dejected slouching to where the electric car stood waiting for passengers from the lake town to Cobalt. "We don't go to-night till the crowd comes," the conductor told him as he shoved through the rear platform. Rodney disdained answer, slouching through the car to the front where he took his

stand beside the motorman. "Been at the banquet?" asked the man at the lever. "No," said Rodney shortly, peering ahead toward the lights of Cobalt.

For the sting of old man Parr's contempt was corroding its way through his befuddled senses. He fumbled in his coat-pocket for a worn wallet that he opened with over-cautious care to find a newspaper clipping. In the dim light of his post he read it dazedly. "Man at the table was right," he said as he replaced the bit of worn paper. "Did all of it years an' years ago." The motorman gave him a curious glance. "Yes, I did," he reiterated. "Time when I was Rodney of the Scouts. An' Rodney of the Scouts won the Victoria. That was I!" With the phrase the toxin of old man Parr's slur struck the canker of the man's vanity. "Did he mean that I couldn't do it now?" he cried to the astonished motorman. "Did that old grandad mean that I'm not brave any more? Just you wait," he promised. "Wait till I get another chance and I'll show him."

"Sure, you will," said the motorman soothingly. He looked at his watch, then back into the car. "We've our crowd," he said as the conductor gave him the signal. He had been about to order Rodney back from the platform, but a look at the suddenly disclosed ugly lines around the man's mouth deterred him. "You can stay here if you keep quiet," he compromised.

As the car whirled along the high ridge to the silver camp, Rodney, standing motionless, tried in vain to reconstruct a mental picture of the scene in the rink. He felt vaguely that the speaker's words, the shouts, the toast, the braying of the band, had all concerned him, but he could not give them visual reality. Whenever the key-thought came close to the lock of realization, some laughter in the car dispelled it. Once he had groped into nearness of the meaning of the scene in which he had been the semiconscious actor, but just when he was about to enter it again the blazing headlight of the car illuminated the rails with so vivid a likeness to a memory Rodney held of a night run in an armored train across the African veldt toward Wolvespruit that he lost thought of intervening time and circumstance and was living again through those days of war.



Before he came from his drowsy dreaming, the car had swung into Cobalt, and had stopped with a jerk at the first street-crossing. Most of the crowd had alighted, and Rodney, seized by a sudden impulse, opened the door at the front, and dropped down to the road. Across the track, not fifty feet away, rose the workmen's shacks of the Right-of-Way Mine. A score of men from the car were coming toward him on their way there. The track was clear as the motorman's gong clanged and the car shot forward.

Then—and to Rodney it seemed a scene in a moving picture, so flashing, so graphic, and so unreal that he gazed at it without emotion—the headlight found just in front of the shacks the running figure of a boy—a child who stopped in sudden terror, tried to turn, stumbled, arose, stumbled again, and fell upon the rail as the car slid over him. There came the racking sound of grating brakes, the cries of the men on the road, and Rodney had plunged beneath the car before the man at the lever could bring it to pulsing stillness.

Ten seconds later the men of the crowd surrounded him as he knelt over the poor, crushed body of the boy. He raised to them a face so white that no one of them knew him. "I was too late," he told them. "He's dead."

The conductor held a shaking lantern over the bright curls of the dead boy. A sob, strangling, unforgettable, rasped in the throat of one of the watchers. "He is my little boy," he said, "and he was waiting for me." In the wavering circle of light Rodney, looking up, saw him, and knew him for one of the company with whom he had spent the twilight in the gay little saloon of the pink door.

"Could no one save him?" the man moaned.

"I could have saved him," Rodney said, "if—if I hadn't been drunk."

For John Rodney was sober now. He turned to the men who stood by. "Take his father away," he ordered. "Get a track-jack." He snapped out his commands with the abruptness of his officer's training. Men stumbled to do his bidding, driven by the mastery in his tone no less than by their awe of the pitiful tragedy. For long, dragging minutes he held the helm of his grewsome task, directing,

advising, commanding, till the moment came when he rose with the limp little body in his arms and stood revealed in the flare of the futile headlight.

Half-way up to the shacks from the rails he paused. "Where's his mother?" he asked a man in the trailing group. "Dead," some one answered. "There was just him and his father. They came from the Quebec side."

"Who's his father's buddy?" Rodney demanded.

"I am." A grimy miner stepped out from the others.

"You'll look after him?"

"Yes, captain," the other promised.

With martial certainty Rodney went up the grade to the central shack, holding his burden tenderly close to him. With martial peremptoriness he set his rule within the shack in spite of the coming of the mining company's superintendent and doctor. He was the one who thought of all that should be done for the dead boy and his father, and who ordered its accomplishment without question of convenience or courtesy. And he was the one who, after all others had gone, folded the maimed hands over the rough coat and drew the sheet over the bright hair of the child. Then he lighted the candle on the table and went out into the night.

Below the ridge where he stood the lights of Cobalt beckoned in welcoming friendliness their promise of evasion of that law which forbade the sale of liquor in the mining-camps of the North Country. With a heavy, relaxing sigh of relief he turned his steps toward them. His utter exhaustion cried for stimulant after the hour of strain that had left him clammy-cold. He groped through his pockets to find a handkerchief to wipe the dampness from his forehead, then remembered that he had used his own for the boy who died. Still searching, he thrust his hand in the pocket of his flannel shirt. His fingers closed on something colder than they, a sharp-pointed bit of metal on a worn ribbon. They clutched it, brought it out, and dangled it before his gaze. And as John Rodney saw it for what it was he clenched it in his fist till the points drove themselves into his flesh. For the man who had won the battle of Driefontein was holding the badge of his courage, his Victoria Cross.



Before him the lights of Cobalt dimmed to vagueness as there swung in their stead a wider range, a dry, parched veldt, rolling for illimitable miles under the blazing sunlight of Africa, gigantic scene of gigantic conflict. Once more the man on the hill was one of the army sweeping forward to meet another army of daring, determined fighters. Once more he was hearing the sharp *ping* of Mauser bullets. Once more he was dodging the flying lyddite. Once more he smelled the smoke that came rolling toward him. Once more he heard the call to the charge. Once more he spurred out in front of his men. Once more he was riding over the plain, all athrill with the joy of knowing that he had no fear. He had dashed down the man who sought to hold his bridle as the dark shape rose from the grass. He felt the blood trickling down after the sharp sting had pricked his arm. He had known that he was falling, and falling; he had seen the colors of his regiment going down as the color-bearer sank. From the man's hand he had caught them up. He was rushing on. There was film coming over his eyes. A roaring was in his ears, a burning in his nostrils. But he was going on across the veldt to where the low kopje of Driefontein seemed to be falling toward him. He was climbing the hummock, breasting it, shouting, yelling, sobbing, cursing in his fury. He was battling now with a black-bearded Boojer whose hand clutched the standard while the two of them rocked in conflict. He had flung him over, and he stood alone on the kopje, the splendid target of the whistling bullets. The weight of the standard was piercing his arm like a thousand needles, and the pain, driving up to his brain, maddened him. But men, he knew not whether they were friends or foes, were sweeping toward him. He braced himself on the summit as darkness filmed over his eyes. Then an arm steadied his shoulder, and a familiar voice, his colonel's voice, rang out over the yells, and the cries, and the singing bullets, and the shrieking artillery, "You're in, Jack, you're in! We've taken Driefontein!"

As a dreamer, slipping without transition through times and places of his dream, John Rodney watched the ghosts of his time of glory passing across the stage of his memories. There had been

hundreds of men to give him praise for his deed, men of power, and position, and authority; but of them all he remembered only the colonel whose belief in him had been justified; Kitchener, who had shaken hands with him on the day the army entered Bloemfontein, and who had written him down for the decoration; and the great Rhodes, who had laughed when he said to him, "You're as quick to lead an army as you are to tell a tale, eh?" For after Bloemfontein had come the time when thousands of the service men pointed him out as the panther of the scouts, the man whose daring dash had won a great battle. Only to-night, over there in Haileybury, had come an echo of those days in the speech of that man who recalled how London had thrilled at the story of a man's courage.

And he, John Rodney, had been that man!

Now, less than a hundred feet away, a little bright-haired boy lay dead because the man whose plunging quickness of brain had won a momentous battle for an empire had not been quick enough to save him. The thought, piercing to Rodney's soul more deeply than the points of the cross in his clenched hand cut into his flesh, corroded there in bitter festering. Through the years in which he had been slipping down into degradation John Rodney had not lost faith in himself. The mirage of Driefontein had shone for him across deserts of discouragement, gleaming in promise that if need of courage should come again he would be ready to meet it. He had laughed at his own vices, balancing them against equally flagrant virtues, boasting to himself that no emergency should find him ungirded. On the raft of that belief he had weathered the storms of ten useless, drifting years. And now that faith was gone. John Rodney saw himself for what he was, a roystering drunkard of the camps, comrade of other besotted drifters, the butt of scorn of men he had once thought to scorn.

His fingers unclasped themselves slowly from the medal. He looked at it tensely as if he would read in the darkness the inscription. "I thought," he said, "that I'd keep you till I died. But I've lost the right to you—and so——"

He caught his breath sharply as he



raised his arm to fling the bit of metal from the ridge. Across his whirling brain there raced another scene, trivial, absurd in its setting of mightier thoughts, the recollection of the fight his husky had waged that afternoon with the little bulldog. But Rodney's memory of it went past the mere picturing of its details, going to the heart of its lesson as he had once gone to the thick of battles. "That dog'd be fighting yet, if I hadn't pulled off mine," he thought. He set his jaw hard and held his arm taut. "By God," he cried, "if the pup could hold on, so can I!" Once again his fingers closed over the points of the medal. Before him the lights of Cobalt still blinked in their beckoning. Gone was the vision of the veldt, the thrill of glory, the fires of courage. But in the ashes of self-respect, of honor, of bravery there leaped a tiny flame. "So help me," said John Rodney, "I'll prove up!" And he put back his cross in the pocket of his shirt.

Unsteadily, uncertainly, he stood in waiting on the crest of the ridge, his decision mocked by his knowledge that every street in the camp held for him the temptation of old haunts of his visits there. But back of him lay that boy who was dead because he had not reached him in time. The morbid horror of repassing the shack daunted him. While he hesitated, a lithe figure swung down the dark road toward him. When the stranger came near he spoke. "M'sieu l' capitaine?" he asked of Rodney. He struck a match to light a cigarette, and by its sputtering flame Rodney recognized him as the voyager who had danced in the Haileybury saloon. When Rodney failed to answer, he held the light close enough to see his face. Instantly, with the camaraderie of the river men for the captain who had crossed the barrier of race to make himself one of them, he drew from his wide sash a flask of brandy. "M'sieu is ill?" he inquired with solicitude.

"No," said Rodney. His eyes devoured the flask. He kept wetting his parched lips with his tongue. His hands trembled as he put them behind his back. "No," he repeated. And he strode back along the ridge to the shack where the dead boy lay.

All through the night he kept vigil there.

The red of dawn was rising in the east when he went out into a gray world, turning his back on Cobalt. Daylight blazed its blue through the iridescent mists of the lake when he came to the little station on the Haileybury hill. The special train of the Board of Trade committee was holding the right of way to the north, but on the siding the engine of the freight on which he had come down yesterday puffed in waiting for its return trip. He swung himself up to the van. A sleepy brakeman looked up from his bunk when Rodney opened the door. "Thought we just landed you," he said. "Did you forget something?"

Rodney did not answer.

"What are you going back for?" asked the brakeman curiously.

"For something I lost," said Rodney.

"Well, turn in," said the man, too accustomed to Rodney's eccentricities of conduct to interest himself further. "Help yourself to a blanket. We've all day, and a new fire ahead of us before we strike the junction." He turned on his side and was asleep again before Rodney had huddled himself on the narrow bench and sunk into the stupor of utter exhaustion from which he did not wake until the freight ran by the side of the junction platform. The accommodation train for the western branch toward the Porcupine camps was pulling out as Rodney, clearing the platform at a bound, almost knocked from his feet the provincial policeman who had just completed his search for contraband liquor in the luggage of the Porcupine pilgrims. "No use searching you, Rodney," the officer called after him. "You never had enough for your own use." But Rodney gave him no more heed than he seemed to give the crowd within the coach after he opened the door and dropped down into the nearest seat. Pulling his hat down over his face, he pretended to sleep. But the crowd numbered men who had been at the hockey-rink, men who had rioted and rollicked with Rodney, and to whom the idea of Rodney as a hero was deliciously, satirically funny. All afternoon on the way north from Haileybury on the express that was overtaking the freight the topic of the speech about Rodney had engrossed them out of their talk of gold. Now, with Rodney at their mercy,



they directed their batteries of heavy sarcasm upon him.

Slouched in the corner of the seat Rodney listened to every word of their goading ridicule. From men he had called his friends came the most biting sneers, baits to catch him in speech that they might find amusement in his self-defence. Knowing their purpose, Rodney held his self-control with the apparent impassivity of a Greek. But when a boy, just in the camps that summer from a jerkwater college, sprang to his seat with arm upraised and the laughing cry, "I give you Canada's bravest son!" John Rodney threw aside his mask of sleep. His eyes blazed terribly as he flung off his hat and drew himself up to his great height. His face was drawn into hard lines of bitter determination and white with the fury of garnered rage. In the aisle he towered over the seats as slowly, surely, he made his way toward the boy. The crowd, seeing his anger and knowing his strength, fell back. The boy jumped to the floor, bringing his left arm before him for defence; but his eyes were shadowed by fear as they saw the flaring fires of Rodney's rage. He gave a swift signal of appeal to the men who had started the baiting he had climaxed; but all of them were waiting for Rodney's action. No one in the car moved but Rodney, advancing with the springing step of the panther he had once been likened to, and a thin, blond Englishman who, alien to the crowd, had been seated behind the boy. Just as Rodney came abreast of him the man thrust out his arm. "Captain Rodney," he said, and the sharp note of authority in his voice brought to the raging man the insistent memory of obedience to its mandates, "an officer does not engage in common brawls."

For an instant Rodney glowered as if he would veer his attack upon him. "They know you can fight," the man went on. He tossed a disdainful glance at the gaping crowd. "Let them alone," he ordered.

"Let me alone," yelled Rodney. "For the honor of the service, I'm going to teach that kid."

"For the honor of the service," asked the man between him and the frightened boy, "why don't you teach yourself?"

"What's it to you?" cried Rodney.

The man smiled. The unexpectedness of it startled the crowd more than had his interference. "I flattered myself that you'd recall me," he said. "I was Kitchener's aide at Bloemfontein. Hurst, you know. Do you remember me now?" His hand went out to Rodney's. But Rodney stepped back, his hand rising to his forehead in salute. "Captain Hurst," he said, "I'm fighting yet. When I've won the first battle, I'll meet you, man to man." As suddenly as he had risen from his place he turned his back on the men who watched him and went to his seat.

Some one in the crowd laughed. But the boy Rodney had come to fight spoke. "I want to apologize," he said. And there came no more laughter.

After that no one spoke of Rodney or to him. When the train came to the Frederick House River, the Englishman went toward him, but Rodney only nodded to him as he swung off across the girders of the railroad bridge on his fifteen-mile walk to Golden City.

Through the night, as he strode along the right of way under the diamond-clear stars of the north, John Rodney strengthened his decision by a determined plan of seclusion from his old haunts and his boon companions. He would not linger in South Porcupine, filled as it would be with men whose invitations were so hard to resist. He would go out on the Wallaby Track, that road through the bush to the greater mines strung along toward the Mattagami River, directing his prospecting from the river camp. But when he had crossed the lake from Golden City to South Porcupine the next day, he found that he had made his decision in vain. He would have to wait a week for the coming of his supplies.

He was hardly in the hotel before a half-score of men had invited him to drink with them, taking his refusal with careless amusement. By noon the forelopers of the crowd from Haileybury had brought to the camp the news of the scenes in the rink and the car. By night the tale of how Rodney had failed to fight the boy who jeered at him had become a story of a man's rank cowardice under insult. By the next day the game of trying to break down Rodney's determination to keep from drinking had become the amusement



of his old companions of the town. All that saved Rodney from having to defend his resolve in physical combat was the general recognition by the men who plied him of his superior physical strength. But they took their revenge in other ways. Every man whom Rodney refused chose to regard the refusal as a personal affront and disdained to speak to him on the occasion of their next meeting. With the better element of the camp Rodney had never associated, having chosen from the beginning the easier way of finding his comradeships below his level. Hurst, new to the camp though he was, drifted in with the more reserved of the men there by virtue of his letters and his personality, and of him Rodney saw nothing. By the end of the week John Rodney was an exile in the camp he had pioneered.

While he waited impatiently for his delayed supplies Rodney took to long rambles out in the bush along the Wallaby Track. Out there a half-dozen times he noted smoke from forest fires that aroused his alarm. Had he been talking with his old comrades he would have warned them of the danger he believed was threatening. Once, indeed, he essayed to speak of it to the hotel clerk, but the latter had laughed it off. "That bush has been smoking ever since I came here," he declared.

"And it'll be smoking after you're gone," said Rodney ominously. But he spoke to no other of his dread. He watched the smoke, however, with the uneasiness of a ranger, calculating chances of fire-fighting, and throwing aside every feasibility in the face of his knowledge of the devastating swiftness of a bush fire. And the while he watched he was obsessed by the desire to go back to his old crowd in his old way. The sound of the phonographs in the "speak-easys" as he passed them at night on his way back to the hotel maddened him with a thirst for companionship rather than for liquor. Through the thin wooden walls of the hotel room he could hear the slamming of cards on the tables, the murmur of voices, the echoes of laughter. And he cursed himself for a fool for holding away from the thing he most desired; but his dogged strength of decision held him to the keeping of his promise until the morning when he met Hurst.

He had gone on a needless errand to one of the mines southwest of the town, and wearied by the heat was sitting on a fallen log, smoking furiously while he watched the wavering smoke-cloud toward the river, when he heard voices on the trail. Coming down the corduroy were four men, Hurst and three others. Rodney raised his hand in salute to the Englishman, but the four passed without even a look in his direction. Long after they had disappeared he sat there, watching the road. Then he rose. "Hell," he said, "what's the use?" And with the old dare-devil glint in his eyes he started back to the town.

As he walked the heat seemed to grow more oppressive. He took off his coat, and flung it over his shoulder. He tried to whistle the tune of "Tommy Atkins," but a curious dryness in his mouth halted the attempt. The bush seemed to be growing darker. But Rodney slouched on, heedless of everything but his own reckless intention of flinging away the weeks of self-denial, until the curiously pungent odor that a bush prospector never forgets when it has once come to him struck his nostrils. In the middle of the road he wheeled, looking back toward the Mattagami.

Less than a mile away the smoke hung, its scudding messengers of gray obscuring the sun into a distant and lightless ball of red. A great wind was rising, whirling before it the leaves from birches that stood in ghastly whiteness against the darkness of the smoke-palled forest. A rabbit rushed from cover. Down the corduroy a pack of huskies ran. A roar, growing with the wind, came to Rodney's ears just as his eyes sighted the leaping pillars of flame in the cloud. He put up his hand to feel the direction of the wind. Then, flinging his coat to the ground, he turned his back on the fire and ran toward the town.

As he ran he seemed to lose all sense but that of sight, becoming only a moving machine. Wild creatures passed him in their panic rush. From the mines on either side of the track the shrieks of whistles summoned men to action or to flight. Down the trails men ran, some bearing grotesque burdens, others with no thought but that of immediate safety. One of them struck at Rodney as he went



by. "Keep your head," Rodney called after him, "you'll need it later." Every moment the roar of the fire grew louder, the smoke grew denser. Rodney, loping fire, kept steadily to the road. Only once did he pause. An old man had been thrown to the ground by the shock of one of those dynamite explosions that kept de-



But Rodney stepped back, his hand rising to his forehead in salute. "Captain Hurst," he said.—Page 389.

along with the steady swing of the trail-blazer, kept looking back over his shoulder mechanically at intervals, calculating the distance between him and the fore-runners of the flames, those pyramids that flashed here and there through the trees. Squinting ahead, he measured the distance to the lake that showed itself a haven of refuge. "We'll make it, boys," he cried to the others.

Into the clearing between the bush and the town men and women came from north, south, and west, stumbling over stumps in their rush to the lake. Rodney, muttering to himself his bitterness for having failed to heed the signals of the

tonating the approach of the fire to the mines. The crowd, heedless of anything but its goal, would have trampled on him had not Rodney waited to pick him up.

At the outskirts of the town the mob grew denser. Rodney wondered vaguely where the men and women who thronged the streets in their rush to their one chance of safety could have come from. At the doors of offices and stores men appeared, begging the runners for aid in taking out their goods; but the men from the mines passed them, careless of the less vital predicament, knowing that in the face of the flames life was the one issue.

When he had come to the dock Rodney

stood, calculating with mathematical precision his exact chance of escape, and deciding that his ability to swim in any water assured it to him. As he unlaced his great boots he let himself watch the drama on the shore, where a thousand people were huddled, beseeching the boatmen to take them out of the danger zone. Already hundreds were taking to the water, standing up to their waists in its wash and ready to plunge deeper. Overweighted boats tossed on the waves that the wind from the fire was churning. At the foot of the dock a canoe, jammed with twice the number it could carry, went down as some one sprang into it from the pier. A man near Rodney kept shouting to some one on a row-boat to come back for a little girl who was crying piteously. Rodney had time to be glad that he was responsible for no one but himself, as he saw a gasoline-launch chugging in. "Put the women on it!" came the shout just as there swept from the street a maddened crowd of Hungarians from the mines, pushing, shoving, fighting in desperation to win their way to the end of the dock. Rodney, kicking off his boots, certain now of his safety, instinctively turned to drive back the frenzied men who threatened the only chance the others had for life. Then, "Why should I?" he asked himself. "What are they to me?" But one of the Hungarians, passing him in his crazed rush, drove his elbow into him. The shock of the impact galvanized him to awful rage. His hand went to his hip-pocket. In an instant he was on the dock, driving his way to the foot through the wall of men, towering above them all, forcing himself inch by inch to the place where he might face them.

"Stand back!" His cry clamored on the fearful stillness that held the crowd ominously. Only the sound of the motor-boat broke in on his command. "The women are going in that boat," he shouted, his staccato utterance thudding down on the upraised white faces, "and if one man dares to crowd up here, I'm going to kill him." The menace of his voice drove back the Hungarians inch by inch till the women had room to remain. The menace of his levelled gun kept them there. The motor-boat, with engine stopped, crept up to the dock. "Pull her in," Rodney

ordered the man nearest to it. One by one the women stepped down until the boatman gave the signal that he could take no more. As the launch set off from the dock the man nearest to Rodney struck at him. Rodney dashed him off into the water. Clinging to the dock he made his wail, "There are no more boats!" and the crowd, with guttural cries, pressed forward toward the man who had cheated them of their chance.

Rodney held his gun steady. His voice, raised over the roar of the wind, never faltered as he spoke. "Just back of you," he said, "is a hardware store. Go over there and get axes, and hatchets, and nails. Break down the shacks for the lumber. Then we'll make rafts. It's your only chance if you can't swim."

Only the Hungarians, not understanding the command, lingered. Every other man joined in the rush toward the store. But while the sound of splitting lumber cracked, one of the foreigners, looking farther back, saw a great ball of fire tossed from the bush back of the clearing over to the first shack in the town. Instantly the shack was ablaze. Another and another spurted in flame. The watching man gave a throaty cry, and flung himself at Rodney. But Rodney had seen him in time to step to one side, and to let him sprawl on the floor of the dock. Then he set his foot on him, while he scanned the crowd around the store.

Men were working with driving fury, nailing boards together in haphazard haste. Rodney groaned as he saw how futile was their unskilled labor on rafts that would not stand the first frenzy of the gale. A blazing hot breath from the fire roused him to the urgency of haste. He could show them in five minutes how to make those rafts. But if he left these mad Hungarians on the dock, they would run wild. If they killed no one else, they would kill themselves in their fury. Rodney's eyes roved through the crowd beyond, sighting a tall, blond man who was splitting a long timber into poles. "Captain Hurst," he cried to him.

Hurst sprang from his task to the dock. "Captain Hurst," Rodney gave command, "you will hold these men here while I show those fools how to make rafts." Hurst's hand went up in acceptance of the order,





Wild creatures passed him in their panic rush.—Page 390.

then came down again to his gun-pocket as he took Rodney's place.

With his own revolver still in his hand, Rodney jumped from the dock to the ground. From group to group he went, working, planning, counting, till the rafts were finished. And all the time the smoke from the fire was blinding him, the breath of the fire was scorching him. His hat was gone, and he could feel his hair growing crisp in the horrible heat that choked him as he drove the last nail in the last raft.

On the dock Hurst was piling the Hungarians on the rafts. "Get them off first," Rodney had yelled to him. After them came the men who bore the rafts to the shore as the fire blazed less than five hundred feet back of them, throwing lurid light on the darkness. The tornado of the fire was tossing the waves over the

rafts, but Rodney saw that none of them was going down. At the dock men were tumbling on the last raft, calling to Rodney to join them. Hurst and he were the last on the shore. "Get in!" he ordered Hurst. The Englishman hesitated, then obeyed. Rodney, with one knee on the edge of the pier, set this foot down on the frail craft, reasoning that it increased his hope of safety tenfold. Then he drew it back. "Too heavy," he said. Hurst tried to clamber off, but Rodney shoved him back. "I'm going to swim," he said.

Through the choking darkness Hurst spoke to him. "Captain Rodney," he said, "twice you've proven yourself the bravest man of us all." Rodney held out his hand to him. "Thank you," he said. Then he shoved the raft away from the dock.



*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

"The Irish has danced to them, fought to them, laughed to them, wept to them, died to them!"—Page 396.



# CORMAC O'BRIEN, PIPER

By Amanda Mathews

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOUNG



CORMAC O'BRIEN, the ancient piper, and old Norah, his wife, lived up a bit of rooked stone-walled lane across the road from the Duffys. This bleak, cloudy winter afternoon the couple sat in their respective chimney-corners silent as their own hearth, for the peat never roars, spits, or crackles; it gives a tranquil fire of yellow glows and gentle, caressing orange flames.

A red cow walked confidently into the kitchen, her calf at her flank. Cormac rose and opened for them the door of what had once been "the room," but a great patch of roof had fallen in so that it was now used only as the byre. Behind the calf the procession was extended by ducks and chickens. These broke rank and dashed clamorously about the kitchen.

"Ye unmannerly birds!" admonished Norah, but she scattered food on the flagstones. Their supper over, they went peaceably to the byre. Norah lighted the candle. Husband and wife then resumed their low wooden chairs.

The fireplace was very shallow and smoked in all winds. A holy picture on the gable wall was so blackened that Mary and the Child could scarcely be recognized. The few small objects on the mantel might have been carved out of bog oak. A saucy smoke-puff fanned the piper's face, then made itself into a wreath about his head, instantly dissolved, and mingled with the general smokiness of the room. He coughed.

"There must a bit of black stone been builded into this chimly," observed his wife sympathetically. Her remark was as customary as the behavior of the chimney; her husband offered no reply.

The piper was blear-eyed from his eighty-five years but erect as youth. His abundant black hair was only slightly grizzled, though the sideburns framing his

clear-cut old features were quite gray. He wore a gray homespun suit with patch on patch. Norah, ten years his junior, had a softly wrinkled face and pleasant brown eyes. She was dressed in black skirt, red "body," and blue kerchief. Her feet were bare.

Johneen Duffy slipped in, his right index-finger holding a place near the back cover of a book.

"I cannot read in me own home for the ructions of Kitty and Dermot," he explained plaintively.

"Ye be's welcome," encouraged the piper. "I perceive ye to be a lad of parts." In this sentiment old Cormac voiced the general changed opinion of the neighbors since Johnneen had borne off the prize of the Letterkenny Feis for a Gaelic poem by a school-child. The boy stretched himself luxuriously on the warm flags with his book lying within the circle of yellow firelight.

Mary Anne appeared next with something wrapped in a cloth.

"I cannot keep clean the white coat I am knitting with me sister Kitty rubbing herself against it every minute," she complained.

"Ye be's welcome," repeated Mrs. O'Brien, as the girl took the creepie-stool and spread out on her knees the component parts of the white jersey.

"You are the great knitter entirely," approved Norah. "So was I once but that once is away. Me eyes are no more equal for it and now I never take the skivers in me hands. I mind, though, when I was a wee one and our old servant set me to learning with a couple of goose-feathers."

"I must finish this coat the night, for mother will be taking in all our knitting to the shop at Ardnagapery to-morrow," anxiously declared Mary Anne.

Her fingers fairly twinkled the skivers. A silence reigned which was most grateful to Johnneen as he rapidly turned the thrill-



ing final pages. He closed the book and looked into the fire.

"What be's your thought, lad?" inquired his host.

"I was wondering just, would you be blowing your pipes the night."

Old Cormac took down his instrument from the top of the dresser, deliberately tied the leathern string about his body, strapped the pad above his right knee, adjusted a bellows under each arm, and struck up McLeod's reel.

As if charmed in by the music, two more people entered. Mary Anne had started and dipped her flushed face almost into her work, but she looked up and nodded shyly when she heard the hearty voices of Tim McGarvey and his wife Peggy, who was Peggy Doogan before Tim returned from America and resumed his long-interrupted courtship. What had been Peggy's house was now the byre; Tim had built a grand new cottage exceeding the splendor of the O'Donnells'.

Mr. and Mrs. McGarvey were welcomed. They seated themselves side by side on the box-bed and begged that the music proceed.

It was proceeding through the mazes of McSweeney's march, when Mary Anne's face again dipped into her work at another step on the threshold. This time it was Shane O'Donnell, big, clumsy, and fairly gruff, what with being intensely bashful and now intensely conscious of Mary Anne's presence. He was monitor at school and on the high road to being a master.

"I am trying to think what the pipes sound like," said Johnneen.

"Troth, what could they be sounding like but themselves?" queried Norah.

Her husband lifted his hand with affable yet commanding gesture.

"Remember, Norah, ye are only a woman. I am not denyin' ye do very well for what ye be's, but the faymale mind is lackin' raich."

"The pipes has the makings of a whole orchestra," chimed in McGarvey. "There is a flute and a pipe-organ on a jag and a beeskip after you have put a stick in it."

The piper scowled at the Yankee's well-intentioned encomium.

"It is a grand sound they make altogether," put in Peggy pacifically.

"A man has a big ear to be picking up all them tunes," McGarvey blundered on.

O'Brien straightened himself away from the back of his chair.

"It is plain you are no musicianer not to be telling pieces from tunes, Mr. Tim McGarvey. Boy," to Johnneen, "open yon chest and fetch me dark music."

It was "dark" music in the most literal sense, being blackened by age and smoke until only an occasional note was visible, but the piper had Johnneen hold it up in front of him while he went through "Farewell to Erin" without taking his eyes once from the blurred sheet.

"What say yez to me dark music?" he demanded.

"That is the tidiest piece whatever," responded Peggy. "It is not to-day nor yesterday you got to learn."

"I forgot to knit," said Mary Anne simply.

"I know now about the pipes—" began Johnneen, restrained by shyness but driven by the urge of his thought.

"Speak up, lad."

"The wind gets caught in them and may not be away until it has told all its secrets to Cormac O'Brien."

The old man was mollified and thundered on with "Roderick Dhu."

"The pipes be's too wild for the tamer times we has now and too dark for the lazy ones to learn. Holy saints, but they had their day of old! The Irish has danced to them, fought to them, laughed to them, wept to them, died to them!"

As old Cormac ceased speaking Shane drew forth once more the white envelope from his pocket.

"This letter came to the master," he explained, "and the master was sending it to you by me. They will be having a grand Gaelic festival in Dublin come next month, and they are wanting to gather all the Irish pipers in the whole island. They will be giving them tickets to Dublin and there will be prizes——"

Cormac O'Brien looked inches taller in his chair, but his only immediate response was to plunge into a series of Irish jigs.

"Have I gone back in me piping?" he demanded. "Have I gone back?"

"Ye have not gone back!" cried Mrs. O'Brien.

"Norah," he answered, "I must be re-



mindin' ye that ye be's only a woman. How can a man's wife hearing him all the time be telling if he has gone back?"

"Sure you have gone back nothing!" declared Shane. "I doubt the likes of you will be found in all Ireland. Was you not carrying off the first prize of the Donegal Feis three years since?"

"I was," responded the gratified musician. "Was I ever tellin' yez the answer I made to the band-master at Donegal when he was inquiren' how I come by such a strong grasp of music?"

Every one present had heard the anecdote innumerable times, but this momentous invitation to play at the Dublin Feis threw over it such a glow of fresh significance that the requests were sufficiently genuine and spontaneous.

"I am a son of nature," I told that band-master. "I live between two elements, the wind of the sea and the wind of the mountains, so I get the both winds mixed up like in me music."

Again he played—an impromptu medley of old selections threaded with his own variations of the moment. Indeed, his listeners seemed to hear screaming seagulls and the shrilling of wind among sails mingled with the tossing of wrenched boughs on storm-beaten mountain-tops. A sort of awe fell upon his hearers.

"You must be mending the hinges on your old bag or I doubt but it will spill your clothes on you."

Cormac wilted down in his chair looking dazed and troubled. This time he was plaintively petulant.

"Norah, why can ye no understand to let a man soar when he do be soaring!"

But Shane and the rest sympathized with Norah in realizing that there were certain practical aspects of the Dublin matter which the old man should be brought to consider.

"Me father will be proud to drive ye to the station in our donkey-cart," volunteered Shane.

"I am sure me mother will be killing a young bird for you to be eating along the road," ventured Mary Anne.

The Yankee plumped down a half-crown on the piper's knee. "Here is for you to bring Norah a gewgaw from Dublin."

Norah clasped her hands delightedly.

"That's terrible kind of you, Tim Mc-

Garvey, and himself will be seeing some brave fairing like a new handkercher——"

"Thank ye kindly," muttered the old man, but he was evidently still dazed and the half-crown rolled to the floor.

"Shane, what day must he be starting for beyant?" asked Peggy McGarvey.

Shane took out the letter and studied it.

"This day fortnight, I would say. That will let the master write for the booking."

"Yez mean well," the piper interposed, irritably, "but yez seem to be all pushing me out of me own house into the road. Has anybody yet heerd me say I was going? Tell me that!"

"But are ye not?" inquired one and another of his listeners.

Norah smiled into the fire. Her voice was so fresh and girlish it seemed to come from Mary Anne.

"I can fair hear ye swirling away to them all in Dublin and the wonder——"

"Norah," he protested, "ye are hearin' what ye are no called upon to hear."

"And for what would she no be called upon to hear it?" asked McGarvey.

The piper continued to look only at old Norah, who in her turn was still smiling into the fire.

"We have been married fifty-five years come Candlemas," he mused aloud. "I was a young gossoon on me way to pipe for a dance, and I met a big house I took for a workhouse, and I sent out a tune going by to hearten up the poor old souls inside, and who came running out but the tidiest jewel of a girl with her hair blowing all about her sweet face. Hashkee! Hashkee! how I wished I could pipe her after me down the road——"

"Ye were swirling 'Bonny Charlie.'"

"And I learned the big house to be a rectory and her the rector's daughter, and every day I passed piping and wishing her to follow. We got acquainted at the cross-roads, and the night come when I piped 'Bonny Charlie' down by the wall and she was away with me to be married."

"I wore a purple camelot gown," beamed Norah.

"Was her folks annoyed?" inquired Peggy.

"They was done with her the day she run off with a poor Catholic musicianer—so she come down to this miserable house instid of that grand rectory."

"There was blue-velvet chairs in the drawing-room," crooned Norah, "but I had to follow the piper swirling 'Bonny Charlie,' and this house is warmer." She extended her bare feet to the glowing embers.

"Norah do be growing a bit childish-like with her years," offered Mr. O'Brien. "To be sure I am ten years older nor her and there be's nothing childish about me as yet, God be thanked, but that is because he made a man's brain stronger to bear up under his age."

"Cormac dear, ye be's the great man entirely for discourse. Give me a taste of your dudeen." He passed it to her.

"If you were not to go to Dublin," Shane expostulated, "it is the chance of your life you would be missing."

"But Norah is me life and I am more thinking it is me chance for losin' her——"

"Now do ye not be fretting about Norah," cheered Mrs. McGarvey. "It is fine care we will all be taking of her,

and it is meself will be in and out and out and in—so will Shusan Duffy and the childer."

"Yez be good neighbors and mean kind by us, but yez have your own troubles with the fowl and the animals. Norah has dizzy spells, and the time ye was out might not be long and yet long enough for me Norah to fall into the fire. I will be stayin'."

Norah looked up happily.

"Cormac darlin', we have our pensions and ye need not be going up after that prize, though it's yourself would bring it away. I would be heart-scalded missing ye so long from the house." For once she was not reproved.

Shane and Mary Anne gazed dreamily at Cormac and Norah in their chimney-corners. Both were having a dim, solemn, prophetic vision of themselves at the far end of the long road down which they were now groping for each other's hands to make the start together.

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## REPRIEVE

By Charlotte Wilson

THE other day it dawned on me,  
A sudden shock across our play:  
He is so old—the miracle  
May happen any day!

The miracle! at any hour  
This small man-comrade at my knee  
May grave upon his soul his first  
Clear memory of me.

Some trivial moment, slackened mood,  
Imperishably there may trace  
My picture, as at heart I bear  
My sweet, dead mother's face.

I—I, unworthy. Let me bow  
(Like kneeling page of old, to feel,  
Laid on his shoulder, stiff and shrewd,  
The consecrating steel),

Abased in utter thankfulness  
Before the mirror of his eyes:  
He is so little yet—I still  
May make his memories!



## · THE POINT OF VIEW ·

APROPOS of the efforts made from time to time to take Mount Vernon away from the Association in whose hands it has been for more than fifty years, one is struck afresh by the amount of forgetting which is going on in the world. For there

A Washington's  
Birthday  
Reminiscence—  
"The Mount  
Vernon Ladies'  
Association" and  
Its Founder

seems to be a wide-spread ignorance as to the actual ownership of the place. Some newspapers hand it over to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and, indeed, a member of that society has been heard to say blandly: "Oh, yes, we own Mount Vernon"; fancying, of course, that she was correct in the statement, and ignorant of the fact that there is one woman's patriotic society in America which antedates her own. But there are still persons living who remember the appeals to women in every town and village, from one end of the United States to the other, to subscribe the sum of one dollar apiece for the purchase of "The Home and Grave of Washington."

I have before me an interesting pamphlet giving a sketch of Ann Pamela Cunningham, the founder of "The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association." The first suggestion of the purchase of the estate came, however, from Miss Cunningham's mother, although it was far from her thoughts or wishes that her invalid daughter should carry the enterprise on her shoulders. Going down the Potomac one evening in the year 1853, Mrs. Cunningham noted, in the moonlight, the neglected and desolate condition of Mount Vernon. Reflecting on the ruin which was likely to overtake the place unless some speedy effort were made to save it, the idea came to her that the women of America should own and preserve it. She suggested the plan in a letter to her daughter, and Miss Cunningham at once said: "I will do it." At all crucial points in the undertaking, when the impossible had to be accomplished, Miss Cunningham had a way of saying: "I will do it." And she always made good.

She started the movement at once, but, being a gentlewoman of the old school, could not imagine herself coming before the public in her own person. She always signed herself "The Southern Matron," and it was

only in 1858, when the estate had finally been purchased, that she yielded to the solicitation of Mr. Everett and other friends and signed a public letter with her own name. In 1861 she was horrified to see a notice of herself in a newspaper. Her return to South Carolina was mentioned, and her sympathy with secession was assumed. She wrote to a friend: "Conceive of my amazement and distress when the paper was handed to me. You know my horror of publicity for a lady—of her name appearing in the newspapers! . . . It was, under any circumstances, most improper and indelicate to draw a lady into the political arena; how much more to do it in connection with her relation to an association formed to have joint ownership and guardianship of the grave of the father of all—no matter how our country is divided." Which shows that this South Carolina woman was not sectional in her sympathies. As to the rest, her times were indeed different from ours, for when, in 1855, Philadelphia was responding enthusiastically to the call for money for the purchase of Mount Vernon, the leading men of that city suddenly refused any support to the movement, "because it was a woman's effort, and they disapproved of women's mixing in public affairs."

The movement was at first started wholly as a Southern affair. Southern women were to raise the two hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of the property, and Virginia was to hold it, "the ladies to have it in charge and adorn it if they could have the means." Fortunately the owner, Mr. John Augustine Washington, refused to agree to the first charter, and the Northern press then began to notice the movement, claiming that it should be a national one, in which the Northern States should aid. Miss Cunningham's patriotism rose to the occasion. As she wrote later concerning the first efforts, they failed because "Washington belonged not alone to the South"; while, as she went on to say, the second effort failed because "the title and power were to be given to one State, and Washington belonged not to one State alone."

An invalid, confined to her room, Miss



Cunningham started the enterprise, founding "The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association" in 1853. From first to last she accepted no failure or rebuff. Nor did she depend on her pen alone. Was her presence required at Mount Vernon, to win over Mr. Washington; at Richmond, to persuade the legislature; or at Charleston, Philadelphia, or Washington, to those places she went, sometimes carried on a bed. A woman of great intellectual ability and force of character, she must also have been gifted with unusual charm; for obstacles, apparently insuperable, disappeared before her personal appeal. When she begged Edward Everett to aid her he found her arguments so convincing that he most generously devoted the proceeds of his lectures to the cause until he placed in her hands the sum of sixty-nine thousand dollars. She persuaded Mr. Washington to part with Mount Vernon; she made friends in Richmond, and, in spite of the opposition of those who warned the legislature not to be carried out of its propriety by "sentiment and female witchery," and the consequent loss of one bill, another one was entered and carried the next year. So great had been the wear and tear of the struggle that, after the victory, it seemed as if Miss Cunningham might die before the necessary papers could be signed. The lawyers and her friends waited in an anteroom for her to rally from an alarming attack, and finally the papers were read in due form, and then, as she describes it in a letter to a friend: "A gentlemen knelt beside my couch and held the papers for my signature; my lifeless fingers could hold a pen but a few moments; could only make two or three letters at a time." No wonder she was in a mental stupor for three weeks. She roused herself to raise money for restoration and repairs, and early in 1858 issued the appeal which was the first to be signed with her own name. Before the work had progressed very far came the Civil War. During the war Miss Cunningham was shut up for the greater part of the time in her South Carolina home, with heavy burdens of private affairs on her shoulders, but as long as she could keep in communication with the agents whom she had left in charge at Mount Vernon she continued to guide its affairs. She directed that a request should be made of the commanders of both armies to give a pledge for the safety of Mount

Vernon, and this appeal doubtless had something to do with the fact that the spot was held sacred by both armies.

When the war was over Miss Cunningham and her vice-regents at once renewed their efforts to raise money for the restoration and care of the place. Her last great effort was to obtain an indemnity for the government use of the Mount Vernon steamboat during the four years of the war. She went to Washington and to the Capitol, and, although she "had not for twenty years dared to walk up such a long flight of steps," she ventured to do it. She had to climb those steps six or seven times during the next ten days. When the senator who was to introduce the bill told her that he could do no more; that no member of his committee would consent to ask him to introduce the bill without further consideration, he added: "But you can do it." She did do it. He needed three members of the committee to empower him to act. She selected three from the list, asked them one by one, and each one assented immediately to her request. On another day she went, ill with fever, to give the necessary information to enable her friend, the senator, to reply to the opposition, since every one seemed to be "as ignorant of an association whose work had filled the newspapers but a few years before as if America had not been the scene of action." And, after all, the bill did not pass at that time. Again, in February, 1869, she went to Washington, and in March Congress finally granted the claim, and the association received seven thousand dollars with which to repair the desolation at Mount Vernon. Miss Cunningham's great work was done. She kept the regency a few years longer and then, in 1874, resigned and, as her biographer says, "left Mount Vernon with just strength enough to reach Rosemont," her Carolina estate, where she died, May 1, 1875.

THE constitution of the association was drawn up by Miss Cunningham. It provides for "a regent, vice-regents, secretary and treasurer, and such subordinate officers as may be, from time to time, appointed." One vice-regent was to be appointed, "if practicable, from each State in the Union." The appointments are for life and, so far, there have been but



Its Adminis-  
tration

four regents, the last one elected in 1909. Under them is a resident superintendent who has his assistant superintendent, head gardener, and such other officials as are needed. The Grand Council, composed of the regent and all the vice-regents, meets once a year at Mount Vernon, where the ladies remain in residence for a fortnight or more, during which time they carefully go over all details of the care of the place. They have never found it necessary to depart from the scheme laid down by their first regent. In Miss Cunningham's farewell address she said to those whom she was leaving: "The Home of Washington is in your charge; see to it that you keep it the Home of Washington. Let no irreverent hand change it; no vandal hands desecrate it with the fingers of progress! Those who go to the home in which he lived and died wish to see in what he lived and died. Let one spot in this grand country of ours be saved from change! Upon you rests this duty."

It is in this spirit that Mount Vernon is cared for. Everything is done to keep it in perfect repair, but the repairs are made in accordance with the period of the place. The visitor sees the finished result—the house as Washington lived in it; the garden as it was when Mrs. Washington and Nelly Custis walked along its paths. He sees nothing of the infinity of pains which produces this result: the watchful care of the mansion and the tomb, the minute attention to trees and shrubs, to garden and farm, to roads and drainage, and, finally, the way in which the income is helped out by gifts from the regents of every manner of thing, from furniture and relics within the house to stone boundary walls without. And so, not seeing, there are some restless souls who would like to change matters.

It is from the entrance fees that the income for the care of the estate is derived, an income none too large; yet there has been a clamor to abolish these fees, and the regents have even been grotesquely accused of dividing and pocketing them. Other persons have demanded that the United States Government deprive the association of its charter and turn the place into a national park. There has been considerable activity in this direction during the past year.

When, in the early days of struggle, Miss Cunningham was asked what qualifications

were necessary for acceptable service on the board of regents, the reply was: "The qualifications needed on the part of a lady are that she shall be of a family whose social position would command the confidence of the State, and enable her to enlist the aid of persons of the widest influence. She must be in independent circumstances, as the office is not a salaried one, and attending the annual meetings would involve some expense. She must be able to command considerable leisure, as the duties will require much time until the stipulated funds are raised. She should also possess liberal patriotism, energy of character, cultivation of mind, and such a combination of mental powers as will insure that she shall wisely and judiciously exercise the power of voting in Grand Council upon the future guardianship and improvement of Mount Vernon."

This is the standard up to which the regents have always conscientiously tried to live. Is there any government office which demands such qualifications? Any person who knows something of the history of Mount Vernon since it came into the hands of the Association is satisfied that its present regent speaks nothing more than the truth when she says that the association has for more than half a century "maintained the high standards that have from the beginning characterized the management of this Mecca of the nation." And that "there is no record of failure on the part of any vice-regent to fulfil these inherited obligations." Where, in our public service, is there a record equal to this?

Some one may say that it is an aristocratic administration. What of it? It is a wonderful survival of the best traditions of the early days of the republic, and is itself a part of the sacred relic which Mount Vernon is to the nation. In addition, it is in all probability the sort of administration which would best please that aristocratic republican George Washington, and Martha his wife. Where could their tastes be more appropriately consulted?

IT came to me very clearly the other day in reading Herodotus that the great need of our present civilization is for a Delphic Oracle. We show plainly enough that we yearn for authoritative utterances on all such subjects as art, education, poli-



On  
Oracles

tics, and philosophy. We accept final words almost too docilely when we find them—and we find them constantly—only they are so liable to change. It is discouraging to go so often through the same experience: to be told an eternal truth, to learn it by heart, to decide that on this subject at least we need never again do the smallest amount of thinking, and then to find that something entirely different and even more authoritative has been promulgated by the powers that be. There again is one of our great difficulties. The Powers That Be! It is not always easy to reach the critic who knows absolutely the last fashion in art; or to induce some hermit-scientist to tell us what we ought to be accepting as scientific truth.

Fancy how restful it would have been last winter if we could have sent in a body to a good dependable oracle and asked: "Is this Futurist movement in art anything we must really trouble ourselves about?" or as a friend of mine would more succinctly put it, "Is it any good?" Imagine the amount of unenlightening discussion that a definite reply to this question would have spared us. Can you not fancy a messenger from the present administration approaching the pythoness to inquire whether the proceeds from the income tax would balance the losses in revenue consequent on the reduction of the tariff; to say nothing of all the personal problems of manners and business and love with which our daily press attempts to deal with a reasonableness far from convincing? We don't want to be taken behind the scenes; we don't want "the facts set before us so that we can judge for ourselves." We want to be told yes or no.

Some superficial thinkers will say that the age lacks faith, and that without faith an oracle is impossible. This is a complete mistake. The ancients themselves were sceptical. Nothing could be more scientific than the spirit in which Cræsus tested the oracles before he decided to which he would submit the question of his Persian campaign. He first sent messengers to all the best-

recommended oracles. Exactly one hundred days from the time of departure each messenger was to address the same question to the shrine to which he had been accredited: What was the king doing at that time? Observe that the messengers did themselves not know the answer. This is in the style of the Society for Psychical Research at its most rigorous. Probably, at the time the messengers left Sardis, Cræsus had not yet decided. He did, however, manage to think of an unlikely occupation. He was cooking two different kinds of meat in a brass vessel with a brass top. Only the oracles at Delphi and of Amphiaraus were able to give the correct reply.

To such simple tests as these our oracle would of course be subjected; and for my part, in these days of thought-transference, I have no doubt the priestess would know the answer to such a demand as "What was I doing a year ago last Easter?" But if her occult powers should fail her in an emergency, such a reply as "Secretly wishing for that which once had been yours for the asking," or, "Trying in vain to forget what your heart forever remembers," would do very well with nine inquirers out of ten. And how a few successes would run like wildfire over the country and be written up by the daily papers!

The stage setting would be simple—a deep cavern in some rocky range preferably near, but not too near, one of our more fashionable health resorts; a young woman of pleasing appearance and psychic temperament; a tripod, and, since a pythoness might still be regarded as requiring a python, an amiable snake.

The more one thinks of it, the more the prospect opens. For instance, one of the minor benefits would be the profession offered to a class of people who as things are find few useful employments open to them—the overeducated, subtle men and women too sensitive for drudgery and not robust enough for creative work. They would be admirably adapted to act as interpreters of the oracle's replies.



## · THE FIELD OF ART ·



Rock-Ribbed Hills. By Gardner Symons.

### *THE APPEAL OF THE WINTER LANDSCAPE*

THE art of the landscape-painter makes its appeal to the public from two widely different standpoints—each legitimate in its way and each finding its source in one of the fundamental and universal instincts of the human race. The first and by far the more usual avenue of approach is by way of association and suggested sentiment. Helen and John strolling through the spring academy come upon a delightful little picture of the woods in June, with a streamlet meandering through the open spaces, reflecting here a tree and there a bit of sky in its limpid mirror. It reminds them irresistibly of that red-letter day long ago when they wandered together through just such a patch of woodland and seated themselves upon the mossy banks of just such a delightful little stream; and it recalls

to them the memorable fact that they came home hand-in-hand an engaged and blissful couple.

Although it means many a small sacrifice in other ways, they purchase the picture, and install it in the breakfast-room, where it will meet their gaze morning after morning.

There were other canvases which impressed them less favorably—a gray day in autumn, for instance, which left them oppressed with a sense of sadness; and a certain snow scene which positively made them shiver.

They derive genuine pleasure from their periodic rounds of the picture-galleries—but their pleasure is purely derivative—the result of association and suggestion. They are very apt to demand anecdotal interest in a figure picture, and a landscape must recall something, or suggest some experience of their own. Their interest is intellectual

rather than artistic. The intrinsic beauty of the work itself does not suffice.

It was the Johns and the Helens of this world who placed Raphael on a pedestal and kept him there for three hundred years, while Velasquez and Hals and Rembrandt and Vermeer remained in outer obscurity and neglect. In the generation immediately preceding our own, they did not understand Turner. Their children did not care much for Inness and they allowed John Twachtman to die unrecognized. Beauty in itself and by itself made no appeal to them.

There is another class of picture-lovers, however,—smaller, it is true, than the group to which John and Helen belong, but rapidly increasing in numbers nevertheless—who demand only of a work of art that it shall be beautiful. It was they who, some fifty years ago, rediscovered Velasquez; who, twenty-five years later, found in the forgotten corners of the old Dutch galleries certain pictures by an unknown painter named Vermeer of Delft, pictures which have now taken their place among the great masterpieces of the world. It was they who acclaimed Constable and Millet and Corot and Manet when these great artists were caviare to the vulgar. They possessed the true vision. They were sensitive to beauty. They recognized it whenever and wherever it appeared, and hailed its creators as the "masters."

Now, just as false standards in art have frequently dominated humanity for long periods, so false standards have sometimes been used for generations in judging nature's own beauties; and the decrees rendered under their influence have been repeated over and over again until they have become traditional, and so firmly rooted in the convictions and prejudices of the race that even the artist is affected by them and at times doubts the verdict of his own vision.

A good example of one of these false and misleading world traditions is that which proclaims the tropical landscape to be nature's supreme effort in the domain of natural out-of-door beauty, and which classes the landscape of the temperate zone as a very poor and uninteresting second by comparison. Of course the very opposite of this is true. Any one who has resided long in the tropics, and who has suffered as I have from the barbaric riot of tropical color—the howling greens and blues and reds and yellows

that everywhere afflict the eye in equatorial regions—understands why the only really great school of landscape-painting which the world has ever seen should have grown up in the misty north. It is not contrast which makes beauty, but harmony. Contrast is the joy of the savage; harmony the delight of the civilized man. The Patagonian stalks triumphant in a blanket whose alternate bands are of bright crimson and vivid blue, but the cultivated man finds his highest æsthetic pleasure in subdued tones of harmoniously blended color. It is at least open to reasonable doubt if the most vociferous efforts of our post-impressionist brothers will succeed in wholly destroying our taste for the work of Whistler and of Botticelli.

The distinction which is here drawn between the landscape of the tropics and that of the temperate zone in my opinion holds good (if in a somewhat milder degree) when applied to our own American landscape under its summer and its winter aspects. The interest which John and Helen found in that picture of the woods in summer was due wholly to association and not at all to the intrinsic beauty of the picture itself—for of that the canvas had little or none.

The crude green of its trees contrasting with the crude blue of its summer sky made a color relation that was anything but agreeable, for blue and green are not complementary colors; and only when used in attenuated scale and handled by a master like Corot can they be fused into a true work of art. This same landscape, however, when mantled with snow—its white vistas stretching away to meet the deep blue of the winter sky—might easily have furnished the motive for a work of art of the first order.

And herein we find the dividing line between the two points of view above noted. In the first it is sentiment which counts; in the second beauty pure and simple. The first is intellectual; the second visual. The first would make of the painter a story-teller; the second demands that he be an artist.

And it is the growing recognition of the fact that the true function of art is the creation of beauty which has turned the attention of so many of our first landscape-painters to winter subjects, for there can be no question that the inclement season of the year, which is least productive in the material sense, is by far the most productive in the artistic sense. Considered in terms of color



and of decorative line, winter is far more beautiful than summer. It would almost seem as if kindly mother Nature, desiring to compensate her children for the loss of the peas and the peaches, had provided them

hundred times a day in response to changes in the color of the sky—for the sky color is always the key-note of a snow-scene. And its response to this color call will invariably be the complementary color; so subtly stated,



The Old Inn at Cos-Cob. By Birge Harrison.

with a special feast for the eyes and the spirit. "But why," asks Helen, "should plain white snow be considered more beautiful than the lovely green of summer leaves? A sheet of paper is clean and fresh and pleasant to look upon, but after all it is just white paper."

Ah! There you are! Snow is never white! It will take on a thousand exquisite and varied tints—you can exhaust the vocabulary of jewels and of flowers in attempting to describe them and still leave more than half unmentioned—but it is *never white*! It is an instrument upon which Nature plays wonderful color symphonies, with never a harsh or a discordant note. It changes color a

however, that to the non-professional eye the snow will appear to remain a pure and virgin white.

If the sky is yellow, as at sunset, the snow will reply with a note of exquisite lavender blue; if the sky is blue, the snow will be delicately yellow; if the sky is greenish, the snow will be roseate in hue. I have even seen it assume an unbelievable tone of crimson pink in reply to the call of a violently emerald sunset sky.

But snow has still another attribute which occasionally interrupts and varies the action of this general law of complementaries. In a shy and gentle way it reflects adjacent color-masses much in the same way as water

reflects near-by objects. So that, like a capricious maiden, the snow is constantly offering surprises even to the trained expert who is conversant with her ways and her general character. It therefore behooves the painter to bring each day a fresh and unprejudiced vision if he would catch her most delightful moods.

At one time it was my unfortunate lot to reside in the tropics for a period of more than ten years. When, at last, I came north again I was frankly fascinated by the beauty of our New England winter, and especially when the whole country was transfigured and glorified by the white beauty of the snow. I could not get enough of it, and like a Saint Bernard dog returning to his own I rolled in the white drifts for the pure joy of the thing.

During my ten wandering years I had sailed more than once around the world, visiting almost all of the spots which have been admired for their rare and special beauty; yet I found the snow-covered hills of New England more beautiful than any of these famous places of the earth.

Opposite my present home in the Catskills there rises a wooded and rather featureless hill, at the foot of which nestles an old Dutch farmhouse. When it is clothed in its usual garb of summer green no one would suspect it of any æsthetic or artistic possibilities. But when the snow comes its climbing pastures suddenly develop a delightful and most interesting pattern; and, as its white mass stands forth against the ringing blue of the December sky, it makes an ideal motive for a landscape-painter.

At sunrise its summit receives the first rosy kiss of the mounting sun, while all else sleeps in amethystine shadow. At noonday it rises pale and beautiful through the sunny

winter haze—a symphony in mother-of-pearl. At twilight it looms a mass of ultramarine and turquoise against a sky of palest amber; and under the ghostly light of the December moon it floats a dream mountain of faintest blue against the deeper blue of the midnight sky. I have painted it six times under as many different effects, and I shall probably paint it as many times again. Every one of these pictures of "the hill" has been sold at its first public exhibition, and I am convinced that were I to make a picture of the hill in summer it would go the weary rounds of the exhibitions for years unsold and undesired—if, indeed, it were ever accepted by the exhibition juries.

No one certainly would find any touch of beauty in its crude blue-and-green contrasts. Even John and Helen would pass it by, as it has no possible human or anecdotic interest to feature it—to pull it out of the slough.

But our American winter landscape is paintable even when devoid of its white mantle of snow. The general color of the woods and the fields is a tender russet-yellow enlivened with a brilliant touch of rose or orange here and there. This, of course, makes a delightful color harmony against a sky that has in it the faintest tint of crystal-green, drawn over an ashes-of-roses underground. Indeed, at this season it is just about as difficult to find a picture motive which is not beautiful in color and harmonious in line as it is in midsummer to discover one which has these qualities. But after all it is the snow which gives to our winter landscape its greatest beauty; and the frequency with which snow-scenes are now appearing in the annual exhibitions is due to the fact that our landscape-painters have discovered this cardinal truth.

BIRGE HARRISON.









*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND COLONEL RONDON ABOARD THE "NYOAC."



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS\*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

UP THE PARAGUAY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS  
OF THE EXPEDITION

### I—THE START

ONE day in 1908, when my presidential term was coming to a close, Father Zahm, a priest whom I knew, came in to call on me. Father Zahm and I had been cronies for some time, because we were both of us fond of Dante and of history and of science—I had always commended to theologians his book, "Evolution and Dogma." Moreover, both of us had a taste for exploration; and his career had appealed to me in many ways. He was an Ohio boy, and his early schooling had been obtained in old-time American fashion in a little log school; where, by the way, one of the other boys was Januarius Aloysius Mac Gahan, afterward the famous war-correspondent, and friend of Skobeloff. Father Zahm told me that Mac Gahan even at that time added an utter fearlessness to chivalric tenderness for the weak, and was the defender of any small boy who was oppressed by a larger one. Later Father Zahm was at Notre Dame University, in Indiana, with Maurice Egan, whom, when I was President, I appointed minister to Denmark.

\* Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, U. S. A. All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian.

On the occasion in question Father Zahm had just returned from a trip across the Andes and down the Amazon, and came in to propose that after I left the presidency, he and I should go up the Paraguay into the interior of South America. At the time I wished to go to Africa, and so the subject was dropped; but from time to time afterward we talked it over. Five years later, in the spring of 1913, I accepted invitations conveyed through the governments of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile to address certain learned bodies in these countries. Then it occurred to me that, instead of making the conventional tourist trip purely by sea round South America, after I had finished my lectures, I would come north through the middle of the continent into the valley of the Amazon; and I decided to write Father Zahm and tell him my intentions. Before doing so, however, I desired to see the authorities of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, to find out whether they cared to have me take a couple of naturalists with me into Brazil and make a collecting trip for the museum.

Accordingly, I wrote to Frank Chapman, the curator of ornithology of the museum, and accepted his invitation to

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lunch at the museum one day early in June. At the lunch, in addition to various naturalists, to my astonishment I also found Father Zahm; and as soon as I saw him I told him I was now intending to make the South American trip. It appeared that he had made up his mind that he would take it himself, and had actually come on to see Mr. Chapman to find out if the latter could recommend a naturalist to go with him; and he at once said he would accompany me. Chapman was pleased when he found out that we intended to go up the Paraguay and across into the valley of the Amazon, because much of the ground over which we were to pass had not been covered by collectors. He saw Henry Fairfield Osborn, the president of the museum, who wrote me that the museum would be glad to send under me a couple of naturalists, whom, with my approval, Chapman would choose.

The men whom Chapman recommended were Messrs. George K. Cherrie and Leo C. Miller. I gladly accepted both. The former was to attend chiefly to the ornithology and the latter to the mammalogy of the expedition; but each was to help out the other. No two better men for such a trip could have been found. Both were veterans of the tropical American forests. Miller was a young man, born in Indiana, an enthusiastic naturalist with good literary as well as scientific training. He was at the time in the Guiana forests, and joined us at Barbados. Cherrie was an older man, born in Iowa, and at the time a citizen of Vermont. He had a wife and six children. Mrs. Cherrie had accompanied him during two or three years of their early married life in his collecting trips along the Orinoco. Their second child was born when they were in camp a couple of hundred miles from any white man or woman. One night a few weeks later they were obliged to leave a camping-place where they had intended to spend the night, because the baby was fretful, and its cries attracted a jaguar, which growled nearer and nearer in the twilight until they thought it safest once more to put out into the open river and seek a new resting-place. Cherrie had spent about twenty-two years collecting in the American tropics. Like most of the field-naturalists I have met, he is an

unusually efficient and fearless man; and willy-nilly he had been forced at times to vary his career by taking part in insurrections. Twice he had been behind the bars in consequence, on one occasion spending three months in a prison of a certain South American state, expecting each day to be taken out and shot. In another state he had, as an interlude to his ornithological pursuits, followed the career of a gun-runner, acting as such off and on for two and a half years. The particular revolutionary chief whose fortunes he was following finally came into power, and Cherrie immortalized his name by naming a new species of ant-thrush after him—a touch that struck me as delightful because of its practical combination of those not normally kindred pursuits, ornithology and gun-running.

Cherrie was just the right man to give us practical advice about the particular kind of trip we intended to take.

In Anthony Fiala, a former arctic explorer, we found an equally good man for assembling equipment and taking charge of the actual handling of the expedition. At the time Fiala was with Rogers, Peet & Co. In addition to his four years in the arctic regions, Fiala had served in the New York Squadron in Porto Rico during the Spanish War, and through his service in the squadron had been brought into contact with his little Tennessee wife. She came down with her four children to say good-by to him when the steamer left. My secretary, Mr. Frank Harper, went with us, and Jacob Sigg, who had served three years in the United States Army, and was both a hospital nurse and a cook, as well as having a natural taste for adventure. In southern Brazil my son Kermit joined me. He had been bridge-building, and a couple of months previously, while on top of a long steel span, something went wrong with the derrick, he and the steel span coming down together on the rocky bed beneath. He escaped with two broken ribs, two teeth knocked out, and a knee partially dislocated, but was practically all right again when he started with us.

In its composition ours was a typical American expedition. Cherrie and Kermit and I were of the old Revolutionary stock, Cherrie being of Scotch-Irish and





Colonel Roosevelt's route up the Paraguay into the Brazilian wilderness.



Huguenot descent, and we not only of Dutch but of about every other strain of blood that there was on this side of the water during colonial times. Father Zahm's father was an Alsatian immigrant, and his mother was partly of Irish and partly of old American stock, a descendant of a niece of General Braddock. Miller's father came from Germany, and his mother from France. Fiala's father and mother were both from Bohemia, being Czechs, and his father had served four years in the Civil War in the Union Army—his Tennessee wife was of old Revolutionary stock. Harper was born in England, and Sigg in Switzerland. We were as varied in religious creed as in ethnic origin. Father Zahm and Miller were Catholics, Kermit and Harper Episcopalians, Cherrie a Presbyterian, Fiala a Baptist, Sigg a Lutheran, while I belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church.

For arms the naturalists took 16-bore shotguns, one of Cherrie's having a rifle barrel underneath. The firearms for the rest of the party were supplied by Kermit and myself, including my Springfield rifle, Kermit's two Winchesters, a 405 and 30-40, the Fox 12-gauge shotgun, and another 16-gauge gun, and a couple of revolvers, a Colt and a Smith & Wesson. We took from New York a couple of canvas canoes, tents, mosquito-bars, plenty of cheese-cloth, including nets for the hats, and both light cots and hammocks. Each equipped himself with the clothing he fancied. Mine consisted of khaki, such as I wore in Africa, with a couple of United States Army flannel shirts and a couple of silk shirts, one pair of hob-nailed shoes with leggings, and one pair of laced leather boots coming nearly to the knee. Both the naturalists told me that it was well to have either the boots or leggings as a protection against snake-bites, and I also had gauntlets because of the mosquitoes and sand-flies. We intended where possible to live on what we could get from time to time in the country, but we took some United States Army emergency rations, and also ninety cans, each containing a day's provisions for six men, made up by Fiala.

The trip I proposed to take can be understood only if there is a slight knowledge of South American topography. The

great mountain chain of the Andes extends down the entire length of the western coast, so close to the Pacific Ocean that no rivers of any importance enter it. All the rivers of South America drain into the Atlantic. Southernmost South America, including over half of the territory of the Argentine Republic, consists chiefly of a cool, open plains country. Northward of this country, and eastward of the Andes, lies the great bulk of the South American continent, which is included in the tropical and the subtropical regions. Most of this territory is Brazilian. Aside from certain relatively small stretches drained by coast rivers, this immense region of tropical and subtropical America east of the Andes is drained by the three great river systems of the Plate, the Amazon, and the Orinoco. At their head waters, the Amazon and the Orinoco systems are actually connected by a sluggish natural canal. The head waters of the northern affluents of the Paraguay and the southern affluents of the Amazon are sundered by a stretch of high land, which toward the east broadens out into the central plateau of Brazil. Geologically this is a very ancient region, having appeared above the waters before the dawning of the age of reptiles, or, indeed, of any true land vertebrates on the globe. This plateau is a region partly of healthy, rather dry and sandy, open prairie, partly of forest. The great and low-lying basin of the Paraguay, which borders it on the south, is one of the largest, and the still greater basin of the Amazon, which borders it on the north, is the very largest, of all the river basins of the earth.

In these basins, but especially in the basin of the Amazon, and thence in most places northward to the Caribbean Sea, lie the most extensive stretches of tropical forest to be found anywhere. The forests of tropical West Africa, and of portions of the Farther-Indian region, are the only ones that can be compared with them. Much difficulty has been experienced in exploring these forests, because under the torrential rains and steaming heat the rank growth of vegetation becomes almost impenetrable, and the streams difficult of navigation; while white men suffer much from the terrible insect scourges and the deadly diseases which modern science has



discovered to be due very largely to insect bites. The fauna and flora, however, are of great interest. The American museum was particularly anxious to obtain collections from the divide between the head waters of the Paraguay and the Amazon, and from the southern affluents of the Amazon. Our purpose was to ascend the Paraguay as nearly as possible to the head

us over to the head waters of the affluent of the Amazon down which we were to go, where he would get paddlers and canoes for us and probably himself go with us. He was at the time in Manaos, but his lieutenants were in Caceres and had been notified that we were coming. I had to travel through Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine, and Chile for six weeks to



*From a photograph taken aboard the steamship "Vandyck."*

Members of Mr. Roosevelt's expedition.

From left to right, Anthony Fiala, George K. Cherrie, Father Zahm, Theodore Roosevelt, Kermit Roosevelt, Frank Harper, Leo C. Miller.

of navigation, thence cross to the sources of one of the affluents of the Amazon, and if possible descend it in canoes built on the spot. The Paraguay is regularly navigated as high as boats can go. The starting-point for our trip was to be Asuncion, in the state of Paraguay.

My exact plan of operations was necessarily a little indefinite, but on reaching Rio de Janeiro the minister of foreign affairs, Mr. Lauro Muller, who had been kind enough to take great personal interest in my trip, informed me that he had arranged that on the head waters of the Paraguay, at the town of Caceres, I would be met by a Brazilian Army colonel, himself chiefly Indian by blood, Colonel Rondon. Colonel Rondon was to accompany

fulfil my speaking engagements. Fiala, Cherrie, Miller, and Sigg left me at Rio, continuing to Buenos Aires in the boat in which we had all come down from New York. From Buenos Aires they went up the Paraguay to Caceres, where they were to await me. The two naturalists went first, to do all the collecting that was possible; Fiala and Sigg travelled more leisurely, with the heavy baggage.

During the two months before starting from Asuncion, in Paraguay, for our journey into the interior, I was kept so busy that I had scant time to think of natural history. But in a strange land a man who cares for wild birds and wild beasts always sees and hears something



*From a photograph by Harper.*

Asuncion, Paraguay.

that is new to him and interests him. In the dense tropical woods near Rio Janeiro I heard in late October—springtime, near the southern tropic—the songs of many birds that I could not identify. But the most beautiful music was from a shy woodland thrush, sombre-colored, which lived near the ground in the thick timber, but sang high among the branches. At a great distance we could hear the ringing, musical, bell-like note, long-drawn and of piercing sweetness, which occurs at intervals in the song; at first I thought this was the song, but when it was possible to approach the singer I found that these far-sounding notes were scattered through a continuous song of great melody. I never listened to one that impressed me

more. In different places in Argentina I heard and saw the Argentine mocking-bird, which is not very unlike our own, and is also a delightful and remarkable singer. But I never heard the wonderful white-banded mocking-bird, which is said by Hudson, who knew well the birds of both South America and Europe, to be the song-king of them all.

Most of the birds I thus noticed while hurriedly passing through the country were, of course, the conspicuous ones. The spurred lapwings, big, tame, boldly marked plover, were everywhere; they were very noisy and active and both inquisitive and daring, and they have a very curious dance custom. No man need look for them. They will look for him, and



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

The *Adolfo Riquelme*, the government gunboat-yacht of the President of Paraguay, on which Mr. Roosevelt ascended the river.



when they find him they will fairly yell the discovery to the universe. In the marshes of the lower Parana I saw flocks of scarlet-headed blackbirds on the tops of the reeds; the females are as strikingly colored as the males, and their jet-black bodies and brilliant red heads make it impossible for them to escape observation among their natural surroundings. On the plains to the west I saw flocks of the beautiful rose-breasted starlings; unlike the red-headed blackbirds, which seemed fairly to court attention, these starlings sought to escape observation by crouching on the ground so that their red breasts were hidden. There were yellow-shouldered blackbirds in wet places, and cow-buntings abounded. But the most conspicuous birds I saw were members of the family of Tyrant Flycatchers, of which our own kingbird is the most familiar example. This family is very numerous represented in Argentina, both in species and individuals. Some of the species are so striking, both in color and habits, and in one case also in shape, as to attract the attention of even the unobservant. The least conspicuous, and nevertheless very conspicuous, among those that I saw was the Bientevido, which is brown above, yellow beneath, with a boldly marked black and white head, and a yellow crest. It is very noisy, is common in the neighborhood of houses, and builds a big domed nest. It is really a big, heavy kingbird, fiercer and more powerful than any Northern kingbird. I saw them assail not only the big but the small hawks with fearlessness, driving them in headlong flight. They not only capture insects, but pounce on mice, small frogs, lizards, and little snakes, rob birds' nests of the fledgling young, and catch tadpoles and even small fish. Two of these tyrants which I observed are like two with which I grew fairly familiar in Texas. The scissor-

tail is common throughout the open country, and the long tail feathers, which seem at times to hamper its flight, attract attention whether the bird is in flight or perched on a tree, and it has a habit of occasionally soaring into the air and descending in loops and spirals. The scarlet tyrant I saw in the orchards and gardens. The male is a fascinating little bird, coal-black above, while its crested head and the body beneath are brilliant scarlet. He



*From a photograph by Harper.*

Wood-ibis on a tree on the river-bank.

utters his rapid, low-voiced musical trill in the air, rising with fluttering wings to a height of a hundred feet, hovering while he sings, and then falling back to earth. The color of the bird and the character of his performance attract the attention of every observer, bird, beast, or man, within reach of vision. The red-backed tyrant is utterly unlike any of his kind in the United States, and until I looked him up in Sclater and Hudson's ornithology I never dreamed that he belonged to this family. He—for only the male is so brightly colored—is coal-black with a dull-red back. I saw these birds on December 1 near Barillode, out on the bare Patagonia plains. They behaved like pipits or longspurs, running actively over the ground in the same manner and showing the same restlessness and the same kind of flight. But whereas pipits are inconspicuous, the red-backs at once attracted

attention by the contrast between their bold coloring and the grayish or yellowish tones of the ground along which they ran. The silver-bill tyrant, however, is much more conspicuous; I saw it in the same neighborhood as the red-back and also in many other places. The male is jet-black, with white bill and wings. He runs about on the ground like a pipit, but also frequently perches on some bush to go through a strange flight-song performance. He perches motionless, bolt upright, and even then his black coloring advertises him for a quarter of a mile round about. But every few minutes he springs up into the air to the height of twenty or thirty feet, the white wings flashing in contrast to the black body, screams and gyrates, and then instantly returns to his former post and resumes his erect pose of waiting. It is hard to imagine a more conspicuous bird than the silver-bill; but the next and last tyrant flycatcher of which I shall speak possesses on the whole the most advertising coloration of any bird I have ever seen in the open country, and moreover this advertising coloration exists in both sexes and throughout the year. It is a brilliant white, all over, except the long wing quills and the ends of the tail, which are black. The first one I saw, at a very long distance, I thought must be an albino. It perches on the top of a bush or tree watching for its prey, and it shines in the sun like a silver mirror. Every hawk, cat, or man must see it; no one can help seeing it.

These common Argentine birds, most of them of the open country, and all of them with a strikingly advertising coloration, are interesting because of their beauty and their habits. They are also interesting because they offer such illuminating examples of the truth that many of the most common and successful birds not merely lack a concealing coloration, but possess a coloration which is in the highest degree revealing. The coloration and the habits of most of these birds are such that every hawk or other foe that can see at all must have its attention attracted to them. Evidently in their cases neither the coloration nor any habit of concealment based on the coloration is a survival factor, and this although they

live in a land teeming with bird-eating hawks. Among the higher vertebrates there are many known factors which have influence, some in one set of cases, some in another set of cases, in the development and preservation of species. Courage, intelligence, adaptability, prowess, bodily vigor, speed, alertness, ability to hide, ability to build structures which will protect the young while they are helpless, fecundity—all, and many more like them, have their several places; and behind all these visible causes there are at work other and often more potent causes of which as yet science can say nothing. Some species owe much to a given attribute which may be wholly lacking in influence on other species; and every one of the attributes above enumerated is a survival factor in some species, while in others it has no survival value whatever, and in yet others, although of benefit, it is not of sufficient benefit to offset the benefit conferred on foes or rivals by totally different attributes. Intelligence, for instance, is of course a survival factor; but to-day there exist multitudes of animals with very little intelligence which have persisted through immense periods of geologic time either unchanged or else without any change in the direction of increased intelligence; and during their species-life they have witnessed the death of countless other species of far greater intelligence but in other ways less adapted to succeed in the environmental complex. The same statement can be made of all the many, many other known factors in development, from fecundity to concealing coloration; and behind them lie forces as to which we veil our ignorance by the use of high-sounding nomenclature—as when we use such a convenient but far from satisfactory term as orthogenesis.

## II—UP THE PARAGUAY

On the afternoon of December 9 we left the attractive and picturesque city of Asuncion to ascend the Paraguay. With generous courtesy the Paraguayan Government had put at my disposal the gunboat-yacht of the President himself, a most comfortable river steamer, and so the opening days of our trip were pleasant in every way. The food was good, our



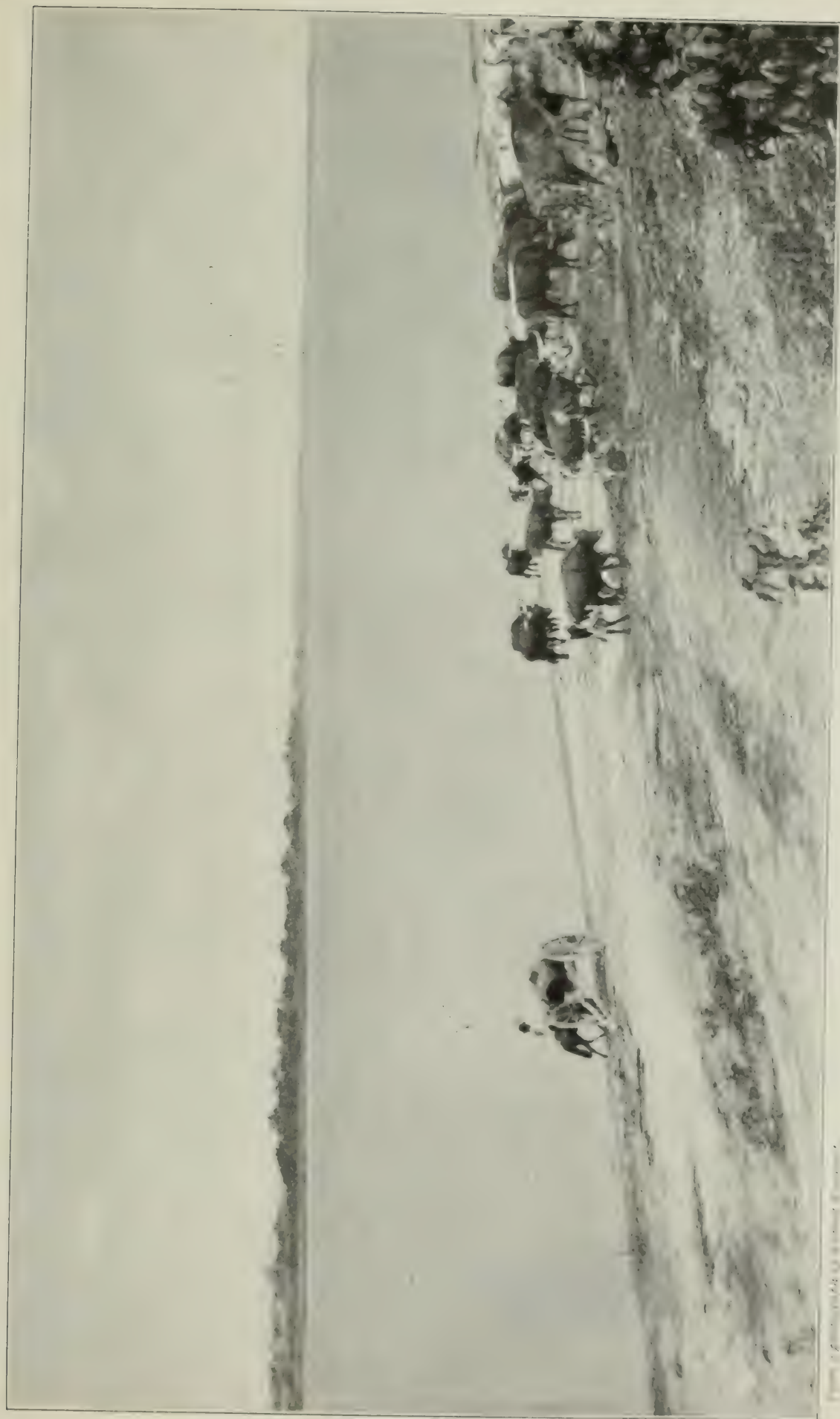


Figure 1. Photograph of cattle on the riverbank.

Cattle on the upper Paraguay River



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Indians rolling logs at wood station.

quarters were clean, we slept well, below or on deck, usually without our mosquito nettings, and in daytime the deck was pleasant under the awnings. It was hot, of course, but we were dressed suitably in our exploring and hunting clothes and did not mind the heat. The river was low, for there had been dry weather for some weeks—judging from the vague and contradictory information I received there is much elasticity to the terms wet season and dry season at this part of the

Paraguay. Under the brilliant sky we steamed steadily up the mighty river; the sunset was glorious as we leaned on the port railing; and after nightfall the moon, nearly full and hanging high in the heavens, turned the water to shimmering radiance. On the mud-flats and sand-bars, and among the green rushes of the bays and inlets, were stately waterfowl; crimson flamingoes and rosy spoonbills, dark-colored ibis and white storks with black wings. Darters, with snakelike



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Palms along the bank of the river.



necks and pointed bills, perched in the trees on the brink of the river. Snowy egrets flapped across the marshes. Caimans were common, and differed from the crocodiles we had seen in Africa in two points: they were not alarmed by the report of a rifle when fired at, and they lay with the head raised instead of stretched along the sand.

For three days, as we steamed northward toward the Tropic of Capricorn, and then passed it, we were within the Republic of Paraguay. On our right, to the east, there was a fairly well-settled country, where bananas and oranges were cultivated and other crops of hot countries raised. On the banks we passed an occasional small town, or saw a ranch-house close to the river's brink, or stopped for wood at some little settlement. Across the river to the west lay the level swampy, fertile wastes known as the Chaco, still given over either to the wild Indians or to cattle-ranching on a gigantic scale. The broad river ran in curves between mud-banks where terraces marked successive periods of flood. A belt of forest stood on each bank, but it was only a couple of hundred yards wide. Back of it was the open country; on the Chaco side this was a vast plain of grass dotted with tall, graceful palms. In places the belt of forest vanished and the palm-dotted prairie came to the river's edge. The Chaco is an ideal cattle country, and not really unhealthy. It will be covered with ranches at a not distant day. But mosquitoes and many other winged insect pests swarm over it. Cherrie and Miller had spent a week there collecting mammals and birds prior to my arrival at Asuncion. They were veterans of the tropics, hardened to the insect plagues of Guiana and the Orinoco. But they reported that never had

they been so tortured as in the Chaco. The sand-flies crawled through the meshes in the mosquito-nets, and forbade them to sleep; if in their sleep a knee touched the net the mosquitoes fell on it so that it looked as if riddled by birdshot; and the



*From a photograph by Harper.*

Woman washing clothes in the river.

days were a torment, although they had done well in their work, collecting some two hundred and fifty specimens of birds and mammals.

Nevertheless for some as yet inscrutable reason the river served as a barrier to certain insects which are menaces to the cattle men. With me on the gunboat was an old Western friend, Tex Rickard, of the Panhandle and Alaska and various places in between. He now has a large tract of land and some thirty-five thousand head



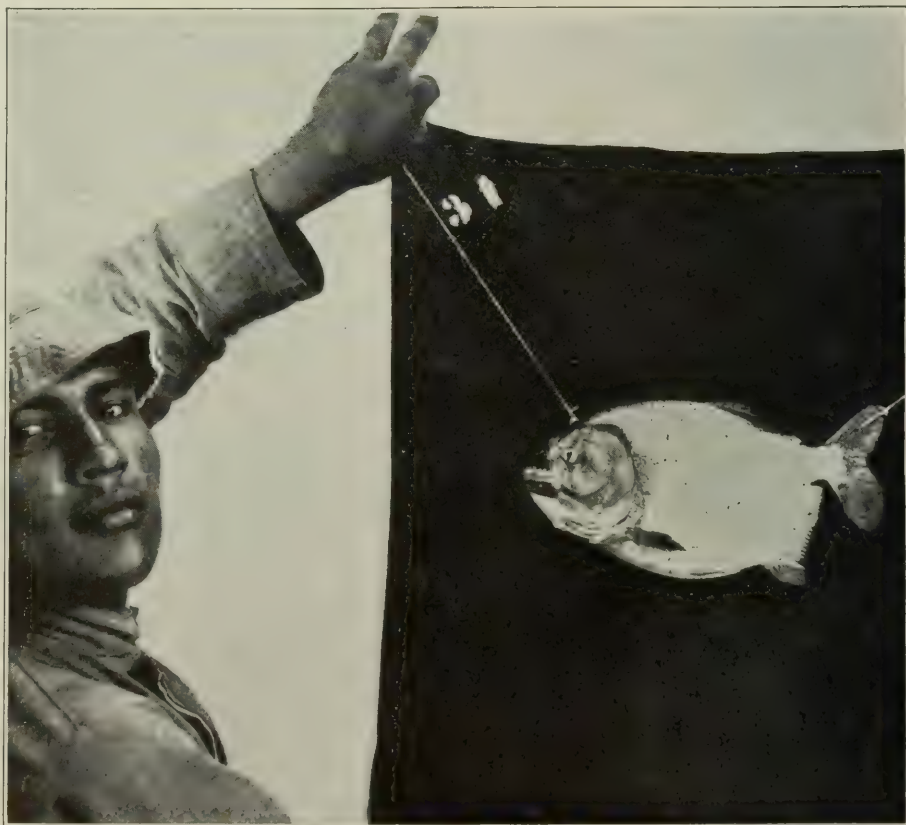
*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Paraguayan gaucho (cowboy).

of cattle in the Chaco, opposite Concepcion, at which city he was to stop. He told me that horses did not do well in the Chaco but that cattle thrive, and that while ticks swarmed on the east bank of the great river, they would not live on the west bank. Again and again he had crossed herds of cattle which were covered with the loathsome blood-suckers; and in a couple of months every tick would be dead. The worst animal foes of man, indeed the only dangerous foes, are insects; and this is es-

pecially true in the tropics. Fortunately, exactly as certain differences too minute for us as yet to explain render some insects deadly to man or domestic animals, while closely allied forms are harmless, so, for other reasons, which also we are not as yet able to fathom, these insects are for the most part strictly limited by geographical and other considerations. The war against what Sir Harry Johnston calls the really material devil, the devil of evil wild nature in the tropics, has been waged with marked success only during the last two decades. The men, in the United States, in England, France, Germany, Italy—the men like Doctor Cruz in Rio Janeiro and Doctor Vital Brazil in São Paulo—who work experimentally within and without the laboratory in

their warfare against the disease and death bearing insects and microbes, are the true



*From a photograph by Harper.*

Man-eating fish, piranha.  
Note the razor-edged teeth.



leaders in the fight to make the tropics the home of civilized man.

Late on the evening of the second day of our trip, just before midnight, we reached Concepcion. On this day, when we stopped for wood or to get provisions—at picturesque places, where the women from rough mud and thatched cabins were washing clothes in the river, or where rag-

devour alive any wounded man or beast; for blood in the water excites them to madness. They will tear wounded wild fowl to pieces; and bite off the tails of big fish as they grow exhausted when fighting after being hooked. Miller, before I reached Asuncion, had been badly bitten by one. Those that we caught sometimes bit through the hooks, or the double strands



*From a photograph by Harper.*

A street in Concepcion.

ged horsemen stood gazing at us from the bank, or where dark, well-dressed ranchmen stood in front of red-roofed houses—we caught many fish. They belonged to one of the most formidable genera of fish in the world, the piranha or cannibal fish, the fish that eats men when it can get the chance. Farther north there are species of small piranha that go in schools. At this point on the Paraguay the piranha do not seem to go in regular schools, but they swarm in all the waters and attain a length of eighteen inches or over. They are the most ferocious fish in the world. Even the most formidable fish, the sharks or the barracudas, usually attack things smaller than themselves. But the piranhas habitually attack things much larger than themselves. They will snap a finger off a hand incautiously trailed in the water; they mutilate swimmers—in every river town in Paraguay there are men who have been thus mutilated; they will rend and

of copper wire that served as leaders, and got away. Those that we hauled on deck lived for many minutes. Most predatory fish are long and slim, like the alligator and pickerel. But the piranha is a short, deep-bodied fish, with a blunt face and a heavily undershot or projecting lower jaw which gapes widely. The razor-edged teeth are wedge-shaped like a shark's, and the jaw muscles possess great power. The rabid, furious snaps drive the teeth through flesh and bone. The head with its short muzzle, staring malignant eyes, and gaping, cruelly armed jaws, is the embodiment of evil ferocity; and the actions of the fish exactly match its looks. I never witnessed an exhibition of such impotent, savage fury as was shown by the piranhas as they flapped on deck. When fresh from the water and thrown on the boards they uttered an extraordinary squealing sound. As they flapped about they bit with vicious eagerness at what-

ever presented itself. One of them flapped into a cloth and seized it with a bulldog grip. Another grasped one of its fellows; another snapped at a piece of wood, and left the teeth-marks deep therein. They are the pests of the waters, and it is necessary to be exceedingly cautious about either swimming or wading where they are found. If cattle are driven into, or of their own accord enter, the water, they are commonly not molested; but if by chance some unusually big or ferocious specimen of these fearsome fishes does bite an animal—taking off an ear, or perhaps a teat from the udder of a cow—the blood brings up every member of the ravenous throng which is anywhere near, and unless the attacked animal can immediately make its escape from the water it is devoured alive. Here on the Paraguay the natives hold

them in much respect, whereas the caymans are not feared at all. The only redeeming feature about them is that they are themselves fairly good to eat, although with too many bones.

At daybreak of the third day, finding we were still moored off Concepcion, we were rowed ashore and strolled off through the streets of the quaint, picturesque old town; a town which, like Asuncion, was founded by the Conquistadores three-quarters of a century before our own English and Dutch forefathers landed in what is now the United States. The Jesuits then took practically complete possession of what is now Paraguay, controlling and Christianizing the Indians, and raising their flourishing missions to a pitch of prosperity they never elsewhere achieved. They were expelled by the civil authori-



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Colonel Roosevelt and officials at Concepcion.



ties (backed by the other representatives of ecclesiastical authority) some fifty years before Spanish South America became independent. But they had already made the language of the Indians, Guaraný, a culture-tongue, reducing it to writing, and printing religious books in it. Guaraný is one of the most wide-spread of the

ture; while the upper classes are predominantly white, with a strong infusion of Indian. There is no other case quite parallel to this in the annals of European colonization, although the Goanese in India have a native tongue and a Portuguese creed, while in several of the Spanish-American states the Indian blood is dom-



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Paraguayan horseman at Concepcion with spurs attached to his bare feet.

Indian tongues, being originally found in various closely allied forms not only in Paraguay but in Uruguay and over the major part of Brazil. It remains here and there, as a *lingua geral* at least, and doubtless in cases as an original tongue, among the wild tribes; in most of Brazil, as around Para and around São Paulo, it has left its traces in place-names, but has been completely superseded as a language by Portuguese; but in Paraguay it still exists side by side with Spanish as the common language of the lower people and as a familiar tongue among the upper classes. The blood of the people is mixed, their language dual; the lower classes are chiefly of Indian blood but with a white admix-

inant and the majority of the population speak an Indian tongue, perhaps itself, as with the Quichuas, once a culture-tongue of the archaic type. Whether in Paraguay one tongue will ultimately drive out the other, and if so which will be the victor, it is yet too early to prophesy. The English missionaries and the Bible Society have recently published parts of the Scriptures in Guaraný; and in Asuncion a daily paper is published with the text in parallel columns, Spanish and Guaraný—just as in Oklahoma there is a similar paper published in English and in the tongue which the extraordinary Cherokee chief Sequoia, a veritable Cadmus, made a literary language.



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Indian girl at cooking-pot.

The Guaraný-speaking Paraguayan is a Christian, and as much an inheritor of our common culture as most of the peasant populations of Europe. He has no kinship with the wild Indian, who hates and fears him. The Indian of the Chaco, a pure savage, a bow-bearing savage, will never come east of the Paraguay, and the Paraguayan is only beginning to venture into the western interior, away from the banks of the river—under the lead of pioneer settlers like Rickard, whom, by the way, the wild Indians thoroughly trust, and for whom they work eagerly and faithfully. There is a great development ahead for Paraguay, as soon as they can definitely shake off the revolutionary habit and establish an orderly permanence of government. The people are a fine people; the strains of blood—white and Indian—are good.

We walked up the streets of Concepcion, and interestedly looked at everything of interest: at the one-story houses, their windows covered with gratings of fretted iron-work, and their occasional

open doors giving us glimpses into cool inner courtyards, with trees and flowers; at the two-wheel carts, drawn by mules or oxen; at an occasional rider, with spurs on his bare feet, and his big toes thrust into the small stirrup-rings; at the little stores, and the warehouses for matté and hides. Then we came to a pleasant little inn, kept by a Frenchman and his wife, of old Spanish style, with its *patio* or inner court, but as neat as an inn in Normandy or Brittany. We were sitting at coffee, around a little table, when in came the colonel of the garrison—for Concepcion is the second city in Paraguay. He told me that they had prepared a reception for me! I was in my rough hunting-clothes, but there was nothing to do but to accompany my kind hosts and trust to their good nature to pardon my shortcomings in the matter of dress. He drove me about in a smart open carriage, with two good horses and a liveried driver. It was a much more fashionable turnout than would be seen in any of our cities



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Tupi girl with young ostrich.



save the largest, and even in them probably not in the service of a public official. In all the South American countries there is more pomp and ceremony in connection with public functions than with us, and at these functions the liveried servants, often with knee-breeches and powdered hair, are like those seen at similar European functions; there is not the democratic simplicity which better suits our own habits of life and ways of thought. But the South Americans often surpass us, not merely in pomp and ceremony but in what is of real importance, courtesy; in civility and courtesy we can well afford to take lessons from them.

We first visited the barracks, saw the troops in the setting-up exercises, and inspected the arms, the artillery, the equipment. There was a German lieutenant with the Paraguayan officers; one of several German officers who are now engaged in helping the Paraguayans with their army. The equipments and arms were in good condition; the enlisted men evidently offered fine material; and the officers were doing hard work. It is worth while for anti-militarists to ponder the fact that in every South American country where a really efficient army is developed, the increase in military efficiency goes hand in hand with a decrease in lawlessness and disorder, and a growing reluctance to settle internal disagreements by violence. They are introducing universal military service in Paraguay; the officers, many of whom studied abroad, are growing to feel an increased

*esprit de corps*, an increased pride in the army, and therefore a desire to see the army made the servant of the nation as a whole and therefore not the tool of any faction or individual. If these feelings grow strong enough they will be powerful factors

in giving Paraguay what she most needs, freedom from revolutionary disturbance and therefore the chance to achieve the material prosperity without which as a basis there can be no advance in other and even more important matters.

Then I was driven to the City Hall, accompanied by the intendente, or mayor, a German long settled in the country and one of the leading men of the city. There was a breakfast. When I had to speak I impressed into my service as interpreter a young Paraguayan who was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He was able to render into Spanish my ideas—on such subjects as orderly liberty and the far-reach-



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Indian boy with coati (coon-like animal) and paraquet.

ing mischief done by the revolutionary habit—with clearness and vigor, because he thoroughly understood not only how I felt but also the American way of looking at such things. My hosts were hospitality itself, and I enjoyed the unexpected greeting.

We steamed on up the river. Now and then we passed another boat—a steamer, or, to my surprise, perhaps a barkentine or schooner. The Paraguay is a highway of traffic. Once we passed a big beef-canning factory. Ranches stood on either bank a few leagues apart, and we stopped at wood-yards on the west bank.



*From a photograph by Harper.*

Colonel Roosevelt with Colonel Rondon on his boat the *Nyoac*.

Indians worked around them. At one such yard the Indians were evidently part of the regular force. Their squaws were with them, cooking at queer open-air ovens. One small child had as pets a parrot and a young coati—a kind of long-nosed raccoon. Loading wood, the Indians stood in a line, tossing the logs from one to the other. These Indians wore some clothes. This day we got into the tropics.

Even in the heat of the day the deck was pleasant under the awnings; the sun rose and set in crimson splendor; and the nights, with the moon at the full, were wonderful. In a day or two we were far enough north, toward the equator, to see the Dipper ahead of us on the very edge of the horizon; Orion blazed overhead; and the Southern Cross hung in the star-brilliant heavens behind us. But after



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Meeting Brazilian officers and members of the expedition at the boundary.



the moon rose the constellations paled; and clear in her light the tree-clad banks stood on either hand as we steamed steadily against the swirling current of the great river.

At noon on the twelfth we came to the Brazilian boundary. On this day we here and there came on low, conical hills close to the river. In places the palm groves

or workers, who lived in a long line of wooden cabins back of the main building, were mostly Paraguayans, with a few Brazilians, and a dozen German and Argentine foremen. There were also some wild Indians, who were camped in the usual squalid fashion of Indians who are hangers-on round the white man but have not yet adopted his ways. Most of



*From a photograph by Harper.*

Father Zahm and a group of Indian children.

broke through the belts of deciduous trees and stretched for a mile or so right along the river's bank. At times we passed some cattle-herder or a handsome ranch-house, under a cluster of shady trees, some bearing a wealth of red, and some a wealth of yellow blossoms; or we saw a horse-corral among the trees close to the brink, with the horses in it and a bare-footed man in shirt and trousers leaning against the fence; or a herd of cattle among the palms; or a big tannery or factory or a little native hamlet came in sight. We stopped at one tannery. The owner was a Spaniard, the manager an "Oriental," as he called himself, or Uruguayan of German parentage. The peons

the men were at work cutting wood for the tannery. The women and children were in camp. Some individuals of both sexes were naked to the waist. One little girl had a young ostrich as a pet.

Water-fowl were plentiful. We saw large flocks of wild muscovy ducks. Our tame birds come from this wild species and its absurd misnaming dates back to the period when the turkey and guinea-pig were misnamed in similar fashion—our European forefathers taking a large and hazy view of geography, and including Turkey, Guinea, India, and Muscovy as places, which, in their capacity of being outlandish, could be comprehensively used as including America. The mus-



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Fort Coimbra (Colonial Portuguese).

covy ducks were very good eating. Darters swarmed. They waddled on the sand-bars in big flocks and crowded the trees by the water's edge. Beautiful snow-white egrets also lit in the trees, often well back from the river. A full-foliaged tree of vivid green, its round surface crowded with these birds, as if it had suddenly blossomed with huge white flowers, is a

sight worth seeing. Here and there on the sand-bars we saw huge jabiru storks, and once a flock of white wood-ibis among the trees on the bank.

On the Brazilian boundary we met a shallow river steamer carrying Colonel Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon and several other Brazilian members of the expedition. Corumbá was the appointed



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

The street of Fort Coimbra.



meeting-place for all of us. The Brazilian members came in consequence of a suggestion made to me by the minister of foreign affairs of Brazil, Mr. Lauro Muller, when I reached Rio Janeiro. Mr. Muller is a very efficient public servant, and he is also a man of wide cultivation

that he was all, and more than all, that could be desired. It was evident that he knew his business thoroughly, and it was equally evident that he was a most delightful companion. He was a classmate of Mr. Lauro Muller at the Brazilian Military Academy. He is of almost pure



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Graveyard with mausoleum at Fort Coimbra.

and reading; he reminded me much of John Hay. He has taken a keen interest in the exploration and development of the interior of Brazil, and he believed it wise to use my trip as a means toward spreading abroad a more general knowledge of the country. Accordingly, with generous courtesy, he, on behalf of the Brazilian Government, offered to send with me Colonel Rondon, the man who for a quarter of a century has been the foremost explorer of the Brazilian hinterland, and a number of assistants and of scientific men. I gladly accepted, for with such help I felt that the trip could be made of much scientific value, and that it was even possible that we should add a little to the fund of geographic knowledge concerning the little-known parts of South America.

Colonel Rondon immediately showed

Indian blood, and is a Positivist—the Positivists are a really strong body in Brazil, as they are in France and indeed in Chile. The colonel's seven children have all been formally made members of the Positivist Church in Rio Janeiro. Brazil possesses the same complete liberty in matters religious, spiritual, and intellectual as we, for our great good fortune, do in the United States, and my Brazilian companions included devout Catholics and equally sincere men who described themselves as "libres penseurs." Colonel Rondon has spent the last twenty-four years in exploring the western highlands of Brazil, pioneering the way for telegraph-lines and railroads. During that time he has travelled some fourteen thousand miles, on territory most of which had not previously been traversed by civilized man, and has built



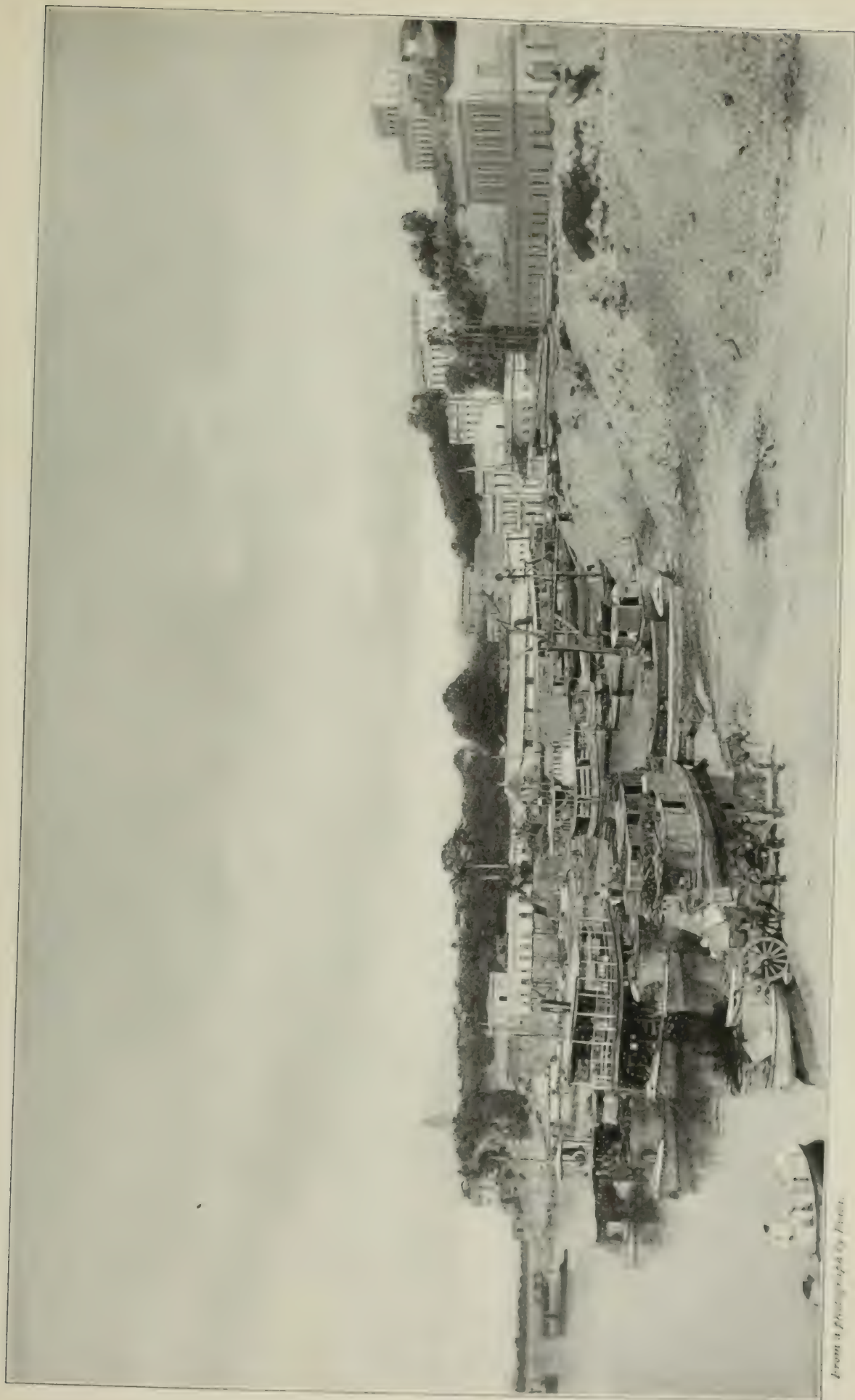
three thousand miles of telegraph. He has an exceptional knowledge of the Indian tribes and has always zealously endeavored to serve them and indeed to serve the cause of humanity wherever and whenever he was able. Thanks mainly to his efforts, four of the wild tribes of the region he has explored have begun to tread the road of civilization. They have become Christians. It may seem strange that among the first-fruits of the efforts of a Positivist should be the conversion of those he seeks to benefit to Christianity. But in South America Christianity is at least as much a status as a theology. It represents the indispensable first step upward from savagery. In the wilder and poorer districts men are divided into the two great classes of "Christians" and "Indians." When an Indian becomes a Christian he is accepted into and becomes wholly absorbed or partly assimilated by the crude and simple neighboring civilization, and then he moves up or down like any one else among his fellows. Colonel Rondon does in very fact believe in the religion of humanity exactly as he is devoted to scientific research, and what he preaches he practises.

His companions included Captain Amilcar de Magalhaães, Lieutenants João Lyra, Julio Barbosa, Thomas Reis (an expert with the cinematograph), Joaquin de Mello Filho, and Alcides de Sant' Anna; Doctor Euzebio de Oliveira, a geologist, and Frederico Hoehne, a botanist, with two assistant taxidermists. Captain Magalhaães has done much previous exploring work; Lieutenant Reis has taken extraordinary photographs on these exploring expeditions.

The steamers halted; Colonel Rondon and several of his officers, spick and span in their white uniforms, came aboard; and in the afternoon I visited him on his steamer to talk over our plans. When these had been fully discussed and agreed on we took tea. I happened to mention that one of our naturalists, Miller, had been bitten by a piranha, and the man-eating fish at once became the subject of conversation. Curiously enough, one of the Brazilian taxidermists had also just been severely bitten by a piranha. My new companions had story after story to tell of them. Only three weeks previously

a twelve-year-old boy who had gone in swimming near Corumbá was attacked, and literally devoured alive by them. Colonel Rondon during his exploring trips had met with more than one unpleasant experience in connection with them. He had lost one of his toes by the bite of a piranha. He was about to bathe and had chosen a shallow pool at the edge of the river, which he carefully inspected until he was satisfied that none of the man-eating fish were in it; yet as soon as he put his foot into the water one of them attacked him and bit off a toe. On another occasion while wading across a narrow stream one of his party was attacked; the fish bit him on the thighs and buttocks, and when he put down his hands tore them also; he was near the bank and by a rush reached it and swung himself out of the water by means of an overhanging limb of a tree; but he was terribly injured, and it took him six months before his wounds healed and he recovered. An extraordinary incident occurred on another trip. The party were without food and very hungry. On reaching a stream they dynamited it, and waded in to seize the stunned fish as they floated on the surface. One man, having his hands full, tried to hold one fish by putting its head into his mouth; it was a piranha and seemingly stunned, but in a moment it recovered and bit a big section out of his tongue. Such a hemorrhage followed that his life was saved with the utmost difficulty. On another occasion a member of the party, a brother of the Lieutenant Barbosa who was with us, was off by himself on a mule. The mule came into camp alone. Following his back track they came to a ford, where in the water they found the skeleton of the dead man, his clothes uninjured but every particle of flesh stripped from his bones. Whether he had drowned, and the fishes had then eaten his body, or whether they had killed him it was impossible to say. They had not hurt the clothes, getting in under them, which made it seem likely that there had been no struggle. These man-eating fish are a veritable scourge in the waters they frequent. But it must not be understood by this that the piranhas—or, for the matter of that, the new-world caymans and crocodiles—ever be-





Corumbá, Brazil.

*From a postcard by F. J. J.*



*From a photograph by Fiala.*

Water-carts around the well at Corumbá.

come such dreaded foes of man as for instance the man-eating crocodiles of Africa. Accidents occur, and there are certain places where swimming and bathing are dangerous; but in most places the people swim freely, although they are usually careful to find spots they believe safe or else to keep together and make a splashing in the water.

During his trips Colonel Rondon had met with various experiences with wild creatures. The Paraguayan caymans are not ordinarily dangerous to man; but they do sometimes become man-eaters and should be destroyed whenever the opportunity offers. The huge cayman, or crocodile, of the Amazon is far more dangerous, and the colonel knew of repeated instances where men, women, and children had become its victims. Once while dynamiting a stream for fish for his starving party he partially stunned a giant anaconda, which he killed as it crept slowly off. He said that it was of a size that no other anaconda he had ever seen even approached, and that in his opinion such a brute if hungry would readily attack. Twice smaller anacondas had attacked his dogs; one was carried under water—for the

anaconda is a water-loving serpent—but he rescued it. One of his men was bitten by a jararaca; he killed the venomous snake, but was not discovered and brought back to camp until it was too late to save his life. The puma Colonel Rondon had found to be as cowardly as I have always found it, but the jaguar was a formidable beast, which occasionally turned man-eater, and usually charged savagely when brought to bay. He had known a hunter to be killed by a jaguar he was following in thick grass cover.

All such enemies, however, he regarded as utterly trivial compared to the real dangers of the wilderness—the torment and menace of attacks by the swarming insects, from mosquitoes and the even more intolerable tiny gnats to the ticks and the vicious poisonous ants which occasionally cause villages and even whole districts to be deserted by human beings. These insects, and the fevers they cause, and dysentery and starvation and wearing hardship are what the pioneer explorers have to bear. The conversation was to me most interesting. The colonel spoke French about to the extent I did; but of course he and the others preferred



Portuguese; and Kermit was the interpreter.

In the evening, soon after moonrise, we stopped for wood at the little Brazilian town of Porto Martinho. There are about twelve hundred inhabitants. Some of the buildings were of stone; a large private house with a castellated tower was of stone; there were shops, and a post-office, stores, a restaurant and billiard-hall, and warehouses for matté; of which much is grown in the region roundabout. Most of the houses were low, with overhanging, sloping eaves; and there were gardens, with high walls inside of which trees rose, many of them fragrant. We wandered through the wide, dusty streets, and along the narrow sidewalks. It was a hot, still evening; the smell of the tropics was on the heavy December air. Through the open doors and windows we caught dim glimpses of the half-clad inmates of the poorer houses; women and young girls sat outside their thresholds in the moonlight. All whom we met were most friendly: the captain of the little Brazilian garrison; the intendente, a local trader; another trader and ranchman, a Uruguayan, who had just received his newspaper containing

my speech in Montevideo, and who, as I gathered from what I understood of his rather voluble Spanish, was much impressed by my views on democracy, honesty, liberty, and order (rather well-worn topics); and a Catalan who spoke French, and who was accompanied by his pretty daughter, a dear little girl of eight or ten, who said with much pride that she spoke three languages—Brazilian, Spanish, and Catalan! Her father expressed strongly his desire for a church and for a school in the little city.

When at last the wood was aboard we resumed our journey. The river was like glass. In the white moonlight the palms on the edge of the banks stood mirrored in the still water. We sat forward and as we rounded the curves the long silver reaches of water stretched ahead of us, and the ghostly outlines of hills rose in the distance. Here and there the prairie fires burned, and the red glow warred with the moon's radiance.

Next morning was overcast. Occasionally we passed a wood-yard, or factory, or cabin, now on the eastern, the Brazilian, now on the western, the Paraguayan, bank. The Paraguay was known to men



*From a photograph by Fiala.*

Riding bullocks.





*From a photograph by Fiala.*

Corumbá family of poor people in their Sunday clothes.

of European birth, bore soldiers and priests and merchants as they sailed and rowed up and down the current of its stream, and beheld little towns and forts rise on its bank, long before the Mississippi had become the white man's highway. Now, along its upper course, the settlements are much like those on the Mississippi at the end of the first quarter of the last century; and it is about to witness a burst of growth and prosperity much like that which the Mississippi saw when the old men of to-day were very young.

In the early forenoon we stopped at a little Paraguayan hamlet, nestling in the green growth under a group of low hills by the river-brink. On one of these hills stood a picturesque old stone fort, known as Fort Bourbon in the Spanish, the colonial, days. Now

the Paraguayan flag floats over it, and it is garrisoned by a handful of Paraguayan soldiers. Here Father Zahm baptized two children, the youngest of a large family of fair-skinned, light-haired small people, whose father was a Paraguayan and the mother an "Oriental," or Uruguayan. No priest had visited the village for three years, and the children were respectively one and two years of age. The sponsors included the local commandante and a married couple from Austria. In answer to what was supposed to be the perfunctory question whether they were Catholics, the parents returned the unexpected answer that they were not. Further questioning elicited the fact that the father called himself a "free-thinking Catholic," and the mother said she was a "Protestant Catholic," her mother having been a Protestant, the daughter of an immigrant from Normandy. However, it appeared that the older children had been baptized by the Bishop of Asuncion, so Father Zahm at the earnest request of the parents proceeded with the ceremony. They were good people; and, although they wished liberty to think exactly as they individually pleased, they also wished to be connected and to have their children con-



*From a photograph by Fiala.*

Corumbá family *not* in their Sunday clothes.



nected with some church, by preference the church of the majority of their people. A very short experience of communities where there is no church ought to convince the most heterodox of the absolute need of a church. I earnestly wish that there could be such an increase in the personnel and equipment of the Catholic Church in South America as to permit the establishment of one good and earnest priest in every village or little community in the far interior. Nor is there any inconsistency between this wish and the further wish that there could be a marked extension and development of the native Protestant churches, such as I saw established here and there in Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina, and of the Y. M. C. Associations. The bulk of these good people who prefer religion will continue to be Catholics, but the spiritual needs of a more or less considerable majority will best be met by the establishment of Protestant churches, or in places even of a Positivist Church or Ethical Culture Society. Not only is the establishment of such churches a good thing for the body politic as a whole, but a good thing for the Catholic Church itself; for their presence is a constant spur to activity and clean and honorable conduct, and a constant reflection on sloth and moral laxity. The government in each of these commonwealths is doing everything possible to further the cause of education, and the tendency is to treat education as peculiarly a function of government and to make it, where the government acts, non-sectarian, obligatory, and free—a cardinal doctrine of our own great democracy, to which we are

committed by every principle of sound Americanism. But no democracy can afford to overlook the vital importance of the ethical and spiritual, the truly religious, element in life; and in practice the average good man grows clearly to understand this, and to express the need in concrete form by saying that no community can make much headway if it does not contain both a church and a school.

We took breakfast—the eleven-o'clock Brazilian breakfast—on Colonel Rondon's boat. Caymans were becoming more plentiful. The ugly brutes lay on the sand-flats and mud-banks like logs, always with the head raised, sometimes with the jaws open. They are sometimes dangerous to man and to his domestic animals, and are always destructive to fish; and it is good to shoot them; I killed half a dozen, and missed nearly as many more—a throbbing boat does not improve one's aim. We passed forests of palms that extended



*From a photograph by Fuala.*

Cactus-tree.

for leagues, and vast marshy meadows, where storks, herons, and ibis were gathered, with flocks of cormorants and darters on the sand-bars, and stilts, skimmers, and clouds of beautiful swaying terns in the foreground. About noon we passed the highest point which the old Spanish conquistadores and explorers, Irala and Ayolas, had reached in the course of their marvellous journeys in the first half of the sixteenth century—at a time when there was not a settlement in what is now the United States, and when not a single English sea captain had ventured so much as to cross the Atlantic.

By the following day the country on the east bank had become a vast marshy



plain dotted here and there by tree-clad patches of higher land. The morning was rainy; a contrast to the fine weather we had hitherto encountered. We passed wood-yards and cattle-ranches. At one of the latter the owner, an Argentine of Irish parentage, who still spoke English with the accent of the land of his parents' nativity, remarked that this was the first time the American flag had been seen on the upper Paraguay; for our gunboat carried it at the mast-head. Early in the afternoon, having reached the part where both banks of the river were Brazilian territory, we came to the old colonial Portuguese fort of Coimbra. It stands where two steep hills rise, one on either side of the river, and it guards the water-gorge between them. It was captured by the Paraguayans in the war. Some modern guns have been mounted, and there is a garrison of Brazilian troops. The white fort is perched on the hillside, where it clings and rises, terrace above terrace, with bastion and parapet and crenellated wall. At the foot of the hill, on the riverine plain, stretches the old-time village with its roofs of palm. In the village dwell several hundred souls, almost entirely the officers and soldiers and their families. There is one long street. The one-story, daub-and-wattle houses have low eaves and steep sloping roofs of palm-leaves or of split palm-trunks. Under one or two old but small trees there are rude benches; and for a part of the length of the street there is a rough stone sidewalk. A little graveyard, some of the tombs very old, stands at one end. As we passed down the street the wives and the swarming children of the garrison were at the doors and windows; there were women

and girls with skins as fair as any in the northland, and others that were predominantly negro. Most were of intervening shades. All this was paralleled among the men; and the fusion of the colors was going on steadily.

Around the village black vultures were gathered. Not long before reaching it we passed some rounded green trees, their

tops covered with the showy wood-ibis; at the same time we saw behind them, farther inland, other trees crowded with the more delicate forms of the shining white egrets.

The river now widened so that in places it looked like a long lake; it wound in every direction through the endless marshy plain, whose surface was broken here and there by low mountains. The splendor of the sunset I never saw surpassed. We were steaming east toward clouds of storms. The river ran, a broad highway of molten gold, into the flaming sky;

the far-off mountains loomed purple across the marshes; belts of rich green, the river-banks stood out on either side against the rose-hues of the rippling water; in front, as we forged steadily onward, hung the tropic night, dim and vast.

On December 15 we reached Corumbá. For three or four miles before it is reached the west bank, on which it stands, becomes high rocky ground, falling away into cliffs. The country roundabout was evidently well peopled. We saw gauchos, cattle-herders—the equivalent of our own cowboys—riding along the bank. Women were washing clothes, and their naked children bathing, on the shore; we were told that caymans and piranhas rarely ventured near a place where so much was going on, and that accidents generally



*From photographs by Fiala.*

Brazilian babies bathing.



occurred in ponds or lonely stretches of the river. Several steamers came out to meet us, and accompanied us for a dozen miles, with bands playing and the passengers cheering, just as if we were nearing some town on the Hudson.

Corumbá is on a steep hillside, with wide, roughly paved streets, some of them lined with the beautiful trees that bear scarlet flowers, and with well-built houses, most of them of one story, some of two or three stories. We were greeted with a reception by the municipal council, and were given a state dinner. The hotel, kept by an Italian, was as comfortable as possible—stone floors, big windows and doors, a cool, open courtyard, and a shower-bath. Of course Corumbá is still a frontier town. The vehicles are ox-

carts and mule-carts; and we saw men riding oxen. The water comes from a big central well; around it the water-carts gather, and their contents are then peddled around at the different houses. The families showed the mixture of races characteristic of Brazil; one, after the children had been photographed in their ordinary costume, begged that we return and take them in their Sunday clothes, which was accordingly done. In a year the railway from Rio will reach Corumbá; and then this city, and the country roundabout, will see a great development.

At this point we rejoined the rest of the party, and very glad we were to see them. Cherrie and Miller had already collected some eight hundred specimens of mammals and birds.

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## RETURN

By David Morton

How could you ever think that I would sleep  
There in that narrow place, or silence keep?

I am the rain that sings to you by night,  
When you lie wakeful, hurt with lost delight.

I am that song whose fragile failing wing  
Comes ever near, and yet you cannot sing.

I am that star you gaze on and call fair;  
(Felt you no slender fingers in your hair?)

But more than these, O more, I am the grass  
That gladdens at your coming when you pass

These ways along, so grieving and so dear,  
Where they had laid me now this many a year.

How could you ever think that I would sleep  
There in that narrow place, or silence keep?

# ON THE MAT

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

I



It was afternoon in a small oasis-village of the Zibans. I was seated on a straw mat in a little garden-space just outside the café, and dreamily regarding the intense blue sky through the vine leaves trellised overhead, which flecked me with their shadows. An old Arab was praying just in front. Two groups, one on each side of me, were placidly seated on clean yellow mats—young men, whose dark, sad faces, thin-featured and large-eyed, contrasted with their white robes. They were smoking kif—a translucence of gold in their clear bronze skin, a languor of light in their immobile gaze, content. The garden made off before me, topped with palmy distance; the silent street, to one side, was out of sight, as if it were not. It was a place of peace. I had finished my coffee and dates. I filled my brier-wood. The May heat was great, intense; and I settled myself to a long smoke, and fell into revery and recollection.

How simple it all was! That praying Arab—what an immediacy with God! What a nonchalance in the dreamy pleasures of those delicate-featured youths! What a disburdenment was here! I had only to lift my index-finger to heaven dying, to be one of the faithful; and the fact was symbolic, exemplary, of the simplicity of Islam. It makes the minimum demand on the intellect, on the whole nature of man. I had but lately placed the faith in its true perspective, historically. Mohammedanism, the Ishmael of religions, was the elder brother of Protestantism, notwithstanding profound differences of racial temperament between them. The Occidental mind is absorbent, conservative, antiseptic. It is not content, like the Mohammedan, to let things lie where they fall, disintegrate, crumble, and sink into oblivion. Western education fills the mind with the tangle-foot of

the past. Catholicism was of this racial strain. It had a genius for absorption. It was the melting-pot of the religious past, and what resulted after centuries was an amalgam, rich in dogma, ritual, and institution, full of inheritance. The Reformation was an attempt to simplify religion and disburden the soul of this inheritance in so far as it contained obsolete, harmful, or inessential elements; many things, such as saint-worship, art, celibacy, were excised. Mohammedanism, ages before and somewhat differently placed, initiating rather than reforming a faith, was an effort of the desert soul to adapt to itself by instinct the Semitic tradition of God that had grown up in it, and to simplify what was received from its neighbors. The founder of Islam was more absolute and radical in exclusion than the reformers in elimination. Islam had a genius for rejection. Mohammed, with the profound monotheistic instinct that was racial in him, affirmed the unity of God with such grandeur and decision that there was no room in the system for that metaphysical scrutiny of the divine nature in which Catholic theology found so great a career; on the other hand, with his positive sense of human reality, which was also racial, he shut out asceticism, in which Catholic conscience worked out its illustrious monastic future. He had achieved a reconciliation between religion and human nature in the sphere of conduct, and he had silenced controversial dogma in its principal field in the sphere of theology.

A creed so single and elementary had no need of a priesthood to preserve and expound it. There was no room for a clergy here, and there was none. The reformers lessened but did not end the priest; Islam suppressed him; yet there remained much analogy between Mohammedanism and Protestantism in the field of religious phenomena in which the priest is embryonic. Protestantism is the best example in human affairs of the actual



working of anarchy; and, in proportion as its sects recede from the authority and organization of the Catholic Church, it presents in an increasing degree, in its individuality of private judgment and freedom of religious impulse, the anarchic ideal of personal life. Islam offers in practice a similar anarchy. I was struck from the beginning with an odd resemblance to my native New England in this regard. It, too, has been a marabout-breeding country, with its old revivals, transcendentalists, new-lights, Holy Ghosts, and vendors of Christian Science. Emerson was a great marabout. The Mormons, who went to Utah and made a paradise in the desert, were not so very different from the Mzabites who planted an oasis-Eden in the Saharan waste. The communities that from time to time have sprung up and died away, or dragged on an unnoticed life in country districts, are analogous, at least, to the *zaouias* scattered through this world of mountain and sand. In many ways my first contacts with the faith were sympathetic. The faith that had no need of an intellectual subsidy, that placed no interdict on human nature, that interposed no middle-men between the soul and God, woke intelligible responses in my agnostic, pagan, and Puritan instincts; here, too, was great freedom for the religious impulse, and toleration of its career; and I saw with novel interest in operation before my eyes the religious instinct of man, simple in idea, direct in practice, free in manifestation, and on the scale of a race. It was the desert-soul that was primarily interesting to me—its environment, its comprehension of that, its responses thereto; and, examining it thus, its religion seemed a thing *intime* and scarcely separable from its natural instincts and notions.

What is it that is borne in on the desert-soul, when it wakes in the great silence, the luminosity, the boundless surge of the sands against the sky? Immensity—the feeling of the infinite—nature taking on the cosmic forms of God. The desert is simple. It has few features, but they are all elements of grandeur. It is the mood of the Psalms. Awe is inbred in the desert-dweller. There is, too, a harmony between these few elements in their superb singleness and his lowly mind; not

much is required of him, and that little is written large for his understanding; he takes things in wholes. His mind is primary, intuitive, not analytical; he does not multiply thought, he beholds; and this vision of the world he lives in, a wonderfully grand and simple world, suffices for a religious intuition as native to him as the palm to the water-source. The palm is a monotheistic tree. Monotheism belongs to the desert. The faith of the desert is a theism of pure nature, unenriched by any theism of humanity, of the human heart in its self-deification; it is a spiritualization of pure nature-worship, whereas Christianity, at least under some aspects, is the grafting of a human ideal on an old cosmogony. The God of the desert is an out-of-doors god, like the Great Spirit of the Indians, who had no temples. No mosque can hold him; there is no altar there, no image. He cannot be cloistered; he has no house, no shrine, where one can repair, and abide for a time, and come away, and perhaps leave religion behind in a place of its own. He is in the desert air; and the desert-dweller, girt with that immensity, wherever his eye falls can commune with him; five times daily he bows down in prayer to him and has the intimate sense of his being; he does not think about him—he believes.

The desert cradles, nurses, deepens, colors, and confirms this belief. It is a land of monotony, full of solitude and silence. The impression it thus made upon me was profound, and amounted to an annihilation of the past. The freshness of the wilderness, as the discoverer feels it, lay there; it abolished what was left behind; the old world had rolled down the other side of the mountains. Life in its turmoil and news, its physical clamor and mental clatter, life the distraction, had ceased. It was not that silence had fallen upon it; but the soul had gone out from it and returned to the silence of nature. There is no speech in that rosy ring of mountain walls, in the implacable gold of the sands undulating away to the blue ends of earth, in the immutable sky; they simply are. In the passage of the winds there is stillness. It is not that there are no sounds. The hush is of the soul. Monotonous? Yes. That is its charm. Monotony belongs to the simple soul; and



what is monotone to the eyes of the desert-dweller is monotone in the ideas and emotions of his psychology. Repetition belongs to Islam; its words and rites, its music and dances are stereotyped, something completely intelligible, identically recurrent, like tales that please children—the same stories in the same words. Prayer and posture, formula and rhythm, endlessly renewing the same idea and the same sensation—they imprint, they intensify; desert-moulds, they help the soul to retain its conscious form. The larger mind that discriminates, analyzes, and explores, may tire of this; but it also finds in such a solitude, full of silence and monotony, a place where the soul collects itself, integrates, and has more profoundly the sense of its own being.

The desert is not only the generator and fosterer of the desert-soul, in its spiritual attitude, its practices and processes, by the larger and universal elements in the environment, but in more detailed ways it provides the atmosphere of life. It is strangely sympathetic with the dweller upon its sands. He is a nomad; and the desert is itself nomadic. The landscape is a shifting world. The dunes travel. The scene dissolves and rebuilds. The sand-hills lift a sculptured mountain edge upon the blue, swells like the bosom of a wave, precipices and hollows like mountain defiles, outlooks, and hiding-places in the valleys, and the surface shall be finely mottled and delicately printed and patterned with lace-work as far as the eye can see. The wind erases it in a night, hollows the hills and fills the hollows; it is gone. The oases disappear; they are like islands sinking in the sea of driving sands; you see their half-sunken trees like ruins buried beneath the wave, still visible in the depths. The face of the land is ephemeral; to leave the route is to be lost. And after the wind, the light begins its play. The lakes of salt and saltpetre, the lifeless lands, the irremediable waste—ruins of some more ancient and primordial desolation, the region cursed before its time with planetary death—change, glitter, disclose placid reaches of palm-fringed water, island-paradises, mirage beyond mirage in the far-reaching enchantment, strips of fertility like lagoons on the mineral mud as when one sees a valley-land

through clouds. The heat gives witchcraft to the air; size and distance are transformed; what is small seems gigantic, what is far seems beside you; a flock of goats is a cavalcade, a bush is a strange monster. To the nomad in those moving sands, in that air of illusion and vision, in those imprecise horizons, the solid earth might seem the stuff that dreams are made on. The desert is a paradox; immutable, it presents the spectacle of continuous change.

Nowhere is the transitory so suggested, set forth, and embodied. Here is the complete type of human existence, permeated with impermanence, the illusory, and oblivion, yet immutable; the generations are erased, but humanity abides with the same general aspects. The land is a type, too, of the desert past—its tribes globing into hosts and dispersed, its dynasties that crumble and leave not a ruin behind, its inconsecutiveness in history, wars like sand-storms, peace without fruition. It is on this life, and issuing from its mortal senses, that there falls the impalpable melancholy and intimate sadness of the desert. The formlessness of the vague envelops all there; it is the path of the unfinished, the illimitable; it is the bosom of the infinite where life is a momentary foam. Mystery is continuous there, a perpetual presence. Its human counterpart, its image in the soul, is *la rêve*, the dream, revery, as changeful, as illusory, that takes no root, fades, and vanishes. It is not a merely contemplative sadness; it is a physical melancholy. The oases are full of fever, of the incredible languors of the heat—breath is a weight upon the lungs, blood is weariness in the veins, life is an oppression and an exhaustion. It revives, but it remembers. There is a swift spring-time of life, a resilience, a jet, of the eternal force, and age comes like night with a stride. Death is the striking of the tent. It is quickly over. You shall see four men passing rapidly with the bier, a wide frame on which the body lies, wrapped in white; in the barren place of the dead they dig with haste a shallow hollow in the sand; they stand a moment in the last prayer; they have covered the grave swiftly and stuck three palm twigs in the loose sand, and are gone. A change of day and night, of winter and summer,



of birth and death, and at the centre the wind-blown desert and the frail nomad tent; and then, three palm twigs in the nameless sand.

The desert gives new values to life. It is a rejuvenation of the senses, a perpetual renaissance. The fewness of objects and their isolation on the great scene increase their worth to the eye, and in the simple life all trifles gain in meaning through receiving more attention; the pure and bracing air invigorates the whole body in all its functions, and the light is, in particular, a stimulant to the eye. The intensification of the pleasures of the senses is due also to the austerities and hardships of life in the waste and the change from suffering to ease. To the nomad, after the rigors of the sands, heat and thirst and glare, all vegetation has the freshness of spring-time; the oasis, welcoming his eyes, is, in truth, an opening paradise. The toiling caravan, the French column, know what it means. The long, black-green lines of the oasis over the sands are like the breaking of light in the east; the sound of running water is a music that reverberates in all their nerves; fruits hanging in cool shadows, flowers, groves—it is *la vie*, the great miracle, again dreaming the beautiful dream in the void. After the hamada, the desert route, it is paradise. It is impossible to conceive of the sensual intensity of this delight, of its merely bodily effervescence. The Arabs are a sensual race, and the desert has double-charged their joys with health and hardship; their poverty of thought is partly recompensed by fulness of sensation. The oases are not gardens in the European sense; they are rude and arid groves and orchards and fields, with a roughness of untamed nature in the aspect of the soil; and the desert everywhere is savage in look, with the uncared-for reality, the nakedness, and the wild glory of primeval things. Yet I have never known habitually such delicacy and poignancy of sensation. The wind does not merely blow, it caresses; the landscape does not smile, it mirrors and gives back delight; odors and flavors are penetrating; warmth and moisture bathe and cool; there is something intimate in the touch of life. There is a universal caress in nature, a drawing near—something soothing, lulling, cadenced—

felt in the blood and along the nerves, a *volupté* diffused and physical; for there is a flower of the senses, as there is a flower of the mind, as refined in its exhalation, in the peace of vague horizons, in wafted fragrances of the night, in luminosities of the atmosphere, in floating vapors of morning, in the dry bed of the *oued* under the moon, in the pomegranate blossom, in the plume of the date-palm flower, in all evanescence, the companionship of some little thing of charm, the passing of a singing voice. The desert is rich in those mysteries of sensation that remain in their own realm of touch and eye and ear, revery and dream. It is a garden of the senses; and the wild flavor of the garden gives a strange poignancy to its delights.

This sensuality prolongs its life in the higher faculties; it penetrates and impregnates the mental consciousness; memory and imagination are strongly physical; the soul-life itself is deeply sensuous. It is, in this primitive psychology, as if one should see the coral insects building up beneath the wave the reef that should emerge on a clear-skied world. The desert music reveals this most clearly. Sensation, as has been often said, enters into the arts in varying degrees. Literature is the most disembodied of the arts; its images are most purely mental and free from physical incarnation; then, in order, painting, sculpture, music include greater actuality of sensation by virtue of which æsthetic pleasure, as it arises from them, is more deeply drenched in physical reality. The senses are preliminary to the intellect; that is why the arts precede the sciences in human evolution. The desert-dweller has no sciences, and his only art is music, which itself is in a primitive stage, being still characteristically joined with the dance in its original prehistoric union. The Arabs sit, banked on their benches, apathetic, gazing, listening, while the monotonous rhythm of the dance and the instruments rises, sways, and terminates, and begins again interminably. What is their state? It is an obsession, more or less profound, of memory and imagination, retrospective or prospective experience, felt with physical vagueness, defined, vivified, and made momentarily present by the swaying dancer in the emo-



tional nimbus of the music. It is the audience at only one remove from participation in the dance, contemplative but still physically reminiscent of it. The dances are of two general types: that of the negroes, a physical hysteria, full of violent gesture, leaping, and loud cries, the barbaric paroxysm; the other that of Arab origin, a voluptuous cadencing to a monotonously responsive accompaniment. The desert-dweller is a realist; his emotions, his desires have not transcended the facts of life; his poetry, so far as it exists, and there is a considerable amount of it, is one of simple and positive images. Mysticism, in the intellectual sense, the transformation of the senses into the spirit, does not exist for him; not nearer than Persia is the mystic path which leads to the ecstasy of the soul's union with the divine, of the Bride with the Bridegroom; the desert knows nothing of that Aryan dream. Sensation remains here in its own realm; and its summary artistic form is music, itself so physically penetrating in its method and appeal. The music of the desert is to me very attractive; it engages me with its simple and direct cling; snatches of carolled song, the humble notes of its flutes, the insistence of its instruments fascinate and excite me. It is the music of the senses.

The sensuality of the Arabs also found other climaxes, in love and war. It is the intensity of their passion and of their fighting which has charged their history, as a race, with its greatest brilliancy; and at their points of highest achievement a luxurious temperament has characterized them, which has made an Arabian dream the synonym for all strange and soft delights. The desert in its degree has this *mollesse*, physical languors, exhaustion; its home is in the oasis-villages. The true nomad contemns the oasis-dwellers as a softened, debilitated, and corrupt race; the life of the nomad is purer, harder, manlier; he is the master; the oasis pays him tribute. The life of the senses, however, in either form, passes away; vitality ebbs the more swiftly because of its rapid and intense play; pallor falls on the sensations, they fade, and joy is gone. Melancholy from its deepest source supervenes; in the desert—age in its abandonment, decay, and poverty; in the oasis—life somnolent,

effeminate, drugged. The wheel comes full circle in the end for all. Meanwhile the vision of life is whole, and goes ever on. Youth is always there in its beauty and freshness. There is always love and fighting. Nature does not lose her universal caress. The desert-soul still adores the only God in his singleness. There is great freedom. The route calls. It is human life, brave, picturesque, mysterious—beset by the sands, but before it always the infinite.

Yet, fascinated though I was, I was aware of some detachment. Sweet was the renaissance of the senses—what brilliancy and joy in their play—merely to look, to breathe, to be! To have come into one of the titanic solitudes of nature, comparable only to ocean wastes and amplitudes of the sky, and to dwell there, far from the mechanic chaos, the unbridled egotism, the competitive din—what a recovery of the soul was there, of human dignity, of true being! and to find there a race still in a primitive simplicity, unburdened by thought, not at warfare with its mortal nature, the two poles of the spirit and the body married in one sphere; and to feel the rude shepherding of nature round their nomad lives, inured to hardship, but swiftly responsive with almost animal vitality to her rare kindlier moods and touches—it was a discovery of the early world, of ancestral primeval ways. It was a refreshment, a disburdenment, an enfranchisement; and it was a holiday delight. Yet over these simplicities, austerities, and wild flavors there still hung a moral distance, something Theocritean, the mood of the city-dweller before pastoral charm. To sit in the café in the throng of Arabs with the coffee and the dance, to muse and dream on the mat alone, to lie apart in the garden and be content—it was a real participation; but in the background behind, in the shadow of my heart, was the old European though eluded. This life had the quality of escapade—to see things lying crumbled and fallen with none to care, to be free of the eternal salvage of dead shells of life and thought—a world so little encumbered with the heritage of civilization! How many years had I spent, as it were, in a museum of things artificially preserved in books, like jars—in the laboratory of the intellectual



charnel-house! The scholar, accumulating the endless history of human error, has no time to serve truth by advancing it in his own age; he lives so much with what was that he cannot himself be; his inheritance eats him up. The crown of Western culture is apt to be an encyclopædia. There was no library in the desert. And religion—how much of it comes to us moderns in a dead form! Surely religion is a revelation of the soul, not to it. This is a doctrine of immanence. If God be not immanent in the soul, man can have no knowledge of the divine. Religion is an aura of the soul, a materialization of spiritual consciousness, varying in intensity of light and tones of color from race to race, from age to age, and, indeed, from man to man; it is the soul's consciousness made visible. It is not to me interesting as scientific truth is, a thing of worth in the realm of the abstract, but rather as artistic truth is, a vital expression, something lived. What a reality it had here in the desert-soul—its effluence, almost its substance, giving back the spiritual image of nature in humanity, a condensation of the vast spaces, the vague horizons, the monotony, the mortal burden, in a prayer! It is a new baptism into nature, if not unto God, only to see this aura of the soul in the desert. The scene in all its phases—landscape and men—was to me an evocation of the long ago. But the soul does not return upon its track. The simple life is only for the simple soul. The soul of the old European is not simple. Yet if the leopard could change his spots, if one could lay off the burden of thought, lay staff and scrip aside, and end the eternal quest, nowhere else could he better make the great refusal and set up an abiding-place as in this nomad world. Its last word is resignation; peace is its last desire.

The desert world is a dying world. That is the sadly shadowing, slowly mounting, fatally overwhelming impression that grows on the mind and fills it. Death is the aspect of the scene; sterility, blankness, indifference to life. Inhospitability is its universal trait and feature. It is as hostile to animal and vegetable as to human life—its skeleton lakes without fishes, its drifting valleys without birds, its steppes without roving herds.

Its oases are provisioned with water and bastioned with ramparts against the eternal siege of the sands; to preserve them is like holding Holland against the sea. The mere presence of man, too—what is human—shares in this aspect of death. I have mentioned the cemeteries, mere plots of extinction, anonymous, without dates, leaving nothing of degradation to be added to the sense of hopelessness, futility, and oblivion. The dwelling-places of the living are hardly more raised above the soil or distinguishable from the earth they crumble into—typically seen in those *ksour* of the south, cracked, with gap and rift, dissolving in ageless decay and abandonment, mere heaps over the underground darkness of passages and cells—or here embosomed in a great silence, full of solitude and secrecy, the life of the palm-garden, of the great heats, of the frigid nights; always and everywhere with the sense of an immense desolation, denudation, and deprivation. The life of the tent is one of sunshine and vitality by comparison; humble and rugged, it has no decadence in its look; in the villages the decadence seems almost of the soil itself. One goes out into the desert to escape the oppression of this universal mortal decay; and there is no life there, only a passage of life, of which the skeleton of the camel in the sands is the epitaph.

A dying world, and a race submissive to its fate. In that nomad world, where everything is passing away, there is nothing fixed but the will of Allah. It is not strange to find fatality the last word of Islam. In the desert world the will of nature appears with extreme nakedness; the fortune of man is brief, scant, and unstable; the struggle is against infinite odds, a meagre subsistence is gained, if at all; and the blow of adversity is sudden and decisive. Patience everywhere is the virtue of the poor, resignation the best philosophy of the unfortunate, and defeat, as well as victory, and perhaps more often, brings peace. These are great words of Islam, and nowhere have they sunk deeper into life than in the desert-soul. They are all forms of that fatality which the desert seems almost to embody in nature, to exercise in the lives of its children, and to implant in their bosoms as the funda-



mental fact of being. Fatality is in the outer aspect of things and exhales from the inward course of life; melancholy, impotence, immobility accumulate with the passage of years; effortless waiting, indolence, prayer, contemplation—these are the shadows in which is the end. This mood of the despair of life has nowhere more lulling cadences of death. The desert is a magnificent setting for the scene—its strong coloring, its vast expanses, its unfathomable silences; its desolate grandeurs, its sublime austerities, its wild glory—godlike indifference to mankind; its salt chotts, immense as river valleys, tufts of the sand-sunken palms—premonitions of the disappearance of life from the earth, the final extinction of that vital spark which was the wildfire of the planet, the thin frost-work on the flaking rock, the little momentary breath of love and war and prayer. Here life takes on its true proportions at the end—all life; it is an incident, a little thing in the great scene. A dying world, a dying race, a dying civilization, truly; but the old European, the wise pessimist in the shadow, has seen much death; to him it is but another notch on the stick. To me, personally near to it and fascinated in my senses still, it is *très humain*, exciting, engaging; and the melancholy that penetrates it ever more deeply and mysteriously does not interfere with its charm, its blend of delicacy and hardiness, of spirit and sense, of freedom and fate. I have a touch of the heart of the desert-born. "If love of country should perish from the earth," said my soldier poet, "it would be found again in the heart of the Bedouin." No race is more attached to the soil, or so consumed with homesickness for it. The Bedouin loves the desert.

## II

A STRANGE thing to me was the absence of any political state. There has never been a political state, properly speaking, in the desert. Such was the parcelling of the communities, so elementary the governmental form, so feeble the impulse of political aggregation and cohesion, that the general condition might seem to be an anarchy. In the Kabyle villages of the mountains and among the Mزابites of the

Sahara the assemblies of the elders with the election and change of headmen present an aspect of such primitive simplicity and independence that they might be thought freemen's institutions of an ideal purity; on the other hand the absence of any political centres of concentration forbade the formation of a nation. The recognition of the tribal blood-tie conserved groups, smaller or larger, with a greater or less sense of unity; but feud was the natural condition of these units, extending to the smallest and even into families, and in the larger world political history found only hordes hastily massing for temporary ends and dissolving in a night, or empires of facile conquest and loose tributary bonds, of the nature of a primacy rather than a sovereignty, and without long continuity of life. Public order, with its correlatives, security and peace, was little realized, and, however ideal local institutions might seem within the group, it was, viewed largely, a barbaric world.

A very pure democracy in its primitive form prevailed. All men were equal before Allah, and the condition of equality generally obtained also between man and man. Inequality belongs to civilization; the absence of that, and especially the lack of security for wealth and its inheritance, of an official class of state functionaries and a clerical hierarchy, and preeminently the lack of knowledge, removed main sources of that differentiation which has stratified modern society. There was a noblesse of the sword and also of religion, grounded originally on descent from Mohammed or more generally and powerfully here in the west from some marabout, but neither class was really separated from the people. The only effective source of inequality was *virtù*—real ability. Tradition made it the glory of the Arab noble to dissipate his patrimony in gifts to his friends, and to rely on the booty of his own hand for himself. Ignorance, besides, is a great leveller, and poverty is the best friend of fraternity; liberty was native to the soil. It was a society where all men had substantially the same ideas, customs, and desires, thought and acted, lived, in the same way. It was a natural democracy, and inbred; and to-day this trait is one of the most striking and refreshing that a sojourn among its people



brings to notice, for it is a real democracy, unconscious of itself, vital, and admirable in its human results.

Race-consciousness found historic expression only in the religious field. The spots where the faith first began on the soil, the tombs of great leaders in the conquest, such as that of Sidi Okba in the oasis not far away, the white domes of the marabouts sown like village spires through all this land, were places of sacred memory, centres of race-consciousness, and here took the function of integrating the common soul of the race, as, in other civilizations, political memorials of great public events and famous men develop national consciousness. In the desert patriotism and faith are one emotion. The ideal Mohammedan state is a pure theocracy, in which the political and spiritual powers are one and inseparable; where this condition prevails is the *dar el Islam*, the land of Islam, the soil of the true faith; elsewhere, wherever the union is imperfect or the faith must concede to the infidel, is the *dar el harb*, or, as we should say, missionary countries. Neither Turkey nor Egypt is *dar el Islam*; its narrow, though still vast, realm is the Libyan sands, where it still refuges its people. It is an arresting sight when religion goes into the desert to be with God; the Pilgrims of the *Mayflower's* wake, the Mormons of the sunflower trail fill the imagination with their willingness to give up all, to go forth and plant a new state sacred to their idea. It is always an heroic act. Such a coming out from among the world, such a going forth into the inhospitable waste has been characteristic of desert history. Solitude is the natural home of orthodoxy, of the fanatic sect and the purist. Mohammedanism in its primary stage was a particular religion of a desert people; in its secondary stage, as a conquering faith, it had to develop its capacity for internationalism, its powers of adaptation to other breeds and of absorption of foreign moods and sentiments, its fitness to become a world religion; in itself also there was necessarily the play of human nature involving, as time went on, a variation into sects, heresies, innovations; thus, for example, it absorbed mysticism from the extreme East and whitened the West with

the worship of saints. The faith was purer and more rigid in the desert, generally speaking, and was there more primitively marked; there it was safest from contaminating contacts; and there also Western civilization, closing round and penetrating its realm, finds the most fanatic and obdurate resistance.

Race-resistance to the invasion of the modern world, naturally following the lines of race-consciousness, notwithstanding the aid it received in the beginning of the struggle from the old feudality of the desert, had its stronghold in religion and its organization; and, specifically, it found its practical rallying-points and strongest alignment in the confraternities, or secret orders, with their *zaouias*, analogous to mediæval abbeys and monasteries, which had so great a development in North Africa in the last century—some more enlightened in leadership and capable of assimilating Western benefits in some degree, others stupidly impervious to the new influences and events. These brotherhoods, whose nomadic agents under the guise of every humble employment course the land with great thoroughness, are ideal organizations for agitation, collecting and disseminating news, preparing insurrection, fomenting and perpetuating discontent and secret hope; it is they and their machinations that are back of the Holy War, as a race idea. They are all hearths of the faith; but some, such as the Tidjaniya, recognizing both the fact of French power and the reality of the benefits it confers, are committed to political submission and peace; others are less placable, and nurse eternal hate of the infidel, with a credulous hope of expelling him from the land; and one, the most irreconcilable and the most powerful, is an active foe. This fraternity is the Snoussiya, having its seat at Djarbout, in the Libyan desert, where it has constituted a veritable empire of the sands, a pure Mohammedan state; it has divided with the neighboring empire of the Mahdi, and with that of the Sultan of Morocco, the proud title of *dar el Islam*. Sidi Snoussi, the founder, was a humble *taleb* of Medjaher, in the province of Oran. He preached the exodus, and led the recalcitrant and irreconcilable into the Cyrenaica, and there by virtue of his natural



larger sphere which existed for religion in the old days no longer exists. The hermit is a holy man largely because he has nothing else to do except to be holy; and religion fills the world of Islam partly, at least, because of the absence of other elements in that primitive monotonous life. The modern world has brought with it into the desert a great variety of novel interests, a diversified life, stimulating curiosity and attention and often absorbing practical participation in the new movement on the part of the people in trade, enterprise, amusement, information, news. It appears to be agreed that in the parts of longest occupancy by the French there has been a relaxation of religious practice and a softening of fanatic hatred, concurrently with a corruption of morals and degeneracy of racial vigor where European contact has been most close.

The final question is of the issue. The population has greatly increased under French rule. The development of the country in a material way goes on apace. The colonial empire of France in Africa has a great commercial future. Will the native people in this new economic civilization be able to hold fast, and secure for its own at least a share of the products of this great movement, or will they be merely a servile race in the service of French proprietors and over-lords, or in a condition of economic serfage to vast accumulations of capital, analogous to that of industrial workers in our capitalistic society? Will the moral decay, incident to the change of civilizations, eat them up and destroy them, as has been the luck of half-barbaric peoples elsewhere in their contact with the modern world? In a word, is the Berber people, for that race is here the general stock and stamina, capable of assimilating this civilization and profiting by it? These are questions of a far future. Meanwhile the best opinion is sharply divided upon them. Historically, the Berber race has shown assimilative power racially by its absorption of the foreign bloods that have crossed it from the earliest days: the northern barbarians, the Arabs of the great invasion, the negroes of the south have all mingled with it freely; it has also shown power to take the impress of foreign institutions from Roman and Christian days to the

time of its Islamization. Its resistant power, its vitality as a race, is scarcely less noticeable. There are some who look to see real assimilation, even to the extent of a miscegenation of the various strains of foreign blood; there are others who expect at most only a hegemony of civilization over a permanently inferior people; and there are still others who hope for a true assimilation of material civilization, with its blessings of science and order, but see an impassable abyss between the old European and the soul of the desert, inscrutable, mysterious, alien, which remains immutable in the Berber race.

### III

THE old life of the desert is passing away; the fact is written on the landscape, on the faces of the people, and in their hearts. It was as full of miseries as of grandeurs; and its disappearance is for good. What was admirable in it was the endurance of the human heart in the sterile places, and the mysterious flowering from it, amid this desolation, of a great faith. The death of a religion, no more than the decay of other institutions, should perplex or disturb; all these alike are the work of the soul, and when the soul leaves them they perish; and as in the revolutions the daily life of men goes on, so in the religious changes of organization and dogma the spiritual life of the soul continues. The soul can no more be without religion than the body without life. The sense of the mystery of its own being abides in the soul, in however half-conscious or imperfect forms, implanted in its vital and animating principle, and shares with shaping power in its thoughts, emotions, and will, and exhales the atmosphere in which it realizes its spiritual life: it is here that religion, in the external sense of worship and dogma, has its source. The desert-soul may cast the old life like a garment—faith and all; but under these old skies and in these supreme horizons it cannot change its nature, which is, in a sense, the human form of the desert. The flower of faith will grow here, and blossom in the wild, in the future as in the past, for the desert is a spiritual place; and in this austere and infinite air faith will continue to be a religion of the desert truly, with the least of the corporeal in



its manifestation and idea, with the least of the defined in creed and localized in place; for the spiritual, the universal, the vague are the intuitions and language of the desert; there religion is less a thought than a feeling, less a prayer than a mood.

I closed my meditations in such thoughts as these, instinctively seeking amid so much that was mortal the undying, in the decadent the permanent, in the transitory the eternal.

#### IV

THE stars were coming out in the sky; the coolness of the night was already in

the air. The old Arab had long ago departed; the kif-smoking youth were gone. I was alone under the vine-trellis, with the dark lines of the palm grove before me in the falling night. The proprietor, a mild-faced and gentle-mannered old Arab, came, as I rose to go, with a few pleasant words and gave me a small branch of orange-flowers and a spray of the white flower of the palm. "*C'est le mâle*," he said with a smile. And as I rode home over the silent desert, and crossing the bed of the *oued* looked back on the mountain wall and swept with my gaze the great dark waste under the stars, I found myself repeating his words—"C'est le mâle."

## SOLDIERS OF TIME

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL



ON this morning in May Johann Haff lay listening to the measured footsteps of his soldiers of time in the big front room. No two marched together, but each had a gait of his own; and now he listened anxiously to hear if all were on the move, if any were breaking a gait. The darkness thinned and whitened, the clocks came further and further out of the grayness. After a while there was a terrific commotion on all the brown walls, on the dresser to the right of the street window, on the ancient carved mantel out beyond the foot of the bed. Loud and low, quick and slow, bells and cuckoo whistles and beaten coils of wire proclaimed that another march had been done. It was six o'clock.

"So!" said Johann Haff in a satisfied tone, and got out of bed. Going to the spindle-legged bowl and pitcher stand to the right of the marble mantel, he poured a blue graniteware cup nearly full of water and set it on a wire contrivance above a gas-jet there. Emptying the pitcher into the bowl, he spread a square of red oil-cloth over the faded yellow carpet to protect its dingy white roses, and sponged his

big, bony frame until he glowed pink from his feet to his white head. He took down the heated water from the gas-jet, lathered his face, stropped his razor, and reaching up pulled May 29 from a large, thick calendar hanging on the wall by the side of four pasteboard back-pieces of other calendars that had been emptied of their days. May 30, crossed with red, was staring at him.

For a moment the old German gazed hard at the red-marked day, not breathing, chilled at the heart; then he laid the razor and the sheet of paper on the corner of the mantel and walked slowly over to the window looking out on West 127th Street. The street was beginning to stir with the life of the young morning. Out of the doors of the ancient houses, pioneers of building in Harlem at a time when the old road to the Fort Lee ferry was its principal crosstown thoroughfare, people were hurrying forth to work, a delightful definiteness in their movements. Some certain place to go, some certain thing to do! That appealed to Johann Haff's methodical German soul. And to work! He sighed.

Six years before this May morning he



had had a wife and a business and two hobbies; they had filled his life beautifully. From time out of mind he had been the proprietor of a roomy tobacco store in 125th Street, where there were chairs, and where a considerable number of people could, and often did, gather to smoke and talk. But he had never had any bargain sales, had never offered any prizes, had never given any coupons or certificates. A powerful company had opened a tiny store, costing half the rent of his, next door to him; and it had pushed its trade by every device known to the deep student of the human purse. For two months the tall, black German had sat, raging like a lion, watching his old customers going into the new store; then he had closed his doors. The next year his wife had died.

There had been left to him then only his two hobbies—his collection of clocks, and a sort of vicarious flower-gardening. For years he had been making daily visits to the botanical greenhouses in Central Park. The births and lives and deaths behind their glass walls had come to be matters of passionate interest to him. Yes, he had had his hobbies left, and his pride. Patrick Roche, the Irish undertaker on one side of his old place in 125th Street, had often pressed him to open another store in the same neighborhood, telling him that many of his former customers would be glad to come back to him, that they were longing for a place where they could again stand around and talk. But Johann Haff had indignantly refused; he had kept open his store for two whole months in the face of the newcomer, they had deserted him. So!

After his wife's death he had found that his bank balance was a little over \$5,000. He had moved to Mrs. Sigel's boarding-house, here in 127th Street. Knowing his expenses down to the cent, he had calculated that his money would last him, unless something happened, five years, after taking out a small bequest for Mrs. Sigel, a smaller one for Katie, her huge maid of all work, and also the \$200 to pay Patrick Roche for his last offices. The rest of the money he had divided into five parts. He might die in less than five years; the schedule fixed in his Teutonic mind demanded that he should not live beyond a

certain day in the fifth year, when his capital, except for a possible few remnants, would be gone. He had bought five calendars with numbers a foot high. On the fifth he had marked that last day, lest the sacred schedule be marred by an unthinking lapse of a few days or weeks. Besides, each day's leaf would be good for shaving-paper.

The thought of the shaving-paper made him remember that the lather was now drying on his face as he stood there by the window dreaming over the years. He went back to the white-painted, spindle-legged stand and shaved, and went down to breakfast. Neither Mrs. Sigel nor any of her other five foster children were down, but Katie was there to serve him with her usual affectionate haste. He was glad he had left something for Katie.

After breakfast he climbed back to his room to consider finally his affairs. Sitting down at the bandy-legged writing-desk to the left of the window, he pulled all the papers out of the pigeon-holes and looked them over. Most of them being of no consequence now, he tore them up and threw them into the waste-basket. His will was quite satisfactory. His bank-book showed a balance of something over \$500; that would provide for the bequests to Mrs. Sigel and Katie, and the \$200 for Patrick Roche's charges, with a small margin for trifling expenses, such as a flow of gas for several hours. The schedule demanded that it be by gas.

From time to time he grunted complacently, "So!" He was proud of his achievement in having thus far lived in strict accordance with the schedule, of having kept within his yearly allowances without skimping or bother; and he felt justified in congratulating himself. And his plan, having done so well for so long, must work on smoothly and accurately to the very end, carrying out every detail to its proper close.

Hence, there must be no sniffing of police around the house to worry Mrs. Sigel; he wrote a note, addressed to the coroners, that would make investigation unnecessary. This, with his will and the letter of last instructions to Patrick Roche, he laid out in plain view near the inkstand, closed the desk-cover, and stood up, scratching his head, thinking, like a man making ar-



rangements for a trip, lest he forget something.

He contemplated the gas-jets; there were six of them, four in the chandelier, one on either side of the marble mantel with its carved clusters of agglutinated grapes; six—enough. The footbeats of his soldiers of time rose into his consciousness, and he sent his black eyes around the room after them. Yes, they must be stopped of course, but he would wait until they had reached a natural halting-place.

Sitting down on the bed, he watched them in anguish, as if they were striding steadily on to certain death. Presently the big room was clamoring at the end of the march; it was eight o'clock. Johann Haff got up quickly and laid hold of the pendulum of the giant soldier to the left of the mantel, easing it tenderly to a proper place of rest. He got the impression that the old clock did not like to stand still, and he patted it soothingly.

"Na, na, Vilhelm, ve all stob now," he said coaxingly.

The clocks with pendulums were easy to handle; those without were much more difficult. Several times, having taken down a round one from its hook, and turned the winding key backward until the works ceased to click, and hung it back on the wall, he was startled presently to hear it ticking stubbornly along again. These he conquered by stopping and hanging back so stealthily that there was not the slightest jarring inside. The round-faced baby clock embedded in the block of green marble at the right end of the mantel he brought to a halt a dozen times before he could make it stand still. But one must be patient with babies. Johann Haff smiled indulgently.

After a while his ears heard none of his dear familiar footbeats of time, and the room was very lonely. Well, why not do it now? The old man sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at a warm glow of sunlight stealing around the window jamb. He noticed that where the sun touched the carpet its faded yellow was a rich Roman gold and its monstrous figures were brilliant white roses. Well, why not do it now? He kept his eyes on the white roses.

"Tst!" he said impatiently, standing

up quickly. "Dummkopf! To forged dem bot'!"

It had occurred to him that his schedule called for a special and formal farewell visit to his children of the greenhouses. Also, he must draw out his bank balance, lest Mrs. Sigel and Katie and Roche be put to unnecessary trouble in getting what was coming to them.

Taking down his coat and hat, and seizing his heavy stick, Johann Haff tiptoed to the door, stopping to look back at his soldiers of time, mutely asking their pardons for having ended their march a few hours too soon. Locking the door, he got down-stairs and out of the house as quietly as he could. Squaring back his broad shoulders, he strode along westward toward the subway station, half-whistling under his breath. By noon, at the latest, he reckoned, he would be back home; by night he would have rounded out the accomplishment of a plan that had grown precious and imperial through age. To his Teutonic soul it was gratification merely to contemplate the smooth working out of a schedule to the end. He noticed that he was whistling, but it did not seem incongruous to him. A dynamite charge in an excavation around in 126th Street rocked the houses near him.

Calling at his bank, far down-town, with which he had dealt ever since his arrival in America, Johann Haff saw this placard behind the plate glass of the closed door:

DECORATION DAY  
BANK CLOSED ACCOUNT OF LEGAL  
HOLIDAY

He stood several minutes staring at the placard and beating the end of his stick on the stone step furiously. "Damn deir Decoration Day!" It was interfering with his schedule. Though three checks for Mrs. Sigel and Katie and Patrick Roche would be the same as money, the schedule called for cash. But checks must serve now. He strode stormily eastward, and boarded a Third Avenue elevated train.

Though it was nearly eleven o'clock already, Johann Haff could not resist the temptation of leaving the train at Sixty-seventh Street for a stroll up through the park. He suspected that he could not



walk to the conservatory at 106th Street, and then get home by noon. He felt guilty; he hurried along faster.

Passing up the gray concrete path above the menagerie, he stopped to look at the city's children enjoying their earliest thrilling taste of the saddle on the ponies and donkeys there. A little boy with the fire of adventure in his blue eyes crawled over a saddle and seized a donkey's gigantic ear to get the feel of it, and did so feel it before the attendant and the terrified nurse captured him. Johann Haff laughed with him in joyous comradeship.

"Tst!" he exclaimed at himself between his teeth. He was wasting time. He hit his leg with his stick, and hastened on.

They say the city man never sees the sky. Johann Haff saw it this day. It was soft and blue and cool. From time to time he lifted his eyes and gazed up at it; after a while he sat determinedly down on a bench, propped his head against the back of it, and gave himself wholly up to the sky. Out of the west came a regiment of clouds, out of the east came two; a low roll of thunder was booming in the south; the regiments came together.

"So! Moltke knew de French would mage dad move. Id iss all over now."

He laughed in pride. His black eyes lit up, his wrinkled face played above his emotions, as in the blue plains up there he traced the battles of the Franco-Prussian War that he had been in, the big guns growling louder in the distant south. There was a rattling through the leaves, like musketry fire in a wood; a bullet of rain smashed against his cheek and ran down into his gray mustache; he leaped up, stiff, on guard, ferocious. Instantly his muscles slackened, a smile flashed across his brown face, he moved on slowly.

His schedule began calling to him sternly; he swung forward faster, keeping as much under the protecting trees as he could, shaking his head at himself sadly, as a very solid old person to a very flighty young scamp.

As the rain bullets tore through the leaves, the suggestion crept into his mind that gas was an ignominious weapon for a man, a soldier, to use upon himself; he had a pistol at home. He thought of that a good while before he caught himself considering another violation of the sacred

schedule. Besides, gas was so silent and dry and clean; there was Mrs. Sigel and Katie to think of.

When the Metropolitan Museum came in sight the rain was still falling, and he dashed across an open space to gain its cover, going on the double-quick. He thought of it that way. It did not occur to him to do anything except wait until the rain was over; and he followed several people up some marble stairs.

This was Johann Haff's first time there; for dry paint and motionless stone, it had always seemed to him, could not offer anything warm and stirring. Two patient old women with heavy bundles of wood came out of a strangely lighted gray picture and left something with him that was not words; he felt it after he had passed them, and looked back fearfully. A girl of nineteen or so, whose walk was a dance, whose face was a song, came down out of a green picture and left something with him, something different from that of the two old women, though it increased his vague uneasiness in the same way. Scattered groups of soldiers behind a rampart in a smoke-wrapped picture got a message out to him that was not words. Johann Haff fled from the building to save his schedule, for now he knew what was uneasy within him.

The summer shower was nearly over; but still a few tiny drops were coasting down the gentle wind, leaping upon him. He wondered if he hadn't better go back into the museum for a few minutes.

"Tst!" he hissed at himself irritably. "Es macht nichts aus."

He went on northward, feeling that the schedule ought to be mollified now that he had braved the wind in its defence, though the raindrops were but tapping on his derby and shoulders playfully. With an effort of which he was conscious and proud, Johann Haff resisted the terrible temptation to stand and watch some reckless, radiant, wet boys sailing little ships in a great round pond.

The rain tapped at him and ran, tapped at him and ran, and then came no more to play with him; he was too stern. The sun flashed across the park—fresh slide in a tremendous magic lantern—and up through the glistening trees he saw the gleaming glass roofs of the greenhouses.





*Drawn by Alonso Kimball.*

The old man sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at a warm glow of sunlight stealing around the window jamb. —Page 449.

The after-rain breeze was cool and clean. The sky was blue and clean. All the park was green and clean. Johann Haff noticed these things, and steeled himself against them.

He chose to go first into the glass house where the big plants live; he would see his little ones last. At this noon hour no one else was visiting the collections. The shaded aisles under the towering palms and banana-trees were silent except for the melancholy dribbling of the weak waterfall above the goldfish pool. In the black-bottomed pool the gorgeous ghosts moved without a sound. The schedule was not uneasy here. At the far end of the house orchids swung down from their latticed boxes—ragged spots of magnificence against a dark background. Here Johann Haff stood for a moment, looking along the aisles to the right and left, including all his friends in the farewell, and, raising his hand in a gesture of desperate finality, walked slowly back out of the house and into the next one.

It was brighter and cooler here; he had left the tropics. Having passed the sleeping doorkeeper sitting in a chair with his feet on a cushion, and gone down the aisle to the right, he found himself alone with dear living things that he had watched coming out of blackness and growing beautiful as they struggled up into the light. Knowing them intimately, he felt that they were reading him, and was embarrassed and constrained. In the faces of the roses he fancied that he saw a new and alien sadness. The deep dark eyes of the lilies looked at him reproachfully. In a great family of hyacinths he thought he saw significance in the way they hung their little heads. He reached out his hand and patted at them gently, tenderly, placatingly.

“Na, na, Liebchen! Don’d!”

Again he fled to save his schedule. He struck across the park, meaning to get to the subway as quickly as he could and go home. But he could not hold his head up long, and when it was lowered on his chest he was let down into foggy thought, and the paths in the park wind and twist and cross mazingly; so that when finally he saw a long, gray row of apartment houses rising above the green trees he was down near Seventy-second Street. Well, there

was a subway station at this cross street; he hurried westward toward Broadway. The schedule, though disgracefully delayed, was, nevertheless, now complete except for the last detail. The hooded hole in the ground was a welcome sight to him, and pushing his way through the crowds on the sidewalk he ran across the street and down into it.

From down Broadway came the dim, blaring murmur of a band; Johann Haff hesitated, stepped back out on the concrete platform of the station. Now he noticed that the people on the sidewalks were waiting, drawn in taut lines, facing the street. The music was coming closer; it was a march; Johann Haff involuntarily squared back his shoulders. Putting several men aside, he stood out in front of the crowd packed around the subway station and strained his eyes down Broadway. Automobiles and wagons and boys were scurrying up the street—chaff blown before a great wind.

Down the sidewalks on both sides lines of people stretching unending; between the curbs, six blocks down, a wilderness of horses’ legs, little black sticks weaving themselves forward; above, patches of blue, flashes of red; in the music, cannon booming; rising hum of applause running up through the spectators—double train of powder not exploding yet.

The head of the column came up to Seventy-second Street; the hum rose as if now it would explode. Then everything that could suddenly went quiet. Except the ruffled drumming, the bands were still. Hoofs dropped pattering on the soft asphalt; multitudinous lighter feet scraped along in a gigantic rhythm; little chains clinking, leather creaking, scabbards rattling, steel glittering. Police, functionaries in carriages, youths who would be soldiers, these had now passed, clearing the way. Now the veterans. Johann Haff took off his hat. It was not his war parading along here to-day, but these men——

“Hoch!”

He bellowed. The dynamite charges of emotion banked at the corners here exploded. Stupendous cheers roared through the canyoned streets. The gray-haired men straightened up, stepped forward faster. It was helpful to hear that roar.



They were old. They were already behind time, and tired, and there were fifty blocks more to go to reach Grant's tomb.

Again a band was playing. Further up Broadway the high hotel windows were frantic with flags. The running fire of huzzas had blazed on northward. The parade was passing. The taut lines of spectators on the sidewalks here were already breaking up, some of their elements hurrying on to get new places of vantage.

The parade had not quite passed—except one little man in a Zouave uniform with a huge gun. Cut off from the main column, insignificant atom in the swirling crowds that overflowed from the sidewalks, he kept his eye on a banner far forward and fought on. The people in front of him were closing up and thickening into a moving wall. The banner was leaving him behind. Bending low, he tried to run between the legs in his way, and fell.

Johann Haff had been coming to him. He picked the Zouave up. In the babel of voices the little soldier screamed at him:

"I'm part of the parade. We're already behind time 'count of the rain. I've *got* to get to his tomb with the column."

Snatching himself away, he ran at the crowds, shouting in the high, thin falsetto of weakness and desperation:

"Lemme by. Don't you see I'm part of the parade?"

Nobody heard him but Johann Haff. The little Zouave darted forward, flung himself against the moving wall, fell again in a tangle of heedless legs. Johann Haff lifted him up. Time and time again he wrenched himself loose, and fought, and fell, and was lifted to his feet. Finally, the big, black German, having picked him up once more, shoved the little Zouave's

left arm through his own right, holding it there a prisoner; and together they stormed through the crowds, together they went to the tomb, and with the column.

"Well, we fought on, didn't we?" panted the radiant little veteran at the end. He pointed his gun toward the tomb. "He'd 'a' done that; he'd 'a' fought on."

The sight of the tomb cleared the way in Johann Haff's mind for the rising of his own outraged schedule. His watch said it was three o'clock; he was three hours behind time. He smashed his way through the pressing throngs and went eastward on the double-quick, guilty, seeking to make amends by haste.

The last block home he ran. Now he stood before the ancient, four-storied, red-brick house. Walking up the steps, he opened the outside door and stepped cautiously into the dark hall. He stopped to listen. Down in the basement fat old Katie was singing a German song. In the back parlor Mrs. Sigel was sewing merrily along on a machine. The breath was blasting itself out of Johann Haff's chest, and he patted at his gray-bearded mouth with his hand. He was straining his ears to make sure of another sound.

Tipping up the stairs, he unlocked and eased open his own door, and slipped inside the sunlit room. Except for the big ones with pendulums, all his valiant soldiers were marching steadily on. He recalled the rocking dynamite explosion of the morning. Walking over to the largest clock, to the left of the mantel, he laid his head against it lovingly.

"Den, ve all fight on, Vilhelm," he whispered. "Ve all fight on."

He set the hands and swung the pendulum. The next month he opened a tobacco store.



## THE FAIR IN THE COW COUNTRY

By W. Herbert Dunton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WE pushed forward among the eager throng at the gate, straining to peer between or over the mass of hat-crowns. I caught the clatter of hoofs up the track and heard the shrill, high-pitched cries of the riders. The grand stand was in an uproar; hats and handkerchiefs waved madly and voices about me swelled to a mighty below. The rumble of hoofs descended on us like a roar of thunder, and, raising myself on my toes, I caught, for an instant, a thrilling impression of action and color—a moving picture of a dozen girls in “white” Stetson hats, garish silk handkerchiefs, and divided skirts flashing by in a volume of dust and flying dirt, on sleek, foam-spattered horses.

The thrill of the cow-girl race was over!

And this “thrill” is the distinctive feature of the Western fair—the fair of the cow-country. It is printed in large red letters on posters that emblazon the stage stations, the neighboring towns, and the bunk-houses on remote ranches. And yet

the cow-girl race at the larger fairs, interesting and exciting as it may seem to the Eastern tourist, is, perhaps, to the homesteader and his family, who have journeyed far in a canvas-topped Studebaker for their annual holiday of recreation and relaxation, a thrill in a mild form, as compared to the more dangerous events to follow.

As a rule, however, there is a sprinkling of excitement from the beginning to the end of these cow-country fairs. It is demanded by their patrons—that is what they pay their “two bits” for. I said as much to my companion, an old cattle man, as we sat in the grand stand at Cheyenne, watching the preparations for the “Hitching and Driving of Wild Horses.”

“Yes, I guess you’re right,” he answered slowly. “The boys come to see somthin’ but a punkin and shock o’ wheat. Leastways, that’s the way I feel about it, ’n’ I rec’on most folks feel the same. You-all don’t work the biggest part of



the year for the opportunity of comin' here to find out who's got the best reaper or binder to sell for the money! If you're a granger you come to forget what sech 'n article of toil looks like. There's got to be ginger in the events. You can see good riders fan a bronc' at home in your own corral an' when you pay this here feller at the gate you expect to get in return an exhibition of buckin' above the ordinary article."

management of a "ring show," in hunting horses for pitching, for example, must select bronchos whose style of bucking is adapted to a small arena. This problem does not have to be confronted at the open-air affairs in the land of sage and mesquite. The genuine "outlaw" (a range horse that can never be "gentled") is here entered in the bucking contests—an animal that, not infrequently, fights to



An Indian dance is always an interesting sight . . . dancing by us to the accompaniment of the weird, wild chant of the old men.—Page 459.

As these people of the cow-country—or what is now left of the cow-country—differ from their Eastern cousins, so the character of their fairs differs from those held in the rural districts of New England and the middle West. They are like no other in the United States, in atmosphere, in color, and in the character of their attractions.

Whether attending Colonel Cody's show, the Hundred and One, the old Mulhall or any of the "Wild West" productions of the lesser note, the unfortunate Easterner who has never seen the sagebrush country or a cow-puncher, save in the lime-light, feels undoubtedly a brand of thrill not experienced at any other entertainment in the East. At such a show, under canvas or at Madison Square Garden, there are events which cannot, with safety to the public, be staged the way they can be handled in the West. The

injure his rider in any and all ways that it is possible for his wicked nature to conceive.

Whether the fair be held at a small town, such as Craig, Colorado, where the races and other contests are held in the main street, or whether it be a more pretentious affair along the same lines, such as the "Round-up" at Pendleton, Oregon (now in its third year), the character of the entertainment is practically the same, varying only in the size of the production and the reputation of its riders and outlaws. Other fairs in the season just passed have come to the fore, notably the one at Salt Lake City, a four-day carnival, where twenty thousand dollars in cash prizes were distributed. Pendleton also was much improved.

Aside from their *events*, the small shows, north and south, have a charm all their own. They are less tiresome to mind and

body than the larger productions of national reputation. Were you to drop from the train on one of these occasions you would, unless you were too Eastern, too new to the country, feel immediately at home. Everybody seems to know everybody else; the faces of all, young and old, radiate happiness and good cheer. The holiday spirit of the occasion permeates

try. On the outskirts of the city whole families are camped beside canvas-topped wagons, mud-covered and begrimed from travel. Signs hanging from the rear of automobiles, gray from the dust, tell how their owners motored from Iowa, Nebraska, or Montana.

The idea of an annual "Frontier Days" celebration was originated by T. W. Angier



A few people pause where the Indians are encamped.—Page 459.

the entire gathering. And because these are small affairs it does not necessarily mean that their events are of inferior standard in comparison with those offered at Cheyenne or Pendleton.

"Frontier Days" at Cheyenne is the largest Wild West show in the world. It is held annually, generally the latter part of August, and continues for four days. These few days leave with the visitor a lasting impression of riotous, brilliant color; a ceaseless changing film of cow-punchers, Indians, cavalry, mountain batteries, and streets smothered in bunting and jammed with an excited and hilarious throng. To this great show come people from all sections of the coun-

and was carried out by the late Colonel E. A. Slack, who, appreciating that the *frontier* West was passing, agitated it so persistently that the interest of the old-timers was aroused, and finally arrangements were made for the first celebration. This show was a one-day affair and was presented before an audience composed almost wholly of local people, but it proved an instant success, the cow-punchers from neighboring ranches entering with their customary enthusiasm and spirit into the roping and riding contests. This was fifteen years ago. From a small one-day entertainment "Frontier Days" has become a four-day Wild West fair of tremendous magnitude.





*Painted by Mr. Herbert Dunton.*

In the Indian race it is not the speed of the horses that counts; it is the spectacle of those little, scrawny, off-colored ponies and their hoarded, picturesque riders, sweeping, well bundled, into the stretch.—Page 470.





The buildings are smothered in bunting. You are wedged in a crowd as immovable as a sardine in a tin box, and yet through this throng gay cowboys thread their way on wiry, alert cow-ponies. Women and children pass on sleek little horses, and Sioux Indians from North Dakota, resplendent in beaded buckskin finery, trot through a side street on ewe-necked, scrawny mustangs. There are colored

where a group of cattle men crowd before a window in which is displayed a wonderful stock saddle, dazzlingly new and all ablaze with silver trappings. This is the prize saddle, the reward for the "twister" who wins that fickle title, "Champion Broncho Buster of the World."

People in the street are running. A blast of cavalry trumpets at once drowns the hubbub, and presently a military



The Roman races by the men of the Ninth Cavalry are a fine sight.—Page 460.

troopers from Fort D. A. Russell, spick and span in new uniforms and shining equipments. A squad of infantry swings into town. A couple of bands play martial music and ragtime, and between selections you catch the measured "tum, tum, tum!" of an Indian drum.

An Indian dance is always an interesting sight. Here, nearer his environment, in the land where he once roamed and hunted and fought, the savage and his primitive costumes appeal still more strongly to one's imagination. As we watch those slender, lithe bucks, their backs shining like burnished bronze in the glare of the sun, their ankle bells jingling, dancing by us to the accompaniment of the weird, wild chant of the old men and the pound of the drum, our minds travel back to the scenes that Parkman and Catlin have given us.

You spend the whole forenoon in the heart of the racket and jostle; pausing

band, shrilling out a popular air, comes into view. "It's a parade!" Swinging around the corner, rifles aslant and blazing like blue fire in the sunlight, march Uncle Sam's regulars. The colored troopers on their fine big bays, the Indians, the mountain batteries, the cow-punchers and girls, all go to make it a stirring spectacle. It is noon when this is over, and you eat a hasty lunch and then ride to the track.

Out here, for a brief time, the crowd is not so great. A few people pause where the Indians are encamped. Family groups are eating their lunch in the shade of the grand stand, or, seated in a zinc automobile, are having their pictures taken in a tintype booth. The crowd from town, pouring from the cars, automobiles, and hacks, is beginning to file through the gates. As the band in the grand stand starts off with a rollicking waltz, you scurry for a seat.

The music ceases and a voice bellowing through a megaphone in the judges' stand announces that "Captain Jack Hardy" will give an exhibition of fancy shooting.

Following this comes the "Ladies' Cowpony Race," and when this has been run the "Stetson Hat Race" is on. Then the "Ladies' Relay Race," the "Branding Contest," the "Round-up Wagon Race," the "Attack on the Emigrant Train," the "Bull Dogging and Riding of Steers," and the "Squaw Race."

My companion, an old Texan, was an acquaintance of the gate-keeper, and I had a concession badge, so we lounged over the fence close to the track and watched event after event through a film of dust.

The day was fine. Regiments of clouds passed across the cobalt sky. A gentle breeze, so slight that the flag on the judges' stand scarcely moved, swept across the sage-brush from the west. We watched the Cowpony Race with scant interest, for the horses that won were not cow-ponies. The Indian race was better, but their dance was nothing exceptional. It was not so much the fact that it was no better than you will get at any ring show which made it disappointing, as it was the spectacle of an old Sioux buck pounding solemnly on a bass drum, the ordinary band instrument of a civilized race. Even at Cheyenne I was getting a tinge of the show business. The old northern-plains Indian, when he prepared for battle, stripped himself and pony of all unnecessary clothing and trappings. Why, during a sham battle or a race, could not a head-stall and stock saddle (the style of which came in long after the Wounded Knee fight), have been dispensed with?

I had not journeyed to Cheyenne to see punchers in red shirts or to watch race-horses get the prize-money in a cowpony race.

The only laugh I recall while at Cheyenne was caused by the announcement that "Mrs. Silk Underwear" had won the squaw race. But what the big shows lack in humor, they make up in interest and thrill. In the Indian race it is not the speed of the horses that counts; it is the spectacle of these little, scrawny, off-colored ponies and their bronzed, picturesque riders, sweeping, well bunched, into the stretch; the distinct character of man

and mount; the wonderful horsemanship—that colorful primitive picture as a whole—that gives one a thrill. The same can be said of the Indian dance. It may be, in itself, commonplace to some of us who have seen the "Eagle" and other fine dances on the reservations, but any of these as a *picture* is a wonderful thing in color and motion. It is the play of the light on the dark, shiny bodies, and the swaying bonnets and dance bustles.

The audience is appreciative. To a few of them who have witnessed the roping and tying contests of a few years back, this "Roping Contest" at Cheyenne is a tame exhibition. Time was when a man "roped" and "tied" down alone. There was great rivalry among the crack ropers and tie-men of those days. But the days of "busting" have practically gone. Wyoming, as well as most of the other cattle States, has prohibited it. Without question, the modern way is more humane. The old way, the haste with which the steer was roped and tied in the race against time, necessitated rough handling, and legs were not unfrequently broken. To-day, at Cheyenne, two men work together. One ropes the animal and one or both men leap to the ground and tie a ribbon about the creature's neck. The time is taken when the steer is released.

Occasionally one sees old-timers in these contests still. The men who enter for the races and riding contests at the small fairs are, to a man, *local* punchers, but if you journey from one large fair to another you will find among the participants many familiar faces. Various cowboys who have long since given up their original vocation of "punching" now find a more lucrative calling in working for the prize-money at these gatherings in the autumn.

The Roman races by the men of the Ninth Cavalry from Fort D. A. Russell are a fine sight. The sham battle opens with a ripping crackle of machine-guns. One catches the desultory pop-pop from the distant skirmish line. It grows to a continuous sputter like fire-crackers exploding, as it creeps nearer, followed by the main body of the enemy, and the fight is on.

It is all very interesting and absorbing, but the finest spectacle of this event is the grand *finale* of the engagement, the charge of the colored troopers. This spectacular





This spectacular dash is an inspiring picture . . . thundering down the field on a dead run in lines as straight as arrows.

dash is an inspiring picture—none finer at the whole fair than these black horsemen with sabres drawn and mounted on big, handsome bays, thundering down the field on a dead run in lines as straight as arrows. The enemy is routed, the battle is over, and the ambulances carry off the dead. The crack exhibition by the military, however, is the music drill. Every move, every motion of their bodies as these men

lend and sway to the time of the band, denotes the discipline of Uncle Sam's famous regulars. The applause from the grand stand had been as nothing in comparison with the clapping and cheering at the conclusion of this exhibition. The people jumped to their feet and yelled themselves hoarse.

The manœuvres of the cavalry and infantry arouse patriotism, but admiration for a man's nerve and appreciation of daredevil riding prompt the applause for a good broncho ride. This is dangerous business. Only a small percentage of the cow-punchers are genuine "bronc' twist-ers." These few men at one time made a business of riding from ranch to ranch and breaking colts at five dollars per head. Nowadays the best of them go after the prize-money, belts, or saddles at fairs. The "Champion Broncho Buster of the World," the title bestowed upon the fortunate contestant at Cheyenne, is held, as a rule, but a brief period by one man. He no sooner acquires the honor than the following year he faces a score of opponents eager to wrest it from him. If he is exceptionally good, he may hold it against all contestants for three or four years, but rarely longer.

Several men are injured, some to the extent of barring them forever from such contests; a lesser number are killed outright. Not a few in time lose their "nerve," and a man's faith in himself is half the battle. Age, undoubtedly, plays a prominent part in this game. A few years makes a great change in a rider.

As we lounged over the rail at the Cheyenne track, watching a group of lads saddling an unusually "onery" bronc', I discussed these things with the old Texan. Our conversation ceased abruptly as the broncho on the track plunged into the air, taking with him a couple of men who clung tenaciously to his hackamore. The saddle shot from his back, and the blanket sailed away through the dust. Almost at once the men had him in hand. He was "eared," his wind was shut off, his hackamore was held in a vice-like grip while the blind was again adjusted. The blanket was for the second time placed stealthily and gently upon his back, and then the saddle. This is slow business, demanding patience. As the cinch was

drawn tight he bolted into the air, bawling and striking. But instantly he was overpowered by the strength of numbers and stood stiff-legged, body quivering, his tail drawn tight between his hind legs, while a lad in white angora leggins and gray jersey adjusted his *mecate* (hair rope) and swung lightly into the saddle.

There was no applause. A hush, broken only by a few friends calling advice and good luck to the rider, had fallen over the crowd. Coolly he settled himself firmly, then doffed his hat and held it aloft in his hand.

"Let 'im buck!" he cried.

The handlers released the horse and jumped aside, one tearing off the blind in the same motion. Instantly the animal plunged into the air, grunting and bawling. His eyes were living coals of fire. I saw the red in his distended nostrils. With tense, stiff legs aslant, his feet smote the earth. Suddenly there came a crash, and a shower of slivers sprinkled the people scurrying away from the fence. A musician leaped to the track, a moving-picture man fell over the fence, and a newspaper photographer with a press graphex did a quick running high jump. Every one was on his feet, breathless—but it was nothing. The bronc' had simply pitched through the fence, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" he had "swapped ends" and was back on the track again.

Again and again he leaped high, squealing in rage, twisting and turning, his muscles moving beneath his burnished ebony skin. The people yelled their delight. Heavy boot-soles pounded the grand-stand floor. Hats flew high, for, as the horse went writhing and leaping down the course, leaving a trailing dust cloud behind him, we saw the "twister" sitting his saddle, apparently with the ease of a sailor treading the pitching deck of a vessel in a storm.

Two girl bronc' riders, a feminine element in striking contrast to the husky punchers, are more likely to be longer remembered. To the Eastern visitor these young ladies seem strangely out of place among the participants of this rough sport. Their riding, to him, is nothing short of wonderful. To some of us it is disappointing to note that they ride with "hobbled" stirrups. Stirrups are "hob-





*Drawn by W. Herbert Duntou.*

Phantom shapes of men and animals were shooting from the dust in every direction as though hurled by an explosion.—Page 40.

bled" by passing a thong from one, beneath the horse's belly, to the opposite and tying securely. We have known girls in different sections of the cow-country who

above their heads. As they tore by with a roar, their ropes fell, snaring the animals that plunged and bucked. A great dust cloud arose and through this dust



These young ladies seem strangely out of place among the participants of this rough sport. — Page 462.

could ride bronchos and ride them "slick" (without hobbles), and we resent this trick played upon us here.

We were allowed but a moment's respite, for the day was ending. The sun has sunk low in the west. Long slanting shadows have crept across the track. The closing event, like the boy's last piece of pie, is the best. For genuine excitement and thrill the Wild Horse Race is the last word.

I had scarcely recovered from the excitement of the bucking contests before my attention was attracted by puncher yells, and down the track came about a dozen or fifteen horses followed by as many mounted cowboys, ropes swinging

came the yaps and yells of men and the grunts and bawling of horses. It seemed a maelstrom of horses, men, and flying ropes.

The vapor of dust to some extent clearing, I saw men sprawled upon the ground, tripped by a taut rope with a bucking pony on the live end. Scattered riders were chasing around the track after speedier horses than those they rode. Finally some semblance of order was restored. All the horses had been roped. These animals were to be saddled and ridden. Each rider was allowed one assistant and, as soon as the horse was roped, he was "hackamored" and blindfolded. That



is as far as a rider may proceed until every contestant has accomplished the same. He may lay his saddle close by his horse while his partner "ears" the unruly animal, but he is not allowed to lift it an inch from the ground till the judge gives the word from the stand. The sharp eyes of the judge caught a rider in the act of sneaking his saddle off the ground. His voice boomed through the megaphone: "Put that saddle down! Next offence and you're barred."

The judge scanned again and again the groups of men and horses—it was a moment of suspense. Then suddenly his voice bellowed across the track. "All aboard!" Instantly saddles were thrown upon the horses, and their riders cinched and mounted as rapidly as possible. A dust cloud arose again in greater volume. Bawling, protesting bronchos were loping or pitching up the track, down the track, and across the track. In short, phantom shapes of men and animals were shooting from the dust in every direction as though hurled by an explosion. There was a crash, and a litter of splinters where a horse and rider went through the fence.

The first rider to get his horse around the track (in the right direction) and under

the tape wins the race. But, strictly speaking, this is no race. That phase of it, at least to the spectators, is unimportant. Who cares who wins! The *thrill* is the thing—the actual winning of the race is a matter of luck. Strange to say, out of this jamboree of man and beast, this tangle of flying legs and hoofs, every man emerged unscathed.

After the events at the track have been brought to a close rest and quiet are by no means at hand—unless you take the next train out of town. The streets are packed with a hilarious throng of townspeople and visitors—cowboys, Indians, merchants, soldiers, women, and children,—everybody who can walk or ride is in the streets armed with "wife-beaters," rattlers, and horns. The streets blaze with light from illuminated signs and decorations. The saloons from which issue cowboy songs, range yells, and sounds of revelry are crammed with changing humanity. One sees many men of rough exterior and unpolished speech, but rowdyism is conspicuous by its absence.

I took the train out in the morning. It was not early, but the town seemed strangely stilled. "Frontier Days" was over and Cheyenne was sleeping—worn out, exhausted.

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## NIGHT AND DAY

By C. A. Price

WELCOME is night, for then you come to me,  
 And hand in hand we walk old ways again;  
 Your voice is in my ear, your face is plain  
 And full of joy as it was wont to be.  
 No thought of parting or of any pain  
 Affrays our simple talk; but quietly  
 We pace the garden round, we watch the sea,  
 The moon-birth or the sunset's purple stain.

But far more precious day, for then I know  
 It is no dream that made and keeps you mine  
 Nor any longing born of a sick heart;  
 No surer truth the sun itself can show,—  
 There is no need of any mystic sign,—  
 O child belovéd! while I am, thou art!

# THE SINGING TEACHER

By Francis Rogers

ROSSINI is often quoted as saying that the three requisites for success as a singer are voice, voice, and voice. With equal truth, no more and no less, the three requisites for success as a teacher of singing are ear, ear, and ear. Just as no one can sing without a voice, so no one can teach singing without an ear. A great singer must have a fine voice; a great singing teacher must have a keen ear.

Up to the time of Manuel Garcia (1805-1906) the teaching of singing was based, without apology, on empiricism. Tosi and Mancini, two of the most famous masters of the early eighteenth century, left behind them treatises on the training of voices. In these they defined briefly certain general principles, on the observance of which good singing must always depend; they said a great deal about the necessity for acquiring good musicianship; but on vocal method, in the modern sense of the phrase, they were comparatively silent. Evidently, they took for granted many things in matter of technique that nowadays are subjects for exhaustive study, and have left us too much in the dark as to the secret of their efficiency as teachers. From what they do not say, rather than from what they do say, we may pretty safely infer that, in the development of voices, they considered their ears their surest guides. Nor did their successors, so far as we can judge, devise any more effective means to their ends. As the phonograph is only a recent invention, we cannot know for sure how contemporary singers compare in merit with those of other days, but, judging from tradition and written records, as well as from the extremely florid and difficult vocal music of Handel and his contemporaries and of Bellini and Rossini and theirs, we may assume confidently that the old singing masters used to achieve results in their pupils that are unknown in our own day.

About the middle of the last century, Manuel Garcia, a retired singer, invented the laryngoscope. This invention was hailed at once as certain to revolutionize the teaching of singing, or, at least, greatly

to simplify it, for now, for the first time, we should be able to scrutinize with our eyes the mechanism of the human voice in action. What hitherto we had inferred only, we now should establish by direct investigation. The eye, even if it could not altogether replace the ear, was to become its highly important coadjutor. What the eye showed us would enable us to control consciously the vocal machinery. The art of *bel canto* was to be revived. The empiricism of the past, so hard to describe and so uncertain in its results, was, for the first time, to be replaced by purely scientific methods. The vocal millennium was at hand!

Curiously enough, Garcia himself was one of the first to discover that, after all, the laryngoscope could never teach anybody how to sing. His biographer, M. S. McKinley, says: "As far as Garcia was concerned, the laryngoscope ceased to be of any special use as soon as his first investigations were concluded. By his examination of the glottis he had the satisfaction of proving that all his theories with regard to the emission of the voice were absolutely correct. Beyond that he did not see that anything further was to be gained except to satisfy the curiosity of those who might be interested in seeing for themselves the form and changes which the inside of the larynx assumed during singing and speaking."

But the so-called "scientific" school of teaching had been born and still lives, its professors basing their methods of teaching on physiology rather than on psychology and æsthetics. I have not the space here to enter at length upon the fallacies and futilities of "scientific" voice-training. The weakness of the whole system has been exposed with thoroughness by Clara Kathleen Rogers, in "My Voice and I," and David Taylor, in "The Psychology of Singing," books that should be read and pondered by every teacher and every singer.

The attempt to bring voices to a state of technical perfection by treating them as musical machines of known construction, like the piano or the flute, must always be



largely fruitless. The technique of these instruments is developed by direct and definite treatment; the human voice, on the other hand, by reason of its essential characteristics, can be trained by indirect and inferential methods only. For instance, the teacher of piano can establish how best to finger a passage of piano music, how to hold the hand and the wrist, how to manage the pedals. He can describe the means that will achieve a desired end. Not so with the voice teacher. Early in his experience he discovers that technical rules are only too often entirely inadequate and that the language of metaphor is much more fruitful than long discourses on physiology and the revelations of the laryngoscope. What he has read and what he can see are not nearly so useful as what he hears. Qualities of voice, though due to physiological causes, are often describable only in figurative language. The phrases, "to sing in the mask," "to sing on the breath," "to whiten," or "to cover" the voice are familiar to every singer and are of suggestive value in teaching, but they mean nothing to the mere scientist or the layman.

That the application of "scientific" theories has worked great harm is in no way more clearly shown than in the theory of registers, so dear to many professors of voice. The production of tone at different degrees of pitch necessitates alterations in the vocal mechanism, but to instruct a pupil, as is so often done, that there are just so many registers in the voice, each of which has a definite beginning and a definite ending, and that to pass from one register to another we must consciously readjust the vocal processes, is positively dangerous—it is to invite the disaster that befell the centiped when they asked him to describe the technique of his locomotion. As a matter of fact, every note in the voice has not only a register, or adjustment of resonances, of its own, but also a different register for every variety of sound it is capable of. But nature will make these innumerable adjustments for us, if we will only permit it to do so, just as it enables the little child to imitate successfully and spontaneously the sound made by the pussy-cat.

Lombardi, the great contemporary Italian master of singing, likens the voice and

its registers to a snake climbing a trellis, the notes of the scale being the rungs of the trellis. The snake ascends the trellis, one rung at a time, with a minimum of muscular effort but always firmly poised, reaches the top, and descends on the other side just as unfalteringly and smoothly as it ascended. So a singer, with a strong elastic pair of lungs, can, if there is no muscular interference in his throat or head, sing his scale just as easily and securely as the snake climbs the trellis. The passage from one register to another will be effected smoothly if he will allow the voice, like the snake, to move freely and without stiffness of any sort.

It is not easy for us self-conscious Americans to believe this unself-consciousness altogether possible or even desirable. We do not sing spontaneously, as do the Italians. "Profuse strains of unpremeditated art" issue but rarely from American throats. But even American children are usually born with the impulse to sing, and, if we adults would take the trouble to encourage and develop this impulse, we should certainly make a better showing than we do in the world of song.

A good voice and the wish to use it form the embryo of a singer, but until they come under the influence of a good teacher healthy development cannot begin. First of all, there is the breath. Every human being breathes continuously from birth till death, but singing demands a control of the breath much greater than that needed for the ordinary doings of life. The singer is a professional breather, for voice is only breath converted into sound-waves, and the lungs are the motor that drives the singing machine. The teacher must, therefore, first of all, show his pupil how to make the best possible use of his lungs.

We have little or no conscious control over the larynx and the vocal cords, which constitute the vibrator of the vocal instrument, and any attempt to adjust them voluntarily can only result in harmful muscular interference. The resonator, which consists of all the hard inner surfaces of the head to which the breath can penetrate, cannot be altered in shape or size. All we can do is to try to utilize every portion of it. To do away with all muscular interference with the vocal processes is, then, the chief business of the



teacher of voice, and it is in this that his ear is of prime importance, for it is by means of his ear only that he is able to detect the defects of tone due to muscular interference.

Ear, ear, ear. In judging of the merit of a singer the public relies solely upon its ear. Technique interests it but little, while a beautiful tone pleases it immensely. The best technique in the world cannot make an ugly voice beautiful, but it can improve the quality of any voice, and often seems even to transform mediocrity into excellence. The acme of vocal technique is merely freedom from all muscular interference. Keats, better than any one else, has described beautiful singing—"Singing of summer in full-throated ease." The teacher must strive by every means in his power to show his pupil how to attain this "full-throated ease."

The ideal teacher has an ear trained to judge tone unerringly, and will never accept as perfect a tone that fails to equal his ideal tone for the particular voice he is training. Certain deviations from this ideal he will attribute to defective breath-control; certain others to stiffening of the muscles at the base of the tongue; and others to improper use of the resonating cavities in the head. To correct these deviations he can sometimes prescribe physiological remedies, which he can describe objectively; more often he must speak in terms of his own sensation, or in metaphor, hoping thus to suggest to the pupil the means to overcome his difficulties.

From the very first the teacher's aim must be to train the pupil to hear in his own voice the blemishes that he, the teacher, hears, for only so can the pupil learn to discriminate between the good and the bad in his own voice. The pupil must form early the habit of being his own conscientious and unflinching critic. His voice is so intimate a part of him that its development must depend, in the long run, on his ability to listen to himself objectively. To arrive at such capacity for dispassionate self-criticism is a long journey, not to be taken without a competent guide, because, owing to the peculiarly personal character of his instrument, the voice, the singer never really arrives at the point where he hears himself just as

others hear him. For his own sake, therefore, he must learn never to resent honest and disinterested criticism, and he must never forget that his own ear must become finally the supreme judge in all matters of tone. Inasmuch as nobody can tell him; except in general terms, how to make beautiful tones, he must learn through experiment what physical sensations accompany their emission and reproduce voluntarily the condition of "full-throated ease" that alone renders them possible.

The intelligent student does not go far in his art before discovering that the physical is the lesser part as compared with the psychological. The voice is the audible expression of the soul, varying continually in response to the moods and emotions within. For this reason many of the student's technical difficulties, though apparently physical, are in reality due to psychological causes and not to be remedied by merely physical expedients. In such cases the perspicacious and sympathetic teacher, who can detect through the voice the condition of the mind behind it, can be of inestimable service to the pupil in ways that permit of no possible scientific explanation.

Vannuccini, the famous Italian *maestro di canto*, always spoke scornfully of the teachers that had dared to publish written methods of singing, saying that in more than fifty years' experience he had found no two voices that could be trained in exactly the same way. In no branch of art is theory of less value than in singing. As no two characters are precisely alike, so is it with two voices. Every voice is unique and requires a particular training. To develop in a pupil a capacious, elastic pair of lungs, and to remove all muscular stiffness that interferes with the free functioning of his vibrator and resonator—this is, in a nutshell, all that the teacher can do for the physical cultivation of the pupil's voice. But on the psychological side his scope has no limits, and no books or hard-and-fast theories can avail him in his task. Experience, patience, enthusiasm, sympathetic insight, and imagination, much more than scientific knowledge, are the qualities he needs in order to enable the pupil to express eloquently through the medium of his voice the mind and the soul within.



# SIR JOHN CHANDOS AND THE EARL OF PEMBROKE

A BALLAD FROM FROISSART—A. D. 1369

By E. Sutton

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK CRAIG

A TALE I tell, so that the time be passed,  
Out of the host whose purport is the same,  
How Youth is overbold, and Eld at last  
Is master of the game.

The Earl of Pembroke, he that had to wife  
Our King his daughter, with a goodly train  
Sent to the Prince to make strong war and strife  
In keeping Aquitaine,

In Poitou came, whereof it did befall  
One whose high deeds no tongue can well express,  
Good Sir John Chandos, was the seneschal.  
Three score and five I guess

He was, and aged thus in arms and care  
And the long travail of time past, in truth  
Still in the forefront of the spears he bare  
His harness like a youth.

A simple banneret was good Sir John,  
Yet of a princely mien he did not fail,  
His locks, snow-white and silken, thick upon  
His gorgerette of mail,

His one eye like a lyoun's for its glance,  
Or a blue glede beneath his brow's hoar.  
Long was he, hardy, lean as is a lance,  
And shouldered like a door.

Now ill advisers to the Earl did say,  
"Ride not with Chandos, for whate'er befall,  
He for his fame will have the bruit alway,  
And you get none at all."

"Pardieu, who would not hold you well excused,  
Desiring honour for yourself?" And so  
When Chandos rode in Anjou, he refused,  
And said he could not go.

Sir John returned with spoil, and as he fared  
Of Louis de Sancerre the rumour flew,  
Marshal of France, that he had spears prepared  
To harry in Poitou.

## Sir John Chandos and the Earl of Pembroke

To fight Sancerre would Pembroke with him ride?  
Nay! So the second asking made it plain  
That the young Earl refused him out of pride,  
Presumption and disdain.

So fell Sir John in thought a while, and then  
Said, though his eye bespoke an inward blaze,  
"So be it in God's name!" and let his men  
Depart their several ways,

And went to Poitiers home; whereof did hear  
The Earl, and straightway, confident to win,  
Rode forth in Loudonois with many a spear  
English and Poitevin.

Now Sancerre thought he saw within his reach  
Revenge for all these journeys in Anjou.  
Quoth he, "The Earl is young, 'twere well to teach  
His Grace a thing or two."

So Pembroke's meinie homeward drew, a rout  
Of prisoners and riches, and he lay  
In Purnon at high noon, and all about  
Was pillage and great prey.

And stamping in the sun the horses all  
Drank at the well-side in the village street,  
When lo! a shouting and a trumpet call,  
A noise of many feet,

And burst among them ere they well arose  
Sancerre his fellowship, mid yells and screams,  
And slew and spared not those who ran, or those  
Who fought with sticks and beams.

Many lay dead ere ye have space to think,  
The remnant closed them with their arms and mail  
In a small Templars' lodging, lacking drink,  
And stored with no vitaille.

Thereto the French assailed, and there befell  
A siege right fierce and terrible. 'Tis true  
Never was feeble fortress kept so well  
Or holden with so few.

Swift to the walls they scaling ladders set,  
And while with stones their bascinets were burst,  
Swarmed up like ants, and each man strove to get  
The honour to be first.

But met them fiercely at the other end  
The Poitevin and English knights and squires  
With spears and swords, who garred them to descend  
Too fast for their desires.





. . . and straightway, confident to win,  
Rode forth in Loudonois with many a spear  
English and Poitevin.





Then on the gate they tried a ram or two,  
But the mail let them not to die like sheep.  
From meurtrières like hail the arrows flew  
To feather mortal deep.

Thus they endured until black night it was.  
Then the young Earl, who met his evil hap  
Like a right noble man, and bare him as  
A leopard in a trap,

Said to an esquire, who took great delight  
To venture forth, for honour on him laid,  
"Make haste to Sir John Chandos through the night,  
And pray him of his aid."

Now on the morn, the English manned the wall  
Like men who thought but to endure the worst.  
The French assailed like wolves, and they were all  
A-hungered and a-thirst.

So the Earl chose another squire, and said  
"Break out upon my courser, take this ring,  
And tell Sir John that we are all but dead,  
If he no help will bring."

Now the first esquire happening upon  
A wrong road in the dark, it came to pass  
That he but did his errand while Sir John  
Was kneeling down at mass.

In sooth he was not fain, but looking grim  
Said, "We could scarcely hear with all our pain  
This mass in time to come," and so from him  
He turned away again.

Then after mass his servants asked Sir John  
Would he to dinner? and he answered "Yea,  
Sith it is ready," so his knights anon  
Brought on a silver tray

Fair water for his hands, and 'fore them all,  
Servants and knights and lords in their degrees,  
Hot-foot the second esquire came in hall  
And fell upon his knees.

But to his message Chandos answered grim  
"To come in season time doth not afford."  
And they in hall sate silent, watching him  
A-musing at the board.

All at the second course he roused; "Ye saw  
Sirs, how the Earl hath sent to me his ring.  
He is of great lynage, and son-in-law  
Unto our lord the King."

"Come, let us ride." And rising from his seat,  
 All followed to the doorway in a rout.  
 Ay, there were many there that sat at meat  
     Could not forbear to shout.

And knights and squires came running everywhere  
 With surcoats gay and pennoncel of pride,  
 The spears fell in, the trumpets rang, "Ho there,  
     Chandos will forth and ride!"

Forth sprang the coursers, foamed and champing sore.  
 So fair a company ye could not find,  
 Red-piled,\* the argent banner flew before,  
     The highway smoked behind.

Now came a scout to Sancerre, full of fears,  
 "Sir, it hath happened as we might have weened.  
 Cometh John Chandos with two hundred spears,  
     And rideth like the fiend."

"God's name! cannot that oldë stot keep still?  
 Hell blind his other eye, and keep him so!"  
 But they were wearied, so against their will  
     They thought it best to go.

So Pembroke knew when Sancerre brake array  
 Chandos was near, and riding forth with joy  
 Within a league he met him in the way  
     Intent on stern employ.

And shamefaced there amid his companie  
 Spake the young Earl, though manfully and true,  
 "Alas, Sir John, well have you holpen me  
     That did not so to you."

"Ah, lord," said Chandos, "with such words as these  
 You take my heart, there is no more to say.  
 Ill it betokeneth for our enemies.  
     Please God, with our array,

"And please your Grace, full often shall we ride  
 To forays, bushments, and adventures fair,  
 And shall discomfit many more beside  
     Sir Louis de Sancerre."

\* The arms of Chandos, "Argent, à pile gules."



# WORSE THAN MARRIED

By Henry and Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. P. OTTENDORFF



MISS WILBUR sat up and wrung the water out of her hair. Most of us have looked about a dinner-table and wondered which of the party would make the pleasantest companion on a desert island; Juliana had done it often enough, but now the comic touch was lacking. Far out, hung on some unknown reef, the prow of the vessel stuck up black and tall, almost as if she were still pursuing a triumphant course landward, though a list to starboard betrayed her desperate condition, and a second glance showed that the waves were breaking over her stern. The heavy swell was all that was left of the storm. The sun had just risen in a cloudless sky, above a dark-blue sea. It was perhaps that bright horizontal ray which had waked Miss Wilbur. It had not disturbed her rescuer, who, more provident, had hidden his face in his arm.

It seems hardly possible for a young lady to be dragged from her berth in the dead of night, hauled to the deck, and literally dumped into a small boat, to be tossed out of the boat and dragged to shore—all by a man whose face and name were equally unknown. But the more she looked at the back of that damp head, and the line of those shoulders, the less familiar did they appear. This was hardly surprising, for since she and her maid had taken the steamer at Trinidad, she had made so little effort at *rapprochement* with her fellow passengers that she could hardly call any of them to mind—a great German from a banking house in Caracas; a sunburnt native botanist bound for the Smithsonian; a little Englishman from the Argentine; these were the only three figures she could remember. Who was this man? A sailor? A commercial traveller? Of what standing and what nationality?

She coughed presently: "I wish you'd wake up," she said, "and let me thank you for saving my life."

The first result of this remark was that the man grunted and buried his nose deeper in the sand. Then he rolled over, stood up, and comprehensively hitching up what remained of his trousers, he looked carefully round the horizon, then at the wall of palm-trees behind them, and last of all at Miss Wilbur, without the smallest change of expression.

"Did I save you?" he asked.

"Yes, don't you remember? You caught me up in the dark——"

"I had a notion it was Mrs. Morale's son." Again his eyes sought the horizon, and he turned to move away, but she arrested him with a question.

"Do you think we shall be rescued?" she said.

He stopped, eyed her, and again turned away. His silence annoyed her. "Why don't you answer my question?"

"Because I thought it just about worthy of some one who wakes up a tired man to thank him for saving her life. Do I think we'll be rescued? That depends on whether we are in the track of vessels; and I know neither the track of vessels nor where we are. It depends on whether any of the other boats lived through the night. But I'll tell you one thing. It looks to me as if they needn't trouble to come at all, if they don't come soon. I'm going to hunt up breakfast."

He disappeared into the forest of palms, leaving her alone. She would have liked to call him back and ask him what he thought of the probabilities of snakes on the island. Tact, however, that civilized substitute for terror, restrained her. She thought him very peculiar. "I wonder if he's a little crazy," she thought. "I wonder if something hit him on the head."

He was gone a long time, and when he returned carried a bunch of bananas and three cocoanuts. He stopped short on seeing her. "Do you mean to say," he cried, "that you haven't been drying your



clothes? What do you suppose I stayed away so long for? But no matter. Have your breakfast first."

She refrained from expressing, at once, a profound distaste for cocoanuts, but when he cut one and handed it to her, the smell overcame her resolutions. "Oh!" she said, drawing back, "I can't bear them."

"You will order something else on the menu?"

The tone was not agreeable, and Miss Wilbur eyed the speaker. No wonder she was at a loss, for hitherto her measure of men had been the people they knew, the clothes they wore, and, more especially, their friendliness to herself. In the present case, none of these were much help, and she decided to resort to the simpler means of the direct question. Besides, it had always been Juliana's custom to converse during her meals and, peculiar though this one appeared, she saw no reason for making it an exception.

"Doesn't it seem strange," she began, "that I don't even know your name?"

"Nathaniel or Spens?"

"Oh! Spens, of course," she answered, quite as if they had met in a ballroom. "And don't you think," she went on, "that it would be nice if we knew a little more about each other than just our names?"

"A little more?" he exclaimed. "My idea was we were getting near the too much point."

"But I meant our past selves, our everyday selves—our *real* selves."

"So did I. I hope we sha'n't get any realler. This is real enough to suit me." He continued under his breath to ring the changes on this idea to his own intense satisfaction.

Miss Wilbur gave up and began again. "I think it would be interesting to tell each other a little of our lives—who we are, and where we came from. For instance—I'm willing to begin—I am a New Yorker. My mother died when I was sixteen, and I have been at the head of my father's house ever since—he has retired from business. We are quite free, and we travel a great deal. I came down here on a yacht. You may ask why I left it—well, a little difficulty arose—a situation. The owner, one of my best and oldest friends—" She paused. As she talked, questions had floated through

her mind. "Does he take in the sort of person I am at home? Does he realize how his toil is lightened by the contrast of my presence in the benighted spot? Does he know what a privilege it is to be cast away with me?" He was saying to himself: "If only I can get home before the first, I'll increase that quarterly dividend."

She took up her narrative. "The owner, as I say, was one of my best and oldest friends; and yet, you know——"

"And yet you quarrelled like one o'clock."

"Oh, no," said Miss Wilbur. "We did not quarrel. It would have been better if we had."

"Just sulked, you mean?"

This was more than she could bear. "He wanted to marry me," she said firmly.

"Not really!" he exclaimed, and then, studying her more carefully, he added: "But of course—very naturally. I am sure to some types of men you would be excessively desirable."

This was the nearest approach to a compliment that she had had since the ship struck, and she gulped at it eagerly.

"Desirable is not quite the word," she answered. "But perhaps I should rather have you think of me as desirable than not at all," and she smiled fascinatingly.

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" he exclaimed. "Did I say I was thinking of you? But there, I mean—I mean—" But it was unnecessary to complete the sentence, for Miss Wilbur rose, with what dignity a tattered dressing-gown allowed, and moved away. He followed her and explained with the utmost civility where there was another beach, how she should spread out her clothes to the sun, and added gravely, holding up one finger: "And remember to keep in the shade yourself."

"Oh, the sun never affects me," said Juliana.

This answer plainly tried him, but with some self-control he merely repeated his injunction in exactly the same words.

Miss Wilbur's costume was not elaborate. It comprised, all told, a night-gown, a pink quilted dressing-gown, a pair of men's sneakers, and a bit of Cartier jewelry about her throat. She wished that dressing-gown had been more becoming. Just before she sailed she had sent her maid out to buy something warm, and the pink atrocity had been the result. She had thought it did not



matter then, but, now that she might have to spend the rest of her life in it, she wished she had taken the trouble to choose it herself.

Even if she had been completely alone on this Caribbean island, she was too much a child of civilization to remove all her clothes at once. The process took time. As she sat under the trees and waited, she considered her position.

Feelings of dislike for, and dependence upon, her rescuer grew together in her mind. She did not say, even to herself, that she was afraid of him, very much in the same way in which she had once been afraid of her schoolmistress—afraid of his criticism and his contempt, but she expressed the same idea by saying “he was not very nice to her.” That he “was rather rude”! She thought how differently any of the men she had left on the yacht at Trinidad would have behaved—Alfred, for instance. It would have been rather fun to have been cast away with Alfred. He would have been tender and solicitous. Poor Alfred! She began to think it had been an absurd scruple that had made her leave the party. It had seemed as if she could not cruise another day on the yacht of a man she had refused so decidedly to marry. After such a scene, too! Miss Wilbur frowned and shook her head at the recollection. As a matter of fact, she liked scenes.

She had so far used the freedom of her life in eliminating from her consciousness those who did not contribute to her self-esteem. Sometimes she created admiration where it had not existed. Sometimes, when this seemed impossible, she simply withdrew. The latter method was obviously out of the question on this little dot of an island.

But the other? One of the unquestioned facts in Miss Wilbur's life was her own extreme charm; and this thought brought another to her mind. The picture of the traditional male—the beast of prey! In spite of the American girl's strange mingling of inexperience and sophistication, she is not entirely without the instinct of self-preservation. She remembered his long Yankee jaw with relief.

When she returned she found he had erected four poles with cross-beams and was attempting to thatch it with banana-

leaves, to the accompaniment of a low sibilant whistle.

“What's that?” she asked. He completed the phrase *diminuendo* before answering.

“This,” he said, “is where you are going to sleep, and, if it doesn't fall in on you in the night, I'll build another for myself tomorrow. Look out where you step. I'm drying two vestas on that rock. If they light, we'll have a fire, and perhaps some day something to eat. Suppose you go and find some wood?”

She hesitated. “Do you think there are snakes on this island?” she hazarded; and oh, with what enthusiasm such a suggestion of femininity would have been received on the yacht!

“Think not,” said her companion; “but I'd look out for scorpions and centipeds and things like that, you know.”

The suggestion did not increase her enthusiasm for her task. She hung about a few minutes longer, and then collected a few twigs along the beach, raising them carefully between her thumb and forefinger. They did not make an imposing pile, as she felt when her rescuer came to inspect it, looking first at it and then at her, with his hands in his pockets.

“I hope you won't overdo?” he said.

Juliana colored. “Did you expect me to carry great logs?” she asked. “Women can't do that sort of thing.”

He moved away without answering, and presently had collected enough wood for many fires.

“I'd like to see you lay a fire,” he said.

She threw some of the small sticks together, then the larger ones, as she had seen the housemaid do at home. Then, embarrassed at his silent observation, she drew back.

“Of course I can't do it, if you watch me,” she exclaimed.

“You can't do it anyhow, because you don't know the principle. The first thing a fire needs is air. It's done like this.” He tore down and re-erected her structure.

If Miss Wilbur had followed her impulse, she would have kicked it down as he finished, but she managed a fine aloofness instead. He did not appear to notice her chin in the air.

“Yes,” he observed, as he rose from his knees, “it's a handy thing to know—how to



lay a fire, and, as you say, one is naturally grateful to the fellow who teaches one. I'm going to look for food. Keep a look-out for ships."

He had hardly gone when he came bounding back again, waving two small fish by the tails. "Got 'em," he shouted. "Dug out some ponds this morning, but never thought it would work, but here they are. Now we'll light the fire."

His excitement was contagious. She sprang up, held the skirt of her dressing-gown to shield the match, blew the flame, almost blew it out. Finally, with the help of both matches the fire was lit.

"I'm so hungry," she said. "Do you think they'll taste good?"

He did not answer. She could not but be impressed by the deftness with which he split and boned the fish, and the invention he displayed in evolving cooking utensils out of shells and sticks.

"You know," he said suddenly, "this fire must never go out. This will be your job. Sort of vestal-virgin idea."

The charge made her nervous. The responsibility was serious. During one of his absences she began to think the flame was dying down. She put in a stick. It blazed too quickly. A crash followed and one of the fish disappeared into the fire.

After a time she managed to drag it out, black and sandy. She dreaded his return. How could she make clear to him that it had not been her fault? She decided on a comic manner. Holding it up by the tail, she smiled at him. "Doesn't that look delicious?" she asked gayly.

His brow darkened. "All right, if you like them that way," he returned.

"Don't you think the other is large enough for two?"

His answer was to remove the other from the fire and to eat it himself.

Miss Wilbur watched him to the end, and then she could contain herself no longer. She had been extremely hungry.

"Upon my word," she said, "I've known a good many selfish men, but I never before saw one who would not have taken the bread out of his mouth to give to a hungry woman."

Her rescuer looked at her unshaken. "You don't think that was just?" he inquired.

"I am not talking of justice, but of chivalry," replied Miss Wilbur passion-

ately. "Of consideration for the weak. You are physically stronger than I——"

"And I intend to remain so."

"At my expense?"

"If you fell ill, I should be sorry. If I fell ill, you would die." He turned away sharply, but half-way up to the beach thought better of it and returned.

"See here," he said, "I'm an irritable man and a tired man. This whole thing isn't going to be easy for either of us. And what do we find, the first crack out of the box? That you are not only incompetent, but that you want to be social and pleasant over it. Great Scott! what folly! Well, if it's any satisfaction to you, I know I'm not behaving well either. But you don't seem aware of even that much, or of anything, indeed"—he smiled faintly—"except your own good looks."

He left her to meditate.

Battle, murder, and sudden death are not as great a shock to some people as their own failure to please. Miss Wilbur, being incapable of looking within for the cause of this phenomenon, looked at her companion. Evidently he *was* a peculiar, nervous sort of creature, and, after all, had he been so successful? He hardly came up to the desert-island standard, set by the father of the Swiss Family Robinson. She reviewed him with a critical eye. He was a nice-looking young man of the clean-shaven type. He lacked the great air, she told herself, which was not surprising, since eighteen months before there had been nothing whatever to distinguish him from any of the other shrewd young men produced in such numbers by the State of Connecticut. But chance had waved her wand, and it had fallen to his lot to head a congenial band of patriots who, controlling a group of trolleys, had parted with them at a barefaced price to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway. Since this *coup* he had rather rested on his laurels, spending most of his time with a class-mate in New York, where he had acquired a tailor and had succeeded in getting himself elected to the directorate of The General Fruit Company—an organization which, as every Italian vender knows, deals in such miscellaneous commodities as bananas, hides, coffee, rubber, sugar, copper-mines, and narrow-gauge railroads along the Caribbean shores, with an argosy for



transportation to Spokane, New Orleans, Baltimore, Boston, Bristol, or Bordeaux.

For some reason his mastery of the desert island was not complete. His race's traditional handiness seemed to be slight-

er leaked in the rain, and as Miss Wilbur sat steaming in the sunshine which immediately succeeded she felt inclined to attribute all her discomforts to Spens. He seemed to have no faculty whatever for



She was too much a child of civilization to remove all her clothes at once. As she sat under the trees and waited, she considered her position.—Page 477.

ly in abeyance; perhaps because luck was against him, perhaps on account of a too pervasive feminine presence. But for whatever reason, things did not improve. Nothing came ashore from the wreck—not even when, after a small gale, it turned over and disappeared. The banana shel-

evolving things out of nothing, which, she had always understood, was the great occupation of desert-island life. Their food continued to be bananas and cocoanuts, varied by an occasional fish; and, instead of being apologetic for such meagre fare, he seemed to think she ought to be grateful.

Now Miss Wilbur could have been grateful, if he had not roused her antagonism by his continual adverse criticism of herself. She wished to show him that she could be critical,

mosphere of the island was anything but cordial.

After all, she used to say to herself, why should she labor under any profound sense



One of the fish disappeared into the fire . . . she managed to drag it out. Holding it up by the tail: "Doesn't that look delicious?" she asked gayly.—Page 478.

too; and so she sniffed at his fish, and took no interest in his roofing arrangements, and treated him, in short, exactly as the providing male should not be treated. Man cannot stoop to ask for praise, but he can eternally sulk if he does not get it. The domestic at-

of obligation? Even when he appeared to be considering her comfort she saw an ulterior motive. He came, for instance, one day, civilly enough, and pointed out a little row of white stones marking off a portion of the island.



"The beach beyond this line is ceded to you," he observed gravely. "No fooling. I'm in earnest. Of course I understand that you like to be alone sometimes. Here

His tone was a trille more nipping than he intended, but no suavity could have concealed his meaning. His plan had been designed not to please her, but to protect



"I must put it on at once," she said. "It fits you exactly," he observed with pleasure. — Page 482.

you'll never be disturbed. When I annoy you past bearing, you can come here." For a moment she was touched by his kindness, the next he had added: "And would you mind allowing me a similar privilege on the other side of the island?"

himself. No one before had ever plotted to relieve himself of Miss Wilbur's company. Subterfuges had always had an opposite intention. She had been clamored for and quarrelled over. She withdrew immediately to the indicated asylum.

"I'm not accustomed to such people," she said to herself. "He makes me feel different—horrid. I can't be myself." It was not the first time she had talked to herself, and she wondered if her mind were beginning to give way under the strain of the situation. "I'd like to box his ears until

He did not answer, but moved gloomily away. Two or three times she heard him start an air and cut it short. A smile flickered across her face. So sweet to her was it to be the aggressor that she did not return behind the white stones, but remained, like a cat at a rat-hole, waiting be-



She had scarcely reached the beach, and seen the vessel now looming large and near.—Page 484.

they rang. Until they rang!" she repeated, and felt like a criminal. Who would have supposed she had such instincts!

For the tenth time that day she caught together the sleeve of the detested dressing-gown. How shocked Alfred and her father would be to think a man lived who could treat her so! but the thought of their horror soothed her less as it became more and more unlikely that they would ever know anything about it.

She stayed behind her stones until he called her to luncheon. They ate in silence. Toward the end she said gently:

"Would you mind not whistling quite so loud?"

"Certainly not, if the sound annoys you."

"Oh, it isn't the sound so much, only"—and she smiled angelically—"it always seems to me a little flat."

She had a great success. Spens colored.

"Well," he said, "I don't pretend to be a musician, but it has always been agreed that I had an excellent ear."

"In Green Springs, Connecticut?"

side the fire to which Spens would have to return eventually.

She had resolved that it must be kindly yet firmly made clear to him that he was not behaving like a gentleman, and if, as seemed possible, he did not understand all that that word implied, she felt quite competent to explain it to him.

Perhaps the idea that his conduct was not quite up even to his own standards had already occurred to him, for when he returned he carried a peace-offering.

He stood before her, holding something toward her. "I notice," he said, "that you go about in the sun bareheaded. You oughtn't to do that, and so I have made you this," and she saw that the green mass in his hands was leaves carefully fashioned into the shape of a hat.

It may perhaps be forgiven to Miss Wilbur that her heart sank. Nevertheless, she took the offering, expressing her gratitude with a little too much volubility. "I must put it on at once," she said. Green had never become her, but she placed it firmly on her head.



Spens studied it critically. "It fits you exactly," he observed with pleasure. "You see I could only guess at the size. Isn't it fortunate that I guessed so exactly right!"

She saw that he was immensely gratified and, trying to enter into the spirit of the thing, she said:

"What a pity I can't see the effect!"

"You can." He drew his watch from his pocket, and opened the back of the case. "It doesn't keep time any longer," he said, "but it can still serve as a looking-glass," and he held it up.

Now any one who has ever looked at himself in the back of a watch-case knows that it does not make a becoming mirror; it enlarges the tip of the nose, and decreases the size of the eyes. Juliana had not so far had any vision of herself. Now, for the first time, in this unfavorable reflection, she took in her flattened hair, her tattered dressing-gown, and, above all, the flapping, intoxicated head-gear which she had just received. She snatched it from her head with a gesture quicker than thought.

"I believe you enjoy making me ridiculous," she said passionately.

"Nothing could be more ridiculous than to say that," he answered. "I wanted to save your health, but if you prefer sunstroke to an unbecoming hat—not that I thought it unbecoming——"

"It was hideous."

"I can only say that I don't think so."

Miss Wilbur slowly crushed the offending object and dropped it into the fire. Ridiculous or not, there would never be any question about that again.

"Of course," she observed after a pause, "I don't expect you to understand how I feel about this—how I feel about anything—how any lady feels about anything."

"Is it particularly ladylike not to wish to wear an unbecoming hat?"

This of course was war, and Miss Wilbur took it up with spirit. "Unhappily, it is ladylike," she answered, "to have been so sheltered from hardships that when rudeness and stupidity are added——"

"Come, come," said Spens, "we each feel we have too good a case to spoil by losing our tempers. Sit down, and let us discuss it calmly. You first. I promise not to interrupt. You object to my being rude and stupid. So far so good, but develop your idea."

The tone steadied Juliana. "I don't complain of the hardships," she began. "I don't speak of the lack of shelter and food. These are not your fault, although," she could not resist adding, "some people might have managed a little better, I fancy. What I complain of is your total lack of appreciation of what this situation means to me. I haven't knocked about the world like a man. I've never been away from home without my maid. I've never before been without everything that love and money could get me, and instead of pitying me for this you do everything in your power to make it harder. Instead of being considerate you are not even civil. No one could think you civil—no one that I know, at least. You do everything you can to make me feel that my presence, instead of being a help and a pleasure, is an unmitigated bother."

There was a pause. "Well," said Spens, "since we are being so candid, have you been a help? Have you even done your own share? Certainly not. I don't speak of the things you can't help—your burning of the fish——"

"The fish! I don't see how you have the effrontery to mention the fish."

"Nor of your upsetting our first supply of rain-water. Constitutional clumsiness is something no one can help, I suppose. But it does irritate me that you seem to find it all so confoundedly fascinating in you. You seemed to think it was cunning to burn the fish, and playful to upset the water. In other words, though I don't mind carrying a dead weight, I'm hanged if I'll regard it as a beauteous burden."

Miss Wilbur rose to her feet. "The trouble with you is," she said, "that you haven't the faintest idea how a gentleman behaves."

"Well, I'm learning all right how a lady behaves," he retorted.

After this it was impossible to give any consistent account of their conversation. They both spoke at once, phrases such as these emerging from the confusion: "—you talk about ladies and gentlemen." "Thank Heaven, I know something of men and women"; "—civilized life and the people I know"; "—never been tested before." "Do you think you've survived the test so well?"

The last sentence was Miss Wilbur's,



and under cover of it she retreated to her own domains. Spens, left in possession of the field, presently withdrew to the other side of the island.

Here for two or three days he had had a secret from Juliana. He had invented, constructed, and was in process of perfecting himself in a game with shells and cocoanuts which bore a family resemblance to both quoits and hop-scotch. He turned to it now to soothe and distract him. It was a delightful game, and exactly suited his purpose, requiring as it did skill, concentration, and agility. He had just accomplished a particularly difficult feat which left him in the attitude of the Flying Mercury, when his eye fell upon a smutch of smoke on the horizon, beneath which the funnel of a vessel was already apparent.

Spens's methods of showing joy were all his own. He threw the tattered remnants of his cap in the air, and when it came down he jumped on it again and again.

His next impulse was to run and call Juliana, but he did not follow it. Instead he piled wood on the fire until it was a veritable column of flame, and then with folded arms he took his stand on the beach.

Within a few minutes he became convinced that the vessel, a steamer of moderate size, had sighted his signal. They were going to be rescued. Very soon he and Juliana would be sailing back to civilization. He would be fitted out by the ship's officers, and Juliana would be very self-conscious about appearing in the stewardess's clothes. They would figure in the papers—a rising young capitalist, and a society girl. Her father would be on the pier. There would be explanations. He himself would be a child in their hands. A vision of engraved cards, a faint smell of orange-blossoms, floated through his mind. His resolve was taken. He sprang up, ran through the palms, and penetrated without knocking to where Miss Wilbur was sitting, with her back against a tree. She glanced up at him with the utmost detestation.

"I thought that here, at least—" she began, but he paid no attention.

"Juliana," he exclaimed in his excitement, "there is a vessel on the other side of the island. She'll be here in twenty

minutes, and you are going home in her. Now, don't make any mistake. *You* are going home. I stay here. No, don't say anything. I've thought it over, and this is the only way. We can't both go home. Think of landing, think of the papers, think of introducing me to that distinguished bunch—the people you know. No, no, you've been here all alone, and you're an extraordinarily clever, capable girl, and have managed to make yourself wonderfully comfortable, considering. No, don't protest. I'm not taking any risk. Here's a vessel at the end of ten days. Another may be here to-morrow. Anyhow, be sure it's what I prefer. A cocoanut and liberty. Good-by. Better be getting down to the beach to wave."

Miss Wilbur hesitated. "At least," she said, "let me know when you do get home."

"I'll telephone from Green Springs. Now run along," and taking her by the shoulders, he turned her toward the path.

She had, however, scarcely reached the beach, and seen the vessel now looming large and near, when she heard a hoarse whisper: "I've forgotten my tobacco." A face and arm gleamed out from the bush. He snatched the pouch, and this time was finally gone.

The keel of the ship's boat grated on the sand, and a flustered young officer sprang out. Juliana was inclined to make a moment of it, but it was getting dark, and the captain, what with carrying the mails and being well out of his course, was cross enough as it was.

"One of you men go up there and stamp out that fire," he said. "No use in bringing any one else in here."

An expression of terror crossed Miss Wilbur's face, and a cry burst from her: "Oh, he'll be so angry." The officer caught only the terror, and, setting it down to natural hysteria, pushed off without more ado.

Night fell, and the stars came out with the startling rapidity of the tropics. There was no wind, but puffs of salt air lifted the fronds of the palms.

Suddenly over the water was borne the sharp jangle of an engine-room bell, and the beat of a vessel's propellers.



## THE GIFT OF GOD

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

BLESSED with a joy that only she  
Of all alive shall ever know,  
She wears a proud humility  
For what it was that willed it so,—  
That her degree should be so great  
Among the favored of the Lord  
That she may scarcely bear the weight  
Of her bewildering reward.

As one apart, immune, alone,  
Or featured for the shining ones,  
And like to none that she has known  
Of other women's other sons,—  
The firm fruition of her need,  
He shines anointed; and he blurs  
Her vision, till it seems indeed  
A sacrilege to call him hers.

She fears a little for so much  
Of what is best, and hardly dares  
To think of him as one to touch  
With aches, indignities, and cares;  
She sees him rather at the goal,  
Still shining; and her dream foretells  
The proper shining of a soul  
Where nothing ordinary dwells.

Perchance a canvass of the town  
Would find him far from flags and shouts,  
And leave him only the renown  
Of many smiles and many doubts;  
Perchance the crude and common tongue  
Would havoc strangely with his worth;  
But she, with innocence unstung,  
Would read his name around the earth.

And others, knowing how this youth  
Would shine, if love could make him great,  
When caught and tortured for the truth  
Would only writhe and hesitate;  
While she, arranging for his days  
What centuries could not fulfil,  
Transmutes him with her faith and praise,  
And has him shining where she will.

She crowns him with her gratefulness,  
And says again that life is good;  
And should the gift of God be less  
In him than in her motherhood,  
His fame, though vague, will not be small,  
As upward through her dream he fares,  
Half clouded with a crimson fall  
Of roses thrown on marble stairs.

# GREEK FEASTS

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



ONE of the most characteristic things about Constantinople is that while it has become Turkish it has not ceased to be Greek. The same is true of Thrace, Macedonia, and Asia Minor, which contain a large Turkish population, but which still form a part of the Greek world to which they always belonged. The two races have indisputably influenced each other, as their languages and certain of their customs prove. A good deal of Greek blood now flows, too, in Turkish veins. Nevertheless there has been remarkably little assimilation, after five hundred years, of one element by the other. They coexist, each perfectly distinct and each claiming with perfect reason the land as his own.

This is perhaps one cause why religious festivals are so common among the Greeks of Turkey. It is as a religious community that they have remained separate since the conquest. Through their religious observances they live what is left them of a national life and assert their claim to the great tradition of their race. The fact doubtless has something to do with the persistence of observances that elsewhere tend to disappear. At all events those observances are extremely interesting. They have a local color, for one thing, of a kind that has become rare in Europe and that scarcely ever existed in America. Then they are reckoned by the Julian calendar, now thirteen days behind our own, and that puts them into a certain perspective. Their true perspective, however, reaches much farther back. Nor is it merely that they compose a body of tradition from which we of the West have diverged or separated. Our religious customs and beliefs did not spring out of our own soil. We transplanted them in full flower from Rome, and she in turn had already borrowed largely from Greece and

the East. But in the Levant such beliefs and customs represent a native growth, whose roots run far deeper than Christianity.

In the Eastern as in the Western Church the essence of the religious year is that cycle of observances that begins with Advent and culminates at Easter. It is rather curious that Protestantism should have disturbed the symbolism of this drama by transposing its climax. Christmas with the Greeks is not the greater feast. One of their names for it, in fact, is Little Easter. It is preceded, however, by a fast of forty days nearly as strict as Lent. The day itself is purely a religious festival. A midnight mass, or rather an early mass, is celebrated at one or two o'clock on Christmas morning, after which the fast is broken and people make each other good wishes. They do not exchange presents or follow the usage of the Christmas tree, that invention of Northern barbarism, except in places that have been largely influenced by the West.

The real holiday of the season is New Year's Day. This is called *Aï Vassili*, or Saint Basil, whose name-day it is. There is an old ballad relating to this venerable bishop of Cappadocia—too long, I regret, to translate here—which men and boys go about singing on Saint Basil's eve. The musicians are rewarded with money, theoretically for the poor of the community. If it happens to stick in the pockets of the performers, they doubtless regard themselves as representative of the brotherhood for whose benefit they sing. This custom is imitated by small boys, who go among the coffee-houses after dark begging. They make themselves known by lanterns that are oftenest wicker bird-cages lined with colored paper. I have also seen ships and castles of quite elaborate design. These curious lanterns are used as well on Christmas and Epiphany eves—which, like New Year's, are cele-



brated in cosmopolitan Constantinople twice over. Christmas, indeed, is celebrated three times, since the Armenians keep it at Epiphany, while the Turks, the Persians, and the Hebrews each have a New Year of their own. The principal feature of Saint Basil's eve is the *vassi-*

tering a church is not followed. On the first of every month except January a ceremony called the Little Blessing takes place in the churches, when water is blessed; and this ceremony may be repeated by request in private houses. In January the Little Blessing takes place on



The blessing of the waters at Arnaoutkyöi.

*lópita*, a kind of flat round cake or sweet bread something like the Tuscan *schiac-ciata*. At midnight the head of the house cuts the *pita* into as many pieces as there are members of the family. A true *pita* should contain a coin, and whoever gets it is sure to have luck during the new year. The next day people pay visits, exchange presents, tip servants, and make merry as they will. They also go, at a more convenient hour than on Christmas morning, to church, where the ancient liturgy of Saint Basil is read.

Epiphany, or the old English Twelfth Night, has retained in the East a significance that it has lost in the West. The day is supposed to commemorate the baptism of Christ in the Jordan. Hence it is the day of the blessing of waters, whether of springs, wells, reservoirs, rivers, or the sea. Holy water plays a particular rôle in the Greek Church—although the Roman custom of moistening the fingers with it before making the sign of the cross on en-

ter Epiphany eve, the fifth. But on Epiphany itself, as early in the morning as local custom may dictate, takes place the Great Blessing. It is performed in the middle of the church, on a dais decorated with garlands of bay, and the important feature of the long ceremony is the dipping of a cross into a silver basin of water. The water is carefully kept in bottles throughout the next year and used as occasion may require. It is sometimes administered, for instance, to those who are not thought fit to take the full communion. The outdoor ceremony which follows this one is extremely picturesque. In Constantinople it may be seen in any of the numerous Greek waterside communities—by those who care to get up early enough of a January morning. One of the best places is Arnaoutkyöi, a large Greek village on the European shore of the Bosphorus, where the ceremony is obligingly postponed till ten or eleven o'clock. At the conclusion of the service in the church

a procession, headed by clergy in gala vestments and accompanied by candles, incense, banners, and lanterns on staves of the sort one sees in Italy, marches to the waterside. There it is added to by shivering mortals in bathing trunks. They behave in a highly unecclesiastical

them paddled back to shore and hurried off to get warm. The finder of the cross is a lucky man in this world and the world to come. He goes from house to house with the holy emblem he has rescued from the deep, and people give him tips. In this way he collects enough to restore his



They are not so much the order of the day as the progress of a traditional camel.—Page 490.

manner in their anxiety to get the most advantageous post on the quay. The banners and lanterns make a screen of color on either side of the priests, incense rises, choristers chant, a bishop in brocade and cloth-of-gold with a domed gilt mitre holds up a small cross; he makes the holy sign with it, and tosses it into the Bosphorus. There is a terrific splash as the rivals for its recovery dive after it. In days gone by there used to be fights no less terrific in the water over the precious object. The last time I saw the ceremony, however, there was nothing of the kind. The cross was even made of wood, so that there was no trouble in finding it. The first man who reached it piously put it to his lips and allowed the fellow nearest him to do the same. Then the half-dozen of

circulation and to pass a convivial Epiphany. The cross is his to keep, but he must provide a new one for the coming year.

The blessing of the waters is firmly believed by many good people to have one effect not claimed by mother church. It is supposed, that is, to exorcise for another year certain redoubtable beings known as *kallikántzari*. The name, according to one of the latest authorities on the subject,\* means the "good centaurs." Goodness, however, is not their distinguishing trait. They are quarrelsome, mischievous, and destructive monsters, half man, half beast, who haunt the twelve nights of the Christmas season. One of the most efficacious means of scaring them

\*J. C. Lawson: "Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion."





Another picturesque feature . . . is the dancing by Macedonians.—Page 490.

off is by firebrands, and I have wondered if the colored lanterns to which I have alluded might owe their origin to the same idea. Many pious sailors will not venture to sea during the twelve days, for fear of these creatures. The unfurling of the sails is one of the ceremonies of Epiphany in some seaside communities. Similarly, no one—of a certain class—would dream of marrying during the twelve days, while a child so unfortunate as to be born then is regarded as likely to become a *kal-likántzaros* himself. Here a teaching of the church perhaps mingles with the popular belief. But that belief is far older than the church, going back to Dionysus and the fauns, satyrs, and sileni who accompanied him. In many parts of the Greek world it is still the custom for men and boys to masquerade in furs during the twelve days. If no trace of the custom seems to survive in Constantinople it may be because the early fathers of the church thundered there against this continuance of the antique Dionysiac revels, which became the Brumalia and Saturnalia of the Romans.

I should not say that no trace survives,

because carnival is of course a lineal descendant of those ancient winter celebrations. As it exists in Constantinople, however, carnival is for the most part but a pale copy of an Italian original, imported perhaps by the Venetians and Genoese. It affords none the less pleasure to those who participate in it and curiosity of various colors to the members of the ruling race. I remember one night in Pera overhearing two venerable fezes with regard to a troop of maskers that ran noisily by. "What is this play?" inquired one old gentleman, who evidently had never seen it before and who as evidently looked upon it with disapproval. "Eh," replied the other, the initiated and the more indulgent old gentleman; "they pass the time!" The time they pass is divided differently than with us of the West. The second Sunday before Lent is called *Apokreá*, and is the day of farewell to meat. Which, for the religious, it actually is, although the gayeties of carnival are then at their height. The ensuing Sunday is called Cheese Sunday, because that amount of indulgence is permitted during the week that precedes it. After Cheese Sunday,

however, no man should touch cheese, milk, butter, oil, eggs, or even fish—though an exception is made in favor of caviare, out of which a delicious Lenten savory is made. Lent begins not on the Wednesday but on

Ash Wednesday to promenade on the ordinarily deserted quay of the Zattere. But no masks are seen on the Zattere on Ash Wednesday, whereas masks are the order of the day at Tattavla on Clean Mon-



The procession at the Phanar.

the Monday, which is called Clean Monday. In fact the first week of Lent is called Clean week. Houses are then swept and garnished and the fast is stricter than at any time save Holy week. The very pious eat nothing at all during the first three days of Lent.

Clean Monday, nevertheless, is a great holiday. In Constantinople it is also called Tattavla Day, because every one goes out to Tattavla, a quarter bordering on open country between Shishli and Haskyöi. A somewhat similar custom prevails in Venice, where every one goes on

day. They are not so much the order of the day, however, as the progress of a traditional camel, each of whose legs is a man. It carries a load of charcoal and garlic, which are powerful talismans against evil, and it is led about by a picturesquely dressed camel-driver whose face is daubed with blue. This simple form of masquerading, a common one at Tattavla, descends directly from the pagan Dionysia. Another picturesque feature of the day is the dancing by Macedonians—Greeks or Christian Albanians. Masquerading with these exiles consists in tying



a handkerchief about their heads in guise of a fillet and in putting on the black or white *fustanella*—with its accompanying accoutrements—of their native hills. They form rings in the middle of the crowd, which is kept back by one of their number called the Shepherd. Like the Christmas mummers of the Greek islands, he wears skins and has a big bronze sheep or camel bell fastened to some part of him. He also carries a staff to which is attached a bunch of garlic for good luck. He often wears a mask as well, or is otherwise disguised, and his clowneries give great amusement. In the meantime his companions join hands and dance around the ring to the tune of a pipe or a violin. The first two hold the ends of a handkerchief instead of joining hands, which enables the leader to go through more complicated evolutions. Sometimes he is preceded by one or two sword dancers, who know how to make the most of their hanging sleeves and plaited skirts. Some of these romantic young gentlemen are singularly handsome, which does not prepare one to learn that they are butchers' boys.

The Greeks keep no *mi-carême*, as the Latins do. Their longer and severer fast continues unbroken till Easter morning—unless Annunciation Day happens to fall in Lent. Then they are allowed the indulgence of fish. Holy week is with them the Great Week. Services take place in the churches every night except Wednesday, and commemorate the events of Jerusalem in a more dramatic way than even the Roman Church. The symbolic washing of the disciples' feet, however, which takes place in Jerusalem on Holy Thursday, is not performed in Constantinople except by the Armenians. On Good, or Great, Friday a cenotaph is erected in the nave of each church, on which is laid an embroidery or some other representation of the crucifixion. Sculpture is not permitted in the Greek Church, although on this one occasion a statue has sometimes been seen. The faithful flock during the day to the cenotaph, where they kiss the embroidery and make some small donation. Each one receives from the acolyte in charge a jonquil or a hyacinth. This charming custom is perhaps a relic of the Eleusinian Mysteries, which Easter superseded and with whose symbolism, cele-

brating as they did the myth of Demeter and Persephone, it has so much in common. Spring flowers, at all events, play a part at Easter quite different from our merely decorative use of them. Flower-stands are almost as common at church doors as candle-stands. For people also make the round of the icons in the churches, lighting votive tapers here and there. The true use of the tapers, however, is after dark. Then a procession figuring the entombment of Christ issues from the church with the image of the cenotaph and makes the circuit of the court or, in purely Greek communities, of the surrounding streets, accompanied by a crowd of lighted candles. The image is finally taken to the holy table, where it remains for forty days.

An even more striking ceremony takes place on Saturday night. About midnight people begin to gather in the churches, which are aromatic with the flowering bay strewn on the floor. Every one carries a candle but none are lighted—not even before the icons. The service begins with antiphonal chanting. The ancient Byzantine music sounds stranger than ever in the dim light, sung by the black-robed priests with black veils over their tall black hats. Finally the celebrant, in a purple cope of mourning, withdraws behind the *iconostásion*, the screen that in a Greek church divides the holy table from the chancel. As the chant proceeds candles are lighted in certain chandeliers. Then the door of the sanctuary is thrown open, revealing a blaze of light and color within. The celebrant comes out in magnificent vestments, holding a lighted candle and saying, "Come to the light." Those nearest him reach out their own tapers to take the sacred fire, and from them it is propagated in an incredibly short time through the entire church. In the meantime the priests march in procession out of doors, headed by a banner emblematic of the resurrection. And there, surrounded by the flickering lights of the congregation, the celebrant chants the triumphant resurrection hymn. At this point tradition demands that the populace should express their own sentiments by a volley of pistol shots. But since the reactionary uprising of 1909, when soldiers took advantage of the Greek



Easter to make such tragic use of their own arms, an attempt has been made in Constantinople to suppress this detail. I have been told that each shot is aimed at Judas. The unfaithful apostle, at all events, used to be burned in effigy on Good Friday at Therapia, a village of the upper Bosphorus. And I have heard of other customs of a similar bearing.

The most interesting place to see the ceremonies of Easter is the patriarchal church at Phanar—or Fener, as the Turks call it—on the Golden Horn. This is the Vatican of Constantinople. It has enjoyed that honor a comparatively short time, as years are counted in this part of the world. Saint Sophia was, of course, the original cathedral of the city. After its appropriation by the Turks the patriarchate moved five times, finally being established here in 1601. It naturally can no longer rank in splendor with its Roman rival. In historic interest, however, the Phanar yields nothing to the Vatican. The more democratic organization of the Eastern Church never claimed for the Bishop of Constantinople the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. But the former acquired and has always kept an obvious precedence among the prelates of the East by his residence in a city which has not ceased during sixteen hundred years to be the capital of an empire. Throughout that entire time an unbroken succession of Patriarchs have followed each other upon the episcopal throne of Saint John Chrysostom. Joachim III, the present incumbent of the patriarchate, is the two hundred and fifty-fourth of his line. The coming of the Turks did not disturb this succession. When Mohammed II took the city in 1453 one of his earliest acts was to confirm the rights of the patriarchate. The Patriarch even took on a new dignity as the recognized head of a people that no longer had any temporal leader. The schism of the churches definitively separated the sees of Rome and Constantinople, while later schisms, not doctrinal but political, have made the churches of Greece, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Roumania, Russia, and Servia independent of the Phanar in various degrees. But the Patriarch is still primate of a great Greek world, and there attaches to his person all the interest of a long and important history.

The ceremonies of Easter morning at the Phanar are not for every one to see, by reason of the smallness of the church. One must have a friend at court in order to obtain a ticket of admission. Even then one may miss, as I once did through ignorance and perhaps through a lack of that persistence which should be the portion of the true tourist, certain characteristic scenes of the day. Thus I failed to witness the robing of the Patriarch by the prelates of his court. Neither did I get a photograph of them all marching in procession to the church, though I had moved heaven and earth—*i. e.*, a bishop and an ambassador—for permission to do so. Nevertheless I had an excellent view of the ceremony of the second resurrection, as the Easter morning vespers are called. The procession entered the church led by small boys in white-and-gold who carried a tall cross, two gilt *exep̄térigha* on staves, symbolic of the six-winged cherubim, and lighted candles. After them came choristers singing. The men wore a species of fez entirely covered by its spread-out tassel. One carried an immense yellow candle in front of the officiating clergy, who marched two and two in rich brocaded chasubles. Their long beards gave them a dignity which is sometimes lacking to their Western brothers, while the tall black *kalymáfhion*, brimmed slightly at the top with a true Greek sense of outline, is certainly a more imposing head-dress than the biretta. The Patriarch came next, preceded and followed by a pair of acolytes carrying two and three lighted candles tied together with white rosettes. These candles symbolize the two natures of Christ and the Trinity; with them his Holiness is supposed to dispense his blessing. He wore magnificent vestments of white satin embroidered with blue and green and gold. A large diamond cross and other glittering objects hung about his neck. In his hand he carried a crosier of silver and gold, and on his head he wore a domed crown-like mitre. It was surmounted by a cross of gold, around it were ornaments of enamel and seed pearls, and in the gold circlet of its base were set immense sapphires and other precious stones. The Patriarch was followed by members of the Russian embassy, of the Greek, Montenegrin, Roumanian, and Servian legations,



and by the lay dignitaries of his own entourage, whose uniforms and decorations added what they could to the splendor of the occasion. These personages took their places in the body of the nave—standing, as is always the custom in the Greek Church—while the clergy went behind the screen of the sanctuary. The Patriarch, after swinging a silver censer through the church, took his place at the right of the chancel on a high canopied throne of carved wood inlaid with ivory. He made a wonderful picture there with his fine profile and long white beard and gorgeous vestments. On a lower and smaller throne at his right sat the Grand Logothete. The Grand Logothete happens at present to be a preternaturally small man, and time has greatly diminished his dignities. The glitter of his decorations, however, and the antiquity of his office make him what compensation they can. His office is an inheritance of Byzantine times, when he was a minister of state. Now he is the official representative of the Patriarch at the Sublime Porte and accompanies him to the palace when his Holiness has audience of the Sultan.

No rite, I suppose, surpasses that of the Greek Church in splendor. The carved and gilded iconostasis, the icons set about with gold, the multitude of candles, precious lamps, and chandeliers, the rich vestments, the clouds of incense, make an overpowering appeal to the senses. To the Western eye, however, there is too much gilt and blaze for perfect taste, there are too many objects in proportion to the space they fill. And certainly to the Western ear the Byzantine chant, however interesting on account of its descent from the antique Greek modes, lacks the charm of the Gregorian or of the beautiful Russian choral. At a point of the service the Gospels were read by different voices in a number of different languages. I recognized Latin and Slavic among them. Finally the Patriarch withdrew in the same state as he entered. On his way to his own apartments he paused on an open gallery and made an address to the crowd in the court that had been unable to get into the church. Then he held in the great saloon of his palace a levee of those who had been in the church, and each of them was presented with gayly decorated Easter

eggs and with a cake called a *tsurék*. These dainties are the universal evidence of the Greek Easter—these and the salutation “Christ is risen,” to which answer is made by lips the least sanctimonious, “In truth, he is risen.” Holy Thursday is the traditional day for dyeing eggs. On Holy Saturday the Patriarch sends an ornamental basket of eggs and *tsurék* to the Sultan. *Tsurék*, or *chörek* as it is more legitimately called in Turkish, is like the Easter cake of northern Italy. It is a sort of big brioche made in three strands braided together.

Easter Monday is in some ways a greater feast than Easter itself. In Constantinople the Christian population is so large that when the Greeks and Armenians stop work their fellow citizens find it easy to follow suit. The Phanar is a favorite place of resort throughout the Easter holidays, an open space between the patriarchate and the Golden Horn being turned into a large and lively fair. The traditional place for the celebration of the day, however, is in the open spaces of the Taxim, on the heights of Pera. The old travellers all have a chapter about the festivities which used to take place there, and remnants of them may still be seen. The Armenians gather chiefly in a disused cemetery of their cult, where the tomb of a certain Saint Kevork is honored at this season and where peasants from Asia Minor may sometimes be seen dancing among the graves. A larger and noisier congregation assembles at the upper edge of the parade-ground across the street. Not a little color is given to it by Greeks from the region of Trebizond, who sometimes are not Greeks at all, but Laz, and who often wear the hood of that mysterious people knotted around their heads. They have a strange dance which they continue hour after hour to the tune of a little violin hanging from the player’s hand. They hold each other’s fingers in the air, and as they dance they keep up a quivering in their thighs, which they vary by crouching to their heels and throwing out first one leg and then the other with a shout. An even more positive touch of color is given to the scene by the Kourds—or Kürts, as they pronounce their own name. They set up a tent, in front of which a space is partially enclosed by screens of



the same material. I remember seeing one such canvas that was lined with a vivid yellow pattern on a red ground. There swarthy Kourds in gayly embroidered jackets or waistcoats gather to smoke, to drink tea, and to dance in their own more sedate way, while gypsies pipe unto them and pound a big drum. I once asked one of the dancers how it was that he, being no Christian, made merry at Easter time. "Eh," he answered, "there is no work. Also, since the constitution we are all one, and if one nation rejoices, the others rejoice with it. Now all that remains," he went on, "is that there should be no rich and no poor, and that we should all have money together." Interesting as I found this socialistic opinion in the mouth of a Kourdish *hamal*, I could not help remembering how it had been put into execution in 1896, when the Kourds massacred the Armenian *hamals* and wrested from the survivors the profitable guild of the street porters. It was then that the Easter glory departed from the Taxim. But the place had already been overtaken by the growing city, while increasing facilities of communication now daily enlarge the radius of the holiday-maker.

One assembly of Easter week which still is to be seen in something of its pristine glory is the fair of Baloukli. This takes place on the Friday and lasts through Sunday. The scene of it is the monastery of Baloukli, outside the land walls of Stamboul. It is rather curious that the Turkish name of so ancient a place should have superseded even among the Greeks its original appellation. The Byzantine emperors had a villa there and several of them built churches in the vicinity. The name Baloukli, however, which might be translated as the Fishy Place, comes from the legend every one knows of the Greek monk who was frying fish when news was brought him that the Turks had taken the city. He refused to believe it, saying he would do so if his fish jumped out of the frying-pan—not into the fire, but into the spring beside him. Which they promptly did. Since when the life-giving spring, as it is called, has been populated by fish that look as if they were half-fried. The thing on Baloukli Day is to make a pilgrimage to the pool of these

miraculous fish, to drink of the water in which they swim, to wash one's hands and face and hair in it, and to take some of it away in a bottle. The spring is at one end of a dark chapel half underground, into which the crowd squeezes in batches. After receiving the benefits of the holy water you kiss the icons in the chapel. A priest in an embroidered stole, who holds a small cross in his hand, will then make the holy sign with it upon your person and offer you the cross and his hand as well to kiss, in return for which you drop a coin into the slot of a big box beside him. Candles are also to be had for burning at the various icons. The greater number of these, however, are in the monastery church hard by. And so many candles burn before them that attendants go about every few minutes, blow out the candles, and throw them into a box, to make room for new candles. There are also priests to whom you tell your name, which they add to a long list, and in return for the coin you leave behind you they pray for blessing upon the name. All this is interesting to watch, by reason of the great variety of the pilgrims and the unconscious lingering of paganism in their faith; and while there is a hard commercial side to it all, you must remember that a hospital and other charitable institutions largely profit thereby.

There are also interesting things to watch outside the monastery gate. Temporary coffee-houses and eating-places are established there in abundance, and the hum of festivity that arises from them may be heard afar among the cypresses of the surrounding Turkish cemetery. I must add that spirituous liquors are dispensed with some freedom; for the Greek does not share the hesitation of his Turkish brother in such matters, and he considers it well-nigh a Christian duty to imbibe at Easter. To imbibe too much at that season, as at New Year's and one or two other great feasts, is by no means held to impair a man's reputation for sobriety. It is surprising, however, how soberly the pleasures of the day are in general taken. As you sit at a table absorbing your own modest refreshment you are even struck by a certain stolidity in those about you. Perhaps it is partly due to the fact that the crowd is not



purely Greek. Armenians are there, Bulgarians, Albanians, Turks too. Then many of the pilgrims are peasants come in ox-carts from outlying villages and dazzled a little by this urban press. They listen in pure delight to the music that pours from a hundred instruments. The crowning glory of such an occasion is to have a musician sit at the table with you, preferably a hand-organ man or a gypsy with his pipe. Gypsy women go about telling fortunes.

"You are going to have great calamities," utters one darkly when you refuse to hear your fate. "Is that the way to get a piaster out of me?" you ask. "But afterward you will become very rich," she condescends to add. Other gypsies carry miniature marionette shows on their backs in glass cases. Wandering musicians tempt you to employ their arts. Venders of unimaginable sweets pick their way among the tables. Beggars exhibit horrible deformities and make artful speeches. "May you enjoy your youth!" is one. "May you know no bitternesses!" exclaims another with meaning emphasis. "May God forgive your dead," utters a third. "The world I hear but the world I do not see," cries a blind man melodramatically. "Little eyes I have none." Diminutives are much in favor among this gentry. And every two minutes some one comes with a platter or with a brass casket sealed with a big red seal and says, "Your assistance," adding "for the church," or "for the school," or "for the hospital," if you seem to fail to take in what is expected of you. Your assistance need not be very heavy, however, and you feel that you owe something in return for the pleasures of the occasion.

Beyond the circle of eating-places stretches an open field which is the scene of the more active enjoyment of the day. There the boat-swings beloved of Constantinople children are installed, together with

merry-go-rounds, weights which one sends to the top of a pole by means of a hammer blow, and many another world-wide device for parting the holiday-maker and his money. One novel variant is an inclined wire, down which boys slide hanging from a pulley. Dancing is the favorite recreation of the men. When they happen to be Bulgars of Macedonia they join hands and circle about one of their

number who plays the bagpipe. Every few steps the leader stops and, steadied by the man who holds the other end of his handkerchief, indulges in posturings expressive of supreme enjoyment. The *paschaliatico* of the Greeks is less curious but more graceful. After watching the other dances, picturesque as they are, one seems to come back with it to the old Greek sense of measure. And it is danced with a light-someness which is less evident with other races. The men put their hands on each other's shoulders and circle in a sort of

barn-dance step to the strains of a *lanterna*. Of which more anon.

The feast of Our Lady of the Fishes is one of the greatest popular festivals in Constantinople. By no means, however, is it the only one of its kind. The cult of holy wells forms a chapter by itself in the observances of the Greek Church. This cult has an exceptional interest for those who have been touched by the classic influence, as offering one of the most visible points at which Christianity turned to its own use the customs of paganism. A holy well, an *ayásma* as the Greeks call it, is nothing more or less than the sacred fount of antiquity. Did not Horace celebrate such a one in his ode to the *Fons Bandusiæ*? As a matter of fact a belief in naiads still persists among Greek peasants. And you can pay a lady no greater compliment than to tell her that she looks, or even that she cooks, like a nereid. For under that comprehensive name the



Joachim III, ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople.



nymphs are now known. But as guardians of sacred founts they, like some of the greater divinities, have been baptized with Christian names. There is an infinity of such springs in and about Constantinople. Comparatively few of them are so well housed as the *ayâsma* of Baloukli. Some of them are scarcely to be recognized from any profane rill in the open country, while others are in Turkish hands and accessible only on the day of the saint to which they are dedicated. On that day, and in the case of an *ayâsma* of some repute on the days before and after—unless the nearest Sunday determine otherwise—is celebrated the *paniyîri* of the patron of the spring. *Paniyîri*, or *panayîr*, has the same origin as our word panegyric. For the reading of the saint's panegyric is one of the religious exercises of the day. Which, like the early Christian agape and the contemporary Italian *festa*, is another survival of an older faith. But religious exercises are not the essential part of a *paniyîri* to most of those who take part in one. Nor need a *paniyîri* necessarily take place at a holy well. The number of them that do take place is quite fabulous. Still, as the joy of life was discovered in Greece, who shall blame the Greeks of to-day for finding so many occasions to manifest it? And it is natural that these occasions should oftenest arise during the clement half of the year, when the greater feasts of the church are done.

One of the earliest "panegyrics" of the season is that of *Aï Sarânda*, which is held on the 9th/22d of March. *Aï Sarânda* means Saint Forty to many good people, although others designate thereby the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste—now the Turkish city of Sivas. There is a spring dedicated to these worthies on the outskirts of Pera, between the place called The Stones and the palace of Dolma Baghcheh. I find it difficult to share the popular belief that the forty martyrs of Sivas ever had anything to do with this site. It is true that the pious Empress Pulcheria dug them up in the fifth century and transported them with great pomp to the church she built for them on the farther side of the Golden Horn. It is also true that their church was demolished shortly before the Turkish conquest, and its marbles used in fortifying the Golden Gate.

But why should a Turkish tomb on the hillside above the *ayâsma* be venerated by the Greeks as the last resting-place of "Saint Forty"? Has it anything to do with the fact that the forty martyrs are commemorated at the vernal equinox, which happens to be the New Year of the Persians and which the Turks also observe?

Being ignorant of all these matters, my attention was drawn quite by accident to the tomb in question, by some women who were tying rags to the grille of a window. The act is common enough in the Levant, among Christians and Mohammedans alike. It signifies a wish on the part of the person who ties the rag, which should be torn from his own clothing. More specifically it is sometimes supposed to bind to the bar any malady with which he may happen to be afflicted. Near this grille was a doorway through which I saw people coming and going. I therefore decided to investigate. Having paid ten *paras* for that privilege to a little old Turk with a long white beard, I found myself in a typical Turkish *türbeh*. In the centre stood a ridged and turbaned catafalque, while Arabic inscriptions adorned the walls. I asked the *hoja* in attendance who might be buried there. He told me that the Greeks consider the tomb to be that of Saint Forty, while the Turks honor there the memory of a certain holy Ahmet. I would willingly have known more about this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of a saint; but others pressed behind me and the *hoja* asked if I were not going to circulate. He also indicated the left side of the catafalque as the place for me to begin. I accordingly walked somewhat leisurely around the room. When I came back to the *hoja* he surprised me not a little by throwing a huge string of wooden beads over my head, obliging me to step clear of them. He then directed me to circulate twice more. Which I did with more intelligence, he muttering some manner of invocation the while. The third time I was considerably delayed by a Greek lady with two little boys who carried toy balloons. The little boys and their balloon strings got tangled in the string of the big wooden beads, and one of the balloons broke away to the ceiling, occasioning fearful sounds of lamentation in the holy





The Phanar is a favorite place of resort throughout the Easter holidays. —Page 423

place. The *hoja* kept his temper admirably, however. He was not too put out to inform me that I owed him a piaster for the service he had rendered me. I begged his pardon for troubling to remind me, saying that I was a stranger. He politely answered that one must always learn a first time, adding that a piaster would not make me poor nor him rich. I reserved my opinion on the latter point when I saw how many of them he took in. At the foot of the catafalque a Turkish boy was selling tapers. I bought one, as it were an Athenian sacrificing to the unknown god, lighted it, and stuck it into the basin of sand set for the purpose. That done I considered myself free to admire the more profane part of the *panayır*.

Part of it covered the adjoining slopes, where peaceably inclined spectators, including Turkish women not a few, might also contemplate the blossoming peach-trees that added their color to the occasion and the farther panorama of Bosphorus and Marmora. But the crux of the proceedings was in a small hollow below the tomb. I must confess that I shrank

from joining the press of the faithful about the grotto of the sacred fount. I contented myself with hovering on their outskirts. A black group of priestly cylinders marked the densest part of the crowd, and near them a sheaf of candles burned strangely in the clear spring sunlight. A big refreshment tent was pitched not too far away to receive the overflow of devotion, reaching out canvas arms to make further space for tables and chairs. The faded green common to Turkish tents was lined with dark red, appliquéd to which were panels of white flower-pots and flowers. I wondered if the tent man wittingly repeated this note of the day. For flowers were everywhere in evidence. Lilacs, tulips, hyacinths, jonquils, violets, and narcissi were on sale under big green canvas umbrellas at the edge of the hollow, while every other pilgrim who came away from the *ayásma* carried a bottle of the holy water in one hand and a spring flower in the other.

Interesting as is the *panayır* of the forty martyrs, it does not rank with the later and greater spring festival of Saint





The Kourds . . . set up a tent, in front of which a space is partially enclosed. — Page 493.

George. This also has Turkish affiliations, at least in Constantinople and Macedonia. Both races count Saint George's Day, April 23/May 6, the official beginning of summer—of the good time, as modern Greek pleasantly puts it. The Turks, however, dedicate the day to one Hidr Elyess. But it is not too difficult to relate this somewhat vague personage to our more familiar friend Elijah, who in his character of Saint Elias shares with Saint George the mantle of Apollo. Nor is the heavenly charioteer the only one of the Olympians whose cult survives to-day among their faithful people. The Hebrew prophet would doubtless have been much astonished to learn that he was to be the heir of a Greek god. He owes it partly to the similarity of his name to the Greek word for sun and partly to the chariot of fire that carried him out of the world. As for "the infamous George of Cappadocia," as Gibbon denominates the patron saint of our ancestral island, his part in the heritage of Apollo is due to his dragon, cousin-german to the python of the Far Darter. The sanctuaries of these two

Christian legatees of Olympus have replaced those of Apollo on all hilltops, while their name-days are those when men feasted of old the return and the midsummer splendor of the sun.

The place among places to celebrate Saint George's Day is Prinkipo. That delicious island deserves a book to itself. Indeed, I believe several have been written about it. One of them is by a political luminary of our own firmament who flamed for a moment across the Byzantine horizon and whose counterfeit presentment, in a bronze happily less enduring than might be, hails the motormen of Astor Place, New York. Sunset Cox's work bears the ingratiating title of "The Pleasures of Prinkipo; or, The Diversions of a Diplomat"—if that is the order of the alternatives. The pleasures of Prinkipo are many as its red and white sage roses; but none of them are more characteristic than to climb the Sacred Way through olive and cypress and pine to the little monastery crowning the higher hill of the island and to take part in the ceremonies of rejoicing over the return



of the sun. This is a *paniyiri* much frequented by the people of the Marmora, who come in their fishing-boats from distant villages of the marble sea. Their costumes become annually more corrupt,

I am pained to state; but there are still visible among them ladies in print, sometimes even in rich velvet, trousers of a fulness, wearing no hat but a painted muslin handkerchief over the hair and adorned with dowries in the form of strung gold coins. They do not all come to make merry. Among them are not a few ill or deformed, who hope a miracle from good Saint George. You may see them lying pale and full of faith on the strewn bay of the little church. They are allowed to pass the night there, in order to absorb the virtue of the holy place. I have even known of a sick child's clothes being left in the church a year in hope of saving its life.

But these are only incidents in the general tide of merrymaking. Eating and drinking, music and dance, go on without interruption for three days and three nights. The music is made in many ways, of which the least popular is certainly not the way of the *lanterna*. The *lanterna* is a kind of hand-organ, a hand-piano rather, of Italian origin but with an accent and an interspersing of bells peculiar to Constantinople. It should attract the eye as well as the ear, usually by means of the portrait of some beauteous being set about with a garland of artificial flowers. And it is engineered by two young gentlemen in fezes of an extremely dark red, in short black jackets or in bouffant shirt-sleeves of some magnificent print, with

a waistcoat more double-breasted than you ever saw and preferably worn unbuttoned; also in red or white girdles, in trousers that flare toward the bottom like a sailor's, and in shoes or slippers that



Fringes of colored paper are strung from house to house —Page 500.

should have no counter. Otherwise the rules demand that the counter be turned under the wearer's heel. Thus accoutred he bears his *lanterna* on his back from patron to patron and from one *panayiri* to another. His companion carries a campstool, whereon to rest his instrument while turning the handle hour in and hour out. I happen, myself, to be not a little subject to the spell of music. I have trembled before Fitzner, Kneisel, and Sevcik quartets and I have touched infinity under the subtlest bows and batons of my time. Yet I must confess that I am able to listen



to a *lanterna* without displeasure. On one occasion I listened to many of them, accompanied by pipes, drums, gramophones, and wandering violins, for the whole of a May night on Saint George's hilltop in Prinkipo. What is more, I understood in myself how the Dionysiac frenzy was fed by the cymbals of the *mænads*, and I resented all the inhibitions of a New England origin that kept me from joining the dancers. Some of them were the Laz porters of the island, whose exhausting measure was more appropriate to such an orgy than to Easter Monday. Others were women, for once. But they kept demurely to themselves, apparently untouched by any corybantic fury. The same could not be said of their men, whose dancing was not always decent. They were bareheaded, or wore a handkerchief twisted about their hair like a fillet, and among them were faces that might have looked out of an Attic frieze. It gave one the strangest sense of the continuity of things. In the lower darkness a few faint lights were scattered. One wondered how, to them, must seem the glare and clangor of this island hilltop, ordinarily so silent and deserted. The music went up to the quiet stars, the revellers danced unwearying, a half-eaten moon slowly lighted the dark sea, a spring air moved among the pines, and then a grayness came into the east, near the Bithynian Olympus, and at last the god of hilltops rode into a cloud-barred sky.

The second feast of Apollo takes place at midsummer, namely on Saint Elias's Day (July 20/August 2). Arnaoutkyöi is where it may be most profitably admired. Arnaoutkyöi, Albanian Village, is the Turkish name of a thriving suburb which the Greeks call Great Current, from the race of the Bosphorus past its long point. It perhaps requires a fanatical eye to discover anything Apollonic in that lively settlement. No one will gainsay, however, that the joy of life is visible and audible enough in Arnaoutkyöi during the first three days of August. There also is a sacred way, leading out of an odoriferous ravine to a high place and a grove whither all men gather in the heat of the day to partake of the water of a holy well. But waters less sanctified begin to flow more freely as night draws on, along the

cool quay and in the purlieus thereof. Fringes of colored paper are strung from house to house, flags hang out of windows or across the street, wine-shops are splendid with banners, rugs, and garlands of bay, and you may be sure that the sound of the *lanterna* is not unheard in the land. The perfection of festivity is to attach one of these inspiring instruments to your person for the night. The thing may be done for a dollar or two. You then take a table at a café and order with your refreshments a candle, which you light and cause to stand with a little of its own grease. In the meantime perhaps you buy as many numbers as your means will allow out of a bag offered you by a young gentleman with a watermelon under his arm, hoping to find among them the mystic number that will make the melon your own. But you never do. When your candle has burned out—or even before, if you be so prodigal—you move on with your *lanterna* to another café. And so wears the short summer night away.

To the sorrow of those who employ Greek labor, but to the joy of him who dabbles in Greek folklore, *paniyiria* increase in frequency as summer draws to a close. The picturesque village of Candilli, opposite Arnaoutkyöi—and any church dedicated to the *Metamorphosis*—is the scene of an interesting one on Transfiguration Day (August 6/19). No good Greek eats grapes till after the Transfiguration. At the mass of that morning baskets of grapes are blessed by the priests and afterward passed around the church. I know not whether some remnant of a bacchic rite be in this solemnity. It so happens that the delicious *chaoush* grapes of Constantinople, which have spoiled me for all others that I know, ripen about that time. But as the blessing of the waters drives away the *kallikántzari*, so the blessing of the grapes puts an end to the evil influence of the *thrymais*. The *thrymais* are probably descended from the dryads of old. Only they now haunt the water, instead of the trees, and their influence is baleful during the first days of August. Clothes washed then are sure to rot, while the fate of him so bold as to bathe during those days is to break out into sores.

The next great feast is that of the Assumption, which is preceded by a fort-



night's fast. Those who would see its panegyric celebrated with due circumstance should row on the 28th of August to Yenikeuy and admire the plane-shaded avenue of that fashionable village, decorated in honor of the occasion and musical with mastic glasses and other instruments of sound. A greater *panayır*, however, takes place a month later in the pleasant meadows of Gyök Sou, known to Europe as the Sweet Waters of Asia. Two feasts indeed, the Nativity of the Virgin and the Exaltation of the Cross (September 8/21 and 14/27), then combine to make a week of rejoicing. There is nothing to be seen at Gyök Sou that may not be seen at other fêtes of the same kind. I do recollect, though, a dance of Anatolian peasants in a ring, who held each other first by the little finger, then by the hand, then by the elbow, and lastly by the shoulder. And the amphoræ of the local pottery works in which people carry away their holy water give the rites of the *ayâsma* a classic air. But this *panayır* has an ampler setting than the others, in its green river valley dotted with great trees. And it enjoys an added importance because it is to all practical purposes the last of the season. No one can count on being able to make merry out of doors on Saint Demetrius' Day (October 26/November 8). Saint Demetrius is as interesting a personality as Saint George. He also is an heir of divinity, for on him, curiously enough, have devolved the responsibilities of the goddess Demeter. He is the patron of husbandmen, who discharge laborers and lease fields on his day. Among working people his is a favorite season for matrimony. I know not how it is that some sailors will not go to sea after *Aï thimîtri*, until the waters have been blessed at Epiphany. Perhaps it is that he marks for Greeks and Turks alike the beginning of winter, being known to the latter as Kassim. This division of the seasons is clearly connected with the Pelasgian myth of Demeter. The feast of her successor I have never found particularly interesting, at least as it is celebrated at Kourou Cheshmeh. I always remember it, however, for an altar festooned about with a battered sculpture of rams' heads

grapes, and indistinguishable garlands. Very likely no sacrifice to Demeter was ever laid on that old marble, as it pleases me to imagine. But it stands half buried in the earth near the mosque of the village, a curiously vivid symbol of the contrasts and survivals that are so much of the interest of Constantinople.

These *paniyîria* are only a few of an inexhaustible list, for every church and spring has its own. I have not even mentioned certain famous ones that are not easily visited. Of this category, though less famous than the fairs of Darija, Pyrgos, or Silivri, is the feast of the *Panayîa Mavromolîtissa*. This madonna in the church of Arnaoutkyöi is a black icon reputed to have been found in the fields at the mouth of the Black Sea. Every year on the 5th of September she is carried back in a cortège of fishing-boats—weeping, it is said—by priests and well-wishers who hold a picnic *panayır* in the vicinity of the Cyanean Rocks. I have not spoken, either, of Ascension Day, which it is proper to celebrate by taking your first sea bath. Or of Saint John's Day, known by its bonfires and divinations. The Greeks often burn in the fires of Saint John one or two effigies which are said to represent Judas, though Herod and Salome should rather perish on that occasion. Then there is May Day, when young men and maidens get up early in the morning, as they do in Italy, and go out into the fields to sing, to dance, to drink milk, to pick flowers, and to make wreaths which the swain hangs up on the door-post of the lady of his heart. And equally characteristic, in a different way, are the days when men eat and drink in honor of their dead. No one, I suppose, tries any longer to prove that the modern Greek is one with his classic ancestor. Yet he remains curiously faithful to the customs of ancient Greece. Whereby he affords us an interesting glimpse into the processes of evolution. In him the antique and the modern world come together and we see for ourselves, more clearly than on the alien soil of the West, how strangely habit is rooted in the heart of man, and how the forms of Christianity are those of the paganism that preceded it.



"Carrambos! Thees messaage, it is expect!"—Page 510.

## SPARKS OF THE WIRELESS

By Walter S. Hiatt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. A. SHAFER

THE youths of the world are running away to sea again.

But yesterday the sea had lost its romance, had become a place of prosaic travelling from an icy port to a hot one, with the tying up at the coal-blackened dock the most fanciful adventure of the voyage. The pirates, alas, had gone to work. There was naught left of the wondrous days of old but the yarns found in

the pages of "The Pilot," "Peter Simple," "Treasure Island." The American lad had quit the sea these thirty years. It had hardly kept a place in his dreams; and the word was being passed that the white lad the world around was forgetting the sea.

Lo! a tiny dot, a dash or two, cuts through the air, over the sea, and all is changed—once more as it should be. To the sea was thus reclaimed enchanted,



wandering fancy, and to-day thousands of American, English, German, French, and Italian youths are again treading the heaving deck on the high sea.

The new lad aboard ship is Sparks. He may be nineteen and lay claim to one and twenty; he may have hoped to begin life as an Indian-fighter.

But Wireless has made of him a spanking ship's operator, one who dreams of ether waves and transmitters, condensers, transformers, and anchor spark gaps; an operator who can, if need there be, speak a language for any tongue, play a tune on his antenna that will ride out the most terrible of gales, bring succor to the weakest ship, snatch its prey from the wildest sea.

Sparks is not tied down in restive captivity to one port or ship. His power is only short of divine. He may leap over the sea and the mountains, where he listeth. If there are no messages to send for captain or passenger, if the steady brightness of the stars blooming above and the regular roar of the waves broken under the bow make the watch to drag, he may call up a friend hundreds of miles to leeward, ask the latest news from home, make plans to meet at port six months hence and have a jolly lark ashore, when confidences can be exchanged without every gossipier afloat and every amateur on land listening in.

A fellow doesn't mind telling the whole world about the persecutions of the skipper and the bad bunking and worse food on board—but there *are* some things to be kept sacred. Girls? Of course not!

If perchance Sparks is ploughing Pacific waters, say on a tramp bound around the Horn, laden deep with grain and no port to make in the ten thousand miles this side of Dunkirk, he may break the monotony of marmalade and toast, scowling skipper and raging waves, by calling up

the station on the island of Juan Fernandez, off the coast of Chile, and ask after Robinson Crusoe's goats, his vine-clad fort, his boats, and all the rest so plainly set down on printed page.



"You lack manners, sir," shouted Cameron when he got to the dock.—Page 505.

Truly what a wonderful life leads Sparks and truly what a wonderful fellow he is!

A right bold sea-dog is Sparks and he leads the captain a sad life. Is it Sparks or is it the captain who commands the ship?

"Why, sir, I'm growing old before my time, what with reports and owner's complaints, cargo that shifts, logs that read awry," grumbled one Old Man. "And

now I have *this* to look after. A fellow comes aboard my ship and by the swagger of him I'm but an air wave."

It is when skippers are in such frame of mind that poor Sparks learns why so many other boys quit going to sea in the good old days.

Because a fellow happens to be in a hurry, to forget that the skipper is a high and mighty person, and asks him offhand, "I say, captain, do you want to send out any dope to-night?" that is no reason to set you to pacing the deck in a disgraceful rope ring for an hour, with an added quarter each time you touch a ventilator or the rail. I should say not!

Then, there are times when no self-respecting fellow can hold his tongue. Take the case of Cameron. *He* showed the Old Man of the *Iroquois* how to respect a Wireless operator. Cameron is

known from Point Barrow to the ice barriers of the Antarctic as a competent operator. The night he left that old tub in Seattle, she had taken on a whole deck-load of sheep. Sheep were even stowed about the Wireless cabin. There was a holy stench, let me tell you. Cameron wasn't to blame.

So he up and tells the Old Man that them sheep has *got* to come from around his cabin. Did not his contract call for a first-class berth? Well, the *Iroquois* was just about to cast off her lines, ready for sea. "The tide is making, sir," the first was bellowing from the fo'c's'le head when Cameron went to the bridge.

"If you're not suited aboard *my* ship, Mr. Cameron," says the Old Man, "why, you can take your things and go ashore and confound you!" But he was that put out, he went to Cameron's cabin and





helped him get his things ashore. He afterward bragged he threw Cameron, "his umbrella, his valise, coats, pants, and collars, all in a heap, right over the side upon the dock." Anyway, it was not what you would call a friendly parting.

"You lack manners, sir," shouted Cameron when he got to the dock. Those were his very words. My! how mad they made that skipper!

It must be that skippers are jealous. When they are about to wreck their ships, it is always the Wireless men that save them. Then the passengers and the newspapers tell how Sparks acted like a hero. That's the way it is.

Take the eighty passengers of the *Camino*. They know how to appreciate fellows like Cameron. After clearing from Portland, ten miles off Astoria she ran into a stiff southerly gale which was soon banging away at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and God help the vessel in its path! Waves piled up, swept the battened decks, wrecked and carried away the winches and all the tackle forward. The passengers gathered in the saloon, praying and weeping, while the storm raged. The steady plunging forward of the ship, lifting her heels out of water, kept the screw spinning in vacant air so viciously it finally broke short off and dropped to the bottom.

Then the despised Sparks was told to call for help, to send out the S.O.S. of distress. With the ship drifting and the waves breaking over broadside, when it was worth your life to go on deck, Sparks repaired his disabled antenna; he braved each bolt of lightning, apt to dart down his wires to the head-phones and strike him senseless at the key.

Finally, forth into the air sputtered the call that brought the *Watson*. The *Camino* was towed into San Francisco harbor, with every soul safe on board. You bet those passengers were glad. They voted Sparks the ablest seaman of the lot and his antenna wires, stretched from masthead to masthead, the handsomest part of the ship.

It's in such times as this that Sparks loves to go to sea. Even the Old Man is then his friend. Though the brave captain may be broken-hearted at the thought



What letters they are that these mothers get! How their hearts tremble at the reading!—Page 508.

of losing his commission for not having done more than human could do, he is sure to speak a good word for Sparks at the company offices.

The running away of Sparks to sea, however, is not done to-day as formerly. If bred on this side of the water, he cannot jump over the back-yard fence and make for the nearest ship. He must quiet the fever in his veins, still the quick heart-beat that brings the sparkle to the eye and the bloom to the cheek, until he has passed certain school examinations. But such a school!

The uninitiated peeping in would mistake the scholars for apprentice divers, arrayed as they are with helmet-like head-pieces. A glimpse reveals the yearning of these youth to become operators. The generators and dynamos, booming and cracking as they feed the wires with the

electric currents that pass into the ether as pebbles in a pool, would alone capture the youthful imagination.

Then, there are other bewildering pieces of apparatus—telegraph-keys, switches, tuners, automatic message-stampers, circuit diagrams—on the walls maps of the world splashed with red dots of wireless stations, charts to show the position of all ships at sea.

Since the passage of laws by nations requiring two operators aboard passenger-ships, to take watch and watch about, a dozen schools have been established to train operators. These schools are in Germany, in France, in England. In the United States there are no less than half a dozen. Some of these schools are maintained by the commercial companies supplying ships with equipment and men. The United States Navy maintains one at Brooklyn, another at San Francisco, and in both government licenses are granted to any amateur or professional operator, after a rigid examination.

Wireless is a veritable disease with the American student. Some of them, long before entering these schools, work at all sorts of jobs, whitewashing neighbors' fences, carrying coals, running errands, to get money to build their own amateur stations. In cities, where landlords are captious and refuse to let antenna wires mingle with clothes-lines on the roofs, the boys not infrequently use brass bedsteads in the attics as antennæ.

So going to a wireless school is dearer than play to them. Mother may have intended Sparks for a minister, father for a drug clerk, and uncle for a grocery man; but no bond can bind such a heart's desire. It is students of such fervor that are sought to enlist in the navy or sign contracts with the commercial companies.

At the school there is constant practice in distress signalling. The ship in distress is by rule entirely in charge of the situation and must not be interfered with, not spoken to unless in reply to messages. Thus, the Sparks in distress sends out: "S.O.S., K.P.N.," the last three letters being his ship letter. He collects his answers, selects the ship nearest, tells others to stand by and others to proceed. This team work is exacting, sometimes exciting to distraction.

One day a new Sparks related this awful

tale of woe: "We have sunk by the head. All on board lost."

"Send us a letter about it, then," answered a facetious operator.

After two or three months at the school, attending lectures on electromagnetism, wireless engineering, learning the Continental code, the repair of equipment under difficulties, Sparks goes up for his license. The examination is in deadly earnest, too. He must know as much about Wireless as captains and pilots of ship navigation. A not unimportant requirement of the license is secrecy in respect to all messages. Once the license is granted, if he elects the merchant-ship trade, he signs on with a commercial company at a beginner's salary of thirty dollars a month and all found.

Then it's ho! and away for the wide ports of romance. He goes as assistant to a chief Sparks, to be sure, but he goes. He explores all the mysteries of the ship, of the seas, and the islands and lands bordering thereupon. The sea becomes his home, with the land as an excuse for stopping now and again. He learns how to walk with a tremendous roll, to speak lightly of mountain waves, to smoke black cigars of Havana, the lighter ones of Sumatra, to drink Madeira wines, to eat green cocoanuts and bananas and yet live; he learns to forget, too, the dusty front of Marseilles, the lonely, dreary weeks around the Cape. War, famine, luxury, shipwreck, are all taken in good part.

There was the investigating Sparks who went ashore to see the sights at Tampico. The "static" of the atmosphere was such that he could not talk with friends at sea, the ship was no place to stop, what with the heat, the mess made by the loading of sugar, the noise of the winches, and the bustle of getting her ready for sea. Going ashore, Sparks met a mate who told him he should ride up-country to visit the grave of a dead patriot and buried hero.

Sparks went to a livery man. Did he have a nice mount? *Did* he? He had the swiftest, the gentlest, the most docile donkey ever bred outside of Spain. So Sparks mounted and plunged inland, until he reached the graveside, hidden by coarse grass, overrun with ants and scorpions and beetles. He reverently began to copy the inscription in his note-book: "QUE SEA SU JUEZ DIOS" (Let God be his judge).



While Sparks was stooping, better to read the rest, the swiftest, gentlest donkey, possibly being of a different political faith from the patriot, gayly kicked up his heels, tossed poor Sparks to earth, and

traffic-manager's office, whence operators meet and are assigned to ships.

"Hello! Jenkins. So you're the man I've been talking to these three years and never yet set eyes upon. That's a great



You let one such put on your ear-phones, you guide her hand at the sending key.—Page 511.

bent his way homeward. Sparks, failing of finding another mount, reached the city next morning, footsore and worn, to find that his ship had sailed without him. Did he rail at the heartless skipper? Not he. "Let God be his judge," he declared sentimentiously and set about seeking, without too much concern, a berth on a ship bound for New York, there to report for another ship at the home office.

The spirit of voyages never-ending, of adventures impossible, hovers about the

yarn you told me down in the Caribbean about the Kingston negro who got a shock walking under the antenna with a steel cane. . . ."

"Well! well! well! And this is the sport I landed in the business. I hear you handed it to the Old Man when he asked you to call up the *Don Juan de Austria* and beg the loan of the key to the keelson. What was your answer? I remember now. You told him you were busy frying flying-fish on your antenna for supper, and when you got that little job fin-

ished, you intended to find out what became of the waste ether dots. I guess he found you weren't so green, at that. . . ."

"Boys! look at the bulletin-board! 'The next operator reported at this office for swearing anywhere within three hundred miles of the port of New York will be severely dealt with. All improper conversation among operators *must* cease.' Listen to this: '*Please* note that the s/s *Kiruna*, call letters S.F.N., of the Rederiaktiebolaget Lulea-Ofoten, has been equipped with wireless apparatus, to be operated by the Société Anonyme Internationale de Telegraphie Sans Fil.' Here's more of the same: 'Please note that the call letter of the s/s *Bahia Castillo* of the Hamburg sud-Amerikanische Dampschiffahrts Gesellschaft is D.B.K.' They hand us stuff like this to remember and then they wonder why fellows get mad and let off steam. . . ."

"When I was at Calcutta, I did a good turn for an old fakir and he took a shine to me. He said he'd let me know when he died. That was three years ago and, will you believe me, this voyage home, a thousand miles at sea, he rung a bell—the astral bell!—right in my cabin, and told me he was dying. He knew the code all right. . . . Well, if you fellows won't believe me . . . It's true. No ghost story at all. . . ."

"Yes, the lad at Fame Point died. They said he had heart trouble. I believe it was pure homesickness, that's what I believe. . . ."

"He was always a queer sort. When he got the message of his mother's death, he wrote it right out and started to deliver it to a passenger. He didn't know it was for him, couldn't believe it. You see, his mother had just been planning to have him stop ashore at home with her for a spell around Christmas-time. He had not been home for a year and more. . . ."

While the chatter is running along in this wise, a lad comes tramping in, the fresh mists of the sea still clinging about his face. His ship, the *Santa Rosalia*, has come to port, via Seattle, the Straits of Magellan, Buenos Ayres, Bordeaux, and Liverpool. She is going into dry dock for two or three weeks. So he is packed off to take a passenger-ship to Bermuda. "Glory be!" he shouts, in full joy. This is the first time he has had a passenger-

ship for a year. He makes for his cabin on the freighter, expresses some French laces and curio to mother and sister, packs up, and goes to his new ship—is off for flirtations on the sly, to answer foolish questions in pretty mouths about Wireless.

A strapping man comes in from the navy-yard. He is almost nineteen, has just passed his license examination, and is yearning for a ship. He can speak French, so he is assigned to the *Themistocles*, sailing on the morrow for Grecian ports, to carry volunteers to the war. He rushes home to pack.

"To the war, mother! Think of the fun I'll have!" What mother thinks is something quite different. But these mothers are brave. She slips, unawares, a little book of prayers among his things, sees that he has plenty of clean clothes, kisses her boy, and makes him promise to be good. "And *do* write me often, son," she begs on the door-step. What letters they are that these mothers get! How their hearts tremble at the reading—

"Well, we got there and put guns on our ship and they made me a naval operator. We had a fight and they run us ashore but I sent a wireless and one of our ships came and chased them away. Another time the Turks got us and put irons on me and I thought they were going to shoot us but they didn't because we got exchanged and now I am back on another ship. So everything is all right. You needn't worry about me though I do wish I had some more clean clothes. . . ."

It's only when you go to war that a fellow takes a chance. Of course. The sea is safe if you are in a safe ship. All the Sparkses afloat write this assurance home to mother from every port. They leave untold the stories of the brawlers who lie in wait at dark corners, in the foul alleyways, who strip men of the ship and throw their bodies into the quiet river. They forget about the collision, the blow amidships some foggy night, when a ship goes to the bottom like a rock.

Take the case of the steamer *Narrung*. Sparks had to leave mother the very day before Christmas. It was the fault of the Old Man, who hurried the longshoremen in loading her. But he got paid back for it. After she left Tilbury dock, bound for the Cape and Australia, she had head





Sometimes Sparks quits going to sea for another reason yet.—Page 511.

winds in the Channel and worse ones outside. In the Bay of Biscay the green seas began sweeping the ship from stem to stern. Twenty miles off Ushant, all hands thought she would founder, surely.

It was a time to pick your own burying-ground, with a shroud of brine. Her iron decks forward ripped up and crumpled back before the force of those waves like so much tinfoil. Truly an honest man's weather. There was no turning her about in the teeth of that gale. The Old Man told Sparks to send out his S.O.S. It was freezing cold, so cold that he had to hold one hand to steady the other. The ship was pitching so that his wave metres varied every thirty seconds. But he got his auxiliary set working and shoved out that message just the same. The *Bavaria* and the *Negada* answered and this gave the Old Fussy his nerve back. He'd rather drown and go to the bottom than pay salvage. So he began turning that ship about. Before that gale and those waves breaking over, the *Narrung* reeled so the lookout came just short of dropping from the crow's-nest.

There was an hour and twenty minutes of this work and she was got about at last. She proceeded to Gravesend harbor.

Sparks had been on duty and without sleep for fifty hours or such matter, but he rolled over the side and went home to spend New Year's with mother—which was almost as good as Christmas, being unexpected. He told mother the captain caught cold, or forgot his watch, or gave some other good reason for putting back. Why worry dear mother?

The iron, never-say-die spirit of the *Seven Seas* perforce creeps into the blood of Sparks. It is a world of give and take, oftener taking than giving, and one must learn its ways. Thus, when the operators on Sable Island saw the fine ship *Eric* cast ashore by a wild March tempest, one of their number beat through the breakers aboard of her with a small wireless outfit—she having none—to transmit the messages that might yet save her.

He braved the waves breaking over her, worked like a fury, clambered to the masts,

strung his antenna, and began sending the messages to the *Aberdeen*, the *Bridgewater*, and the *Seal*, which came and stood by, waiting a chance to salvage the ship, or at least save her three thousand nine hundred tons of pretty Argentine maize. A night and a day this Sparks worked, until the pounding broke the *Eric* in twain and he had to make a rare race back to shore.

Upon the straightaway dangers of the sea are often piled the devious ones of man. Sparks may be set aboard a ship to help save her, in time of distress, because, being old and leaky and unseaworthy, with a weak hull or a too heavy engine in her, her owners are ashamed to even ask for insurance. Such vessels are often used in trading, about which no questions should, in all fairness, be asked. It may be to the slave coasts or again in sly filibustering expeditions, when arms are needed by one band of patriots to quell the ardor of another such band. In this latter fall, Sparks is useful in transmitting code messages to a friendly Sparks ashore.

A certain Sparks wears a sparkling diamond as a souvenir of a certain voyage in a certain wooden tub, full of leaks and daylight. She left New York to carry vegetables to the starving city of Brunswick, Ga. The vegetables were done up in coffin-like cases, safely stowed away in the hold from the observation of a Spanish crew that came aboard at the hour of sailing. It was a long voyage down the coast and so confusing that the captain brought up in the islands near Progreso.

Sparks was awakened from the fitful slumber of a seething tropic night and asked to get in touch with the Sparks ashore. This he did. At dawn a swarthy band of little soldiers and politicians swarmed aboard. Some of them came and smoked cigarettes with Sparks and examined "this thing wire." El general bustled into the wireless cabin, while hatches were being broken open below and arms distributed. He wanted a message sent. The fate of a nation hung by it. Sparks could not get his instrument to work.

El general danced up and down. "Carambos! Thees messaaage, it is expect!" Sparks located the trouble. The tiny carbon silicon detector had been broken by the curious visitors. As he started to explain this to el general, he noted that the little brown man wore a huge flat diamond

in his cravat. Sparks demanded it. The diamond was carbon too. El general gave up the diamond and Sparks was able to send and receive in good order. "You one great mans! I you have saved!" cried the general. Sparks also saved the diamond. Later he asked the operator on shore when the general would return for his jewelry. "Keep it," was the answer. "His soul is at rest. He will never claim it."

The other Sparkses wink slyly when this yarn is told. Can it be possible that the ancient and honored fibbing habit of Jack Tar is inevitably connected with the sea?

Odd are the tales cast up by the ether sea. A laborer on Swan Island in the Gulf of Mexico, one of the banana chain to the tropics, had his foot crushed in a tram-car accident. A surgical operation was necessary, but surgeon there was none. The Sparks of the island wireless station had an idea. He sent out a distress call, far and wide, which was answered by the Ward Line steamer *Esperanza*, four hundred and twenty miles away.

He explained his case. Could the ship's doctor help! The captain and the ship's doctor held a consultation. It would be a pity for the ship to turn from her course and lose thousands of dollars by the delay. The losing of a man's life would also be a pity. "Let me handle the case by wireless," volunteered the doctor. So he sat himself down in the wireless cabin and sent a call for all details of the case. Then, message by message, he directed the way to deaden the pain, the amputation of the foot, each stroke of the knife, the binding of the arteries to prevent loss of blood, the washing of the wound with antiseptics. When the operation was over, he kept in touch, by wireless relay from ship to ship, with his patient until danger of blood-poisoning was by.

The Crusoe-like life of Sparks ashore in these out-of-the-way corners of the world lacks the changing joys and vicissitudes of Ralph Rover afloat. A daily diet of flaming sunsets and sunrises, of blue seas and resplendent luxuriance of vegetation, has not the compensations of even famine and shipwreck. In the sombre northern stations the life of Sparks is dreary to a detail. Sometimes restlessness gets a strangle-hold.

It was under such urgency that a mes-



sage of distress was sent out by a Sparks from the station at Estevan Point, British Columbia. To a vessel answering, he stated that his wife and children were down with the fever and that he needed quinine. When the vessel came off shore and sent out a boat, Sparks kept the crew overtime—just talking. As he could not produce the sick family, the wrothy captain reported the matter and Sparks lost his job. But what cared he? A wanderer born, he wandered to the Fiji Island station, then to New Zealand, and finally back to the Pacific coast.

The operator at Katella, Fox Island, Alaska, it is related, rather than face a winter alone, contrived to keep sixty men marooned on the island for a spell. The men were there working for a contemplated railroad when the winter fell too soon, so they could not leave overland. Sparks was glad of their company, so glad that he did not send out a distress message to bring help for them until famine threatened the party. His reluctant S.O.S. brought the old steamer *Portland*.

Then Sparks wrote in his log, "Left alone for the winter," an act which required as much grim courage as that of the captain who seals his log with the loss of his ship as the last entry.

Sparks meets with real adventures now and then, just like those of the fellows on a lively shore, in this wandering about the world: adventures of the heart, adventures that lead somewhere, that are not at once swallowed up in unfathomable air or trackless waste of water. If you are the Sparks of a tramp ship, you visit Oporto, Barcelona, Palermo, Antwerp, Callao, Montreal, Galveston—all the queer names in the geography are down as your ports of call.

Always curious maidens of wondrous beauty come aboard to see the wireless wonder. You let one such put on your ear-phones, you guide her hand at the sending key. How good and sweet she seems, how her presence adorns and purifies that staid, dingy old craft! You are invited ashore to church, to dinner. There are songs at the piano, the air is all sentiment. She seems yet more good and sweet. You tell her so—and there you are!

Such matters fall out even more frequently at sea aboard the passenger-ships.

Mothers and giggling daughters come trooping merrily along the boat-deck, or the wider, roomier sun-deck. "Oh! here's the wireless room. Simply wonderful, isn't it? May we come in? Thanks. What a lot of wire you need to send a wireless message! How far are we from land? Two miles straight down—isn't that a good joke! So that line aft really doesn't steady the ship? How curious! Just a fishing-line, and the fish are not biting to-day, because it's Friday."

While they race along in this vein, you note the quiet, brown-eyed one by the door who doesn't ask a single question. She's the kind of a girl that makes your heart jump. When the others leave, you manage to ask her if she really would not like to stay and watch the wireless work. You exchange names, you write each other after the voyage is over. Finally, you decide to give up this wandering over the seas like a sodden derelict. You get a job ashore and settle down and live like other fellows.

Sometimes Sparks quits going to sea for another reason yet. These commonplace happenings at sea, called adventures by landsmen, take a more serious turn at times, have an import altogether uncalculated. A ship grounds in a thick fog on some desolate rock, as in the case of the *Ohio* in Finlayson Channel.

You keep the antenna cracking out your S.O.S. till the deck is awash, till help comes. Then, in the confusion of oaths and cries, of rushing to and fro, of frantic, animal-like struggles for safety, as you are about to take the last boat, you see a helpless mother or a dazed man.

You stay to lend a hand, there is a slight, staggering, pitching motion of a ship in her last agonies; waves leap and dance about you; then a dull, sucking roar. . . .

Later mother and sweetheart come to bury you, so they say—as Eccles of the *Ohio* at Altamonte, or Phillips of the *Titanic* at Godalming—where the water flows and the grass is green; perchance a fountained monument is raised in some Battery Park to your undying fame.

You are then gone—as say mother and sweetheart—free to wander at large, further, in the more mysterious ports of the ether ocean.



# ARTIST AND PUBLIC

By Kenyon Cox



IN the history of art, as in the history of politics and in the history of economics, our modern epoch is marked off from all preceding epochs by one great event, the French Revolution. Fragonard, who survived that revolution to lose himself in a new and strange world, is the last of the old masters; David, some sixteen years his junior, is the first of the moderns. Now, if we look for the most fundamental distinction between our modern art and the art of past times, I believe we shall find it to be this: the art of the past was produced for a public that wanted it and understood it, by artists who understood and sympathized with their public; the art of our time has been, for the most part, produced for a public that did not want it and misunderstood it, by artists who disliked and despised the public for which they worked. When artist and public were united, art was homogeneous and continuous. Since the divorce of artist and public, art has been chaotic and convulsive.

That this divorce between the artist and his public—this dislocation of the right and natural relations between them—has taken place, is certain. The causes of it are many and deep-lying in our modern civilization, and I can point out only a few of the more obvious ones.

The first of these is the emergence of a new public. The art of past ages had been distinctively an aristocratic art, created for kings and princes, for the free citizens of slave-holding republics, for the spiritual and intellectual aristocracy of the church, or for a luxurious and frivolous nobility. As the aim of the Revolution was the destruction of aristocratic privilege, it is not surprising that a revolutionary, like David, should have felt it necessary to destroy the traditions of an art created for the aristocracy. In his own art of painting he succeeded so thoroughly that the painters of the next gen-

eration found themselves with no traditions at all. They had not only to work for a public of enriched bourgeois or proletarians who had never cared for art, but they had to create over again the art with which they endeavored to interest this public. How could they succeed? The rift between artist and public had begun, and it has been widening ever since.

If the people had had little to do with the major arts of painting and sculpture, there had yet been, all through the middle ages and the Renaissance, a truly popular art—an art of furniture-making, of wood-carving, of forging, of pottery. Every craftsman was an artist in his degree, and every artist was but a craftsman of a superior sort. Our machine-making, industrial civilization, intent upon material progress and the satisfaction of material wants, has destroyed this popular art; and at the same time that the artist lost his patronage from above he lost his support from below. He has become a superior person, a sort of demi-gentleman, but he has no longer a splendid nobility to employ him or a world of artist-artisans to surround him and understand him.

And to the modern artist, so isolated, with no tradition behind him, no direction from above and no support from below, the art of all times and all countries has become familiar through modern means of communication and modern processes of reproduction. Having no compelling reason for doing one thing rather than another, or for choosing one or another way of doing things, he is shown a thousand things that he may do and a thousand ways of doing them. Not clearly knowing his own mind he hears the clash and reverberation of a thousand other minds, and having no certainties he must listen to countless theories.

Mr. Vedder has spoken of a certain "home-made" character which he considers the greatest defect of his art, the character of an art belonging to no distinctive school and having no definite re-



lation to the time and country in which it is produced. But it is not Mr. Vedder's art alone that is home-made. It is precisely the characteristic note of our modern art that all of it that is good for anything is home-made or self-made. Each artist has had to create his art as best he could out of his own temperament and his own experience—has sat in his corner like a spider, spinning his web from his own bowels. If the art so created was essentially fine and noble the public has at last found it out, but only after years of neglect has embittered the existence and partially crippled the powers of its creator. And so, to our modern imagination, the neglected and misunderstood genius has become the very type of the great artist, and we have allowed our belief in him to color and distort our vision of the history of art. We have come to look upon the great artists of all times as an unhappy race struggling against the inappreciation of a stupid public, starving in garrets and waiting long for tardy recognition.

The very reverse of this is true. With the exception of Rembrandt, who himself lived in a time of political revolution and of the emergence to power of a burgher class, you will scarce find an unappreciated genius in the whole history of art until the beginning of the nineteenth century. The great masters of the Renaissance, from Giotto to Veronese, were men of their time, sharing and interpreting the ideals of those around them, and were recognized and patronized as such. Rembrandt's greatest contemporary, Rubens, was painter in ordinary to half the courts of Europe, and Velasquez was the friend and companion of his king. Watteau and Boucher and Fragonard painted for the frivolous nobility of the eighteenth century just what that nobility wanted, and even the precursors of the Revolution, sober and honest Chardin, Greuze the sentimental, had no difficulty in making themselves understood, until the revolutionist David became dictator to the art of Europe and swept them into the rubbish heap with the rest.

It is not until the beginning of what is known as the Romantic movement, under the Restoration, that the misunderstood painter of genius definitely appears. Millet, Corot, Rousseau, were trying,

with magnificent powers and perfect single-mindedness, to restore the art of painting which the Revolution had destroyed. They were men of the utmost nobility and simplicity of character, as far as possible from the gloomy, fantastic, vain, and egotistical person that we have come to accept as the type of unappreciated genius; they were classically minded and conservative, worshippers of the great art of the past; but they were without a public and they suffered bitter discouragement and long neglect. Upon their experience is founded that legend of the unpopularity of all great artists which has grown to astonishing proportions.

Accepting this legend, and believing that all great artists are misunderstood, the artist has come to cherish a scorn of the public for which he works and to pretend a greater scorn than he feels. He cannot believe himself great *unless* he is misunderstood, and he hugs his unpopularity to himself as a sign of genius and arrives at that sublime affectation which answers praise of his work with an exclamation of dismay: "Is it as bad as that?" He invents new excesses and eccentricities to insure misunderstanding, and proclaims the doctrine that, as anything great must be incomprehensible, so anything incomprehensible must be great. And the public has taken him, at least partially, at his word. He may or may not be great, but he is certainly incomprehensible and probably a little mad. Until he succeeds the public looks upon the artist as a more or less harmless lunatic. When he succeeds it is willing to exalt him into a kind of god, and to worship his eccentricities as a part of his divinity. So we arrive at a belief in the insanity of genius. What would Raphael have thought of such a notion, or that consummate man of the world, Titian? What would the serene and mighty Veronese have thought of it, or the cool, clear-seeing Velasquez? How his Excellency the Ambassador of his Most Catholic Majesty, glorious Peter Paul Rubens, would have laughed!

It is this lack of sympathy and understanding between the artist and his public—this fatal isolation of the artist—that is the cause of nearly all the shortcomings of modern art; of the weakness of what



is known as official or academic art no less than of the extravagance of the art of opposition. The artist, being no longer a craftsman, working to order, but a kind of poet, expressing in loneliness his personal emotions, has lost his natural means of support. Governments, feeling a responsibility for the cultivation of art which was quite unnecessary in the days when art was spontaneously produced in answer to a natural demand, have tried to put an artificial support in its place. That the artist may show his wares and make himself known, they have created exhibitions; that he may be encouraged they have instituted medals and prizes; that he may not starve they have made government purchases. And these well-meant efforts have resulted in the creation of pictures which have no other purpose than to hang in exhibitions, to win medals, and to be purchased by the government and hung in those more permanent exhibitions which we call museums. For this purpose it is not necessary that a picture should have great beauty or great sincerity. It *is* necessary that it should be large in order to attract attention, and sufficiently well drawn and executed to seem to deserve recognition. And so was evolved the salon-picture, a thing created for no man's pleasure, not even the artist's; a thing which is neither the decoration of a public building nor the possible ornament of a private house; a thing, which, after it has served its temporary purpose, is rolled up and stored in a loft, or placed in a gallery where its essential emptiness becomes more and more evident as time goes on. Such government-encouraged art had at least the merit of a well-sustained and fairly high level of accomplishment in the more obvious elements of painting. But as exhibitions became larger and larger and the competition engendered by them grew fiercer it became increasingly difficult to attract attention by mere academic merit. So the painters began to search for sensationalism of subject, and the typical salon-picture, no longer decorously pompous, began to deal in blood and horror and sensuality. It was Regnault who began this sensation hunt, but it has been carried much farther since his day than he can have dreamed of, and the modern

salon-picture is not only tiresome but detestable.

The salon-picture, in its merits and its faults, is peculiarly French, but the modern exhibition has sins to answer for in other countries than France. In England it has been responsible for a great deal of sentimentality and anecdotage which has served to attract the attention of a public that could not be roused to interest in mere painting. Everywhere, even in this country where exhibitions are relatively small and ill-attended, it has caused a certain stridency and blatancy, a keying up to exhibition pitch, a neglect of finer qualities for the sake of immediate effectiveness.

Under our modern conditions the exhibition has become a necessity and it would be impossible for our artists to live or to attain a reputation without it. The giving of medals and prizes and the purchase of works of art by the State may be of more doubtful utility, though such efforts at the encouragement of art probably do more good than harm. But there is one form of government patronage that is almost wholly beneficial, and that the only form of it which we have in this country—the awarding of commissions for the decoration of public buildings. The painter of mural decorations is in the old historical position, in sound and natural relations to the public. He is doing something which is wanted and, if he continues to receive commissions, he may fairly assume that he is doing it in a way that is satisfactory. With the decorative or monumental sculptor he is almost alone among modern artists in being relieved of the necessity of producing something in the isolation of his studio and waiting to see if any one will care for it; of trying, against the grain, to produce something that he thinks may appeal to the public because it does not appeal to himself; or of attempting to bamboozle the public into buying what neither he nor the public really cares for. If he does his best he may feel that he is as fairly earning his livelihood as his fellow workmen the blacksmith and the stonemason, and is as little dependent as they upon either charity or humbug. The best that government has done for art in France is the commissioning of the great decorative



paintings of Baudry and Puvis. In this country, also, governments, national, State, or municipal, are patronizing art in the best possible way, and in making buildings splendid for the people are affording opportunity for the creation of a truly popular art.

Without any artificial aid from the government the illustrator has a wide popular support and works for the public in a normal way; and, therefore, illustration has been one of the healthiest and most vigorous forms of modern art. The portrait-painter, too, is producing something he knows to be wanted, and, though his art has had to fight against the competition of the photograph, and has been partially vulgarized by the struggle of the exhibitions, it has yet remained, upon the whole, comprehensible and human; so that much of the soundest art of the past century has gone into portraiture. It is the painters of pictures, landscape or genre, who have most suffered from the misunderstanding between artist and public. Without guidance some of them have hewed a path to deserved success. Others have wandered into strange byways and no-thoroughfares.

The nineteenth century is strewn with the wrecks of such misunderstood and misunderstanding artists, but it was about the sixties when their searching for a way began to lead them in certain clearly marked directions. There are three paths, in especial, which have been followed since then by adventurous spirits: the paths of æstheticism, of scientific naturalism, and of pure self-expression; the paths of Whistler, of Monet, and of Cézanne.

Whistler was an artist of refined and delicate talent with great weaknesses both in temperament and training; being also a very clever man and a brilliant controversialist he proceeded to erect a theory which should prove his weaknesses to be so many virtues, and he nearly succeeded in convincing the world of its validity. Finding the representation of nature very difficult, he decided that art should not concern itself with representation but only with the creation of "arrangements" and "symphonies." Having no interest in the subject of pictures, he proclaimed that pictures should have no subjects and that any interest in the sub-

ject is vulgar. As he was a cosmopolitan, with no local ties, he maintained that art had never been national; and as he was out of sympathy with his time he taught that "art happens" and that "there never was an artistic period." According to the Whistlerian gospel the artist not only has now no point of contact with the public, but he should not have and never has had any. He has never been a man among other men, but has been a dreamer "who sat at home with the women" and made pretty patterns of line and color because they pleased him. And the only business of the public is to accept "in silence" what he chooses to give them.

This kind of rootless art he practised. Some of the patterns he produced are delightful, but they are without imagination, without passion, without joy in the material and visible world—the dainty diversions of a dilettante. One is glad that so gracefully slender an art should exist, but if it has seemed great art to us it is because our age is so poor in anything better—to rank its creator with the abounding masters of the past is an absurdity.

In their efforts to escape from the dead-alive art of the salon-picture, Monet and the Impressionists took an entirely different course. The gallery painter's perfunctory treatment of subject bored them, and they abandoned subject almost as entirely as Whistler had done. The sound, if tame, drawing and the mediocre painting of what they called official art revolted them as it revolted Whistler; but while he nearly suppressed representation they could see in art nothing but representation. They wanted to make that representation truer, and they tried to work a revolution in art by the scientific analysis of light and the invention of a new method of laying on paint. Instead of joining in Whistler's search for pure pattern they fixed their attention on facts alone, or rather on one aspect of the facts, and in their occupation with light and the manner of representing it they abandoned form almost as completely as they had abandoned significance and beauty.

So it happened that Monet could devote some twenty canvases to the study of the effects of light, at different hours of the day, upon two straw-stacks in his farmyard. It was admirable practice, no



doubt, and neither scientific analysis nor the study of technical methods is to be despised; but the interest of the public, after all, is in what an artist does, not in how he learns to do it. The twenty canvases together formed a sort of demonstration of the possibilities of different kinds of lighting. Any one of them, taken singly, is but a portrait of two straw-stacks, and the world will not permanently or deeply care about those straw-stacks. The study of light is, in itself, no more an exercise of the artistic faculties than the study of anatomy or the study of perspective; and while Impressionism has put a keener edge upon some of the tools of the artist it has inevitably failed to produce a school of art.

After Impressionism, what? We have no name for it but Post-Impressionism. Such men as Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, recognized the sterility of Impressionism and of a narrow æstheticism, while they shared the hatred of the æsthetes and the Impressionists for the current art of the salons. No more than the æsthetes or the Impressionists were they conscious of any social or universal ideals that demanded expression. The æsthetes had a doctrine; the Impressionists had a method and a technic. The Post-Impressionists had nothing, and were driven to the attempt at pure self-expression—to the exaltation of the great god Whim. They had no training, they recognized no traditions, they spoke to no public. Each was to express, as he thought best, whatever he happened to feel or to think, and to invent, as he went along, the language in which he should express it. I think some of these men had the elements of genius in them, and might have done good work; but their task was a heart-breaking and a hopeless one. An art cannot be improvised, and an artist must have some other guide than unregulated emotion. The path they entered upon had been immemorially marked "no passing": for many of them the end of it was suicide or the madhouse.

But whatever the aberrations of these, the true Post-Impressionists—whatever the ugliness, the eccentricity, or the moral dinginess into which they were betrayed—I believe them to have been in the main, honest, if unbalanced and ill-regu-

lated minds. Whatever their errors they paid the price of them in poverty, in neglect, in death. With those who pretend to be their descendants, to-day, the case is different; they are not paying for their eccentricity or their madness, they are making it pay.

The enormous engine of modern publicity has been discovered by these men. They have learned to advertise, and they have found that morbidity, eccentricity, indecency, extremes of every kind and of any degree, are capital advertisement. If one cannot create a sound and living art one can at least make something odd enough to be talked about; if one cannot achieve enduring fame one may make sure of a flaming notoriety. And, as a money-maker, present notoriety is worth more than future fame, for the speculative dealer is at hand. His interest is in "quick returns" and he has no wish to wait until you are famous—or dead—before he can sell anything you do. His process is to buy anything he thinks he can "boom," to "boom" it as furiously as possible, and to sell it before the "boom" collapses. Then he will exploit something else, and there's the rub. Once you have entered this mad race for notoriety there is no drawing out of it. The same sensation will not attract attention a second time; you must be novel at any cost. You must exaggerate your exaggerations and out-Herod Herod, for others have learned how easy the game is to play, and are at your heels. It is no longer a matter of misunderstanding and being misunderstood by the public; it is a matter of deliberately flouting and outraging the public—of assuming incomprehensibility and antagonism to popular feeling as signs of greatness. And so is founded what Frederic Harrison has called the "Shock-your-grandmother school."

It is with profound regret that one must name as the founder of this school an artist of real power who has produced much admirable work—Auguste Rodin. At the age of thirty-seven he attained a sudden and resounding notoriety, and from that time he has been the most talked-of artist in Europe. He was a consummate modeller, a magnificent workman, but he had always grave faults and striking mannerisms. These faults and



mannerisms he has latterly pushed to greater and greater extremes while neglecting his great gift, each work being more chaotic and fragmentary in composition, more hideous in type, more affected and emptier in execution, until he has produced marvels of mushiness and incoherence hitherto undreamed of, and has set up as public monuments fantastically mutilated figures with broken legs or heads knocked off. Now, in his old age, he is producing shoals of drawings the most extraordinary of which few are permitted to see. Some selected specimens of them hang in a long row in the Metropolitan Museum, and I assure you, upon my word as a life-long student of drawing, they are quite as ugly and as silly as they look. There is not a touch in them that has any truth to nature, not a line that has real beauty or expressiveness. They represent the human figure with the structure of a jellyfish and the movement of a Dutch doll; the human face with an expression I prefer not to characterize. If they be not the symptoms of mental decay they can be nothing but the means of a gigantic mystification.

With Henri Matisse we have not to deplore the deliquescence of a great talent, for we have no reason to suppose he ever had any. It is true that his admirers will assure you he could once draw and paint as everybody does; what he could *not* do was to paint enough better than everybody does to make his mark in the world; and he was a quite undistinguished person until he found a way to produce some effect upon his grandmother the public by shocking her into attention. His method is to choose the ugliest models to be found; to put them into the most grotesque and indecent postures imaginable; to draw them in the manner of a savage or a depraved child, or a worse manner if that be possible; to surround his figures with blue outlines half an inch wide; and to paint them in crude and staring colors, brutally laid on in flat masses. Then, when his grandmother begins to "sit up," she is told with a grave face that this is a reaction from naturalism, a revival of abstract line and color, a subjective art which is not the representation of nature but the expression of the artist's soul. No wonder she gasps and stares!

It seemed, two or three years ago, that the limit of mystification had been reached—that this comedy of errors could not be carried further; but human ingenuity is inexhaustible, and we now have whole schools, Cubists, Futurists, and the like, who joyously vie with each other in the creation of incredible pictures and of irreconcilable and incomprehensible theories. The public is inclined to lump them all together and, so far as their work is concerned, the public is not far wrong; yet in theory Cubism and Futurism are diametrically opposed to each other. It is not easy to get any clear conception of the doctrines of these schools, but, so far as I am able to understand them—and I have taken some pains to do so—they are something like this:

Cubism is static; Futurism is kinetic. Cubism deals with bulk; Futurism deals with motion. The Cubist, by a kind of extension of Mr. Berenson's doctrine of "tactile values," assumes that the only character of objects which is of importance to the artist is their bulk and solidity—what he calls their "volumes." Now the form in which volume is most easily apprehended is the cube; do we not measure by it and speak of the cubic contents of anything? The inference is easy: reduce all objects to forms which can be bounded by planes and defined by straight lines and angles; make their cubic contents measurable to the eye; transform drawing into a burlesque of solid geometry; and you have, at once, attained to the highest art. The Futurist, on the other hand, maintains that we know nothing but that things are in flux. Form, solidity, weight, are illusions. Nothing exists but motion. Everything is changing every moment, and if anything were still we ourselves are changing. It is, therefore, absurd to give fixed boundaries to anything or to admit of any fixed relations in space. If you are trying to record your impression of a face it is certain that by the time you have done one eye the other eye will no longer be where it was—it may be at the other side of the room. You must cut nature into small bits and shuffle them about wildly if you are to reproduce what we really see.

Whatever its extravagance, Cubism remains a form of graphic art. However



pedantic and ridiculous its transformation of drawing, it yet recognizes the existence of drawing. Therefore, to the Futurist, Cubism is reactionary. What difference does it make, he asks, whether you draw a head round or square? Why draw a head at all? The Futurist denies the fundamental postulates of the art of painting. Painting has always, and by definition, represented upon a surface objects supposed to lie beyond it and to be seen through it. Futurism pretends to place the spectator inside the picture and to represent things around him or behind him as well as those in front of him. Painting has always assumed the single moment of vision, and, though it has sometimes placed more than one picture on the same canvas, it has treated each picture as seen at a specific instant of time. Futurism attempts systematically to combine the past and the future with the present, as if all the pictures in a cinematograph film were to be printed one over the other; to paint no instant but to represent the movement of time. It aims at nothing less than the abrogation of all recognized laws, the total destruction of all that has hitherto passed for art.

Do you recall the story of the man who tried to count a litter of pigs, but gave it up because one little pig ran about so fast that he could not be counted? One finds oneself in somewhat the same predicament when one tries to describe these "new movements" in art. The movement is so rapid and the men shift their ground so quickly that there is no telling where to find them. You have no sooner arrived at some notion of the difference between Cubism and Futurism than you find your Cubist doing things that are both Cubist and Futurist, or neither Cubist nor Futurist, according as you look at them. You find things made up of geometrical figures to give volume, yet with all the parts many times repeated to give motion. You find things that have neither bulk nor motion but look like nothing so much as a box of Chinese tangrams scattered on a table. Finally, you have assemblages of lines that do not draw anything, even cubes or triangles; and we are assured that there is now a newest school of all, called Orphism, which, finding still

some vestiges of intelligibility in any assemblage of lines, reduces everything to shapeless blotches. Probably the first of Orphic pictures was that produced by the quite authentic donkey who was induced to smear a canvas by lashing a tail duly dipped in paint. It was given a title as Orphic as the painting, was accepted by a jury anxious to find new forms of talent, and was hung in the *Salon d'Automne*.

In all this welter of preposterous theories there is but one thing constant—one thing on which all these theorists are agreed. It is that all this strange stuff is symbolic, and shadows forth the impressions and emotions of the artist; represents, not nature, but his feeling about nature; is the expression of his mind or, as they prefer to call it, his soul. It may be so. All art is symbolic; images are symbols; words are symbols; all communication is by symbols. But if a symbol is to serve any purpose of communication between one mind and another it must be a symbol accepted and understood by both minds. If an artist is to choose his symbols to suit himself, and to make them mean anything he chooses, who is to say what he means or whether he means anything? If a man were to rise and recite with a solemn voice words like "Ajakan maradak tecor sosthendi," would you know what he meant? If he wished you to believe that these symbols express the feeling of awe caused by the contemplation of the starry heavens, he would have to tell you so *in your own language*; and even then you would only have his word for it. He may have meant them to express that, but do they? The apologists of the new schools are continually telling us that we must give the necessary time and thought to learn the language of these men before we condemn them. Why should we? Why should they not learn the universal language of art? It is they who are trying to say something. When they have learned to speak that language, and have convinced us that they have something to say in it which is worth listening to, then, and not till then, we may consent to such slight modification of it as may fit it more closely to their thought.

If these gentlemen really believe that their capriciously chosen symbols are fit



vehicles for communication with others, why do they fall back on that old, old symbol, the written word? Why do they introduce, in the very midst of a design in which everything else is dislocated, a name or a word in clear Roman letters? Or why do they give their pictures titles, and, lest you should neglect to look in the catalogue, print the title quite carefully and legibly in the corner of the picture itself? They know that they must set you to hunting for their announced subject or you would not look twice at their puzzles.

Now, there is only one word for this denial of all law, this insurrection against all custom and tradition, this assertion of individual license without discipline and without restraint; and that word is "anarchy." And, as we know, theoretic anarchy, though it may not always lead to actual violence, is a doctrine of destruction. It is so in art, and these artistic anarchists are found proclaiming that the public will never understand or accept their art while anything remains of the art of the past, and demanding that therefore the art of the past shall be destroyed. It is actual, physical destruction of pictures and statues that they call for, and in Italy, that great treasury of the world's art, has been raised the sinister cry: "Burn the museums!" They have not yet taken to the torch, but if they were sincere they would do it; for their doctrine calls for nothing less than the reduction of mankind to a state of primitive savagery that it may begin again at the beginning.

Fortunately, they are not sincere. There may be among them those who honestly believe in that exaltation of the individual and that revolt against all law which is the danger of our age. But, for the most part, if they have broken from the fold and "like sheep have gone astray" they have shown a very sheep-like disposition to follow the bell-wether. They are fond of quoting a saying of Van Gogh's that "one must be either a revolutionist or a plagiarist"; but can any one tell these revolutionists apart? Can any one distinguish among them such definite and logically developed personalities as mark even schoolmen and "plagiarists" like Meissonier and Gérôme? If any one of these men stood alone, one might be-

lieve his eccentricities to be the mark of an extreme individuality; one cannot believe it when one finds the same eccentricities in twenty of them.

No, it is not for the sake of unhampered personal development that young artists are joining these new schools; it is because they are offered a short cut to a kind of success. As there are no more laws and no more standards, there is nothing to learn. The merest student is at once set upon a level with the most experienced of his instructors, and boys and girls in their teens are hailed as masters. Art is at last made easy, and there are no longer any pupils, for all have become teachers. To borrow Doctor Johnson's phrase, "many men, women, and children" could produce art after this fashion; and they do.

So right are the practitioners of this puerile art in their proclaimed belief that the public will never accept it while anything else exists, that one might be willing to treat it with the silent contempt it deserves were it not for the efforts of certain critics and writers for the press to convince us that it ought to be accepted. Some of these men seem to be intimidated by the blunders of the past. Knowing that contemporary criticism has damned almost every true artist of the nineteenth century, they are determined not to be caught napping; and they join in shouts of applause as each new harlequin steps upon the stage. They forget that it is as dangerous to praise ignorantly as to blame unjustly, and that the railer at genius, though he may seem more malevolent, will scarce appear so ridiculous to posterity as the dupe of the mountebank. Others of them are, no doubt, honest victims of that illusion of progress to which we are all more or less subject—to that ingrained belief that all evolution is upward and that the latest thing must necessarily be the best. They forget that the same process which has relieved man of his tail has deprived the snake of his legs and the kiwi of his wings. They forget that art has never been and cannot be continuously progressive; that it is only the sciences connected with art that are capable of progress; and that the "Henriade" is not a greater poem than the "Divine Comedy" because Voltaire has learned the falsity of



the Ptolemaic astronomy. Finally, these writers, like other people, desire to seem knowing and clever; and if you appear to admire vastly what no one else understands you pass for a clever man.

I have looked through a good deal of the writings of these "up-to-date" critics in the effort to find something like an intelligible argument or a definite statement of belief. I have found nothing but the continual repetition of the assumption that these new movements, in all their varieties, are "living" and "vital." I can find no grounds stated for this assumption and can suppose only that what is changing with great rapidity is conceived to be alive; yet I know nothing more productive of rapid changes than putrefaction.

Do not be deceived. This is not vital art, it is decadent and corrupt. True art has always been the expression by the artist of the ideals of his time and of the world in which he lived—ideals which were his own because he was a part of that world. A living and healthy art never has existed and never can exist except through the mutual understanding and co-operation of the artist and his public. Art is made for man and has a social function to perform. We have a right

to demand that it shall be both human and humane; that it shall show some sympathy in the artist with our thoughts and our feelings; that it shall interpret our ideals to us in that universal language which has grown up in the course of ages. We have a right to reject with pity or with scorn the stammerings of incompetence, the babble of lunacy, or the vamping of imposture. But mutual understanding implies a duty on the part of the public as well as on the part of the artist, and we must give as well as take. We must be at the pains to learn something of the language of art in which we bid the artist speak. If we would have beauty from him we must sympathize with his aspiration for beauty. Above all, if we would have him interpret for us our ideals we must have ideals worthy of such interpretation. Without this co-operation on our part we may have a better art than we deserve, for noble artists will be born, and they will give us an art noble in its essence, however mutilated and shorn of its effectiveness by our neglect. It is only by being worthy of it that we may hope to have an art we can be proud of—an art lofty in its inspiration, consummate in its achievement, disciplined in its strength.

## HER FRIEND, SERGEANT JOHN

By Wolcott LeCl  ar Beard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



**G**RIZZLED and gaunt, Sergeant John Macnamara stood well within the freight-shed where the deep shadows rendered his speckless khaki uniform, with the gray subsistence chevrons on its sleeves, all but invisible to any one glancing in from the withering glare outside.

San Pablo, a typical town of the Mexican border, seemed to have drawn its soiled skirts away from the little corrugated-iron mission church as though in disapproval. For the "tin chapel," as it was irreverently called, squatted in the dust by itself, and a scant six yards from

the freight-house. It was upon this tiny church that the eyes of the old sergeant were fixed.

Few spots, in or about the town, ordinarily were less frequented than San Pablo's only house of worship, but now the place was unprecedentedly filled. Ambulances, Dougherty wagons, and saddled horses from the army post, ten miles away, stood under its shed. Around its doors lounged a few languidly interested spectators, Mexican and feminine to a unit. From within came the sound of the post chaplain's voice as it droned through the prayers of the marriage service.

Then the voice ceased, to be replaced



by the sound of a reed organ, suffering from an impediment in its speech, upon which somebody was playing the Lohengrin wedding march. There was a fluttering stir and a hum of conversation. With a clack and a final wheeze, the organ stopped as the wedding party, consisting of officers and their womenkind, came pouring out into the porch, to hold an impromptu reception there.

The bride's answers to the noisy well-wishing of those who crowded about her seemed absent, and were expressed in monosyllables. Standing, as she was, on a step, her handsome, strong face, tanned by outdoor sports, could be seen above the others. She was frowning, and her eyes wandered here and there in evident search of something which she could not at once discern.

The old sergeant knew that it was he whom her eyes sought. For an instant his face lighted with joy, and involuntarily he came forward, so that he stood framed in the shadowed doorway. Seeing him there, she smiled, as she might have smiled upon her father had he been living, and beckoned.

Sergeant John lifted his campaign hat in response; then, as her husband attracted her attention to some one who spoke to her, drifted back into the freightshed and out by another door, so passing from her sight. He knew that he could not for long keep from showing the great sadness that he felt, and sadness had no place near her at such a time.

The rails of the main line had begun to click, and a black speck which appeared between them seemed to force them apart where the distance had pinched them together. A minute or two later the train stopped, screaming against its brakes.

It was made up, for the most part, of tank and freight cars, intended to carry water, food, and ammunition to new-made camps along the Mexican border. But next the caboose there was a "tourist" sleeper, loudly vocal with the songs of recruits on the way to join their commands, and to the forward end of the train a private car had been attached. Into this the bridal pair was escorted by their chattering friends, as Sergeant John could hear, but not see.

For, when the train was slowing up, he had swung himself into a freight-car, where

he made a couch from some cases of canned corned beef, covered with his blankets and overcoat, and there settled himself for the coming journey.

Never of a gregarious nature, he now was especially anxious to be alone. The scheme of his universe had been torn apart and its elements scattered. He must think it all out, and by himself. No one could help him.

It was the wedding that had brought all this about. For the bride was Miss Alice—*his* Miss Alice.

Captain Leaming, her father and Sergeant Macnamara's first troop commander, had been revered by him above all other men. They had gone up in the service together, these two, each in his own way. Almost of an age, they had become very interdependent, as the years went by; trusted and trusting. The sergeant had known Alice since and before the time when she had been left a tiny, motherless baby. He had loved her as did her own father, and with an additional love, like that of an adoring dog. He had even been known to neglect certain military duties when their performance would have conflicted with what he chose to consider as her welfare. Nothing else on earth could have made him do that.

But now everything had changed. Sergeant John had gone into the "chow" department. The cavalry never had been the same after Captain—then Colonel—Leaming had died. Now Miss Alice was married, and to Captain Lionel Crosslett. That was the thing so hard to bear—to Captain Lionel Crosslett.

Sergeant John wanted to be fair. Very hard indeed he tried to analyze, dispassionately and without prejudice, his reasons for so intensely disliking this man, and to give due weight to his merits.

Captain Crosslett, despite his service, his commission, and the uniform he wore, was and always must remain essentially a civilian. Never would he be able to fathom the hearts of his men. Never could he either feel or inspire that strong affection which may, and frequently does, exist between the officer and his enlisted comrade. He could not even understand it. He was not built that way. That was the worst that could be said.

On the other hand, this man undeniably



was good-looking. He was no fool; his mind was even brilliant. The sergeant could not but own that in civil life, where he belonged, the man might have been tolerable enough—to civilians. As it was he generally managed to secure the liking of women.

In short, the old non-commissioned officer found that his attempt to formulate adequate cause for his dislike was a failure. He could only feel it; as did the entire enlisted force and many of the officers.

So Sergeant John gave up the attempt, and instead devoted his whole mind to expressing his opinion of a man who would willingly take his bride for her honeymoon to such a camp as the one to which they were bound. Unconsciously he uttered this opinion in time with a monotonous sort of jig, pounded out by a flat wheel, to which the cactus-dotted desert went dancing by. It took him some time, and afforded him much relief, of a sort.

Then, just as he had finished, the train came to a bumping halt. There were shouts and a blast of the whistle. A very young sergeant of infantry, who yet was the ranking non-commissioned officer in charge of the recruits in the rear car, dropped to the ground and hurried forward, yelling questions as he went.

Somebody answered these questions. Old Sergeant John was too far away to hear more than a word or two of the answers. But those words made him buckle on a cartridge-belt that he had laid aside and feel to make sure that the heavy, blued pistol was resting lightly in its holster. Then he hailed the young infantry sergeant, who was returning in an undecided sort of way to the place whence he had come.

"What'll be wrong, Marrtin?" he asked. "Thim Mexikins?"

Sergeant Martin stopped, frowning perplexedly, and glad to have the opportunity of obtaining expert advice. An ordnance sergeant from the car behind came forward to listen.

"The rails is pulled up just beyond our cowketcher," the young man said. "We seen it only jus' in time. The Greasers done it, of course. What'd I better do?"

"Do!" repeated Sergeant John. "Do what yer arf'cers tells ye. What else?"

"But there ain't none," objected the

youngster. "He missed the train, I guess. Anyhow, he was lef' behind."

None of the three thought of Captain Lionel Crosslett, there in that private car. No slight was intended; the fact of his bearing a commission never crossed their minds at this time, which seemed likely to become one of stress. Yet all of the three, each in his differing degree, were disciplined men.

The two older non-commissioned officers glanced at each other meaningly, and Sergeant John had turned pale under his tan. They both knew the sort of men who had taken up those rails—offscourings of Sonora, they were outlawed at home and posing as rebels or bandits as expediency dictated. Governments were nothing to them; on either side of the border they would be hanged promptly and deservedly, if caught. It was to suppress the incursions of such bands into the United States that the border camps were maintained.

The three sergeants could see nothing of what went on at the head of the long train. It lay in a cut around a sharp curve. Why didn't it back out of such a bad position and on to the open plain? That is what the old sergeant wanted to know. Then, as though in answer to his unspoken question, a man—one of the train-hands—came running up from the rear.

"All right?" called some one.

"They've lifted the rails behind us, too," the train-hand replied. "I can't see hide nor hair of the rails nor the men what took 'em—they ain't nowhere!"

The young sergeant's jaw dropped. Old Macnamara turned on him sharply.

"Get thim rookies out av thot cyar an' inta loine!" he rasped. "Quick, now! Hear?"

"There ain't a ca'tridge in th' bunch, an'—" Sergeant Martin began.

"Dowhatye're towld, an' do ut quick!" roared Sergeant John.

He had not the slightest right to give a command of any sort, but Martin obeyed. Pouring from their car, excited and expectant, the recruits formed. Already the ordnance sergeant was busy—also without authority—in the car he had left, and in a moment two sweating corporals were serving out clips of cartridges and running back for fresh armfuls.





*Drumby & Co. London.*

Then Sergeant John saw her—and him. His arm had been thrown around her waist, yet she seemed the protector.—Page 34.

Toward the head of the train, where lay the "honeymoon special," as Sergeant John had mentally named the private car, men already were hurrying, all armed with the heavy army six-shooter—department men, like the old sergeant himself, and civilian clerks, for the most part, with a heavy sprinkling of train-hands.

At a run which many a younger man might well have envied, Sergeant John started to join them. Even as he did so there came a chorus of shrill, Mexican yells, punctuated by the sound of shots—the sharp crack of high-power rifles, and heavier reports made by the black powder burned in the pistols.

Hearing this, the sergeant ran faster still; then stopped as though he had run against a physical barrier, as he heard his name called from he knew not where. But there was no mistaking the voice. The call came again.

"Sergeant John! Here—over here! Oh, Sergeant Johnnie—come!"

Then Sergeant John saw her—and him. They were standing on the edge of the curved cut in which the train had stopped. Though his arm had been thrown around her waist, yet she seemed the protector—he the protected. Running to the edge of the bank, Sergeant John held out his arms to her, as he had done so many times when she was a child—and not very long before, as he reckoned time.

"Joomp!" he commanded.

A little spirt of dust flew up from the ground, close by her feet, and the rifle-ball which had caused it went singing away into space, as a glanced bullet will. But the eyes of Miss Alice were on her husband, and she paid no heed either to it or the command.

"Help him down!" she demanded. "He's ill—can't you see?"

Then for the first time Sergeant John glanced at the bridegroom. His face was white, and not with a healthy pallor, but with the ghastly white of a fish-belly. He swayed as he stood, and his knees seemed hardly able to support him.

Two more bullets sung by with their high-pitched, hornet-like note. With an effort Captain Crosslett gathered his strength, and swinging his wife over the edge of the bank, dropped her and followed. Still on her feet and balancing

herself with her arms, she slid to the bottom, a miniature avalanche of sand following her. Her husband fell into the ditch like a half-empty sack and lay there, a mere huddle of clothes. She bent over him, but he weakly pushed her away.

"Sergeant," he gasped, "take her—quick—and put her in a safe spot, if there is one. I'm all right."

Sergeant John nodded, and without waiting for her consent lifted her in his arms. For the moment there was no safer spot than that upon which they were, but it would not be safe for long, he knew. Running to the car he had left, he placed her in it and vaulted after. Then he laid her in a little alleyway formed by boxes of tinned stuff.

"Will ye stay here, now?" he demanded.

"Send him to me!" she begged. "He's not fit to be out there. And anyway he's not in charge of those recruits—they're infantrymen."

"He's th' only arf'cer we have, darlint," he said, in gentle reproof.

Another bullet whined through one open door and out of the opposite one. Dropping her face on her hands as she lay on the old sergeant's blankets, Alice began to cry softly, but with great, shuddering sobs which racked her strong young body almost as though they would tear it apart. A keen pang of resentment shot through the old man's heart at the thought of Lionel Crosslett having won such love from this woman—when there were so many others in the world.

Then he took himself severely to task. Probably it was her sobs which caused him to do this; he never, even in her childhood days, could resist those. And, after all, she could not be blamed. The man was her husband, wedded not three hours before. He was ill, too, and, in spite of that, trying to do his duty.

"Annyhow, 'twill be no more than a bit av a skirmish," he ventured, with awkward sympathy. She raised her head angrily.

"What do I care whether it's a little battle or a big one!" she cried. "It's war—and men are killed in war! I hate it—hate it! I never dreamed until now that I could hate so!"

She dropped her face once more and lay there trembling, though her sobs were



stilled. At that moment the voice of Sergeant Martin barked out crisp commands. "Load!"

The breech-blocks snapped and rattled.

"Go to him, Sergeant Johnnie! Go to him! Take care of him and bring him back to me!" she cried. "Bring him back safe to me! I shall die if you don't—I'll



She clasped one of his arms in both her hands. "Go to him, Sergeant Johnnie! Go to him!"

"As skirmishers—on centre squad—forward—double time—*march!*"

The recruits yelled as they sprang forward. Turning very quickly, Sergeant John would have left the car, but his Miss Alice was quicker still. Flinging herself upward, she clasped one of his arms in both her hands.

go and die out there—with him! So promise me—now!"

Sergeant John looked at her in amazement. This was a new Miss Alice. Never had he known her in this guise. Never had he dreamed that any voice could express the agonized, vibrant earnestness that hers had done. But she had com-

manded. Far might it be from him to begin at this late day to deny due obedience. With clumsy tenderness he tried to unclasp her hands.

"Faith, I'll do me best, honey," he said. Her hands fell away instantly, and he leaped to the ground.

The bullets were coming more thickly now, for already the skirmish-line had reached the top of the bank. Behind them Captain Crosslett scrambled weakly in a vain attempt to overtake the men and gain his place at their head. But he did gain the crest of the bank and passed beyond it.

"Th' capt'in is wake," said Sergeant John, trotting alongside. "Will he take me arm?"

"Thanks, sergeant—no," panted the officer. "I'm all—right. I'll—be—able to—"

The crashing blast of a volley came from the far side of a little rise, a mere wrinkle in the desert's hot, dry face. The swift, irregular rattle of shots fired at will followed it. The air became resonant with the venomous song of the bullets.

The skirmish-line stopped, hesitated, and stood fast. Mexicans are vile shots as a class, yet three of the recruits dropped, one of them screaming horribly. Despite the efforts of the non-commissioned officers to stop them, their comrades began to fire wildly, though nothing of the enemy, save now and then the pointed crown of a sombrero, could be seen.

They were good boys, those recruits, thought Sergeant John, otherwise they would not stand as they were doing. He hated those men behind the sand-hill with a personal and deadly hatred. Picking up the rifle dropped by one of the wounded he fired at a head which appeared for an instant, and the head vanished, leaving its heavy sombrero to roll down until it settled, nearly half-way to the line of the Americans. This heartened the inexperienced boys, as little things sometimes will. They laughed.

"Now's th' toime, Marrtin!" shouted old Sergeant John. "Give 'em th' bay'nit! Lave our lads git a lick at thim—they'll niver stand th' cowl'd steel!"

As he turned, in order to speak, his eye fell once more upon Miss Alice's husband,

and his promise to her, for the moment forgotten, recurred to his mind.

The man was ill; there could be no doubt as to that. Ghastly though his face had been before, now it was terrible. Dripping with sweat, drawn, and unspeakably haggard, it was the face of one who has been through torments such as men fear in the hereafter. And then, with a sickening sense of pity, Sergeant John recognized the disease. He had seen it once before and only once, for it is not common, fortunately. But having seen it, one does not forget.

For it was fear that he saw,—not cowardice—fear. The awful, uncontrollable fear innocently implanted by a mother in the mind of her unborn child, there to remain, probably unsuspected by the child itself, until circumstances bring it forth. So, to the satisfaction of Sergeant John, his old repugnance now had explained itself. At the same time it vanished, for the sergeant saw that the husband of Miss Alice was fighting, with the whole strength of his being, for the manhood which should have been his birthright.

Martin had not ordered the charge so warmly recommended by Sergeant John. The recruits were untried, and he had hesitated until the psychological moment had passed. But, driven by desperation, the Mexican bandits had taken the offensive. With shrill screams of self-encouragement they sprang to their feet and came rushing down the gentle slope. In their surprise the recruits gave back. It was only for a moment, to be sure, before their non-commissioned officers had steadied them again. But for poor Crosslett that moment was too much. Shrieking, he turned and fled.

With devout thanks to the powers that rule such things, Sergeant John realized that none but he had seen this act. He was thinking only of Miss Alice now, and thinking with a swiftness until then unknown even to his quick, Celtic mind.

Well the old sergeant knew what the realization of this terrible weakness would mean to this new-wed wife—a soldier's daughter, born and bred in the service. Better by far her lifelong mourning for a first and perfect love than that this should occur. Yet that realization was reaching her as fast as a fear-crazed man could run.

It was a matter of seconds now. Ser-



geant John threw the rifle to his shoulder, and almost of their own accord the sights ranged themselves into line with the head of the fleeing man. Then another thought stayed the tightening grip of his trigger-hand.

It was not a new thought, but he had forgotten it—that in civil life this man

He stopped all chance of possibly fatal bleeding by means of an improvised tourniquet made of a bandanna and the cleaning rod. He had finished his task and was rising when he was struck in the back with a blow like one which a club might have made. Sergeant John knew what it was. He had felt bullets before.



So the muzzle dropped a little and the rifle spoke.

still could find his place; that he would give happiness to the woman who loved him; that he might live respected, and at his death be mourned decently by others as well as she. And all of this was, after all, what a woman lived for.

So the muzzle dropped a little and the rifle spoke. The husband of Miss Alice went headlong with a bullet neatly placed through the exact centre of a knee-joint.

The man was senseless when Sergeant John reached him. There was blood on his head, but that did not matter; it had struck on a jagged fragment of "mal-pai" rock as he fell. It was the bullet wound to which the sergeant gave his attention.

"Lungs," he said thickly to himself. "Still ther's enough o' me left so's I can finish ut. So she'll not foind out—an' most loike he'll not remimber—glory be!"

Drawing his pistol Sergeant John fired a shot into the sand, glanced furtively around to see that he was not observed, and then placing the weapon in Crosslett's hand, closed his fingers around it. He felt no pain, but he was very weary when he had done this. It had proved to be unexpectedly hard work. So he lay down, his head pillowed on his arm. The sound of the sputtering shots grew fainter, and finally ceased as a rocking sea of oblivion seemed to bear him gently and restfully away.



F. C. YOHNN

*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

It was very hard for him to speak now, his breath was so short.—Page 529.



Then, how long afterward he had no idea, he felt a sharp prick in his arm, and heard the voice of the old post surgeon.

"He'll probably recognize you, Alice," the doctor was saying. "Don't count on it, though. And, anyway, it'll only be for a minute or two—merely forcing the last rally."

Perfectly well Sergeant John understood what was said. He had heard that sort of thing many times before when standing by the recumbent form of some comrade. And now it was his turn. Well, it was about time, he supposed. But he was glad that he could feel a little new strength flowing through his veins, beginning at that prick in his arm, for he still had his task to finish.

Something warm and wet, coming from above, fell upon his cheek and was quickly wiped away. Opening his eyes, he saw the face of Miss Alice, as she bent over him. He tried to speak, but could not because his lips were so dry. She held a glass to them. He drank and was refreshed.

"Don't stop here, darlint," he begged huskily. "Thim Mexikins——"

"They've gone—all gone," she hastened to reassure him. "Three troops came from the post. But you mustn't talk, Sergeant Johnnie; it'll hurt you."

"Nothin'll hurrt me now. How's th' capt'in?"

She did not answer at once. She could not trust her voice. So the doctor replied in her stead.

"He'll be all right. Have to retire, though, I fear. Stiff leg," he said, and very gruffly, for he was deeply moved.

"And I'm glad—glad that he'll have to leave!" Miss Alice broke forth passionately. "I couldn't stand the army—after this. You saved him for me, Sergeant Johnnie. I can't thank you in words for a thing like that. But——"

Here her treacherous voice became choked and Sergeant John took prompt advantage of the opportunity to speak.

"Did *he* tell ye thot—about me savin' him?" he asked eagerly.

"No. He couldn't. He can't remember anything that happened, just at that time. Nothing until a little while ago, since his head was hurt."

Sergeant John smiled. This was as it should be—as he hoped it might be. Resolutely he gathered his little remaining strength.

"'Twas him—what—thried t' save—me," he gasped. "He tuk me gun—an'—got the man what—shot me."

It was very hard for him to speak now, his breath was so short. But it was worth the effort, he thought, when he saw the look of happy pride in the face of his Miss Alice. So much there was that some of it actually seemed reflected in his own.

"It was like him to do that," she managed to say.

"It was," he agreed. "He's a—brave man. An' now—good-by, Miss Alice—darlint. I'll be goin'——"

He did not finish. A little shudder passed over him, and then, with a lie on his lips and a great joy in his heart, Sergeant John had fared forth into the great unknown.





## LINES UPON READING A GARDEN ANNUAL

By Mildred Howells

DECORATION BY THE AUTHOR

WHAT do I care if snows drift deep  
And chill the north wind blows,  
When, in the sheltered room I keep,  
A glorious garden grows?

Free-flowering Ramblers climb and cling  
Immune from Bug and Blight,  
While from the floor Show Pansies spring,  
As big as saucers, quite.

Larkspurs and Phlox their standards rear  
So thick with flowers no room  
Is left for leaves, and through the year  
Display Continuous Bloom.

Exotic Ferns and Orchids Rare  
Grow rankly all about,  
Thriving the Better without Care,  
Indifferent to the drought.

So why revile grim winter's rage  
When summer fails to show  
Such flowers as those the Seedman's page  
And boundless fancy know?





## • THE POINT OF VIEW •

The Business of  
Marriage

"I AM at a loss to understand why people hold Miss Austen's novels at so high a rate," wrote Emerson in 1861, "which seem to me vulgar in tone, sterile in artistic invention, imprisoned in the wretched conventions of English society, without genius, wit, or knowledge of the world. Never was life so pinched and narrow. The one problem in the mind of the writer in both the stories I have read, 'Persuasion' and 'Pride and Prejudice,' is marriageableness." Now, this criticism, although less interested, is as acidulous as that of Charlotte Brontë in her letter to George Lewes: "I had not seen 'Pride and Prejudice' till I read that sentence of yours, and then I got the book. And what did I find? An accurate, daguerreotyped portrait of a commonplace face; a carefully fenced, highly cultivated garden with neat borders and delicate flowers; but no glance of a bright, vivid physiognomy, no open country, no fresh air, no blue hill, no bonny beck. I should hardly like to live with her ladies and gentlemen in their elegant but confined houses." So the authors of "Solitude" and of "Jane Eyre" on the author of "Northanger Abbey." While the essayist chides Jane for her vulgarity, the novelist berates her for not portraying women with open country and blue hills in their vivid physiognomies. Miss Austen could have written a much better letter exposing the crudities and unrealities of Miss Brontë's fictions—had she ever taken it into her head to do so. We have her novels and the recently published "Life and Letters," by way of evidence on this point. But there is no need of belittling "Jane Eyre"—that makes good speed on the road leading to oblivion with no help of ours. Who can read—or who, at least, re-reads—Brontë to-day? Miss Austen's work is, as Emerson found it, concerned with a restricted order of life; but it is life. The other lady's—but why persist?

Yet one has mixed emotions in re-reading Jane Austen in 1914. I have tried the experiment (so far as "Pride and Prejudice" goes) only last week; and I read the book at a country house in Pennsylvania where

I was "resting" in a very literal sense. My amusements—sleeping, eating, drinking tea with the neighbors, sitting before the fire with the terrier and a pipe, a little driving and riding—brought me into something like the simplicity of Jane Austen's own Hampshire. True, there were the newspapers—the telephone. But I myself used neither; I was resting. And I tried to imagine I was living the life of the Bennet-Bingley-Lucas countryside in Hertfordshire, living the simple life, as Mr. Bennet hinted at it in asking: "For what do we live, but to make sport for our neighbors, and laugh at them in our turn?"

Of course it is the attitude toward marriage that strikes the most different note of all. I remember Samuel Butler writing somewhere of the practice parents occasionally use in asking a young man, Are his intentions "honorable"? Many a young man might better inquire, he continues, when he innocently accepts the hospitality of a matron with daughters, "Are *your* intentions honorable, madam?" That conceit would have appealed to Jane Austen, too; had it occurred to her she would surely have set it down in one or more of her novels. Yet the idea would have shocked Mrs. Bennet and Lady Lucas beyond belief. What could be more "honorable" than to steer a young man safely toward marriage with a fairly proficient young woman of virtue who, though she may bring no dower, can play on the parlor "instrument"? It is still done, in this year of grace; in Jane Austen's day it was an impeccably normal proceeding. Mothers not only did, but *must* arrange these matrimonial events. Otherwise, their bringing undowered daughters into the world was cruelty indeed. Consider Charlotte Lucas's state of mind in capturing William Collins, the reverend cousin of Elizabeth Bennet whom that sprightly spirit presumed to turn down cold!

"The lady felt no inclination to trifle with his happiness. The stupidity with which he was favored by nature must guard his courtship from any charm that could make a woman wish for its continuance; and Miss



Lucas, who accepted him solely from the pure and disinterested desire of an establishment, cared not how soon that establishment was gained. . . . Her reflections were in general satisfactory. Mr. Collins, to be sure, was neither sensible nor agreeable; his society was irksome, and his attachment to her must be imaginary. *But still he would be her husband.* Without thinking highly either of men or of matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honorable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune, and, however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want. This preservative she had now obtained; and at the age of twenty-seven, without having ever been handsome, she felt all the good luck of it."

Here is satire—yet the author is much less satirical, much more nearly repertorial, than one might carelessly suppose. And certainly "well-educated young women of small fortune" are fortunate to-day in having vouchsafed several other "preservatives against want" than the protection of William Collinses. Moreover, it was not only the fiscal aspect of the case that tended to produce these stodgy unions. Marriage was one way of ending a boresome *désœuvrement*—or, rather, substituting a different and more respectable order of ennui. To-day "well-educated young women," who find themselves placed like Charlotte Lucas, can take up what they vaguely call "social work." They are to be congratulated upon the fact that they escape perjury, at least, in entering on this career.

But chiefly it is the bachelor who is to be congratulated. Of course, he is still fair game. He is still likely to find that the "advanced" young female who has welcomed him into disinterested and "intellectual" good-fellowship ends by regarding him as her own property—quite as if she were of the bourgeoisie instead of following the convention-free, earn-your-own-living and live-your-own-life career of our big cities. He is still appraised by the mothers of those of his girl friends who are still old-fashioned enough to live at home; he is encouraged by these mothers (or discouraged, as the case may be); he may even discover that the girl's father has been making discreet inquiries about him down-town, with a view to sizing up his prospects. But

we are a good ways removed from the uncomplicated state of society reflected in Jane Austen's novels—when it was "a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife"—so much so, indeed, "that he is regarded as the rightful property" of one of his neighbor's daughters. I wonder if the type of Lovelace was not fairly directly developed by the schemings and plottings of eighteenth-century maternity? The attractive young bachelor felt himself preyed upon by matrons richer in daughters than in dots. "Very well, then," said the young rake to himself, "they regard me as fair game—why should *I* not regard the fair as *my* game?"

All is freer to-day—for maid and bachelor alike. We try to conceal the fact that man is the marrying animal, and make believe that dancing and dinner-parties and the way of a maid with a man all stand on their own legs, and have no ulterior purposes. But under all the disguises, peeping through every subterfuge, the fact is there: Man is the marrying animal; man proposes, but mother or maid disposes. . . . Progress we make, but human nature is human nature still. And, sitting before the fire, I pull the terrier's ears and reflect that Jane Austen, living to-day, would see through many of our modern make-believes, and that she would write another "Pride and Prejudice"; and that in it Elizabeth Bennet would as surely say: "I dearly love a laugh."

SUN-WORSHIPPERS, I believe, look upon each rising of the luminary as a fresh miracle, attributable to their own piety and prayers. Most of us get, now and then, a sense of the miraculous in common life; Tennyson from his flower in the crannied wall; Kipling from almost any mechanical device. To me the great commonplace miracle is the making of a new friend—making, that is, in the instantaneous indubitable manner in which it ought to be done. A great deal of attention before and since the days of Juliet has been devoted to love at first sight, but friendship at first sight—in a way a more remarkable phenomenon—has been strangely passed over. Yet never do I feel more convinced of immortality, never am I more aware of spirits directly communicating (or

People  
Person



rather of that thing for which the nineteenth century, afraid of the Theistic suggestion of the word soul, invented the term "personality") than I am when I behold a total stranger, and know without word or gesture that we are going to be friends.

Not only do we know that we are going to be friends, but we can sometimes tell what kind of friends we shall be. The mother of a large family tells me that the instant her baby is put into her arms a definite spiritual relation is established between them, which, different for each of her children, lasts for the rest of her life.

So between grown-ups, we know, or we often could know, if we tried to see, the form our new friendship is to assume, the qualities within us which are to be most nourished, and the parts of our nature which will be visited least.

Perhaps these evidences of the way in which spirit can speak to spirit are even more marked in those cases, in history, for instance, where our own egotism is not in play. We have all heard of historical personages whose names seem to be famous principally because of the extraordinary personal power that they exercised over their contemporaries. John Nicholson was such a man. Many young Englishmen who went out to India in the first half of the last century had careers as active as his. What makes us remember him so peculiarly vividly is the importance that the men of his time attached to his advice and co-operation, or even to seeing him. In the memoirs and the histories and the private letters of the day, one fact will always be recorded—the writer's first meeting with Nicholson. We have a great mass of testimony, beginning with the native's worship of "Nikalseyn" and ending with Lord Roberts's account of him, to convince us of the high power of this man's personality.

Saint Paul must have had the same power. Even those of us not wholly in sympathy with the contributions made to the church's doctrine by him, and by his follower, Saint Augustine, can feel no doubt that his was a spirit that won instant recognition from the most unlikely audiences. His story, particularly after his last return to Jerusalem, is the story of the triumph of a strong self-confident nature over men who obviously had all the material advantages of the situation in their own hands. The Roman

chief-captain who rescued him from the mob, Felix Agrippa, the master of the shipwrecked vessel, the islanders of Melita, all yielded, and yielded without question, to Paul's suggestions or commands. Such a psychological view, however, is so far from the mind of the devout author that we must re-read the story carefully to see the truth.

IT happens to be in to-day's paper, but it might be in any day's paper, and particularly in the reports of the divorce courts, as it is in this instance. There are cases, many of them, in which, domestic unhappiness having transpired into litigation, the trodden worm will turn and submit a counter-affidavit which is likely to carry strange illumination. Said the trodden worm immediately in question: "To judge from the affidavits I have been guilty of everything under the sun. I plead guilty to but one crime, and that is the heinous one of being unable to supply my wife with autos, theatres, late suppers, and everything in that line that goes to make a New York woman happy."

"Lessening Your Denominator"

The pathos of this is perhaps weakened by the explicit expression of it which follows in the mercenary rhetoric of the worm's lawyer and affidavit-maker: "Hopes for the future, which I had when I first got married, have long since been shattered." After the previous revelation that might perfectly have been left to go without saying. And speaking largely, why "New York woman"? The aggregate of money thrown away in the manners described is necessarily greater in New York than in other cities, purely by dint of the magnitude of the "metropolis." But the *per capita* expenditure upon foolishness is probably no greater than in other cities, and certainly the tendency to extravagant and silly expenditure is no greater. Silly woman of New Haven, Atlanta, Oshkosh, Peoria, of thee the fable is narrated, as the divorce records of those communities amply prove. It was in fact a Minneapolitan philosopher and "magnate" who said: "The high cost of living—you mean the cost of high living."

One would wish for a course of the philosophers to be inculcated upon silly women, if silly women ever listened to philosophers. For the root of the matter is that silly women insist upon expenditures which

ruin or craze or deprave their husbands, as the case may be, not because they enjoy them, but because other people do them who may or may not be able to afford them. "As well be out of the world as out of the fashion" is a damnable saying which is in the mouths of many well-meaning women, and the application of which has tragical results. Here the good Emerson would help the silly woman, had she the grace to listen to him. "It is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate." She might plead that the saying is not addressed to her, she having, by hypothesis, "*pas de quoi*." But only consider what a Moloch fashion is in the one article of clothes, which is doubtless the article in which fashion-following and its parasites of millinery and mantua-making levy their heaviest toll upon suffering humanity. "Fashion," for example, meaning these parasites who live and thrive by it, decrees that no woman shall appear in 1914 in anything which she might have worn in 1913. As interpreted by the parasites, this means that all the expenditure of last year on clothes shall go to the scrap-heap or the rag-bag this year. In turn this means the destruction of what Ruskin calls "lovely and fantastic dressing." For not only is each successive "style" apt to be uglier and more defiant of the facts of human anatomy than its predecessor, but in the case of all but a very few of the very rich, it means that the victims of the quick changes, instead of buying rich and durable fabrics as they might if the changes were more gradual, are fain to content themselves with cheap and sleazy imitations of the real thing. To mere man,

even fashionable man, an evening coat is a thing of several years and a frock coat of a lustrum. Were it so with woman, how much better dressed our dear sisters—and other kindred—would be. And to think that if fifty women of "light and leading"—leading of fashions among other things—in the great cities of the United States got together and "highly resolved," they might put a stop to this monstrous, extravagant, and tragical nonsense, by simply declaring that they would not follow the quick changes of the dressmakers and the milliners, but would give a stability to the fashions for women approaching that of the fashions for men.

In truth, it is "following a multitude to do evil" that is responsible for so many of the domestic wrecks which are mainly submerged, but of which one occasionally emerges to the surface, like that which forms the text of these remarks. One reverts to the notion of the society of an army post, where a number of refined persons are all poor together, where there is no competition in expenditure, and where there is as much enjoyment as can be had in civilian circles for ten times the money. It is enough to make one wish that the income tax were far more drastic. There is a philosopher, Carlyle, to whom Matthew Arnold denied the title upon the ground of his abjuration of happiness as "our being's end and aim." But there is equal sense and value in the maxim of "*Sartor Resartus*" to those who concur in the abjuration and to those who reject it. "The Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator."





## · THE FIELD OF ART ·

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER--AN  
APPRECIATION

"SCULPTURE," says Maurice Maeterlinck, "should be the most peremptory of all arts. It should only express moments extremely rare and absolute, unspeakably beautiful, of life, of form, of the joys and the sorrows of humanity. All sculptured movement which is not of a high standard is a permanent crime, inexcusable. In our day, Rodin and Meunier, the one in the world of Passion, the other in that of Labor, are the only sculptors who have succeeded in seizing these moments, these sublime movements."

The great collection of sculpture and paintings by the late Constantin Meunier, which has been brought to this country by the Director of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, and which was opened there in November, is thoroughly representative of the artist and will reveal to the American public the grandeur and importance of the work of the Belgian master. There are many great painters in this century, but few great sculptors. One can easily count those who bring to the art of the sculptor the interest of a new vision, the form of a new feeling. The art of Meunier was born of an instinctive sympathy for the laborer.

Many sculptors have been born of the people, but with the exception of Meunier they have never felt the desire to glorify the class of the humble in the different domains of their industrial activity. This probably was due to the strength of the tradition that the poor laborer is too far re-

moved from all sculptural conception to be thought of as a model.

Meunier before portraying miners and carriers, puddlers and blacksmiths, was their friend: he knew their difficult life before analyzing their character; he made himself familiar with their thoughts, with their hopes and with their sadness, before under-

taking to reproduce their outline, or to portray with painful exactitude their attitudes. He was contented to live among these children of toil, accompanying them by the light of their dim lamps through the subterranean passages of the mines. Often he stopped to gaze with sympathetic eyes at the old blind horses belonging to the mine, seeing in them the dramatic symbol of the destiny of those who worked with them.

Meunier, like Millet, derived his inspiration from the men and women who work with their hands. It is because he sought this type that the works of the two masters bear such an incontestable likeness. The insight of the Belgian artist into the char-

acter of the types which he portrayed is most profound. Though brutally truthful, his art expresses the nobility of labor in a way that recalls the work of the great Barbizon master. Millet painted the laborer, but Constantin Meunier has given him to sculpture; has made him known to the world through his realistic productions, immortalized him in bronze and in stone.

Meunier is the reverse of a psychologist. One could better class his work as socialistic. The laborer is to him without personality, without peculiarity, without name.



The Ancestor.



The Harvest.

The figures resemble each other in the structure of the body, in the shape of the head, and in the features. After a short time they become confused in the remembrance and resolve themselves into one, because the difference of age and dress is but slightly indicated. When Meunier individualizes his personages, he does it only to accentuate their especial trade or labor. One recognizes at once the difference between the blacksmith and the glass-worker, the miner and the lighterman.

The work of Meunier appears to us to depict the definite picture of generations of labor up to the present time. It is the perfect presentation of the eternal struggle of man against unconscious power, a gigantic drama, which is of all time, but which in our time is, perhaps, seen under an aspect even more tragic than in past epochs. This double character of eternity and actuality gives to his work a strength of emotion and a representative value quite unique. It is always hazardous and a little useless to try to foresee the admiration of the future, but surely there is no temerity in predicting that Meunier will appear to future generations as the most characteristic sculptor of his time, and as having had the originality of loving not only his ennobling work but the simple subjects of his choice. In spite of

his realism, Meunier sometimes reaches to such grandeur in form, to such ideality in sentiment, that he carries us back to the most brilliant epochs in art. His feeling for the typical and the generic in some of his compositions recalls to us the sublime abstraction of Michael Angelo.

One has the sensation that the powerful gesture of the "Burden Bearer," the bold, energetic, and reserved attitude of the "Lighterman," are as symbolical as is the divine grace of "The Victory of Samothrace" or the quiet strength and self-confidence of the figures in the Parthenon. Emotion that is not theatrical but profound is the result of such a conscientious conception of art. It seizes us before each of Meunier's works, notably in the presence of "La Glèbe" (The Soil), "Le Grisou" (The Fire-damp), and above all "The Head of Christ." The heroic bust of a dying miner with its tragic pathos reminds one of "The Dying Alexander," but is made actual by the sympathetic realism of the modern master. It represents the deep spirituality which distinguishes Meunier's work in general together with high sculptural achievement.

Meunier's great monument—not quite completed at the time of his death—consists of four reliefs arranged in an architectural setting and forming a half-circle,





Industry.

with five figures modelled in the round placed in front of the panels separating the reliefs and at the two ends of the semi-circle. The four reliefs carved in stone represent four phases of modern industry—agriculture, manufacture, mining, and commerce. Agriculture is symbolized by reapers binding sheaves, manufacture by a group of glass-workers, mining by men at work underground, and commerce by the unloading of a ship's cargo. Thus air and fire, earth and water, are made the background for the forms of labor appropriate to each. The workmen are represented half nude and the play of their hard muscles under the skin is closely differentiated to show the degree to which the different tasks bring into use the different parts of the body.

In this instance, as in many others, Meunier produced more than one version of the same subject, and his true feeling for the exigencies of his plan led him in each case toward a more monumental treatment with less of the pictorial quality in the work finally destined for the monument to "Labor." He relinquished the charming delicacies of light and shade and the subtly retreating planes for a large and bold simplicity that nevertheless suggests richness of substance and a sensitive relation between the different figures and their background. "The

Sower" is a statue of heroic size, the original of which is placed on the pinnacle of the monument to "Labor." With triumphant gesture, he is supposed to sow the ripe grain which will nourish the generations of the future. The statue is the symbol of the productiveness of work. The bronze figures that are placed in front of the panels are also heroically conceived, and executed with great force and breadth of handling.

The statue of "Maternity," which was made for the foot of the monument of "Work," is supposed to represent the mother of men. It is also the symbol of the family of the workman and the perpetuity of the human race. It is the mother and the children who should profit by the wheat sown by the intense labor of the workman. In this beautiful group the limbs of the mother outstretched with magnificent freedom, the integrity of the mass formed by the three figures—all combine to produce an impression of dignity and repose, and suggest the nobility and splendor of the Elgin marbles. The workman resting is a statue and is one of the figures at the corner of the monument of "Work" between "The Harvest" and "The Port." Majestic in his prodigious strength this laborer is seated, his hammer lying across his knee, his hand ready to seize the implement to strike. Curiously classic is

"The Ancestor," the figure of the old man seated with his hands in his lap, his naked shoulders and chest furrowed with deep wrinkles, his emaciated throat showing the flaccid tendons, his neck narrow, his brow devoid of the marks of thought, his feet and hands large.

One of Meunier's canvases, his masterpiece, represents two miners, one of them with his shoulder pressed against the wall at the opening of the mine, the other seated near him with naked arms, holding his powerful lower jaw in his hand. They are silent and are looking far off at the smoky landscape; an infinite resignation is seen in their fixed gaze and a majestic strength is suggested by their strong limbs in repose. Their heavily built bodies are drawn against a sooty sky. In the voluntary silence one feels a hatred not yet awakened, and back of this extreme severity broods already a savage energy. They are like two modern descendants of the prophets and sibyls of the Sistine Chapel, seeming to predict in their melancholy tran-

quillity the danger of the time to come. In another of his large canvases one finds represented a laborer overcome by fatigue; he is seated on the ground, his lips apart, his hands falling in stupid repose. This is a startling and not easily forgotten painting of animal exhaustion. But when Meunier simplifies, there is simplicity.

Constantin Meunier was born on the 12th of April, 1831, in Etterbek, at that time a suburb of the city of Brussels. From childhood he was acquainted with poverty, his mother and sister having to support the family after his father's early death. His first artistic training was received in a modelling class in the Brussels Academy, where his elder brother placed

him at an early age, and at sixteen he entered the studio of the sculptor Fraikin, where he acquired a certain skill of hand, but received none of the impulse toward realism which afterward was to result in the monument to "Labor." Later he joined a group of young men who, sharing the expenses of a studio, were working independently, and here he found himself. At first Meunier painted, not believing that he could realize his ideals through a sculp-

tor's medium; but under the influence of a friend, Charles de Groux, who was poor, he looked on the dark side of poverty and labor, and, finding in this friend a sympathetic soul, began to paint pictures in which a strong religious feeling and an intense interest in the drama of life were combined.

His first studies of the laboring classes in Belgium were made among the workers of a glass-factory; later he became familiar with the region where Belgian coal-miners are found, then he fell wholly under the spell of the energy and force expressed



Maternity.

by hard physical labor. At this moment he turned again to sculpture as the form of expression best suited to his new material. He had started, and intended to work his way to the ideal of the realists, by the aid of paint and canvas, but form was what really appealed to him, and, having filled his mind with vital impressions, he began to model with instinctive faith in the sculptor's medium as the natural interpreter of labor.

Meunier saw his opportunity. He will live in years to come because he understood the touching splendor of his heroes and translated them with truth because he loved them well.

CORNELIA BENTLEY SAGE,  
*Director of the Albright Art Gallery.*







*Painted by Carlton T. Chapman.*

THE VICTORY OF THE "CONSTITUTION" OVER THE "MATSUURA MARU."



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS\*

[SECOND ARTICLE]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A JAGUAR-HUNT ON THE TAQUARY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHERS

THE morning after our arrival at Corumbá I asked Colonel Rondon to inspect our outfit; for his experience of what is necessary in tropical travelling, gained through a quarter of a century of arduous exploration in the wilderness, is unrivalled. It was Fiala who had assembled our food-tents, cooking-utensils, and supplies of all kinds, and he and Sigg, during their stay in Corumbá, had been putting everything in shape for our start. Colonel Rondon at the end of his inspection said he had nothing whatever to suggest; that it was extraordinary that Fiala, without personal knowledge of the tropics, could have gathered the things most necessary, with the minimum of bulk and maximum of usefulness.

Miller had made a special study of the piranhas, which swarmed at one of the camps he and Cherrie had made in the Chaco. So numerous were they that the members of the party had to be exceedingly careful in dipping up water. Miller did not find that they were cannibals toward their own kind; they were "cannibals" only in the sense of eating the flesh of men. When dead piranhas, and even when mortally injured piranhas, with the blood flowing, were thrown in

among the ravenous living, they were left unmolested. Moreover, it was Miller's experience, the direct contrary of what we had been told, that splashing and a commotion in the water attracted the piranhas, whereas they rarely attacked anything that was motionless unless it was bloody. Dead birds and mammals, thrown whole and unskinned into the water were permitted to float off unmolested, whereas the skinned carcass of a good-sized monkey was at once seized, pulled under the water, and completely devoured by the blood-crazy fish. A man who had dropped something of value waded in after it to above the knees, but went very slowly and quietly, avoiding every possibility of disturbance, and not venturing to put his hands into the water. But nobody could bathe, and even the slightest disturbance in the water, such as that made by scrubbing the hands vigorously with soap, immediately attracted the attention of the savage little creatures, who darted to the place, evidently hoping to find some animal in difficulties. Once, while Miller and some Indians were attempting to launch a boat, and were making a great commotion in the water, a piranha attacked a naked Indian who belonged to the party and mutilated him as he struggled and splashed, waist-deep

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in the stream. Men not making a splashing and struggling are rarely attacked; but if one is attacked by any chance, the blood in the water maddens the piranhas, and they assail the man with frightful ferocity.

At Corumbá the weather was hot. In the patio of the comfortable little hotel we heard the cicadas; but I did not hear the extraordinary screaming whistle of the locomotive cicada, which I had heard in the gardens of the house in which I stayed at Asuncion. This was as remarkable a sound as any animal sound to which I have ever listened, except only the batrachian-like wailing of the tree hyrax in East Africa; and like the East African mammal this South American insect has a voice, or rather utters a sound which, so far as it resembles any other animal sound, at the beginning remotely suggests batrachian affinities. The locomotive-whistle part of the utterance, however, resembles nothing so much as a small steam siren; when first heard it seems impossible that it can be produced by an insect.

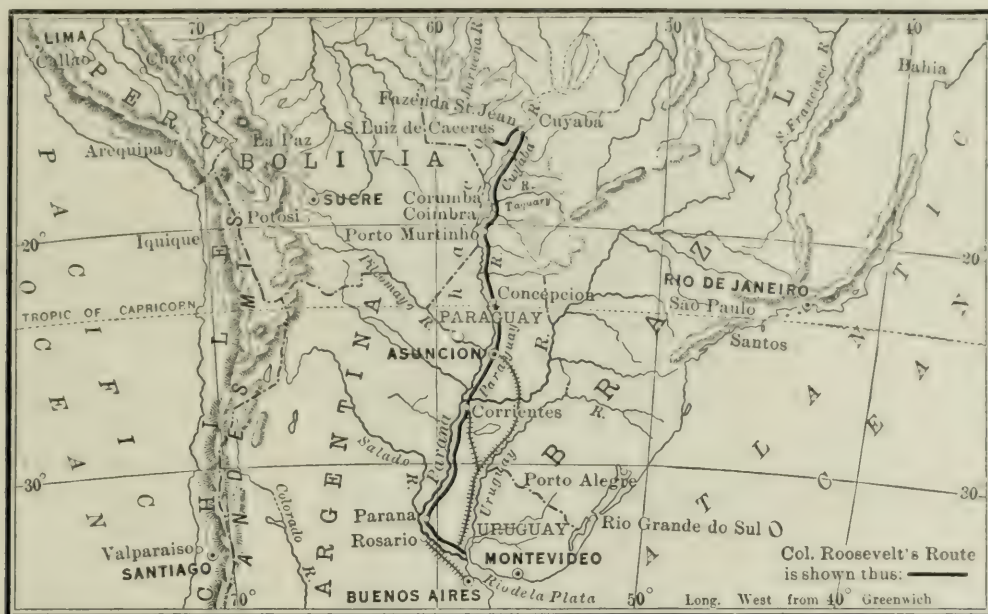
On December 17 Colonel Rondon and several members of our party started on a shallow river steamer for the ranch of Senhor de Barros, "Las Palmeiras," on the Rio Taquary. We went down the Paraguay for a few miles, and then up the Taquary. It was a beautiful trip. The shallow river—we were aground several times—wound through a vast, marshy plain, with occasional spots of higher ground on which trees grew. There were many water birds. Darters swarmed. But the conspicuous and attractive bird was the stately jabiru stork. Flocks of these storks whitened the marches and lined the river-banks. They were not shy, for such big birds; before flying they have to run a few paces and then launch themselves on the air. Once, at noon, a couple soared round overhead in wide rings, rising higher and higher. On another occasion, late in the day, a flock passed by, gleaming white with black points in the long afternoon lights, and with them were spoonbills, showing rosy amid their snowy companions. Caymans, always called jacarés, swarmed; and we killed scores of the noxious creatures. They were singularly indifferent to our approach and to the sound of the shots. Sometimes they ran into the water erect

on their legs, looking like miniatures of the monsters of the prime. One showed by its behavior how little an ordinary shot pains or affects these dull-nerved, cold-blooded creatures. As it lay on a sand-bank, it was hit with a long 22 bullet. It slid into the water but found itself in the midst of a school of fish. It at once forgot everything except its greedy appetite, and began catching the fish. It seized fish after fish, holding its head above water as soon as its jaws had closed on a fish; and a second bullet killed it. Some of the crocodiles when shot performed most extraordinary antics. Our weapons, by the way, were good, except Miller's shot-gun. The outfit furnished by the American museum was excellent—except in guns and cartridges; this gun was so bad that Miller had to use Fiala's gun or else my Fox 12-bore.

In the late afternoon we secured a more interesting creature than the jacarés. Kermit had charge of two hounds which we owed to the courtesy of one of our Argentine friends. They were biggish, nondescript animals, obviously good fighters, and they speedily developed the utmost affection for all the members of the expedition, but especially for Kermit, who took care of them. One we named "Shenzi," the name given the wild bush natives by the Swahili, the semicivilized African porters. He was good-natured, rough, and stupid—hence his name. The other was called by a native name, "Trigueiro." The chance now came to try them. We were steaming between long stretches of coarse grass, about three feet high, when we spied from the deck a black object, very conspicuous against the vivid green. It was a giant anteater, or *Tamandua bandeira*, one of the most extraordinary creatures of the latter-day world. It is about the size of a rather small black bear. It has a very long, narrow, toothless snout, with a tongue it can project a couple of feet; it is covered with coarse, black hair, save for a couple of white stripes; it has a long bushy tail and very powerful claws on its fore feet. It walks on the sides of its fore feet with these claws curved in under the foot. The claws are used in digging out anthills; but the beast has courage, and in a grapple is a rather unpleasant enemy, in spite of its toothless mouth, for it can strike a formidable blow



and sheds and corrals. Several of the peons or gauchos had come to meet us. After dark they kindled fires, and sat beside them singing songs in a strange minor



Map showing route of Colonel Roosevelt.

key and strumming guitars. The red firelight flickered over their wild figures as they squatted away from the blaze, where the light and the shadow met. It was still and hot. There were mosquitoes, of course, and other insects of all kinds swarmed round every light; but the steam-boat was comfortable, and we passed a pleasant night.

At sunrise we were off for the "fazenda," the ranch of M. de Barros. The baggage went in an ox-cart—which had to make two trips, so that all of my belongings reached the ranch a day later than I did. We rode small, tough ranch horses. The distance was some twenty miles. The whole country was marsh, varied by stretches of higher ground; and, although they rose only three or four feet above the marsh, they were covered with thick jungle, largely palmetto scrub, or else with open palm forest. For three or four miles we splashed through the marsh, now and then crossing boggy pools where the little horses labored hard not to mire down. Our dusky guide was clad in a shirt, trousers, and fringed leather apron, and wore spurs on his bare feet; he had a rope for a bridle, and two or three toes of each foot were thrust into little iron stirrups.

Soon afterward we reached one of the stations of the huge ranch we were about to visit, and hauled up alongside the bank for the night. There was a landing-place,



The pools in the marsh were drying. They were filled with fish, most of them dead or dying; and the birds had gathered to the banquet. The most notable dinner-guests were the great jabiru storks; the stately creatures dotted the marsh. But ibis and herons abounded; the former uttered queer, querulous cries when they discovered our presence. The spurred lapwings were as noisy as they always are. The ibis and plover did not pay any heed to the fish; but the black carrion vultures feasted on them in the mud; and in the pools that were not dry small alligators, the jacaré-tinga, were feasting also. In many places the stench from the dead fish was unpleasant.

Then for miles we rode through a beautiful open forest of tall, slender carandá palms, with other trees scattered among them. Green paraquets with black heads chattered as they flew; noisy green and red parrots climbed among the palms; and huge macaws, some entirely blue, others almost entirely red, screamed loudly as they perched in the trees or took wing at our approach. If one was wounded its cries kept its companions circling around overhead. The naturalists found the bird fauna totally different from that which they had been collecting in the hill country near Corumbá, seventy or eighty miles distant; and birds swarmed, both species and individuals. South America has the most extensive and most varied avifauna of all the continents. On the other hand, its mammalian fauna, although very interesting, is rather poor in number of species and individuals and in the size of the beasts. It possesses more mammals that are unique and distinctive in type than does any other continent save Australia; and they are of higher and much more varied types than in Australia. But there is nothing approaching the majesty, beauty, and swarming mass of the mammalian life of Africa and, in a less degree, of tropical Asia; indeed, it does not even approach the mammalian life of North America and northern Eurasia, poor though this is compared with the seething vitality of tropical life in the Old World. Until a geologically recent period, a period extending into that which saw man spread over the world in substantially the physical and cultural stage of many existing savages, South America

possessed a varied and striking fauna of enormous beasts—sabre-tooth tigers, enormous lions, mastodons, horses of many kinds, camel-like pachyderms, giant ground-sloths, mylodons the size of the rhinoceros, and many, many other strange and wonderful creatures. From some cause, concerning the nature of which we cannot at present even hazard a guess, this vast and giant fauna vanished completely, the tremendous catastrophe (the duration of which is unknown) not being consummated until within a few thousand, or a few score thousand years. When the white man reached South America he found the same weak and impoverished mammalian fauna that exists practically unchanged to-day. Elsewhere civilized man has been even more destructive than his very destructive uncivilized brothers of the magnificent mammalian life of the wilderness; for ages he has been rooting out the higher forms of beast life in Europe, Asia, and North Africa; and in our own day he has repeated the feat, on a very large scale, in the rest of Africa and in North America. But in South America, although he is in places responsible for the wanton slaughter of the most interesting and the largest, or the most beautiful birds, his advent has meant a positive enrichment of the wild mammalian fauna. None of the native grass-eating mammals, the graminivores, approach in size and beauty the herds of wild or half-wild cattle and horses, or so add to the interest of the landscape. There is every reason why the good people of South America should waken, as we of North America, very late in the day, are beginning to waken; and as the peoples of northern Europe—not southern Europe—have already partially wakened, to the duty of preserving from impoverishment and extinction the wild life which is an asset of such interest and value in our several lands; but the case against civilized man in this matter is grievously heavy anyhow, when the plain truth is told, and it is harmed by exaggeration.

After five or six hours' travelling through this country of marsh and of palm forest we reached the ranch for which we were heading. In the neighborhood stood giant fig-trees, singly or in groups, with dense, dark-green foliage. Ponds, over-



grown with water plants, lay about; wet meadow, and dryer pasture-land, open or dotted with palms and varied with tree jungle, stretched for many miles on every hand. There are some thirty thousand head of cattle on the ranch, besides herds of horses and droves of swine, and a few flocks of sheep and goats. The home buildings of the ranch stood in a quadrangle, surrounded by a fence or low stockade. One end of the quadrangle was formed by the ranch-house itself, one story high, with whitewashed walls and red-tiled roof. Inside, the rooms were bare, with clean whitewashed walls and palm-trunk rafters. There were solid wooden shutters on the unglazed windows. We slept in hammocks or on cots, and we feasted royally on delicious native Brazilian dishes. On another side of the quadrangle stood another long, low white building with a red-tiled roof; this held the kitchen

and the living-rooms of the upper-grade peons, the headmen, the cook, and jaguar-hunters, with their families: dark-skinned men, their wives showing varied strains of white, Indian, and negro blood. The children tumbled merrily in the dust, and were fondly tended by their mothers. Opposite the kitchen stood a row of buildings, some whitewashed daub and wattle, with tin roofs, others of erect palm-logs with palm-leaf thatch. These were the saddle-room, storehouse, chicken-house, and stable. The chicken-house was allotted to Kermit and Miller for the preparation of the specimens; and there they worked industriously. With a big skin, like that of the giant anteater, they had to squat on the ground; while the ducklings and wee chickens scuffled not only round the skin but all over it, grabbing the shreds and scraps of meat and

catching flies. The fourth end of the quadrangle was formed by a corral and a big wooden scaffolding on which hung hides and strips of drying meat. Extraordinary to relate there were no mosquitoes at the ranch; why I cannot say, as

they ought to swarm in these vast "pantanals," or swamps. Therefore, in spite of the heat, it was very pleasant. Near by stood other buildings: sheds, and thatched huts of palm-logs in which the ordinary peons lived, and big corrals. In the quadrangle were flamboyant trees, with their masses of brilliant red flowers and delicately cut, vivid-green foliage. Noisy oven-birds haunted these trees. In a high palm in the garden a family of green paraquets had taken up their abode and were preparing to build nests. They chattered incessantly both when they flew and when they sat or crawled among the branches. Ibis and plover, crying and wail-



*From a photograph by Edwin R. Santorn.*

A South American jabiru.  
In the New York Zoological Park.

ing, passed immediately overhead. Jacanas frequented the ponds near by; the peons, with a familiarity which to us seems sacrilegious, but to them was entirely inoffensive and matter of course, called them "the Jesus Christ birds," because they walked on the water. There was a wealth of strange bird life in the neighborhood. There were large papyrus-marshes, the papyrus not being a fifth, perhaps not a tenth, as high as in Africa. In these swamps were many blackbirds. Some uttered notes that reminded me of our own redwings. Others, with crimson heads and necks and thighs, fairly blazed; often a dozen sat together on a swaying papyrus-stem which their weight bent over. There were all kinds of extraordinary bird-nests in the trees. There is still need for the work of the collector in South America. But I believe that already, so



far as birds are concerned, there is infinitely more need for the work of the careful observer, who to the power of appreciation and observation adds the power of vivid, truthful, and *interesting* narration—which means, as scientists no less than historians should note, that training in the writing of good English is indispensable to

with the gift for recording what he has seen becomes of far more importance.

The long days spent riding through the swamp, the "pantanal," were pleasant and interesting. Several times we saw the Tamandua bandeira, the giant ant-bear. Kermit shot one, because the naturalists eagerly wished for a second spec-

imen; afterward we were relieved of all necessity to molest the strange, out-of-date creatures. It was a surprise to us to find them habitually frequenting the open marsh. They were always on muddy ground, and in the papyrus-swamp we found them in several inches of water. The stomach is thick-walled, like a gizzard; the stomachs of those we shot contained adult and larval ants, chiefly termites, together with plenty of black mould and fragments of leaves, both green and dry. Doubtless the earth and the vegetable matter had merely been taken incidentally, adhering to the viscid tongue when it was thrust into the ant masses. Out in the open marsh the tamandua could neither avoid observation, nor fight effectively, nor make good its escape by



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Nips with the marsh deer.

any learned man who expects to make his learning count for what it ought to count in the effect on his fellow men. The outdoor naturalist, the faunal naturalist, who devotes himself primarily to a study of the habits and of the life histories of birds, beasts, fish, and reptiles, and who can portray truthfully and vividly what he has seen, could do work of more usefulness than any mere collector, in this upper Paraguay country. The work of the collector is indispensable; but it is only a small part of the work that ought to be done; and after collecting has reached a certain point the work of the field observer

flight. It was curious to see one, lumbering off at a rocking canter, the big burly tail held aloft. One, while fighting the dogs, suddenly threw itself on its back, evidently hoping to grasp a dog with its paws; and it now and then reared, in order to strike at its assailants. In one patch of thick jungle we saw a black howler monkey sitting motionless in a tree-top. We also saw the swamp deer, about the size of our blacktail. It is a real swamp animal, for we found it often in the papyrus-swamps, and out in the open marsh, knee-deep in the waters, among the aquatic plants.





From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Nips returning to the *fazenda* (ranch) with the marsh deer on the saddle.

The tough little horses bore us well through the marsh. Often in crossing bayous and ponds the water rose almost to their backs; but they splashed and waded and if necessary swam through. The dogs were a wild-looking set. Some were of distinctly wolfish appearance. These, we were assured, were descended in part from the big red wolf of the neighborhood, a tall, lank animal, with much smaller teeth than a big northern wolf. The domestic dog is undoubtedly descended from at least a dozen different species of wild dogs, wolves, and jackals, some of them probably belonging to whatever style, different genera. The degree of fecundity or lack of fecundity between different species varies in extraordinary and inexplicable fashion in different families of mammals. In the horse family, for

instance, the species are not fertile *inter se*; whereas among the oxen, species seemingly at least as widely separated as the horse, ass, and zebra—species such as the domestic ox, bison, yak, and gaur—breed freely together and their offspring are fertile; the lion and tiger also breed together, and produce offspring which will breed with either parent stock; and tame dogs in different quarters of the world, although all of them fertile *inter se*, are in many cases obviously blood kin to the neighboring wild wolf-like or jackal-like creatures which are specifically, and possibly even generically, distinct from one another. The big red wolf of the South American plains is not closely related to the northern wolves; and it was to me unexpected to find it interbreeding with ordinary domestic dogs.



In the evenings after dinner we sat in the bare ranch dining-room, or out under the trees in the hot darkness, and talked of many things: natural history with the naturalists, and all kinds of other subjects both with them and with our Brazilian friends. Colonel Rondon is not simply "an officer and a gentleman" in the sense that is honorably true of the best army officers in every good military service. He is also a peculiarly hardy and competent explorer, a good field naturalist and scientific man, a student and a philosopher. With him the conversation ranged from jaguar-hunting and the perils of exploration in the "matto grosso," the great wilderness, to Indian anthropology, to the dangers of a purely materialistic industrial civilization, and to Positivist morality. The colonel's Positivism was in very fact to him a religion of humanity, a creed which bade him be just and kindly and useful to his fellow men, to live his life bravely, and no less bravely to face death, without reference to what he believed, or did not believe, or to what the unknown hereafter might hold for him.

The native hunters who accompanied us were swarthy men of mixed blood. They were barefooted and scantily clad, and each carried a long, clumsy spear and a keen machete in the use of which he was an expert. Now and then, in thick jungle, we had to cut out a path, and it was interesting to see one of them, although cumbered by his unwieldy spear, handling his half-broken little horse with complete ease while he hacked at limbs and branches. Of the two ordinarily with us one was much the younger; and whenever we came to an unusually doubtful-looking ford or piece of boggy ground the elder man always sent the younger one on and sat on the bank until he saw what befell the experimenter. In that rather preposterous book of our youth, the "Swiss Family Robinson," mention is made of a tame monkey called Nips, which was used to test all edible-looking things as to the healthfulness of which the adventurers felt doubtful; and because of the obvious resemblance of function we christened this younger hunter Nips. Our guides were not only hunters but cattle-herders. The coarse dead grass is burned to make room for the green young grass on which

the cattle thrive. Every now and then one of the men, as he rode ahead of us, without leaving the saddle, would drop a lighted match into a tussock of tall dead blades; and even as we who were behind rode by tongues of hot flame would be shooting up and a local prairie fire would have started. Kermit took Nips off with him for a solitary hunt one day. He shot two of the big marsh deer, a buck and a doe, and preserved them as museum specimens. They were in the papyrus growth, but their stomachs contained only the fine marsh grass which grows in the water and on the land along the edges of the swamps; the papyrus was used only for cover, not for food. The buck had two big scent-glands beside the nostrils; in the doe these were rudimentary. On this day Kermit also came across a herd of the big, fierce white-lipped peccary; at the sound of their grunting Nips promptly spurred his horse and took to his heels, explaining that the peccaries would charge them, hamstring the horses, and kill the riders. Kermit went into the jungle after the truculent little wild hogs on foot and followed them for an hour, but never was able to catch sight of them.

In the afternoon of this same day one of the jaguar-hunters—merely ranch hands, who knew something of the chase of the jaguar—who had been searching for tracks, rode in with the information that he had found fresh sign at a spot in the swamp about nine miles distant. Next morning we rose at two, and had started on our jaguar-hunt at three. Colonel Rondon, Kermit, and I, with the two trailers or jaguar-hunters, made up the party, each on a weedy, undersized marsh pony, accustomed to traversing the vast stretches of morass; and we were accompanied by a brown boy, with saddle-bags holding our lunch, who rode a long-horned trotting steer which he managed by a string through its nostril and lip. The two trailers carried each a long clumsy spear. We had a rather poor pack. Besides our own two dogs, neither of which was used to jaguar-hunting, there were the ranch dogs, which were well-nigh worthless, and then two jaguar hounds borrowed for the occasion from a ranch six or eight leagues distant. These were the only hounds on which we could place any trust, and they



were led in leashes by the two trailers. One was a white bitch, the other, the best one we had, was a gelded black dog. They were lean, half-starved creatures with prick ears and a look of furtive wildness.

and the plovers shrieked as they wheeled in the air. We waded across bayous and ponds, where white lilies floated on the water and thronging lilac-flowers splashed the green marsh with color.



*From a photograph by Edwin R. Sanborn.*

A South American jaguar.  
In the New York Zoological Park.

As our shabby little horses shuffled away from the ranch-house the stars were brilliant and the southern cross hung well up in the heavens, tilted to the right. The landscape was spectral in the light of the waning moon. At the first shallow ford, as horses and dogs splashed across, an alligator, the jacaré-tinga, some five feet long, floated unconcernedly among the splashing hoofs and paws; evidently at night it did not fear us. Hour after hour we shogged along. Then the night grew ghostly with the first dim gray of the dawn. The sky had become overcast. The sun rose red and angry through broken clouds; his disk flamed behind the tall, slender columns of the palms, and lit the waste fields of papyrus. The black monkeys howled mournfully. The birds awoke. Macaws, parrots, paraquets screamed at us and chattered at us as we rode by. Ibis called with wailing voices,

At last, on the edge of a patch of jungle, in wet ground, we came on fresh jaguar tracks. Both the jaguar hounds challenged the sign. They were unleashed and galloped along the trail, while the other dogs noisily accompanied them. The hunt led right through the marsh. Evidently the jaguar had not the least distaste for water. Probably it had been hunting for capybaras or tapirs, and it had gone straight through ponds and long, winding, narrow ditches or bayous, where it must now and then have had to swim for a stroke or two. It had also wandered through the island-like stretches of tree-covered land, the trees at this point being mostly palms and tarumans; the taruman is almost as big as a live-oak, with glossy foliage and a fruit like an olive. The pace quickened, the motley pack burst into yelling and howling; and then a sudden quickening of the note showed that





*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Colonel Roosevelt and the first jaguar.

the game had either climbed a tree or turned to bay in a thicket. The former proved to be the case. The dogs had entered a patch of tall tree jungle, and as we cantered up through the marsh we saw the jaguar high up among the forked limbs of a taruman-tree. It was a beautiful picture—the spotted coat of the big, lithe, formidable cat fairly shone as it snarled defiance at the pack below. I did not trust the pack; the dogs were not stanch, and if the jaguar came down and started I feared we might lose it. So I fired at once, from a distance of seventy yards. I was using my favorite rifle, the little Springfield with which I have killed most kinds of African game, from the lion and elephant down; the bullets were the sharp, pointed kind, with the end of naked lead. At the shot the jaguar fell like a sack of sand through the branches, and although it staggered to its feet it went but a score of yards before it sank down, and when I came up it was dead

under the palms, with three or four of the bolder dogs riving at it.

The jaguar is the king of South American game, ranking on an equality with the noblest beasts of the chase of North America, and behind only the huge and fierce creatures which stand at the head of the big game of Africa and Asia. This one was an adult female. It was heavier and more powerful than a full-grown male cougar, or African panther, or leopard. It was a big, powerfully built creature, giving the same effect of strength that a tiger or lion does, and that the lithe leopards and pumas do not. Its flesh, by the way, proved good eating, when we had it for supper, although it was not cooked in the way it ought to have been. I tried it because I had found cougars such good eating; I have always regretted that in Africa I did not try lion's flesh, which I am sure must be excellent.

Next day came Kermit's turn. We had the miscellaneous pack with us, all much





*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Colonel Rondon and the second jaguar.

enjoying themselves; but, although they could help in a jaguar-hunt to the extent of giving tongue and following the chase for half a mile, cowing the quarry by their clamor, they were not sufficiently stanch to be of use if there was any difficulty in the hunt. The only two dogs we could trust were the two borrowed jaguar hounds. With my jaguar the white bitch had been our stand-by; this was the black dog's day. About ten in the morning we came to a long, deep, winding bayou. On the opposite bank stood a capybara, looking like a blunt-nosed pig, its wet hide shining black. I killed it, and it slid into the water. Then I found that the bayou extended for a mile or two in each direction, and the two hunter-guides said they did not wish to swim across for fear of the piranhas. Just at this moment we came across fresh jaguar tracks. It was hot, we had been travelling for five hours, and the dogs were much exhausted. The black hound in particular was nearly

done up. We had to throw water over him; then, as he snuffed the scent, he challenged loudly. Evidently the big cat was not far distant. Soon we found where it had swum across the bayou. Piranhas or no piranhas, we now intended to get across; and we tried to force our horses in at what seemed a likely spot. The matted growth of water plants, with their leathery, slippery stems, formed an unpleasant barrier, as the water was swimming-deep for the horses. The latter were very unwilling to attempt the passage. Kermit finally forced his horse through the tangled mass, swimming, plunging, and struggling. He left a lane of clear water, through which we swam after him. The dogs splashed and swam behind us. On the other bank they struck the fresh trail and followed it at a run. It led into a long belt of timber, chiefly composed of low-growing nacurý palms, with long, drooping, many-fronded branches. In silhouette they suggest coarse bamboos; the nuts hang in big



clusters and look like bunches of small, unripe bananas. Among the lower palms were scattered some big, ordinary trees. We cantered along outside the timber belt, listening to the dogs within; and in a moment a burst of yelling clamor from the pack told that the jaguar was afoot. These few minutes are the really exciting moments in the chase, with hounds, of any big cat that will tree. The furious baying of the pack, the shouts and cheers of encouragement from the galloping horsemen, the wilderness surroundings, the knowledge of what the quarry is—all combine to make the moment one of fierce and thrilling excitement. Besides, in this case there was the possibility the jaguar might come to bay on the ground, in which event there would be a slight element of risk, as it might need straight shooting to stop a charge. However, about as soon as the long-drawn howling and eager yelping showed that the jaguar had been overtaken, we saw him, a huge male, up in the branches of a great fig-tree. A bullet behind the shoulder, from Kermit's 405 Winchester, brought him dead to the ground. He was heavier than the very big male horse-killing cougar I shot in Colorado, whose skull Hart Merriam reported as the biggest he had ever seen; he was very nearly double the weight of any of the male African leopards we shot; he was nearly or quite the weight of the smallest of the adult African lionesses we shot while in Africa. He had the big bones, the stout frame, and the heavy muscular build of a small lion; he was not lithe and slender and long like a cougar or leopard; the tail, as with all jaguars, was short, while the girth of the body was great; his coat was beautiful, with a satiny gloss, and the dark-brown spots on the gold of his back, head, and sides, were hardly as conspicuous as the black of the equally well-marked spots against his white belly.

This was a well-known jaguar. He had occasionally indulged in cattle-killing; on one occasion during the floods he had taken up his abode near the ranch-house and had killed a couple of cows and a young steer. The hunters had followed him, but he had made his escape, and for the time being had abandoned the neighborhood. In these marshes each jaguar had a wide irregular range and travelled

a good deal, perhaps only passing a day or two in a given locality, perhaps spending a week where game was plentiful. Jaguars love the water. They drink greedily and swim freely. In this country they rambled through the night across the marshes and prowled along the edges of the ponds and bayous, catching the capybaras and the caymans; for these small pond caymans, the jacaré-tinga, form part of their habitual food, and a big jaguar when hungry will attack and kill large caymans and crocodiles if he can get them a few yards from the water. On these marshes the jaguars also followed the peccary herds; it is said that they always strike the hindmost of a band of the fierce little wild pigs. Elsewhere they often prey on the tapir. If in timber, however, the jaguar must kill it at once, for the squat, thick-skinned, wedge-shaped tapir has no respect for timber, as Colonel Rondon phrased it, and rushes with such blind, headlong speed through and among branches and trunks that if not immediately killed it brushes the jaguar off, the claws leaving long raking scars in the tough hide. The jaguar will not meddle with a big bull; and is cautious about attacking a herd accompanied by a bull; but it will at times, where wild game is scarce, kill every other domestic animal. It is a thirsty brute, and if it kills far from water will often drag its victim a long distance toward a pond or stream; Colonel Rondon had once come across a horse which a jaguar had thus killed and dragged for over a mile. Jaguars also stalk and kill the deer; in this neighborhood they seemed to be less habitual deer-hunters than the cougars; whether this is generally the case I cannot say. They have been known to pounce on and devour good-sized anacondas.

In this particular neighborhood the ordinary jaguars molested the cattle and horses hardly at all except now and then to kill calves. It was only occasionally that under special circumstances some old male took to cattle-killing. There were plenty of capybaras and deer, and evidently the big spotted cats preferred the easier prey when it was available; exactly as in Africa we found the lions living exclusively on zebra and antelope, and not molesting the buffalo and domestic cattle,



which in other parts of Africa furnish their almost exclusive prey. In some other neighborhoods, not far distant, our hosts informed us that the jaguars lived almost exclusively on horses and cattle. hunters of Africa when they spoke of the lion and rhinoceros. Until the habit of scientific accuracy in observation and record is achieved and until specimens are preserved and carefully compared, en-



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Where the second jaguar went to bay.

They also told us that the cougars had the same habits as the jaguars except that they did not prey on such big animals. The cougars on this ranch never molested the foals, a fact which astonished me, as in the Rockies they are the worst enemies of foals. It was interesting to find that my hosts, and the mixed-blood hunters and ranch workers, combined special knowledge of many of the habits of these big cats with a curious ignorance of other matters concerning them and a readiness to believe fables about them. This was precisely what I had found to be the case with the old-time North American hunters in discussing the puma, bear, and wolf, and with the English and Boer

tirely truthful men, at home in the wilderness, will whole-heartedly accept, and repeat as matters of gospel faith, theories which split the grizzly and black bears of each locality in the United States, and the lions and black rhinos of South Africa, or the jaguars and pumas of any portion of South America, into several different species, all with widely different habits. They will, moreover, describe these imaginary habits with such sincerity and minuteness that they deceive most listeners; and the result sometimes is that an otherwise good naturalist will perpetuate these fables, as Hudson did when he wrote of the puma. Hudson was a capital observer and writer when he dealt with the ordi-



nary birds and mammals of the well-settled districts near Buenos Aires and at the mouth of the Rio Negro; but he knew nothing of the wilderness. This is no reflection on him; his books are great favor-

drink it threatened them and frightened them; and then Colonel Rondon and Kermit called me to watch it. It lay on the surface of the water only a few feet distant from us and threatened us; we threw



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

The brown boy on the long-horned trotting steer, which he managed by a string through its nostril and lip.

ites of mine, and are to a large degree models of what such books should be; I only wish that there were hundreds of such writers and observers who would give us similar books for all parts of America. But it is a mistake to accept him as an authority on that concerning which he was ignorant.

An interesting incident occurred on the day we killed our first jaguar. We took our lunch beside a small but deep and obviously permanent pond. I went to the edge to dip up some water, and something growled or bellowed at me only a few feet away. It was a jacaré-tinga or small cayman about five feet long. I paid no heed to it at the moment. But shortly afterward when our horses went down to

cakes of mud at it, whereupon it clashed its jaws and made short rushes at us, and when we threw sticks it seized them and crunched them. We could not drive it away. Why it should have shown such truculence and heedlessness I cannot imagine, unless perhaps it was a female, with eggs near by. In another little pond a jacaré-tinga showed no less anger when another of my companions approached. It bellowed, opened its jaws, and lashed its tail. Yet these pond jacarés never actually molested even our dogs in the ponds, far less us on our horses.

This same day others of our party had an interesting experience with the creatures in another pond. One of them was Commander Da Cunha (of the Brazilian



navy), a capital sportsman and delightful companion. They found a deepish pond a hundred yards or so long and thirty or forty across. It was tenanted by the small caymans and by capybaras—the

teeth cutting out chunks of tough hide and flesh. Evidently they did not molest either cayman or capybara while it was unwounded; but blood excited them to frenzy. Their habits are in some ways in-



*From a photograph by Harper.*

Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit returning from the jaguar-hunt.

largest known rodent, a huge aquatic guinea-pig, the size of a small sheep. It also swarmed with piranhas, the ravenous fish of which I have so often spoken. Undoubtedly the caymans were subsisting largely on these piranhas. But the tables were readily turned if any caymans were injured. When a capybara was shot and sank in the water, the piranhas at once attacked it, and had eaten half the carcass ten minutes later. But much more extraordinary was the fact that when a cayman about five feet long was wounded the piranhas attacked and tore it, and actually drove it out on the bank to face its human foes. The fish first attacked the wound; then, as the blood maddened them, they attacked all the soft parts, their terrible

explicable. We saw men frequently bathing unmolested; but there are places where this is never safe, and in any place if a school of the fish appear swimmers are in deadly peril, and a wounded man or beast is also in grave danger if piranhas are in the neighborhood. Ordinarily it appears that an unwounded man is attacked only by accident—such accidents are rare; but they happen with sufficient frequency to justify much caution in entering water where piranhas abound.

We frequently came across ponds tenanted by numbers of capybaras. The huge, pig-like rodents are said to be shy elsewhere. Here they were tame. The water was their home and refuge. They usually went ashore to feed on the grass,



and made well-beaten trails in the marsh immediately around the water; but they must have travelled these at night, for we never saw them more than a few feet away from the water in the daytime. Even at midday we often came on them standing beside a bayou or pond. The dogs would rush wildly at such a standing beast, which would wait until they were only a few yards off and then dash into and under the water. The dogs would also run full-tilt into the water, and it was then really funny to see their surprise and disappointment at the sudden and complete disappearance of their quarry. Often a capybara would stand or sit on its haunches in the water, with only its blunt, short-eared head above the surface, quite heedless of our presence. But if alarmed it would dive, for capybaras swim with equal facility on or below the surface; and if they wish to hide they rise gently among the rushes or water-lily leaves with only their nostrils exposed. In these waters the capybaras and small caymans paid no attention to one another, swimming and resting in close proximity. They both had the same enemy, the jaguar. The capybara is a game animal only in the sense that a hare or rabbit is. The flesh is good to eat, and its amphibious habits and queer nature and surroundings make it interesting. In some of the ponds the water had about gone, and the capybaras had become for the time being beasts of the marsh and the mud; although they could always find little slimy pools, under a mass of water-lilies, in which to lie and hide.

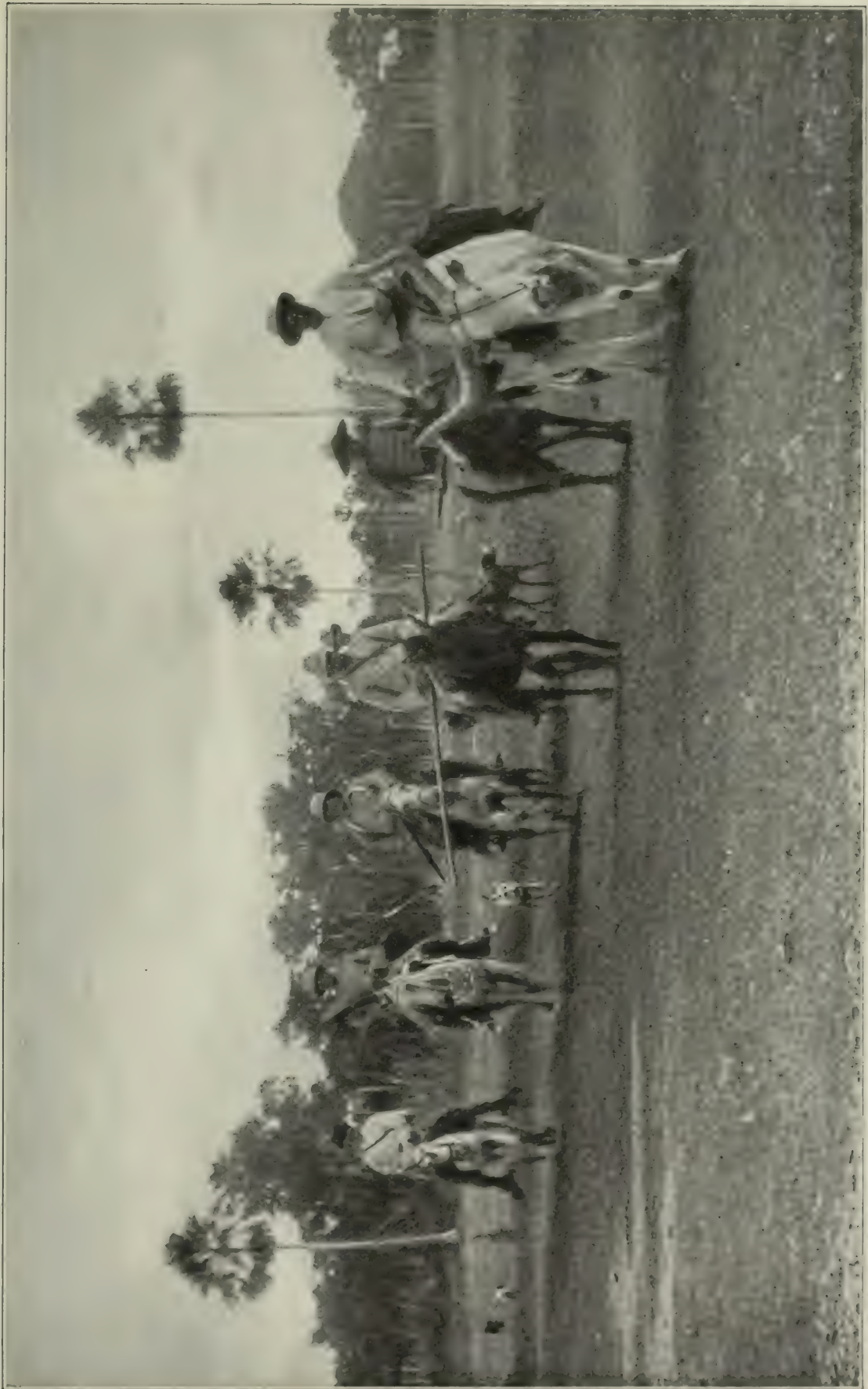
Our whole stay on this ranch was delightful. On the long rides we always saw something of interest, and often it was something entirely new to us. Early one morning we came across two armadillos—the big, nine-banded armadillo. We were riding with the pack, through a dry, sandy pasture country, dotted with clumps of palms, round the trunks of which grew a dense jungle of thorns and Spanish bayonets. The armadillos were feeding in an open space between two of these jungle clumps which were about a hundred yards apart. One was on all fours; the other was in a squatting position, with its fore legs off the ground. Their long ears were very prominent. The dogs raced at them. I had always

supposed that armadillos merely shuffled along, and curled up for protection when menaced; and I was almost as surprised as if I had seen a turtle gallop when these two armadillos bounded off at a run, going as fast as rabbits. One headed back for the nearest patch of jungle, which it reached. The other ran at full speed—and ran really fast, too—until it nearly reached the other patch, a hundred yards distant, the dogs in full cry immediately behind it. Then it suddenly changed its mind, wheeled in its tracks, and came back like a bullet right through the pack. Dog after dog tried to seize it or stop it and turned to pursue it; but its wedge-shaped snout and armored body, joined to the speed at which it was galloping, enabled it to drive straight ahead through its pursuers, not one of which could halt it or grasp it, and it reached in safety its thorny haven of refuge. It had run at speed about a hundred and fifty yards. I was much impressed by this unexpected exhibition; evidently this species of armadillo only curls up as a last resort, and ordinarily trusts to its speed, and to the protection its build and its armor give it while running, in order to reach its burrow or other place of safety. Twice, while laying railway tracks near São Paulo, Kermit had accidentally dug up armadillos with a steam-shovel.

There are big anthills, some of them of huge dimensions, scattered through the country. Sometimes they were built against the stems of trees. We did not here come across any of the poisonous or biting ants which, when sufficiently numerous, render certain districts uninhabitable. They are ordinarily not very numerous; they kill nestling birds, and at once destroy any big animal unable to get out of their way. It has been suggested that nestlings in their nests are in some way immune from the attack of these ants. The experiments of our naturalists tended to show that this was not the case. They plundered any nest they came across and could get at.

Once we saw a small herd of peccaries, one a sow followed by three little pigs—they are said only to have two young, but we saw three, although of course it is possible one belonged to another sow. The herd galloped into a mass of thorny cover the hounds could not penetrate; and when





*From a photograph by Harper.*

The entire party on the way back to the ranch.



*From a photograph by Harper.*

Fazenda Las Palmeiras on the Rio Taquary.

they were in safety we heard them utter, from the depths of the jungle, a curious moaning sound.

On one ride we passed a clump of palms which were fairly ablaze with bird color. There were magnificent hyacinth macaws; green parrots with red splashes; toucans with varied plumage, black, white, red, yellow; green jacmars; flaming orioles and both blue and dark-red tanagers. It was an extraordinary collection. All were noisy. Perhaps there was a snake that had drawn them by its presence; but we could find no snake. The assembly dispersed as we rode up; the huge blue macaws departed in pairs, uttering their hoarse "ar-rah-h, ar-rah-h." It has been said that parrots in the wilderness are only noisy on the wing. They are certainly noisy on the wing; and those that we saw were quiet while they were feeding, but ordinarily when they were perched among the branches, and especially when, as in the case of the little paraquets near the house, they were gathering materials for nest-building, they were just as noisy as while flying.

The water birds were always a delight. We shot merely the two or three specimens the naturalists needed for the museum. I killed a wood-ibis on the wing with the handy little Springfield; and then lost all the credit I had gained by a series

of inexcusable misses, at long range, before I finally killed a jabiru. Kermit shot a jabiru with the Luger automatic. The great splendid birds, standing about as tall as a man, show fight when wounded, and advance against their assailants, clattering their formidable bills. One day we found the nest of a jabiru in a mighty fig-tree, on the edge of a patch of jungle. It was a big platform of sticks, placed on a horizontal branch. There were four half-grown young standing on it. We passed it in the morning, when both parents were also perched alongside; the sky was then overcast, and it was not possible to photograph it with the small camera. In the early afternoon when we again passed it the sun was out, and we tried to get photographs. But one parent bird was present at this time. It showed no fear. I noticed that, as it stood on a branch near the nest, its bill was slightly open. It was very hot, and I suppose it had opened its bill just as a hen opens her bill in hot weather. As we rode away the old bird and the four young birds were standing motionless, and with gliding flight the other old bird was returning to the nest. It is hard to give an adequate idea of the wealth of bird life in these marshes. A naturalist could with the utmost advantage spend six months on such a ranch as that we



visited. He would have to do some collecting, but only a little. Exhaustive observation in the field is what is now most needed. Most of this wonderful and harmless bird life should be protected by law; and the mammals should receive reasonable protection. The books now most needed are those dealing with the life histories of wild creatures.

Near the ranch-house, walking familiarly among the cattle, we saw the big, deep-billed Ani blackbirds. They feed on the insects disturbed by the hoofs of the cattle, and often cling to them and pick off the ticks. It was the end of the nesting season, and we did not find their curious communal nests, in which half a dozen females lay their eggs indiscriminately. The common ibises in the ponds near by—which usually went in pairs, instead of in flocks like the wood-ibis—were very tame, and so were the night heron, and all the small herons. In flying, the ibises and storks stretch the neck

straight in front of them. The jabiru—a splendid bird on the wing—also stretches his neck out in front, but there appears to be a slight downward curve at the base of the neck, which may be due merely to the crawl. The big slender herons, on the contrary, bend the long neck back in a beautiful curve, so that the head is nearly between the shoulders. One day I saw what I at first thought was a small yellow-bellied kingfisher hovering over a pond, and finally plunging down to the surface of the water after a school of tiny young fish; but it proved to be a bien-te-vi king-bird. Curved-bill woodhavers, birds the size and somewhat the coloration of veeries, but with long, slender sickle-bills, were common in the little garden back of the house; their habits were those of creepers, and they scrambled with agility up, along, and under the trunks and branches; and along the posts and rails of the fence, thrusting the bill into crevices for insects. The oven-birds, which had the carriage and



*From a photograph by Harper.*

Roping bulls at the Las Palmeiras ranch.

somewhat the look of wood-thrushes, I am sure would prove delightful friends on a close acquaintance; they are very individual, not only in the extraordinary domed mud nests they build, but in all their ways, in their bright alertness, their interest in and curiosity about whatever goes on, their rather jerky quickness of movement, and their loud and varied calls. With a little encouragement they become tame and familiar. The paraquets were too noisy, but otherwise were most attractive little birds, as they flew to and fro and scrambled about in the top of the palm behind the house. There was one showy kind of king-bird or tyrant flycatcher, lustrous black with a white head.

One afternoon several score cattle were driven into a big square corral near the house, in order to brand the calves and a number of unbranded yearlings and two-year-olds. A special element of excitement was added by the presence of a dozen big bulls which were to be turned into draught oxen. The agility, nerve, and prowess of the ranch workmen, the herders or *gauchos*, were noteworthy. The dark-skinned men were obviously mainly of Indian and negro descent, although some of them also showed a strong strain of white blood. They wore the usual shirt, trousers, and fringed leather aprons, with Jim-crow hats. Their bare feet must have been literally as tough as horn; for when one of them roped a big bull he would brace himself, bending back until he was almost sitting down and digging his heels into the ground, and the galloping beast would be stopped short and whirled completely round when the rope tautened. The maddened bulls, and an occasional steer or cow, charged again and again with furious wrath; but two or three ropes would settle on the doomed beast, and down it would go; and when it was released and rose and charged once more, with greater fury than ever, the men, shouting with laughter, would leap up the sides of the heavy stockade.

We stayed at the ranch until a couple of days before Christmas. Hitherto the weather had been lovely. The night before we left there was a torrential tropic downpour. It was not unexpected, for we had been told that the rainy season was overdue. The following forenoon

the baggage started, in a couple of two-wheeled ox-carts, for the landing where the steamboat awaited us. Each cart was drawn by eight oxen. The huge wheels were nearly eight feet high. Early in the afternoon we followed on horseback, and overtook the carts as darkness fell, just before we reached the landing on the river's bank. The last few miles, after the final reaches of higher, tree-clad ground had been passed, were across a level plain of tall ground on which the water stood, sometimes only up to the ankles of a man on foot, sometimes as high as his waist. Directly in front of us, many leagues distant, rose the bold mountains that lie west of Corumbá. Behind them the sun was setting and kindled the overcast heavens with lurid splendor. Then the last rose tints faded from the sky, the horses plodded wearily through the water; on every side stretched the marsh, vast, lonely, desolate in the gray of the half-light. We overtook the ox-carts. The cattle strained in the yokes; the drivers wading alongside cracked their whips and uttered strange cries; the carts rocked and swayed as the huge wheels churned through the mud and water. As the last light faded we reached the small patches of dry land at the landing, where the flat-bottomed side-wheel steamboat was moored to the bank. The tired horses and oxen were turned loose to graze. Water stood in the corrals, but the open shed was on dry ground. Under it the half-clad, wild-looking ox-drivers and horse herders slung their hammocks; and close by they lit a fire and roasted, or scorched, slabs and legs of mutton, spitted on sticks and propped above the smouldering flame.

Next morning, with real regret, we waved good-by to our dusky attendants, as they stood on the bank, grouped around a little fire, beside the big empty ox-carts. A dozen miles down-stream a rowboat fitted for a spritsail put off from the bank. The owner, a countryman from a small ranch, asked for a tow to Corumbá, which we gave. He had with him in the boat his comely brown wife—who was smoking a very large cigar—their two children, a young man, and a couple of trunks and various other belongings. On Christmas eve we reached Corumbá, and rejoined the other members of the expedition.



# TRIPOLI

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

## I



ABSALOM ENGLAND, a tall grizzled Arab and sea-pilot, saluted me on the deck. The combination of names, race, and occupation might have seemed peculiar to me once, but I was proof against any African vagary. He was a land-pilot now, and took charge of me and mine. I did not lose my liberty, but I had unknowingly parted with all responsibility for myself; thereafter, except in consular guard or barred in my hotel, I was under his incessant watch and ward. I even began to have some value in my own eyes, seeing at what a price I was rated, and could easily have fancied myself a disguised soldan with an inseparable follower. He treated me as something between a son and a sheik. But at the moment to my unforeseeing eyes he was only a dark, respectful Arab, with a weather-worn and open-air look, black with many summers, a strong type of a fine race, and with a terrible cough that shook him.

We passed the Turkish officials and sank like a bubble in the variety and vivacity of the land, always so noticeable when one comes from the sea. It was pleasant to be in a city once more: there were noise and movement and things to look at; and almost at once the gray mass of a magnificent ruined arch, half-buried in the street, lifted its dark and heavy stones, bossed with obliterated faces and grimy sculpture, among the paltry buildings; a grocery shop with its bright fruits and lettered boxes seemed to have nested like a swallow in its lower stories. It looked like a worn old ocean rock in that incongruous tide of people and trade—once the proud arch of Marcus Aurelius. A few moments brought us to what elsewhere would have been an obscure hotel, but was here the chief hostelry,—a house with an interior court as usual, a few chambers opening on dilapidated galleries in a double tier, and rude stairs leading up. Seyd, a Fezzan negro boy, showed me to a tumbled

room. It was an unpromising outlook even for a brief sojourn. I went at once to the French consul. The other powers have consuls, except that America at that time had none; but owing to the old position of France as the protector of all Catholics, her representative is pre-eminent in the eyes of the Mohammedans—he is “the consul.” The consulate was a very fine old Arab house; a magnificent dragoman with negro guards received me in the great silent court and led me up the broad stone stairway to the large and beautiful rooms where I was to feel myself so pleasantly at home. Then Absalom and I fared forth.

I found myself in a true African street with a new trait. It is astonishing what originality crops out in the bare and simple things of this land; one thinks he has seen all, and by some slight shift of the lights something new emerges and is magically touched—the real and common made mysterious, the daily and usual made visionary, the familiar unfamiliar once more. It was a narrow street, vaulted from side to side, and its fresh atmosphere was bathed in that cool obscurity which in this land of fierce and burning rays is like balm to the eyes; and, besides, this street was painted blue, which was to add a caress to the softness of the light. This was the slight and magical touch. A stream of passers went down and up the centre of the blueness; the little shops on either side strung along their bright and curious merchandise of the museum and the fair; and the shadowy, azure-toned perspectives framed each figure as it came near, with flowing robe or dark haik and burdens borne on head and shoulder. The place had an atmosphere all its own, that stays in the memory like perfume. I loved to loiter there afterward, but then we had a goal; and we came at last by flights of steps to the market or the great space near the sea. I had seen the people by the beach from the steamer and wondered at their number; and that was why I had come.

It was by far the greatest market I ever



saw. It was truly metropolitan. I went among the plotted squares of merchandise and rows of goods spread out in great heaps and little piles, and along by the small tents islanding their foreign treasures. To tell and name it all would be to inventory a civilization: cloths and finery and trinkets; grains in sacks, amid which I wandered nibbling hard kernels of strange saviors, trying unknown nuts and dried fruits; utensils, strange-cornered knives with curves of murder, straight, broad blades; slippers and caps; what seemed to me droves of cows—it was so long since I had seen cows—camels and donkeys; vegetables,—bulbs, pods, and heads; things to eat, bobbing in pots and kettles; leathers, hides, straws. It was an improvised exposition—everything that the desert hand produces or manufactures of the pastoral kind or that the desert heart has learned to desire of migratory commerce brought from far away. The grass market especially attracted me with its heaped-up bales of halfa, where camels were unloading the unwieldy and enormous burdens balanced across their backs; and so did the Soudanese corner, with odd straw work, deep-colored gourds, and skin bottles.

But the stage was the least part of the scene; in this play the crowd was the thing. There were familiar traits, but in its wholeness it was a new crowd. I scanned them as an explorer looks at an unknown tribe from the hills. There was nothing here of Tunisian softness, mild affability and elegance, not the simple and peaceful countenances seen in the Zibans, nor the amiable cheer and brusque energy of the Kabyles, nor the blond beauty of the Chaouias, nor even the forbidding face of the Moor; here was a different temper—the spirit of the horde, the *fiercé* of the desert, the rudeness of nature, borne with an independence of mien, a freedom of gait, unblenching eyes: true desert-dwellers. I think I never felt the full meaning and flavor of the word “autochthonous” before. They were the soil made man. There was also, beyond the tough fibre and wild grace of the free life, another impression, which owed perhaps as much to the feeling of the stranger there as to anything explicit in the crowd—a sense of something fierce and hard, an instinct of hos-

tility, of disdain, the egotism of an alien faith master on its own fanatic soil.

This crowd, which fascinated me by its vitality and temper of life, was clad in every variety of burnoose and haik and head-gear; here and there was a crude outbreak of color, as if some one had spilt, and soiled, aniline dyes at random, but the general effect was sober—brown earth colors, mixed blacks and grays, dingy whites, a workaday world. There were many negroes. I had already added much to my knowledge of negro types, but here I annexed, as it were, new kingdoms of physiognomy. These men were strange as the tropics: some amazingly long-waisted, some Herculean in measure or extraordinarily lean and bulbous in the shoulders—new species of human heads. Arabs and Berbers, mingled with the mixed blood of half a continent, made the bulk; and here and there stood some richer personages, heavily robed, superbly turbaned, merchants from Ghadamès and from further off, where the desert routes spread fanwise from the Soudan to Timbuctoo, opening on the whole breadth of equatorial Africa, Lake Tchad, and the Niger. For Tripoli has been for long centuries a sea-metropolis—it is now the last sea-metropolis—of the native desert-world; hither still comes the raw wealth of Africa, with all the old train and concomitants of caravan, traders, and robber instincts; and here are most variously and numerously gathered the representatives of the untamed tribes. It is the last Mediterranean home of the predatory, migratory, old free desert life. This market, I knew, was the direct descendant of one of the world's oldest trading-posts, for the early Phœnician merchants established a commercial station here, as they coasted along exploring the unknown world; it was on this beach they landed, no doubt; that was long ago. This market was the child of that old trading-post. It was a wonderful scene there, under the crumbling walls in the blazing sun by the quiet sea.

Late in the afternoon I drove out into the oasis, which is a suburb on the south-east of the city. We were soon in the midst of it and passing along by the familiar scene of palm groves, with fruit-trees and vegetables and silent roads. It



was a more open country than usual, and there was an abundance of gardens with houses in them; it had more the character of suburban villa life, a place of retirement from the city, than any oasis I had seen. The soil had much red in it, and this gave a strong ground-color over which the greens rose darkly on the blue. The tall wells—the *guerbas*—were a common feature in the gardens, for the oasis is watered in the old way by means of a pulley-arrangement between two high standards over which runs a rope worked by a mule or camel or other beast of all work, which tramped to and fro beneath as the goat-skin bucket rose and fell. I visited some of these gardens, picked oranges, and wandered about and talked with the laborers. We came out on the desert sharp as the line of a sea beach, cut by the palms; there was a fort or two on the edge; and the hard barren waste swept away with the finality of an ocean toward the far distant mountain range southward. Two Turkish officers rode up from the route; they were fine figures, splendidly horsed, and looked very real. On the way back we saw many Turkish soldiers, sturdy, capable men, badly clothed but military in every way. I was more interested in the groups and solitary figures returning from the market to their homes, the Bedouins with sticks in their hands or over their shoulders. How they walked! What an erectness in their heads! What an *élan* in their stride forward! Strangely enough, they reminded me of the virgins of the Erechtheum, the caryatides. I have never elsewhere seen such a pose. How like in color to earth, too, with their browns and grays on the strong tones of the roads they walked along! It was the clearness before twilight, and all the lines of the landscape were lowered and strong in the level rays; the palmy roads, the soldiers, the Bedouins made a picture fuller of life than one usually sees in an oasis. One felt the neighborhood of the city.

When I went out at night the streets were dark; lamps here and there gave a feeble light, stores were open, there were groups about. The cafés I dropped into were not full, unless small, and were all very quiet. There were long bubble pipes to be had, and silent Arabs smoking them; but I contented myself with coffee. It

was not interesting, and I went to the Italian-Greek theatre. This was a small hall, but of considerable size, and full of Sicilians and Greeks. They were a hardy-looking company, not to say rough. On the stage a girl was being tied to a tree by some Turks; it was a pantomime, and the plot went on and the daring rescue was effected to the satisfaction of the audience. While the stage was being prepared anew, there was the sound of a row at the door. Instantly on either side of me there was a movement and thrust of those hard faces and strong shoulders, like the lift of a dark wave at sea; it reminded me of a mass-play at football in the old game, only it was bigger, darker, tense: it was fighting blood, always keyed for sudden alarm and instantly ready *en masse*. The little crowd, serried head over head, paused a moment, as an Arab came forward and made a short speech, explaining the trouble. The men fell back to their seats. The play was going on now—it was a variety performance—with two girls singing songs, and the rescued maiden of the pantomime came down to collect pennies. It was curious to see the changing expression on the faces of those men and boys. They had been hard faces, with Sicilian sombreness in repose, rugged with life, with something dark and gloomy in them; now they broke into smiles, their eyes shone and laughed, as she passed among them, they were glad to have her speak to them—it was sunshine breaking out over a rough and stormy sea. There was a dance now; and so the scenes went on till I came away and Absalom piloted me through the dark and deserted ways to the hotel. It was closed of course, but I was not prepared for what followed. There was a great undoing of bars and turning of locks, and I stepped in over the body of a sleeping negro and waited till his companion did up the fastenings. They seemed to me sufficient for a fortress; and, not content with that, these two negroes slept all night on the floor next the door. It was like a mediæval guard-room.

## II

WE were finishing our late nooning at the café which pleased me best near the little park with the old Roman statues



by the sea where the handful of resident Europeans liked to take the air at evening. I was engaged in my favorite occupation of regarding the street. The little room was crowded with natives seated close, quietly gaming or doing nothing; Turkish officers rolled by in carriages; there was continuous passing; a half-dozen *gamins* played in the street, the most eager-faced, the most lithe-motivated of boys, the most snapping-eyed Jewish bootblacks, quite beyond the nimble Biskris of Algiers reputed to be the kings of the profession in the Mediterranean; on the other side of the street a flower-seller was, as always, binding up violets interminably in his lean hands. It was a pleasant scene; but I lazily consented when Absalom suggested that we drive out to the Jewish village. We crossed the street to the cab-stand. I am not good at bargaining, and I am impatient at the farce or tragedy, as the case may be, of a guide beating down a cabman; but my feelings toward Absalom were different. I frankly admired him as he stood in his plain dignity, perfectly motionless, with a long-stemmed rose at his lips, a beautiful half-blown dark bloom with the curves of a shell in its frail, firm petals; and when the figure had dropped deftly and almost noiselessly from fifteen francs to six, "it is just," said Absalom, and seated me in the carriage with the double harness.

We passed into the pleasant vistas of the oasis, rolling over the red roads with the tumbled earth walls and by the deep-retired houses and the orange gardens, and the air was full of the fresh balm of spring. It was a smiling, green, and blossoming world, and it was good to be alive. I knew it was just such a world that such villages are in, and this one was native to the oasis and partook of its qualities; but it seemed to take only the rudest and roughest of them, and to carry them down. It was a disheartening sight. I had never seen so wretched a Jewish village. The houses, the people, were of the poorest; and not in an ordinary way. The village was a fantasy of poverty, a *diablerie*. The faces and forms, attitudes, occupations of the people, their mere aggregation, depressed me in a sinister way. Some of them were sharpening sickles on old bones; and others, women with ear-

rings, were working at some primitive industry with their toes, using them as if they were fingers. The little place was thronged and busy as an ant-hill; but the signs of wretched life were everywhere, and most in the bodies of these poor creatures. I was glad to be again in the garden and grove of the roadside and amid the wholesomeness of nature, as we drove off to the centre of the oasis.

There we found a great house, that seemed to be of some public nature, built on the top of a high bare hill. It belonged to a pashaw, and its roof commanded the whole view of the oasis and its surroundings. It was somewhat like a rambling summer hotel in aspect. We were admitted as if there were nothing uncommon in our visit, and I mounted to the roof and saw the wide prospect—the white city and blue sea behind, the ring of the palmerai about, the gray desert beyond—and on coming down was taken to a large and rather empty room with a balcony. There Absalom told me that the pashaw, who seemed to be the city governor, would be pleased if I would lend him my carriage, as he had an unexpected call to go to town. Shortly after the pashaw came in. It was evident that Absalom regarded him as a very great man. He shook hands with me, and was gravely courteous; but he understood very little French, and real conversation was out of the question. He ordered coffee, gave me cigarettes, and took me out on the balcony, pointing out the desert mountain range, Djebel Ghariane, of which there was a fine view, and other features. We drank our coffee, and after perhaps twenty minutes of polite entertainment he took my card, shook hands in a friendly spirit, and bade me good-by with an *au revoir*. I sat alone looking out from the balcony toward those distant mountains over the great desert, smoking the cigarettes he had left me, and thinking of that vast hinterland of fanatic Islam before my eyes, so jealously guarded from exploration, where the fires of hatred against the Christian nations are systematically fed, while a victorious proselytism is sweeping through the central negro tribes, reclaiming them from fetish worship to "the only God." The carriage was not gone long. We drove back at



once, and I found the flower-seller by the cab-stand still twining those endless bunches of violets, and jonquils, and narcissi, in the sinking sun.

That evening we spent at the Turkish theatre. It was better furnished than the Sicilian. Palms decorated one side of the stage, and large flags draped the back. The centre was occupied by a group of three women of whom the one in the middle was plainly the *prima donna*. She was a striking figure, tall, and in her dress, attitude, and expression, of the music-hall Cleopatra type. A high gilt crown rested on her abundant black hair; her eyebrows were straight, the eyes liquid, roving, and full of fire, the mouth and other features large, the throat beautiful and firm; a white veil descended from the crown on either side, ornaments were on her arms and feet, she wore a flashing girdle, but the effect of her person was not dissipated in jewels or color; her figure remained statuesque, linear, and so much so that there seemed to me something almost hieratic in her pose, as she stood there, with the crown and the veil, motionless, the whole semi-barbaric form finely relieved on the broad stripe of the beautiful flag behind. This was when she was in repose; when she sang or danced, the effect was quite different. I was not her only admirer. There were a hundred or more men in the hall—no Europeans. They were smoking, talking, moving about in their seats freely, with an indolent café manner, and the performance went on with long waits. The lady of the stage was a favorite; men threw cigarettes to her, and engaged her in conversation from the floor, and she would fling back a sentence to them. There was one admirer beyond all the rest. He sat in the centre near the stage, a splendidly appointed youth from Alexandria, garbed in the richest red, with a princely elegance and mien, a gallant; cigarettes were not for him—he stood up and threw kisses with both hands vociferously and numerously; he left no doubt as to his sentiments. Once or twice he attempted to rush the stage, but was restrained. He would go out, and come back loaded with flowers for ammunition. He had a negro rival off to the left, also finely apparelled, but no match in that regard for the Alexandrian red, though he

held his own in the attention of both the audience and the queen of the stage. Meanwhile the numbers of the performance lazily succeeded one another; there was music on the zithern and mandolin, the tambour was heard—songs, dances, other girls. It was all perfectly blameless; and, indeed, in my judgment, the Arabs have a stronger sense of public decorum than the northern barbarians at their play. I saw the entertainment out, and went to my castle.

### III

A DRIVE in the oasis was always worth having, the sky was the purest blue, it was brisk desert air in the nostrils, and notwithstanding my misadventure with the Jewish village I yielded to Absalom's programme and went to see how the negroes fared at their own rendezvous. It was a lesson to me not to prejudge even a trifling adventure in a new land. The sight was piquant. The village was a little collection of conical roofed huts with brush fences round each one; a few palms feathered the sky over it, and groves of them made the horizon-lines, except where the sparkling sea stretched off beneath the bluff. The place was alive with women and children in striped burnouses and nondescript folds, whose rough edges and nutty colors seemed to belong to the complexions and stiff hair, of all varieties of turn, that one saw on every side. They were very poor people, of course, but their miserable state did not make so harsh an impression as in the case of the Jewish village; there was a happy light in their faces and a fitness in the environment of hut and brush under the palms in the sun which made the scene a part of nature. It was a bit of equatorial Africa transplanted and set down here—a Soudanese village in its native aspect, even to that touch of grimace, as of human nature laughing at itself, which negroes have in their wild state. I had a flash of such an experience at Gabès; in the oasis, just below the beautiful sweep of the cascades, there suddenly sprang up before me in the bush a young negress, as wonderfully clad as unclad. It was as if a picture in my geography had come to life. I might have been in a jungle on the banks of the Niger.



It was the same here; the degrees of latitude seemed to have got mixed; the scene belonged much farther south under a tropic sky, and I lingered about it with interest and curiosity.

Then I turned to the market close by—not a great market like that of the city, but the oasis market. It did not cover a large space, but was prettily situated, and banked at one side by a fine palm grove, which gave it character and country peace. There were two or three hundred people there, scattered among the usual squares of goods and vegetables, variegated with straw work, skin bottles, and Soudanese helmets; but there was an uncommon number of animals—camels and cows, sheep and goats. There was slaughtering going on near the palm grove. It seemed that the purchaser picked out the particular sheep he preferred, and it was made mutton before his eyes. It reminded me of Greek Easter days. The scene, however, was by no means sanguinary; it was a country fair amid the quiet palms asleep in the blue—the life of the people in their own land in their ancestral ways.

#### IV

THE consul had made me his friend by incessant kindness. He had at the start insisted on my taking my first meal in Tripoli with him, and since then I had lived almost as much at his table as at the hotel, which was a blessing, not to say a charity. He was a scholarly gentleman, long resident in the Levant, and familiar with the Moslem world, though his appointment to Tripoli was of recent date. It was to this last fact, perhaps, that I owed the rarest of my privileges, an invitation to visit the mosques in his company. Tripoli is a stronghold of fanaticism and the mosques are jealously closed to the infidel; permission to visit them is seldom given, and if formally granted is generally made nugatory in some underhand way; for a person in my unofficial station such a visit would be unexampled. The consul, however, had never himself seen them, and he suggested that this would be an opportunity for me. His application was at once honored, and the next morning the chief of police called and we set out

at once, preceded by the consular *cavas* or dragoman, himself no mean figure corporeally, brilliant in his Algerian uniform and bearing before him the formidable and highly ornamented staff of his office.

We went first to the Gurgy Mosque, which is considered the finest of all. I wondered if the key would be lost, which is the usual subterfuge; but the guardian was quickly found, and turned the lock. My account of the mosques must be meagre; the occasion allowed of only a *coup d'œil*, it was impossible to take notes on the spot, and one could examine in detail only near objects in passing. I can give only an impression, not a description. All mosques are much alike in plan and arrangement. There is a plain, open hall with the great vacant floor-space for prayer, the ornamented *mihrab* or niche in the wall showing the direction of Mecca toward which all turn, with brazen candlesticks or hanging silver lamps, and by its side and at a little distance the high pulpit with a steep stairway for the preacher or leader; there may be also a closed box on the floor, or sometimes elevated, for the Sultan or his representative, and a latticed space for women. These are permanent features. The mosques differ much, however, in size, ornamentation, and aspect, and in the *entourage* of the main room, its approaches, courts, and dependencies. The interior of the Gurgy Mosque was square, finely decorated, beautifully wrought. Intersecting arches, resting on rows of columns, divided it into several naves with many domes. The walls were tiled, and an unusual look of elaborate finish was given to the general effect by the fact that all the surfaces were entirely covered, nothing being left bare; to the color tones of the tiles were added on all sides the lights of the highly wrought stucco incrustation, cool marbles, and the dark, rich contrasts of beautifully carved wood. The capitals of the columns, done in stucco, were each different. Texts of the Koran, illuminated in a fine script on a broad band at the base of the domes, gave another element to the decoration. It was a beautiful mosque, and I remember it as one of the few I have seen which were perfectly finished; there was nothing ruinous or aged or bare about it, and it was completed—a lovely interior in which



the simple elements of beauty employed in this art were admirably blended. We especially admired the carved woodwork here. Our stay, however, was but of a few moments' duration, and we saw only this interior.

We passed on to the Mosque of Dragut, the pirate, the same who built the Tower of Christian Skulls at Djerba by the sea-shore. It was quite different, a plain old mosque with old columns, and seemed to belong to old times. In a low chamber to one side was Dragut's tomb. It was covered with green cloth, and at the four corners colored banners hung over it; other tombs stood about it in the chapel, princes of Islam, and the usual maps of Mecca and the tomb of the prophet were on the walls, and some cherished objects of historic or personal reverence were here and there; all about were the great candles and the turban-topped small columns of the dead. It was a place of profound peace. This impression was deepened still more as we passed out into the adjoining courts with their low crypt-like columns, white-washed, heavy, and sombre. Here the commissary, or chief, who had us in charge, an amiable-faced Turk with a gray grizzled beard, pointed out the tomb of the English captain, as it is known, a renegade lieutenant of Dragut, who sleeps in a beautiful niche nigh his old commander. Farther on beneath an immense broad old fig-tree in the court were other tombs, with the turbaned end-slabs of different styles and heights—a little company shut in this quiet close of death. A great silence and peacefulness reigned there, alike about the ancient fig-tree without and in the bannered chamber within. I could not help thinking what a place of repose the great pirate had found out for himself and his companions in his death. I went out touched more than commonly with that sense of deep calm which a mosque always, half-mysteriously, awakes in me.

Of the third mosque, which I did not identify, but suppose to have been that of Mahmat, we had barely a passing glimpse, looking down from a gallery upon a large carpeted floor—there were many carpets—but it seemed to offer nothing of special interest. The fourth, however, El Nakr, the Mosque of the Camel, was after my own heart. It is the most ancient, as

indeed one would expect from the name, that of Dragut being next in age, and has the special sanctity that attaches to a traditional religious spot. I suppose it was here that the faith began on the soil. We entered first into one of those low-columned crypt-like courts; two tall palms were growing in it, with a little patch of bright-green barley beneath. The artistic effect of this simple scene of nature framed in the seclusion of the gray old walls, with its bit of sky above, the sunshine and the unbroken peace, as it fell on my eyes, was indescribable; of a thousand scenes it imprinted itself on my memory as a thing seen once and seen forever—one of those pictures that are only painted by the soul for itself. We passed within. It was an old plain mosque, with low columns and an ancient look, all without elegance or ornament. It was in the same spirit as that of Dragut, but with still more of austerity and impressiveness. This was the stern old faith, which could dispense with all but God. It touched the Puritan sentiment in me to the quick. This was Islam in its spirituality. Here there was the solitary desert soul in its true devotion, that sought only room for God—the same room as on the desert sands or on mountain-tops. There was nothing else in the mosque—only the barley under the palms by the crypt-like cloister, the low-columned austerity within. I felt the harmony of the two—they were different chords, but one music of the desert silence.

It was only when we came out from this sanctuary that I noticed any resentment among the people. As we walked down by the row of men standing about the entrance, scowling faces and fire-flashing eyes were bent on us on all sides, but there was no other demonstration, and we passed through the crowd in that silent glare of hate. It is a curious sensation to feel oneself an object of hatred to a crowd, and this was my first experience of it, though of course one notices the hostile look of individuals in Mohammedan countries. It was disagreeable; and I half-blamed myself for having violated a prejudice which was perfectly natural for these men. We were out of the press in a few moments, and soon reached the last mosque that it was thought worth while to visit, that of Ahmed Pashaw. It was



large, of the same decorated type as the first. There were the same old marble columns, the beautifully ornamented *mihrab*, the pulpit, the Sultan's box, a brown latticed gallery; bright mats lay on the floor, the blue and green tiles shone cool on the walls, moulded stucco and carved wood filled the spaces, there being one unusually fine ceiling in carved wood; and there were Koranic texts. The crescent was abundantly used in the decoration. It was all very beautiful and characteristic, full of restful tones, of harmony and repose. As we passed toward an inner door leading to the cemetery of the mosque, we noticed inscriptions to the dead on the wall, and one was pointed out of a pious man who went straight to Paradise. Outside beyond the tall minaret were the tombs of the faithful who were buried here, with the turban-topped slabs as usual. The guardian, who seemed a very old man, with true Arab gentleness urged me repeatedly and cordially to climb the minaret, but I refrained, disliking to detain my companions. We passed out from this beautiful inner close into the street, and turned to the consulate where we talked over our morning's walk.

It was no small part of my pleasure in Tripoli that I owed to my friend's hospitality, which gave me the graces and comfort of civilization in so rude a place as the ordinary traveller necessarily finds such a country. The boys of the oasis, in other parts of Africa, had given me the wine of the date-palm fresh from the tree; here I drank it a little fermented, an exotic drink piquing the curiosity, and was the more glad to renew my memory of a long forgotten *rosso spumante* and to make altogether new acquaintance with pleasant wines of Touraine. What conversations we had over these and on the quiet terrace by the garden, ranging through French African territory and the Levant, touching on Persian poets! and my host showed me many beautiful things. It is in this atmosphere of scholarly talk and friendly kindness that I remember the morning walk among the mosques of Tripoli.

## V

THE British consul, who had also shown me attention, arranged for me to visit the Turkish school of arts and crafts. Hassan

Bey, who seemed to be an aide of the Vali, waited on us one morning at the consulate, and we set out to walk to the school. Hassan Bey was an exile from Daghestan, of a fine military figure, middle-aged, thick-set, with a pleasant countenance; his gray whiskers became his energetic face; he had a look of power, and the grave authority of character. He wore a sword; his sleeves and gold braid gave distinction to his person; and he carried lightly, like a cane, the short, twisted whip of stiff bull's hide that one occasionally sees on these coasts. I have seldom seen so manly a figure, rugged and strong, and stamped by nature for rule; and his politeness was complete and charming, with an accent of strength and breeding that put it out of the category of mere grace of manners. He interested me profoundly by his personality, an entirely new type in my experience, and as the walk was somewhat long I had an opportunity to observe him.

The director of the school received us cordially; gave us coffee and cigarettes, and showed us through the buildings, which were rather extensive. The school is endowed with some lands, and its income is supplemented by voluntary funds and a subsidy from the government. It receives upward of one hundred and fifty pupils, from the age of twelve years, and completely supports them during the course, which is seven years in length. Some literary instruction is given, such as geography and secondary branches; but the main end of the school is technical training in the arts and crafts. There was a carpet and silk-weaving department, a tailor-shop, a shoe-shop, carpentry, a foundry and blacksmithing, a refectory and store-rooms. The shops were rather empty, and the students whom I saw were few and of all ages; the rest may have been at their books. The foundry and the carpenter-shop were the busiest and most occupied; there were many heavy pieces of machinery of modern make, and the department seemed properly provided for and in competent management; work was going on in both these rooms, which I watched with great interest. I was told that the furniture of the Ottoman Bank was made here, and apparently orders of various kinds, as, for example, for wheels, were regularly received.

The foundation clearly enough was only



a beginning, and the provision inadequate to the scale; but it was a serious and admirable attempt to plant the mechanical arts in the country in their modern form and development, and to foster industry in the simple crafts. The idea was there and in operation, however the means to realize it might seem small in my American eyes, used to great industrial riches in such things; and I was much impressed, not only by the facts, but by the spirit of the thing and those who had it in charge. The products seemed excellent, so far as I could judge of the various things shown me. I followed the example of the consul in buying a small bolt of strong silk in a beautiful design of brilliant colored stripes, and I should have been glad to have taken more in other varieties. I was rather surprised when at the end Hassan Bey suggested my going into the girls' carpet-school. We entered, paused a moment at the schoolroom door that some notice might be given, and on going into the room I saw that all the girls, who were young, were standing with their faces turned to the wall. We remained only long enough to see the nature of the work and its arrangement, and for a word with the teacher; but the scene, with the young girlish profiles along the sides, was picturesque. There is one other carpet-school for girls in another city. We spent perhaps two hours in this inspection and walked leisurely back to town, where I parted with Hassan Bey with sincere admiration.

In the afternoon I went with Absalom to visit a school I had heard of in the Jewish quarter, a pious foundation, the bequest of a wealthy Jew, for the education of poor boys. There were about five hundred of them there, bright-eyed, intelligent, intent, as Jewish boys in their condition usually are. The buildings were excellent, properly furnished, with the substantial and prosperous look of a well-administered educational enterprise. I visited several rooms, saw the boys at their desks and classes, heard some exercises, and talked with the professor in charge. I noticed a tennis-court on the ground. Altogether I was more than favorably impressed by what I saw, and the mere presence here of a well-organized charity school on such a scale was an encouraging sign. It was surprising to me

to find this establishment and the technical school at Tripoli, where I had certainly not anticipated seeing anything of the sort, nor was this my only surprise. I had thought of Tripoli as a semi-barbarous country almost detached from civilization, a focus for Moslem fanaticism, a place for Turkish exiles, a last foothold of the slave-trader, and such it truly was; but it did not present the aspect of neglect and decay that I had imagined as concomitant with this. The old gates of the city had recently been removed; outside the walls there was a good deal of new building going on, which was a sign of safer and more settled life as well as of a kind of prosperity; the roads were excellent, and in a Turkish dependency that is noticeable; in some places new pavements had been laid. In other words, there was evidence of enterprise and public works, of modern life and vitality; and this impression was much strengthened by my experience of the two schools. It is true that I never lost the sense of that strangely conglomerate crowd that passed through the streets, that mixed and fanatic people. I indulged no illusions with respect to the populace *en masse*. The state of things, however, seemed to me by no means so bad, with these stirrings of civilization, of betterment, of a modern spirit in the city, and I was frankly surprised by it.

My surprise melted away some months later when, on opening my morning paper in America to read of the Turkish revolution, I saw that the Vali of Tripoli was among the first of the exiles to sail for Constantinople; and I observed that, later, he had an active part in the government of the Young Turks. He and Hassan Bey had been doing in Tripoli what they had been exiled for wishing to do on the Bosphorus. Then I understood.

## VI

It was night. Absalom and I were in the Arab quarter, on our way to see some Soudanese dancing. There were few passers in the deep-shadowed, silent, blind streets that grew darker and seemed more mysterious as we penetrated deeper into the district. We had gone a considerable distance. From time to time a man would meet us, and then another. We seemed



to be going from precinct to precinct under some sort of escort. I noticed that Absalom had many hesitations; once or twice he refused to go farther, and there was something resembling an altercation; then he stopped decisively, and would not budge until some one whom he desired should come in person. We stood, a group of four or five, waiting in the obscure passageway for some ten minutes. At last the man came, a tall Arab, with a look of rude strength and superiority. He was the chief, and we walked on with him in that dark network of corners and alleys. I was beginning to think it a long distance, when we turned under a heavy gateway into a dark open court, as large as a small city square, with houses round it like tenements. A kerosene lamp in a glass cage flared dimly on one side, and there were a few figures round the court; but the scene soon took on a livelier aspect.

The chief began collecting his men in the centre, and numbers of people emerged from the houses and sat on the edges near the walls of the houses. They were a rough-looking crowd, evidently very poor and badly clothed, and there were many that made a wild appearance squatting there in the darkness. Two policemen, attracted by the commotion, came in, and a street lamp was transferred into the court. There was now quite a gathering in the centre, where a fire had been built by which three men were seated; some sort of incense was thrown into it, and a light smoke with a pungent odor began to be lightly diffused through the court. There must have been as many as seventy in the crowd round the fire, and at least a couple of hundred spectators crouched about the sides; it was more of an exhibition than I had expected, and from the corner where I sat with Absalom and two or three attendants the scene began to be weird. Then the drum beat in the middle; the men, all of whom had clappers, lifted them in the air, falling into line, and immediately one of those wild, savage chants shrilled forth, rising and rising to an acute cry and falling monotonously down, increasing in volume and mingling with the noise of the sharp clappers and the drum—an infernal din. The chant of the Ais-saouas, that I had heard in the desert, was “mellow music matched with this.”

And, from the first moment, it never stopped; it was ear-piercing as it reverberated in the closed court, and at first it was confusing.

The dance began with a procession in double file round the fire, with the three men seated by the smoky flame. It was a slow walk timed to the rhythm of the voices and the clappers, gradually increasing in speed and becoming a jump, with violent gesticulation, twisting, and long reaching of the arms and legs, while the human cry grew shriller and more vibrant and rapid in the emotional crisis of the excitement. Round and round they went, and from time to time the line would break into parts, as the men turned to the centre just before me. There were three persons who seemed to be leaders: one, whom I named the Hadji because he answered to my idea of that word, another dervish-like, and a black man. The dervish interested me most. He was the head of his group, and as he came between me and the fire, standing well forward from his band and well in toward the fire, he would whirl, and then reverse, whirling in the opposite direction; and—he and the procession moving forward all the time—he would fall limply forward toward his men almost to the ground, recover, and fling himself backward, rising high with his clappers spread far over his head. It was a diabolical posture; and, as he stood so, his leaping followers bowed down to him, kneeling almost to the ground but not touching it, and flinging themselves erect far back with arms spread. I wondered how they kept their balance in that dancing prostration. Then the group would pass on, and the next come into play—the Hadji, the black man—with the same ceremony, but without the whirling. Round and round they went interminably; the chant rose and fell, the march slackened and quickened, and every few moments there was this spasmodic rite of the salutation and prostration at the height of the dance.

The ring of spectators, crouched and huddled round the court, sat in the imperturbable silence and apathy of such audiences. The edges of the scene were an obscure mass of serried, half-seen forms under the house walls, filling the space rather closely; the smoke of the incense, with which the fire was fed, hung in the



air, and Absalom said it was good for my eyes; the only light was the blaze of the flame upon the dark moving forms in the middle, and the two street lamps over them, and the night-sky above. It was an unearthly scene, with those strange figures and heavy shadows; and the fearful din made it demonic. I do not know what the dance was, its name or origin; but it seemed to me to be devil-worship, a relic of the old African forest, a rite of the primitive paganism and savage cults of the early world. The three dark men by the fire with the drum, the grotesque fantastic ritual of the bowing and kneeling procession, the atmosphere of physical hysteria and muscular intoxication, the monotonous shrill cry in which the emotional excitement mounted—here were traits of the prehistoric horde, of a savagery still alive and vibrant in these dancing figures. It was as if I were assisting at a worship of the Evil One in a remote and barbarous past.

After a while I began to take notice of particular individuals in the dancing mass. I was specially attracted by three who seemed uncommonly strong and tireless and made a group by themselves. They were poorly but distinctively clad. One was in black, with loose arm-sleeves showing his bare skin to the breast; one was in white, with an over-haik of black divided down the back, which streamed out; the third, who was very tall and lank, one of the tallest figures there, was in blue, faded and worn; and, as they danced, of course the folds of these garments spread out on the air, showing their bare legs in free motion. Their heads were closely covered with white, except the mouth and eyes—not merely covered, but wrapped. I turned to Absalom, and said, "Touaregs." He looked at them, as I picked them out for him, and said, "Si, signor," for he always spoke to me in Italian. I had wished much to see some Touaregs, and, though I had seen men with covered faces, I had never been quite sure. They are the finest race of the desert, first in all manly savage traits, bandits of the sands, complete and natural robbers, fierce fanatics, death-dealers—the most feared of all the tribes. They cover their faces thus to protect them from the sand, for they are pure desert men. I smiled to think that at my first meeting with the terrible Touaregs

I found three of them dancing for my amusement; but I looked at them with the keenest interest. They were certainly superb in muscular strength. At the end of an hour they showed no weariness; and there was a vigor in their motions, an elasticity and endurance that easily distinguished them from the others. I watched them long. They were perfectly tireless, and the dance called for constant violent muscular effort. I shall never forget that group, whose garb itself, thin and open, had a riding look, and especially the man in the blue garment, with long, gaunt arms and legs, who fell forward and rebounded with a spring of iron.

There were some changes in the method and order of the motions, but the dances for the most part were merely new arrangements of the same jumping and kneeling performance. I sat in the awful din of it for two hours, interested in many things, and rather pleased, I confess, at being alone in such a company. One gets nearer to them so in feeling; with a companion of the same race, even though unknown, one stays with his race. I left the dance still in the full tide of vehemence and glory of uproar, overhung by the light pungent smoke and dissonance, with the obscurely crouching throng in the low shadows, and as we lost the sound of it in the deep silence of the dark lanes, where we met no one, I think the night of an Arab city never seemed so still. A man with a lantern went ahead to light the way, which was black with darkness; Absalom and the headman went with me, and a negro followed behind. They attended me to the door of the hotel, and it was a striking night scene as I stood in the hallway, the negro guards roused from their straw mats looking on, and shook hands with the strong-faced, rough-garbed headman who had had me in his protection that night.

## VII

I WENT out for a last drive with the British consul toward the oasis of Gergarish which lies westward of the city, a new direction for me. He was familiar with the Mediterranean; and, the talk falling on the classical background of North Africa, I told him of my search for the lotus at Djerba. He avowed his belief



that much of the Greek mythic past had its local habitation on these coasts, and gave me a striking and quite unexpected instance. I had supposed that Lethe was an underground stream and approached only by the ghosts of the dead. He assured me that it was situated not very far from Benghazi, where he had been consul, and made an excellent table water. It is a large fountain or underground lake in a cave; he had been on it in a boat with a friend, and it was said that fumes from the water would oppress the passenger with drowsiness. I heard this with great interest, and like to remember that I can obtain a cup of Lethe, should I desire it, this side the infernal world. My friend added his belief that partial oblivion can be found comparatively widely diffused in North Africa, not being dependent on either Lethe or the lotus. This tradition of drowsiness which attaches to these coasts in old days is to be attributed to the quality of the air, which is soporific. Continued residence causes a loss of memory, not that one forgets his early days, home, and children, like the lotus-eaters, but one grows uncertain about recent events and the mind becomes hazy as to whether one has or has not done this or that; to such a degree is this true that my friend advised a return to the north at least once in two years to allow the memory to recover its normal force. With such talk, which was quite seriously said, though it has its humorous side, and which faithfully reflects the African atmosphere, we whiled away the time, conversing too of the American excavations at Benghazi and the bells of Derna that rang the Italian priest to his death—for the Arabs dislike bells—and the thousand and one topics on which a traveller is always prepared to receive information. I had been so long alone that those talks at Tripoli were almost as much of a rarity as the scenes; they are an essential part of my memory of the voyage.

Our destination was not the oasis, but some caverns on a height above it. The day was brilliant and a noble desert view stretched round us from the eminence. The blue sea sparkled not far away, an horizon-stripe up and down the coast as far as one could see; the splendid dark-green mass of the oasis lay just below us in the valley, and between us and it

the desert plain undulated with the long slopes of a rolling prairie, spotted with cattle and a few Arab groups; inland the sands swept on to the line of mountains low on the far horizon. The mass of rock above us was picturesque and solitary. The gem of the view, however, was Tripoli eastward. It was the first time I had truly seen the city from outside—just such a Moslem city as one dreams of, a white city, small and beautiful, snowy pure in the liquid air. I was surprised at its beauty. We explored the cave. It was of a sort of stratified pumice-stone, and partly filled up with sand. It had been at some time a troglodyte dwelling, and chambers had been hollowed in it. There are many troglodytes, or cave-dwellers, still living in this primitive manner in rock-hewn chambers in North Africa. There are villages of them in the mountains back of Biskra, and especially in the southeastern corner of Tunisia opposite Djerba, and they are found in the low range of the Djebel Ghariane that I was looking on in the distance. This cavern that we were exploring was one of their prehistoric haunts, a natural fortress and place of refuge for a small group of families in the wild waste.

The drive back was uncommonly beautiful, very African in color, and increasing in atmospheric charm as we neared the city in the clarity of the sunset light. The coast view was especially lovely. The blue sea made the offing, along which a line of scattered palms, continuous but thin enough to give its full value to each dark-green tuft in the blue air and to many a single columnar stem beneath, ran like a screen, not too far from the roadway; and the strong foreground was that red-brown earth, with the sunset light beginning on it. The beautiful white city lay ahead of us. The quality of the atmosphere was remarkable. The trees were very light, and seemed to float in the sky, like goldfish in a globe; and as the sunset grew, the diffused rose through the palms on the other side seemed almost a new sky. It was my last evening in Tripoli.

## VIII

I HAD loitered for the last time in the street of the blueness, and lingered in the souks of the Djerba merchants and es-



pecially in the little shop of a mild-mannered Soudanese dealer, where I gathered up the curious objects that had been slowly collecting there for me to serve as mementoes—things of gourd and hide, of skin and straw, a few ostrich-plumes. I had photographed the baker's shop, and stopped at the intersection of the four corners to look once more at the ever-passing figures of the inscrutable and conglomerate crowd, the float of the desert life. I had called on my friend and kind adviser at the French consulate, and my British host, to both of whom I owed so much of the pleasure and variety of my traveller's sojourn. In one respect it was unique in my wanderings. I had never seen so many strata of culture, so many diverse kinds and stages of human life, in one place. I had had a last talk with Seyd, the boy from Fezzan, and with the negro guards of the gate and the boys at the door who were eager rivals for my morning favors. Now it was over, and I stood on the deck with Absalom. I was sorry to part with him. What a faithful watch he had kept! No matter at what hour I stepped out into the street, he was there, seated by the wall; wherever I left my consular friends, in some mysterious way he was instantly there in the street at my side. He had tempted me to a longer stay with lures of hunting in the desert where he calmly explained he would watch with a gun while I slept, and then I would watch, though there would be two others with us, but it would be better if one or the other of us were always awake, for one did not know what might be in the desert; and he had planned a voyage to Lebda, the city of Septimius Severus—it might be a rough voyage in a boat none too good, but was not he a pilot? He had brought me one day all his pilot papers; there were hundreds of them, each with the name of the craft and the signature of the captain whose ways he had safely guided on this dangerous coast in the years gone by. But my voyage in North Africa was finished; it was done; the much that I had left unseen, and I realized how much that was—for wherever one goes, new horizons are always rising with their magical drawing of the unknown—all that was for "another time." So, knowing the end had come, he took both my hands in both his for our warm

*addio*, bent his head, and went slowly down the ship's side.

I watched the scene, as we drew away. The central mass of the fort stood in shadow, and the sunset light streamed over the eastern side of the city, the beach and bluffs; slender minarets islanded the sky; the blue crescent of the bay lay broad beneath; the oasis rose over the banked earth, and stretched inland, and the high horizon-line was plumed with tall single palms, tufting the long sky. I watched it long, till the beautiful city in the fair evening light lessened and narrowed to a gleam, and at the end it was like the white crest of a wave that sank and was seen no more.

## IX

I WENT on deck. It was a May night with a fresh cold wind. There was a bright star over the crescent moon which hung well down the west, and all the heavens were bright, but not too bright. I leaned on the rounds of a rope ladder of the rigging by the ship's side aft, and was alone; it was cold, and the passengers were few. I noticed on the horizon a dark shadow half-risen from the waters and mounting toward the moon; it rose rapidly, and grew black as it neared the light above. It was like a high arch, or cascade of gloom, broadening its skirts as it fell on the horizon. The moon was its apex, and seemed about to enter it. The scene was fantastic in the extreme, unearthly, a scene of Poe's imagination; the moon hung as if at the entrance of an unknown region into which it was about to descend. But there was no further change. The moon crested the arch; the single star burned brilliantly directly above and between the horns of the crescent and at some distance aloft. I watched the strange spectacle; the moon and the broad-skirted curtain of black gloom, pouring from it on the waters just in the line of its bright track over the sea, sank slowly down together. The moon reddened as it neared the horizon-line, and when the crescent at last rested on the sea, and the shadow had been wholly absorbed in the moon's track, there was another Poesque effect; the horned moon was like a ship of flame—not a ship on fire, but a ship of flame—sailing on the horizon. That picture,



though it could have been but for a few moments, seemed to last long, and sank dying in a red glow slowly. I remember recalling the lines:

"The moon of Mahomet  
Arose, and it shall set."

What followed was so singular that it may be best to record it in nearly the exact words of my rough notes, made early the next morning, off Malta.

"The strange thing was that the star, still somewhat high in the west, growing brighter, took the track of the moon. I mean the moon's path of light on the water became the star's path, as plain but whiter; one passed and the other was there imperceptibly; one became the other. It reminded me of one faith changing into another, from a higher heavenly source. I stayed because the star was so beautiful—the most beautiful star I ever saw, except perhaps the star off Cyprus. It grew larger and more radiant, with many, many points, and became a bunch, as it were, of jackstraw rays, one crossing another, all straight; and then, as I looked, a strange thing happened. •

"I saw what might have been spirits in the star, as in a picture. The star lost shape, and became only the setting of these forms of light, perfect human figures. At first there were two, one older and one younger, like a saint with Tobias or Virgin with the young St. John; then there were many others; not at the same time, but successively. Some were constantly repeated; the Byzantine throned figure hieratic, the high-winged angel tall, the young angel seated and writing, the standing figure, prophetic, blessing, with high hands. There were scenes as well as figures: desert scenes as of Arabs—effects of the white and dark, like turbaned and robed figures together; the Magian scene; mixed moving groups, sometimes turned away from me. The figures often moved with regard to each other, and trembled on my own eye singly. When the star approached the horizon, there were figures that seemed to walk toward me on the sea, all white and radiant—single figures always. There were in all three sorts: Byzantine, with crown or palanquin above, and the throne; Italian groups and lines; and Moslem. There

was nothing distinctively Greek except seated figures.

"This continued till the star set, perhaps an hour. I would look off from the star to the other stars and to the sea; but as soon as my eyes went back to the star, there were the changing figures still to be seen. One did not see the star, but the figures; not framed in a star or in a round orb, but on a shapeless background; one saw only figures of light as if 'the heavens were opened.' And when the star set and was gone, another planet above, also very bright, as I looked, opened in the same way, with similar figures. There I saw a form with Michel-Angelo-like limbs, seated on the orb with loose posture, like the spirit of the star, and then a tall throned figure with the crown over it. I did not at any time see any features—only forms, very distinct in limbs and modelling of figure, but too distant for features. It was an hour or more, and I still saw them in the new star when I turned away to go below. My eyes were tired. I was not at all excited—quite steady, and observing and experimenting; for I had never known anything similar to this. The visions were constant, without any interval, though changing. It was like looking into a room through a window, or out of a room upon a landscape.

"It was wonderfully *spiritual* and beautiful. The figures were all noble and beautiful, especially in line, and occupied with something, like living forms. They were *white*, but not with white clothing, except the Moslem figures, sometimes; but white as of some *substance of light*—the faces sometimes dark, and there were shadows marking relations of the figures, but not shadows thrown by the figures. I made no effort to shape them; they came; they were of themselves.

"I thought this was what Blake saw; what the shepherds saw; what all orientals saw when the heavens were 'opened'—what Jacob saw, perhaps. What struck me was that the star was no longer a star, but shapeless, and only a *means of seeing*. It was a most remarkable experience."

Africa was always a land of magic; and it seemed to me that night as if the spirit of the land were bidding me, who had so loved it, farewell.



# THE LIGHT CAVALRY OF THE SEAS

By D. Pratt Mannix

Lieutenant-Commander U. S. Navy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. A. SHAFER

**T**HE torpedo flotilla of the Atlantic fleet as now organized consists of twenty-five destroyers divided into five divisions of five boats each. Their duties are almost precisely the same as those performed by the cavalry of a land army. Just as the mounted men are the "eyes of the army" so are the destroyers the "eyes of the fleet."

The general characteristics of these vessels are as follows: length, 300 feet; beam, 26 feet; displacement, 850 tons. They draw about ten feet of water, and each boat carries four officers and a hundred men. Their armament consists of three double torpedo tubes and five semi-automatic three-inch guns. Armor protection they have none, depending on their high speed (about thirty knots or thirty-four statute miles an hour) and the fact that most of their work is done at night.

As the name implies, torpedo-boat destroyers were originally built to combat the smaller torpedo-boat, which had become such a serious menace to the battle-ships and large cruisers that search-lights and rapid-fire guns could not be depended upon for protection. Gradually, however, the duties of the destroyer were extended until they included all that was formerly done by the torpedo-boat and much besides. The mere fact that a modern destroyer is three or four times as large as one of the earlier boats renders it so much more seaworthy and capable of carrying so much more fuel that the radius of action of torpedo-craft has been enormously increased, and they have become more and more dangerous to an enemy's fleet.

The duties of a modern flotilla may be tabulated in this way:

(1) Scouting. This comprises locating and reporting the position of the enemy and keeping in touch with him as long as may be necessary.

(2) Protection of one's own fleet from night attacks of the enemy's destroyers. This includes not only locating and reporting the position of the hostile torpedo-craft, but, if necessary, attacking them with your guns and sinking or driving them away before they can force home an attack against your battle-ships.

(3) Attacking the battle-ships of the enemy with your torpedoes. This is, of course, the paramount duty of every vessel in the flotilla.

(4) In addition to the above "regular" duties, destroyers are frequently used in what might be called "gunboat work": patrolling the enemy's coast; running up his rivers where the big ships cannot go; overtaking and capturing his merchant-vessels and firing on troops and field-batteries ashore. In the recent Turco-Italian War, although the Turkish navy remained at anchor most of the time, the Italian destroyers were constantly engaged, blockading, landing troops, and even attacking fortified towns.

In scouting, many different systems may be used. Most of these are confidential and cannot be divulged, but a general idea of the problem that confronts the flotilla may readily be given. Suppose a hostile fleet is making preparations to leave Europe, with the evident intention of attacking some point on our coast-line, or, as would be more probable, of seizing some island in the West Indies, establishing a base there, and directing operations against either the Panama Canal or the mainland. As long as that fleet is in or near Europe we can follow its movements from day to day. That is what our diplomatic agents and secret-service men are for, and they would cable, in cipher of course, detailed reports, not only of the fleet's location but of the number and types of vessels composing it, the amount of ammunition and provisions on board, the state of discipline of the crews, and



everything that could possibly be of assistance to us in preparing to defend ourselves.

Now, suppose the hostile fleet weigh their anchors, and, steaming past the rock of Gibraltar, head out to sea. In a few hours they are out of sight; they can steer any course they wish and travel at any speed up to their maximum. It will not be many days before the people of our country will be asking themselves: "Where are they? When will they appear off our coasts, and what will be their first point of attack?"

We have certain facts to help us. No modern ship can keep the seas for months at a time as did the fleets of a hundred years ago. They must coal. We know the coal capacity and also, roughly, the coal-consumption at various speeds of all foreign war-ships just as they know ours. Hence we are certain that after a comparatively short time at sea the enemy must put in somewhere to refill his bunkers. If, however, they take their colliers with them, as a large fleet would undoubtedly do, even this becomes uncertain, as it is not impossible, in smooth weather, to coal at sea. Should such a force evade our battle-ships and effect a landing either in the West Indies or on the mainland they might do untold damage before they were overcome and their ships destroyed. Most of the school histories carefully slur over the fact that a few thousand British soldiers and sailors, under General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, marched to Washington, burned the national capitol, and escaped to their ships with trifling losses.

It is the destroyers' duty to locate the enemy as soon as possible and notify our fleet of dreadnaughts so that they can attack before he succeeds in landing his forces. His position, within certain wide limits of latitude and longitude, can generally be established by reports from merchant-ships who have seen him and ports where he has stopped for coal or repairs. This gives us a "scouting area," which the flotilla must carefully patrol by day and night.

The simplest type of such a patrol is to form the boats in a line with wide intervals between them, just as a skirmish-line is formed ashore. These intervals should be as large as possible, but not so great

that an enemy's vessel could slip through without being seen by at least one of the destroyers. On a clear day they might be twenty miles apart; a division of five could then cover a hundred miles of the ocean.

The boats being in position, at a certain hour previously designated they start steaming toward the enemy, all making exactly the same speed in order to keep their proper station or "dress" in the scouting-line. Lookouts on the bridges carefully watch for any sign of smoke on the horizon, which is usually the first indication of the presence of a stranger. Anything seen must immediately be investigated, and, if necessary, reported by wireless to the battle-ships either directly or, if they be far distant, through a chain of vessels which relay the message along until it reaches the admiral. Should the stranger be harmless he is allowed to proceed, but if he prove to be one of the enemy's scouts, his location is at once sent broadcast by the wireless of the destroyer discovering him, and every effort is made to find the hostile battle-ships, which are probably not far from their scout. When contact is made with the big ships a general wireless call is sent out for all destroyers to assemble in that vicinity. Here they wait, taking advantage of their superior speed to keep just outside the range of the big guns, until night falls, when they may either attack or continue "tracking" the enemy, being careful not to lose touch for a moment and sending repeated reports to their admiral of what he is doing.

Of course, the hostile fleet will make every effort to keep these reports from getting through by "interfering" with their own wireless, and the best method of avoiding this interference is being constantly studied by all navies. One of the amazing examples of inefficiency shown by the Russian fleet which was destroyed by Togo in the Sea of Japan, was their permitting the Japanese scouts who were following them and reporting their movements to "talk" at will without making an effort to mix up the messages by using their own wireless.

If the enemy has not been discovered until he is very near our coast it will be necessary to attack as soon as darkness





*Drawn by L. A. Shupe*

The destroyers dash at full speed upon the head and flanks of his column, getting as close as possible before discharging their torpedoes — Page 176.

makes success possible. The destroyers assemble by divisions and with all lights extinguished dash at full speed upon the head and flanks of his column, getting as close as possible before discharging their torpedoes, and then swinging out into the darkness again to make another attempt, provided they are not sunk in the first.

There is only one possible protection for a fleet against such an attack, and that is to oppose destroyers with destroyers. This is done by forming a "screen" of torpedo-craft around the large ships. This screen, which consists simply of a big circle completely surrounding the main fleet of battle-ships, keeps careful watch, and the moment any of the opposing destroyers attempt to break through and get at the battle-ships the vessels of the screen illuminate the attacking boats with their search-lights and open fire on them with their guns, making every effort to keep their line from being broken. Service in the screen in time of war is the most dangerous possible, as the gunners on the big ships have a decided inclination to shoot at anything that looks like a destroyer, particularly during the excitement and confusion of a night attack when, if they wait too long to determine whether she be friend or foe, the answer may be a torpedo under the armor-belt. During the Russo-Japanese War all our destroyers on the Asiatic station were painted white instead of the usual dark gray, to prevent any possible mistakes being made either by Russians or Japanese.

All these exercises are held in time of peace, so that our flotilla may be efficient in war, even to the firing of actual torpedoes at battle-ships during night attacks. The usual explosive, or war head, is removed and an "exercise" or collapsible head substituted. If a battle-ship be hit the head of the torpedo is mashed in, but that is all the damage done, and the vessel attacked is never in any real danger. The illustration [p. 578] shows the head of a torpedo of the destroyer *Jarvis* after one of the night attacks made off the Cuban coast last winter. In this attack the division of five boats to which the *Jarvis* belonged ran at full speed with all lights extinguished across the bows of an advancing column of battle-ships, discharging their torpedoes in succession as they passed the

line. The *Jarvis's* shot struck the second ship in the column on the starboard side forward, and would have seriously damaged her had there been an explosive charge in the torpedo.

During these manœuvres the destroyers keep very close together and run at high speed; hence it requires great coolness and quick action on the part of their officers to avoid collisions as the nights are frequently so dark that the boat ahead is invisible when only a few yards away. The boats themselves are of such light construction that any collision at the high speeds they habitually use is always most serious and generally involves loss of life. Only a few months ago a German destroyer was cut in two during manœuvres in the North Sea, and nearly all her officers and men were drowned. The only light carried by the boats in these exercises is one directly over the stern. As they manœuvred habitually in a column or "single file," the screened stern light of each boat serves as a guide for the boat behind her, enabling the leader to make any changes of direction that may be necessary. As the lights do not show from ahead, they are entirely invisible to the enemy.

Sometimes the flotilla is divided, half the boats serving on one side and half on the other. This greatly increases the danger of the manœuvres, for the simple reason that when two destroyers without lights are each making twenty-five knots and are heading toward each other they are actually approaching at the rate of fifty knots an hour, or express-train speed. Many of the captains make it a rule to have life-preservers served out to their crews before going out for any night work.

Various clever ruses have been used by the boats in their operations against the big ships. On one occasion a division of destroyers got within a few hundred yards of several battle-ships without discovery, by the following stratagem. Instead of turning out all their lights the leading boats hoisted two white lanterns in a vertical line on her foremast. This is the signal that all tugs carry while engaged in towing other vessels. The boats behind her turned on their regular red and green side-lights and were careful to keep in exactly the same relative positions. As





*Drawn by L. A. Shafer.*

The vessels of the screen illuminate the attacking boats with their search-lights and open fire on them

the night was very dark and their outlines could not be seen by an observer two hundred yards away, they looked exactly like a peaceful tug engaged in towing a line of barges, and in this guise they ran in very close to the big ships, whose crews were straining their eyes looking for vessels without lights.

The introduction of oil fuel was a great improvement, as it makes sudden changes



Head of a torpedo of the destroyer *Jarvis* that struck a ship during manoeuvres.

in speed possible. You may be steaming along at fifteen knots and if you want to make twenty-five all you have to do is send the order to the engine-room. With a coal-burner considerable time was required, as fires had to be built up and other preparations made. Oil fuel also renders unnecessary the dirty and unpleasant work of coaling ship. Now we simply run alongside the oil vessel, connect up the hose, start the pumps, and all hands go to dinner except a man to see that the tanks don't overflow.

The popular idea of a modern naval combat is two fleets miles apart firing at each other with their big guns. This by no means applies to the torpedo-craft. While their paramount duty is to attack

the big ships of the enemy they not infrequently get mixed up in very lively scrimmages with each other. The Russo-Japanese War abounds in such incidents. In at least two cases boarding and hand-to-hand fighting were resorted to. In one of these, the famous case of the *Ryshitelni*, the Russian destroyer of that name ran into Chefoo Harbor, where she was followed by a Japanese boat whose officers and men boarded her, and, after a rough-and-tumble fight on her decks, during the progress of which the captains of the two boats rolled overboard clasped in each other's arms and continued fighting in the water, the Russian was seized and towed out of the harbor, in absolute defiance of the fact that China was a neutral country.

In the second case a Russian boat was boarded in the open sea off Port Arthur and her crew either killed or driven below. In still another instance, during operations at night, a Russian boat joined a division of Japanese destroyers, thinking they were friends; all night long they cruised together, but at daylight recognition was mutual, and the Russian was promptly sunk by the combined fire of her foes.

The officers of the U. S. S. *Wisconsin*, lying at anchor off Shanghai one summer's day in 1904, witnessed a spectacle that none of them will ever forget. A great armored cruiser came dashing in at full speed from seaward. Four of her five stacks were standing; where the fifth had been was a gaping hole in her decks from which smoke and flames rose mast-head high, a veritable floating volcano. Close at her heels, like hounds after a stag, sped two hostile destroyers. It was the *Askold* escaping from the disaster of August 10.

Earlier wars provide many examples of dashing torpedo work. In the conflict between China and Japan in 1894-5 the Japanese boats distinguished themselves both at Port Arthur and at Wei-hai-wei. In the capture of the famous fortress, later wrested from the Russians, the destroyers ran close inshore, where they could not be reached by the fire from the big coast cannon, and enfiladed the Chinese trenches with their machine guns, greatly assisting the soldiers, who were assaulting the fortress from the rear. After





Sometimes the flotilla is divided, half the boats serving on one side and half on the other.—Page 576.

the disastrous battle of the Yalu the Chinese fleet took refuge in Wei-hai-wei harbor, anchoring close inshore under the guns of the forts. Here they were attacked early in February by seven torpedo-boats. One of the battle-ships was so badly damaged that she was hauled into shallow water and abandoned. The boats made the attack under a heavy rifle fire and were struck repeatedly, but little damage was done. Two of them were hit by small-calibre shell, exploding the boiler of one and so badly wrecking her that she had to be abandoned. A second shell burst in the fire-room of another of the boats with very little damage. In running out of the harbor after the attack a third boat ran aground while rounding the end of a long boom that had been laid across the entrance to prevent their getting inside. It is related of the officers and crew of this destroyer that, after making every effort to get afloat again and finding

it impossible, as they had struck the bottom while running at full speed, all hands turned in and had a good sleep notwithstanding the fact that they were under the very muzzles of the Chinese guns.

In a second attack five boats took part: three of these managed to squeeze around the end of the boom; the other two headed directly for the obstruction, and went "full speed ahead." Their momentum was so great that they jumped the boom like horses going over a hurdle and landed safely on the other side, with the enemy's ships directly in front of them. The Chinese threw their search-lights on the attacking boats and opened a tremendous fire with their guns, but they were so excited that all their shots went high and not one of the destroyers was hit. The Japanese promptly let drive with their torpedoes and succeeded in sinking three large ships.

These operations were conducted in

North China in the dead of winter. The hardships suffered by officers and men were simply incredible. On many mornings they were obliged to chop their boats out of the ice before they could get under way, and on at least one occasion a destroyer failed to fire her torpedoes, because the tubes were so clogged with ice and snow that they could not be used.

In the Chilian Revolution of 1891 a rebel battle-ship was attacked by two government torpedo-boats while at anchor in Caldera Bay. The Chilians knew nothing at all about the mechanism of torpedoes, but managed to get hold of a French ex-man-of-war's man who, very obligingly, adjusted their torpedoes and put them in working order. The two boats then entered the harbor, keeping a bright lookout for the enemy. Immediately upon sighting the hostile battle-ship the first destroyer ran at her and fired three torpedoes, all of which missed the mark. The large ship opened a tremendous fire with all her guns. The second boat meanwhile had been entirely unobserved by the enemy; she came up on the other side to within a hundred and fifty yards and fired a torpedo which missed; she then fired a second which hit the large vessel amidships, sinking her and drowning eleven officers and one hundred and seventy-one men. Not a man was hurt on board the destroyers and the boats themselves were very little damaged.

In a second revolution, that of Brazil in 1894, four government boats decided to attack a rebel battle-ship at anchor in Saint Catherine Bay. They had intended attacking simultaneously but got separated while entering the bay, and only one of them discovered the enemy. She suddenly sighted the battle-ship off her starboard bow and was promptly greeted by a heavy gun-fire. The captain went full-speed toward the big ship and gave the order to fire the bow torpedo, but through some mistake it had already been fired and the shot was lost. Very angry at this, he swung his ship around the battle-ship's stern and gave orders to fire the second torpedo, but nothing happened. The second officer then ran aft and fired the torpedo himself. A tremendous explosion followed, and shortly afterward the battle-ship sank in the shallow waters

of the bay. The destroyer was hit thirty-eight times by one-inch shell, but only one man was hurt, and the boat itself only slightly damaged.

Without question service on a destroyer involves more hardships than any other kind of naval work. Many officers, including the writer, have gone to sea for years in the larger vessels without ever feeling even slightly uncomfortable, yet, since joining the flotilla they have on frequent occasions been violently and unblushingly seasick. It is a common saying with us that a man doesn't know what "seagoing" really is until he has tried it on a torpedo-boat. It makes one appreciate the tremendous hardships that Columbus, Cabot, and the other early navigators must have endured when they crossed the Atlantic in their cockle-shells.

Last winter the entire Atlantic fleet cruised from Guantanamo, Cuba, to the Isthmus of Panama in order to give officers and men an opportunity of seeing the canal before the water was let in. The usual cruising speed of the destroyers, when by themselves, is twenty knots, but, as it was advisable for all units of the fleet to arrive at the same hour, we were obliged to steam at the same speed as the battle-ships, or twelve knots, the result being that all the way across the Gulf of Mexico we rolled between thirty and forty degrees on a side and there was not a moment's cessation of this rolling. We anchored in Colon Harbor at six o'clock one evening, and all that night, even with our anchors down, the rolling continued, as there was a heavy swell coming in from the Gulf, and the breakwater, which is to protect the harbor, was not completed. Early the next morning we ran up the old French canal, went alongside the dock, and all hands from captain to cabin boy turned in and had their first sleep in four days.

As an example of destroyer work I would like to tell you of our experience on the *Jarvis* last spring. The *Jarvis* had to come north from Cuba before the other boats, in order to hold certain steaming trials. During the early evening we had been manœuvring with the fleet, but about eleven o'clock orders were received to "proceed on duty assigned." Course was set for Cape Maysi on the eastern end





*Drawn by L. A. Shafer.*

All day we labored through it, and late in the afternoon sighted Watling's Island.—Page 342.



A destroyer at sea.

of Cuba and orders given to make twenty knots' speed. As everything was running smoothly, I went below to get a few hours' sleep; about two o'clock in the morning I awoke to find the ship was rolling and pitching very heavily. She would go flying up in the air, pause for an instant, and then descend with dizzy suddenness, landing on top of a wave with a crash that made her quiver from stem to stern. It wasn't unlike coming down in an express elevator and being stopped too quickly. Realizing that we were no longer in the lee of Cuba, I jumped out of my bunk, but hardly had my feet touched the deck when I was thrown the entire length of the room flat on the floor, and the next instant the heavy swivel desk-chair came down on top of me cutting a gash eight inches long in one shin; struggling to my feet I was immediately taken with violent seasickness but managed to get my clothes on and climbed up on the bridge. Here I found that after passing Maysi our change of course to the north had brought wind and sea directly ahead, and the ship was receiving tremendous blows from the high waves as she forced her way through them. Speed was reduced to fifteen knots, but just as the change was made an enormous green sea came over the bridge, drenching us to the skin and smashing the glass in the binnacle and the top of the chart-board.

All day we labored through it, and late

in the afternoon sighted Watling's Island (which, by the way, was the first land seen by Columbus in 1492) and, passing through the Crooked Island Passage, set course for Cape Hatteras. The weather kept getting worse all the time: seas constantly swept the forecastle; several of the hatch-covers were forced open and water came in to such an extent that the ship had to be headed off and volunteers sent to close and secure the hatches.

For three days neither sun nor stars had been visible; hence we were by no means certain of where we were, as no observations could be taken. Finally, our dead reckoning showed that we should be within fifty miles of the Diamond Shoals Light Vessel, which is just off Cape Hatteras. From the appearance of the water we could tell that it was rapidly getting shallower, and, as there are some very dangerous shoals off Hatteras, with only a few feet of water on them, we were very anxious to know our exact position.

There is only one way of ascertaining a ship's position in thick weather at sea, and that is by taking soundings. Orders were given to start the sounding-machine. This machine is a heavy steel reel on which is wound about five hundred fathoms of strong wire with a lead on the end. The men sent aft returned and reported that the sounding-machine had been washed overboard. Its steel legs, riveted to the deck, were still there, but



were broken off short by the force of the waves. The ship was then stopped and an effort made to find the depth of water by lowering a long line with a weight on the end. We kept drifting to leeward so fast that the line stood out straight from the ship's side and no sounding could be taken.

Meanwhile darkness was rapidly approaching and our position was becoming more and more dangerous. Just then the sun showed itself for about three seconds, and, snatching a sextant, I managed to take a very doubtful altitude, which placed us *fifty* miles beyond our dead-reckoning position. Hardly had this discovery been made when a sharp-eyed quartermaster pointed to a dim object, well on the port hand, and heading for it we discovered, to our extreme relief, that it was Diamond Shoals Light Vessel.

This fixed our position absolutely, and we headed up the coast for the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. Hardly had we

dropped the light vessel astern when a terrific downpour of rain commenced drenching us to the skin, and entirely obliterating all the shore lights and other aids to navigation. It was bitterly cold and I had to decide between wearing a sweater drenched with ice-water or wearing no sweater at all. I decided on the ice-water. All around us we could hear whistles and fog-bells getting louder and louder as we approached the entrance of the bay. Finally I decided that further progress would be foolhardy, and we let go the anchor, veered to sixty fathoms, and rolled out the night, bitterly cold and drenched to the skin. With the rising sun we discovered that we were directly in the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, and at six o'clock got under way and proceeded to the Norfolk Navy Yard. For four days we had not taken off our clothes or sat down to a meal.

There was no report ever made of this trip, for there was nothing to report. It was "all in the day's work."

## MUNNERN

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATION BY FLORENCE E. STORER



HER name had been given her with distinctness and precision, on a wild midnight when there was sharp trouble in his mouth. Nothing to worry about. Teeth have to come, you know. Any parent, however weakling, can summon sufficient philosophy to bear *that* for them. Only—they do stay awake so, and make everybody else do it with them. She was sleeping, but lightly, while somebody else "had him," and the summons, stern yet appealing, rung through the house for the first time.

"*Munnern!*"

And she had answered to her name thus coined out of his need like a hound whistled to heel.

Ancient history now! Words had followed thick and fast, tripping each other

up into strange, elfin tangles; big ones and little ones, some clear as diamonds, some with blurred rainbow edges—a wild, hurrying multitude. But "Munnern" stayed. That was her fault. She had clung to it foolishly, making no effort to transmute it into the correct "mother." Munnern she was still, and likely to remain even when the little voice that had named her should be heavy and deep with an amazing vocabulary.

Heavy and deep—*that* voice! A man's even step upon the floor instead of that light, clattering hurry, with the danger of a bump as its goal! Can the unborn summers hold such miracles as *that*? A man! Yet exactly this thing does happen to little boys—theoretically. She knew the scientific fact—like interstellar distances, or the age of mountains, not as a thing the mind could really grasp.

She also calmly knew that a little boy so perfect would be a big man so perfect. His questions proved that. Only an extraordinary brain could contrive them.

"Who took care of the first baby?" he inquires one day, solicitously, and she, truthful soul, strives to answer in terms of protoplasm and the pithecanthropus, to his apparent satisfaction. But when she has labored to make him understand what the stars are, and how not even the biggest and wisest man in all the world can aspire to reach them, the calculating, thoughtful eye which he turns heavenward, and the critical solemnity with which he considers that his world is a round thing with nothing to support it any more than one of his soap-bubbles—she feels oddly self-reproachful, as though she ought to have been more careful in the choice of his environment. Unsupported worlds! One should have managed better than that.

Such a *very* little boy! Perhaps—not quite—just a shade—other children in contrast had such a—coarse look. Can it be that they are stronger? If he is to be big in body as well as in brain, maybe . . . some difference in diet; some slight thing may be needed. But there is no hurry; no hurry at all. We will give him an extra nip of cold water in his bath, add a half-ounce to his portion of beef juice, get him a little sleeping-suit so that he can sleep in outdoor winter air: a number of things can be done before we bother one of those specialists, who would only laugh at us for the worrying parents that we are. The boy is all right. Sound as a dollar. He is only of finer clay than other children. . . .

"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace."

That is all. Still, it would do no harm to take him in some pleasant day. Except that he hasn't been vaccinated yet, and these public conveyances—

The effect of even slight worry upon the mind is strange. One day he had been singularly naughty. "Where is my little boy?" she had besought of him, with tears. And on the night that followed this naughty day there came a dream of which she had nearly died before she could wake. She reached his crib with

stumbling haste. His face was serene in the night light. Was the perfect cheek too red? The hand—was it too hot and dry? He opened his eyes. They were calm; the fearful presence of that dream had not touched *him*.

"I want to come into the big bed," he commanded. She took him thankfully, though it was a practice to be sternly discouraged—and he slept at once, his short arm across her throat protectingly. But her own eyes did not close until morning. Such dreams should not be allowed! What are the good angels about to let them get by?

And in the morning—you would not have said that he was ill in the morning. Nor in the afternoon. He was not naughty like yesterday, but clinging and quiet, and wanting to be kissed a good deal. Perhaps he has taken cold. The lips are hot and he is not hungry. The family doctor is reassuring. But somehow his remedies do not reach the trouble, and if a little boy cannot eat . . .

And now the lights burn all night, night after night—how many? Why, a lifetime, isn't it? Now and then she sleeps heavily, for a few minutes, throwing herself limply across the foot of the bed—he has the big bed for himself now—to be roused by a fretful little voice—"I want to sit in your lap," or "Read!"—and Mr. Jeremy Fisher is read for the hundredth time, and the Tailor of Gloucester for the two hundredth.

A cross and weary little voice, yet when it had been crosser, a sudden reaching up of bony arms and a hot kiss.

Then came the night when she knew in her heart that if the boy were ever to be a man he must go—and go quickly—to more skilful hands than her own. The family doctor has already talked with the specialist over the wire; they have conspired, they will have him, and the manner of that wise old warrior, always charged with the kind serenity which is the most wonderful anodyne these country doctors carry in their arsenal—his manner has been so kind and reassuring—so very—that if she had not been a wise Munnern she might have been reassured. But she would have preferred him to be cross.

"Won't it be the same if we have a trained nurse here?" But they say, No,





*Drawn by Florence E. Storer.*

He set her a task coloring one of his engines. . . . They worked in silence . . . His head rested against her.  
—Page 390.

it will not be the same at all. They appear to think the danger lies in herself. He must be completely away from her anxiety. Doctors don't like mothers. They make *that* plain!

The arrangements are made by telephone. "Is there a room at Mrs. ——'s sanatorium?" There is one, fortunately, vacant this afternoon. Time-tables, then, and now order the carriage. We have delayed so long; let things be done quickly now!

"Can you have him dressed by ten o'clock?" Yes, she can have him dressed. He objects. Seems to think they are expecting too much of him.

"I don't want to walk."

They explain it as a pleasure-trip. He has so often wanted to ride on the cars; well, he is to do that to-day for the first time. But he shakes his head: "Not to-day."

There is mud on the knees of his leggings. The clean suit taken from the drawer is discovered to be innocent of buttons. Is it the mud, reminiscent of his last out-door romp, that makes her heart beat in that odd thick way?

"The carriage is here——"

At that he rouses. He will assist with the baggage. When one travels one carries things. He is not equal to a suitcase, but he will take her hand-bag, and take it he does, and never lets go during all the long hours of that journey. The hand clasped upon it shows every bone, but never loosens its grasp.

She has been dreading the jostling of the crowds. But there is no jostling, none of the little roughnesses. Even in the dingy waiting-room she notices a difference. Not curiosity or staring, but a deft making way, quick and civil answers when questions are necessary, a stepping back to give precedence. Their little party is an important one. The small pale face wins for them the right of way.

One word of encouragement for him thus far has been "engines." "You are going," they have told him, "upon the truly cars. Perhaps you will see the engineer himself. Maybe the fireman, too. Most certainly the conductor." He seems to think it a pity that such joys cannot be postponed until a day when he can appreciate them better; yet he smiles,

and there is a spark of the old enthusiasm. It is six months since he himself determined to be an engineer some day, yet he has never swerved from that decision. Probably there never was a Christmas more exclusively devoted to engines than the one just past.

For a little while they exchange looks of congratulation over his head. He seems really to like it. At least he makes no complaint. The rumble may send him to sleep—he needs sleep so much!

If only he had not been looking out when they passed another train—the sudden noise and the swiftness.

She feels the leap of his body, but he makes no sound. He only stares rigidly at the new fear. The white smoke flying past, who knows what shapes it takes to a brain already distraught? Imagination sleeps in the small brain of a child like a jinnee in a bottle; a word can loose it, in monstrous shapes of horror or loveliness.

The swift dark interval of a tunnel—white smoke, crashing eclipse, huge smoke—and again darkness; it is primeval chaos and a whirling of angry gods. He calls feebly: "Munnern!" She can barely hear it through the noise. She tries to turn his face to the warm oblivion of her bosom, but his neck is rigid. She bends her ear close to his moving lips.

"I want it to stop," he entreats. "It *mustn't* be dark any more!" A royal command like King Canute's.

Alas, his dear engines! Are they like *this*, then? He has lorded it over them so on his nursery floor! In his scrap-book he has pasted cut-out pictures of engines, with portraits of engineers and firemen and train-despatchers. Perhaps if he could realize the engineer out front—looking out of his cab all the way, keeping everything safe—she reminds him of this.

But no. The world is larger than he thought, engineers and their cars not a thing for very little boys. The unstable world is topsy-turvy, as one would expect of a thing with no solid foundation, and his dear engines have played him false.

The train stops upon a trestle overlooking a hundred or so of the behemoths, snuffling and gliding. Surely it will please him to look down on these. Yet he regards them but wanly. Is it only the day that makes things seem so wrong? He



had tried to make them understand that this was no time to be making a joyous trip to New York. When the cars start again he hides his head against her breast, quivering and silent.

Will the journey never end? She begins to find her own terror now in the driving smoke. It is she now who shrinks at the tunnels, the noise. And there is an odd pain in the pulses? A thrill, like an electric current. . . .

But one's brain is calm and reasonable. No one could say "a hysterical woman." Yet, through and through and through again—the dagger upon her wrists, while time and train rush together with her and the boy.

Flying shapes in the huge smoke—giant threats in the quick darknesses. What are these that look in at her as they speed past the window—women; women with children in their arms, all of them! "We were in a besieged city," they say, "our children starved. . . ."

And another: "We lived until the city was taken—by barbarous men. . . ."

"Our children lie with us in the pit of Cawnpore. . . ."

"You tremble—*you!* Bearing him to safety and recovery! Once, the mercenaries of Herod came . . . *then* Rachel wept!"

After these a vast gray legion—a continual mist of pale amorphous faces: "We are those poor whose level is the sea-floor of life. Our children come and go without joy. We are the mothers of the defective—of criminals—whose daughters walk the streets. . . . Oh, fortunate woman! Be ashamed of your fear!"

Yet, so far from being ashamed of the littleness of her cause for sorrow, it is as if her heart opened wide to all these others. They rush in, and there is room for all, but her own is in no wise displaced. It is knit with them into the fabric of the world's sorrow. . . .

And what is this new pain, physical, actual, right under the pressure of his lax body?

A dull ache. Oh, yes, she remembers to have read of it—"My Hunt After the Captain." *His* son was reported killed. . . . The description is accurate: "Dull ache in that obscurely sensitive region, somewhere below the heart, where the nervous centre called the *semi-lunar ganglion*

lies, unconscious of itself until a great grief or a mastering anxiety reaches it. . . ."

Hunting for a grown-up son through hospitals in war-time: *that* is anxiety, if you like! Merely taking a little boy to a sanatorium—why, that should be nothing at all! Nevertheless, the *semi-lunar ganglion* is not to be comforted. "Mastering anxiety!"

He doesn't mind the ferry so much. The sea-gulls gain a wintry smile. Only he must be assured that there is to be no more of that dreadful quick darkness—no more tunnels. They swear to him by all truth that the boat will not go through any tunnels, and point out the lovely Brodingnagian city, a towering silhouette through a mist of gray and gold.

New York? Very good, if there are to be no more tunnels on the other side. No; no more tunnels; not any at all.

"And when we go home again there mustn't be any——"

"Well—there *is* another way of getting back——"

"And not any autos!" It has just occurred to him that on a day of abounding misfortune an auto may be included. They have been speaking to each other of taxi-cabs, but he understands.

"Not any auto of any kind at all!"

So they apologize to the person in blue and brass. "Isn't there a hansom somewhere? The boy is auto-shy——"

Not even this potentate lifts an eyebrow at the royal commands. It has been so all along, she thinks; a deference, as if some invisible messenger preceded: "Right of way!"

The old hackman hurries them into his ancient mouldy cab. A glance at his face shows that this is something more to him than a fare; that he has known something about children in his day.

Such a broken-down affair! It gives the impression of being tied with strings—suggesting infirmity beyond cure, and a wheel bumps strangely, but at least the boy can see the horse. There is no hated whir and jump to prove his parents traitors.

An old house—very clean. The women in blue and white look at him with critical interest. Here at last he is no longer royal—no longer the centre of the solar system. He is a "case."



"Doesn't look nearly so bad as little Annie did," one says to another. The word "malnutrition" is mentioned. Ah me! The prayerful pains that have gone to the fashioning of his fare! They look at each other intelligently when she mentions this fact, and smile forbearingly. "Too much pains, perhaps," says the head nurse politely. If they only knew! She tells them how bright he is, how good, and when well—how beautiful. She touches his hair. It is harsh and dry.

"You don't mind if we cut it, do you? He'll be so much more comfortable."

Has he been uncomfortable with it, then? She had not thought; it was so pretty. But it is no longer pretty; even she can see that.

"By all means."

"Then," comes haughtily from threatened royalty, "mother must cut it."

He has been told that he is to stay there until he is well, yet he has not quite understood. He looks about the room with suspicion, at the women in blue and white, at the high, white beds, and delivers his ultimatum: "I will not go to bed in this house!"

It is not a challenge, but a statement of fact.

"When are we going home?"

"When you are well, my darling."

"I am well now. I will not undress. I will go home to-night."

Not an appeal. It is quite settled: "To-night!"

But before the debate can proceed far—the doctor. And a wild storm with the stethoscope as its centre. . . . Poor King Canute! The stethoscope retires at last, victorious.

"Well, mother"—that is the doctor's way with the fluttered multitude that crowd his path—a world of understanding he puts into the word—"we can make this boy well. But"—there is something threatening in his kindness, something military—"you must let us *have* him, you know."

"Have him?" What does the man mean? That is what she has brought him in for; that they may "have him," for a few days. Then she will take him back. She will learn how to do things for him, get new ideas about his diet. Then she will take him home. Something of this idea she gives to the physician. She is to

stay at a near-by hotel and spend most of her time with him.

The physician and nurse exchange glances of sympathy—for each other. They have been through all that so many times. It will take a great deal of explaining. They will talk it over with her to-morrow, they say. She is content.

"It is nothing that can't be put right. We will make him strong and well. . . ." The word "malnutrition" is mentioned again, this time with a note of final authority. And he is gone, curt and kind—to other mothers, no doubt. . . .

And now—oh, oh, little King Canute! The tide boils up at the foot of his throne. She must leave him. . . . No use to explain to him. A kiss and a hug—he is too weak to fully express his mind. . . .

She hurries. She hears him cry—but she is a fine, brave woman—no nerves—none at all. She goes—to the hotel.

"You get a good night's rest," they have been telling her. "What you need is sleep."

It is a pleasant room. She sits alone and stares at a simpering Gainsborough. On the other wall minces "The Dancing Lesson." Really, as she reviews the past week she is proud of herself. She must be a remarkably strong woman to bear so much and not be ill. Tired, of course; very tired. . . . How he did cry! . . . She will eat a good dinner. Surely. Yet—the tray seems singularly uninviting. . . . The ganglion is still busy. . . . "Stupid, unreasoning brain, common to man and beast, which aches in the supreme moments of life, as when the dam loses her young ones or the wild horse is lassoed. . . ."

A good night's sleep. She wakes every hour to give him medicine, see how he is . . . a good night's rest! At two o'clock she reads advertisements of little boys' suits in the last evening's paper. This will be a good opportunity for shopping. . . . At last the windows are gray.

She eyes the telephone. One must let the nurses eat their breakfasts, no doubt—and then: "How is he?"

"Coming on very nicely indeed. But I should *not* advise your seeing him this morning. Not for the best results."

What are they concealing? Not see him this morning?



She must be ingratiating, must cajole, must flatter. One does not become haughty toward the holders of hostages. Her voice is silk and honey as she expresses her confidence in the woman at the other end of the wire. She ends with: "But of course you won't object to my peeping at him through the crack in the door?"

A sound like a suppressed exclamation, then quick and firm refusal.

"No. It has been tried in other cases, and is not a success. No. I don't allow peeping through cracks."

Oh, of course! Munnern understands. There are foolish, hysterical women with whom it would never do. They would see him and forget their promise, and rush in upon him with wild kisses.

She carefully explains to the gray-eyed woman at the other end of the wire how different she is from those other mothers, upon whom the gray-eyed one's opinion has been based. She assures her that she would leave the crack as she found it and depart. Strange! The woman cannot see that difference between her and other women. Any superiority of strength of mind has passed quite unnoticed.

Very well; there is still the doctor. *He* must have observed it. Was she not steady yesterday? Did she whimper? Did she tell them about how the *semi-lunar ganglion* was behaving? Or the pain in her wrists?

It is rather early, perhaps, to talk to so busy a doctor as this one. She feels a pang of sympathy as she calls him from his breakfast. But it is an important matter. What is a hungry doctor and his coffee compared to a mother who is being kept from her boy by a gray-eyed woman in blue and white?

Still—he needn't have been—no—not savage, but—

"It would be most undesirable for you to see him if we are to get the best results." ("Best results," again.)

"But——"

"If I can't have him absolutely, I don't care to handle the case."

"How long, then?"

"Two months, at the very least."

*Two months!* Two years—two centuries! She had never dreamed of its being over a week. She hastens to explain how very much better she can do for

him at home. She lays bare her own wisdom, comparing herself favorably with trained nurses. The wire tingles with impatient contempt.

"When you brought him in you were under the impression that he was moribund. Why do you object now to two months' recovery?"

She had been under the impression that he was—why, no—not *that*. One does not use such words even in one's own consciousness. She had been frightened—but she had not admitted the share of her fear. The physician, piercing her reserve, had read the thought and named it as he would make any other diagnosis.

"There's not the slightest cause for worry," snaps the wire. "Good-by."

She turns away with an odd smile. She does not resent his brusqueness. It comes to her that she would be sorry if he found it necessary to speak gently. Think! It may be that the next mother he speaks to—though he soften his voice never so, may drop at his feet like a stone. It is for the sake of those other mothers to whom he must be gentle, that he cuts short the needless inquiries of people who are really very fortunate—like herself. Think what he sees in the hospitals and be ashamed of your importunities! She thinks of his temper with a happy smile, and treats herself to a better breakfast than she has had for many days. . . .

"You may see him to-morrow for fifteen minutes," thus the gray-eyed woman over the wire. "After that, not for two weeks."

She is humbled now. She has been made to understand. They have tamed her. She is submissive. See how Puss follows you with her great yellow eyes when you bear away one of her kittens! She makes no objection. It is the law of the giants—and she trusts them (with reservations). At least she knows her powerlessness. She purrs, and fawns, and submits.

To-morrow, then—for fifteen minutes. That is very kind.

"When you brought him in you thought——"

She uses the physician's dread phrase to whip herself into acquiescence.

He was sitting up in bed with his treasures about him, at work upon a new book

of engines, coloring them with his colored pencils. He did not smile as she entered. If she hadn't known his ways she would have thought him indifferent to her. But she knew. It was his mask of reserve. His shingled hair gave him an oddly mature look, for it had been done by skilful masculine hands, not nibbled by a Munnern's scissors. That and his thinness had added years to his small face, and something else—was it the writing of sorrow and pain? So little! Had it been a man's-size trouble—her desertion of him, and the physical wretchedness?

She felt again the insecurity of the environment to which she had brought him. Unsupported worlds . . . parents who are toppled over at a breath, who possess no weapon at all against dreadful things happening to little boys . . . mothers whose best efforts only plunge them into a dreadful thing called malnutrition?

He regarded her intently for a moment, then set her a task coloring one of his engines. She might put on the red, he said. A mark of favor, red being a pleasant color to apply.

They worked in silence, he directing with his finger. His head rested against her. Evidently he was wonderfully improved. Yet he was scheduled to be in bed for two weeks yet! If he had been at home, she acknowledged with humility, she would have known no better than to let him up. To what unsteady hands had this imperial vase been intrusted for nearly four years! Shall she ever dare to receive him back again? Let him stay with these people who know. Oh, let him stay! She has done so ill by him!

The engine was colored. The fifteen minutes were up. Not again for two weeks. She kissed the short hair and rose. He looked at her wildly—oh—the terrible under lip! It is trembling—it comes out!

"If you cry they won't let me come so

often," she whispers. The intelligence of a conspirator flashes into his eyes, but—can he? He understands, but has he power to control himself?

The tiny face trembles like a reflection in troubled water. Slowly—like the closing of a man's fist, it strengthens, stiffens. Very pale, he turns to the nurse, and shows her how to go on with the coloring. She may use the green, he says, in a steady voice. He does not look again at Munnern.

No hysterical farewells, woman! You commanded the man, now he commands you.

She went out with backward looks, but he did not glance toward her. He was too busy. Yet when she was outside the door there came a steady silver note: "Good-by!" Not even a tremor? Yes—but so veiled that only she could have detected it.

She stood in the hall a moment and strangely exulted. She understood at last how it was that little boys grew up into men. She had an instant's vague vision of a being tall and splendid, deep-voiced (a singing voice, too), deep-chested, wise, good, strong above all other men—such a creature as perhaps never lived except in the imagination of young girls and mothers.

Down the narrow dark stairs the vision went with her. She leaned upon its arm, tired, old, and very happy: "This is my son!"

Two months! That will be the end of April. There will be the first blush of young green in the grass, crocuses, a softness in the air, red maple flowers on the branch across his window, bluebirds, meadow-larks, little chickens to watch. He will even be able to make mud pies. It will be the allegorical return of spring. A rush of almost unbearable joy and eager life!

He will come back with the spring. . . .





# A NEW FIELD FOR MOUNTAINEERING

By Elizabeth Parker

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



CANADA'S mountain country extends from the foothills of the Rockies east to the Pacific coast west, roughly some six hundred miles; and from the forty-ninth parallel to as far north as a man can win by land. The greater area of this country is strictly alpine in character, many extensive sections still virgin ground; and it is likely that, in spite of increasing mountaineering activities, there will be many maiden peaks fifty years hence. Within the last five years new regions, hitherto unknown save to trappers, hunters, or prospectors, who said nothing, have been discovered that rival the Swiss Alps. In the northern Selkirks, dominated by Mount Sir Sandford, are many splendid snow mountains still virgin. This region lies within the Big Bend of the Columbia River north, famous as a waterway in the history of the great rival fur companies, and is exceedingly difficult of access—the most difficult of any in the Selkirks so far exploited. In the southern Selkirks, near the source of the Columbia and easily accessible, are groups of glacier mountains that were unheeded until Earl Grey caught a glimpse of them from a pass leading toward the Columbia valley, and pronounced them very like and equal to the Swiss Alps. Since then certain Canadian and American climbers are thrall to this region, but it is not otherwise known. Another unsuspected glacier terrain, accessible by water, was found within forty miles north of Vancouver City; and still another on Vancouver Island, which was promptly set apart and named Strathcona Park by the British Columbia government.

Meanwhile climbers from the world over had been climbing in every glacier-bearing range contiguous to the C. P. R., an occasional party going north as far as the Columbia ice-field, which, they were

fond of telling, covers two hundred square miles at a mean elevation of 10,000 feet above sea. As far, and farther, they went to the Athabasca Pass north of Columbia's Big Bend, to Mounts Brown and Hooker, whose fabulous heights computed by David Douglas, the botanist, in 1827, to be 16,000 and 17,000 feet, were reduced in 1893 to a sober 9,000 and 7,000 by Professor A. P. Coleman, of Toronto. Between the Athabasca and the Kicking Horse Pass of the C. P. R. occasional climbers from England and the United States explored and climbed, and still explore; but they have left hundreds of peaks untouched and nameless, nor have they given any definite name to this attractive mountaineering field lying along the summit range of the Rocky Mountain system for over one hundred miles.

Again, owing to the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which enters the Rockies by the Athabasca valley east and already provides a daily service as far as Tête Jaune Cache, fifty-three miles west of Yellowhead Pass, an ice-bound world north that rivals and perhaps transcends every other field has been made accessible. Yellowhead Pass is on the Continental Divide, the tortuous line of water-parting that marks the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia. The outstanding low passes, between 3,000 and 5,000 feet high, which have served as highways across the summit range for romantic fur companies of the past and prosaic railways of the present are: the Kicking Horse, Howse, Athabasca, Yellowhead, and an unnamed pass farther north, traversed by Sir Alexander Mackenzie of the Northwest Fur Company in the first overland journey from ocean to ocean in 1793. The Yellowhead is two hundred miles north of the Kicking Horse, and was first surveyed in 1871 as a probable route for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Northward the Continental



Divide makes amazing turns, sometimes doubling on itself; and this is why you must cross it twice in making the circuit of the great mountain Massif, whose peak (13,068 feet) is the highest yet measured in the Canadian Rockies.

Mount Robson had its name fifty years ago, when Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle saw it from the junction of the Grand Fork and Fraser valleys, ten miles away as the crow flies. In their book, "The Northwest Passage by Land," they placed its altitude indefinitely, from 10,000 to 15,000 feet above sea. Who was its namesake is not known—the most probable tale of three is that a hunter named Robson was in charge of a detachment of men sent into that country by the Northwest Fur Company before its amalgamation with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821. Oddly enough, for over forty years after Milton and Cheadle nothing was heard of Mount Robson; although explorers and geologists passed along the upper Fraser valley, and no white man visited it, although engineers were surveying there for three transcontinental railways.

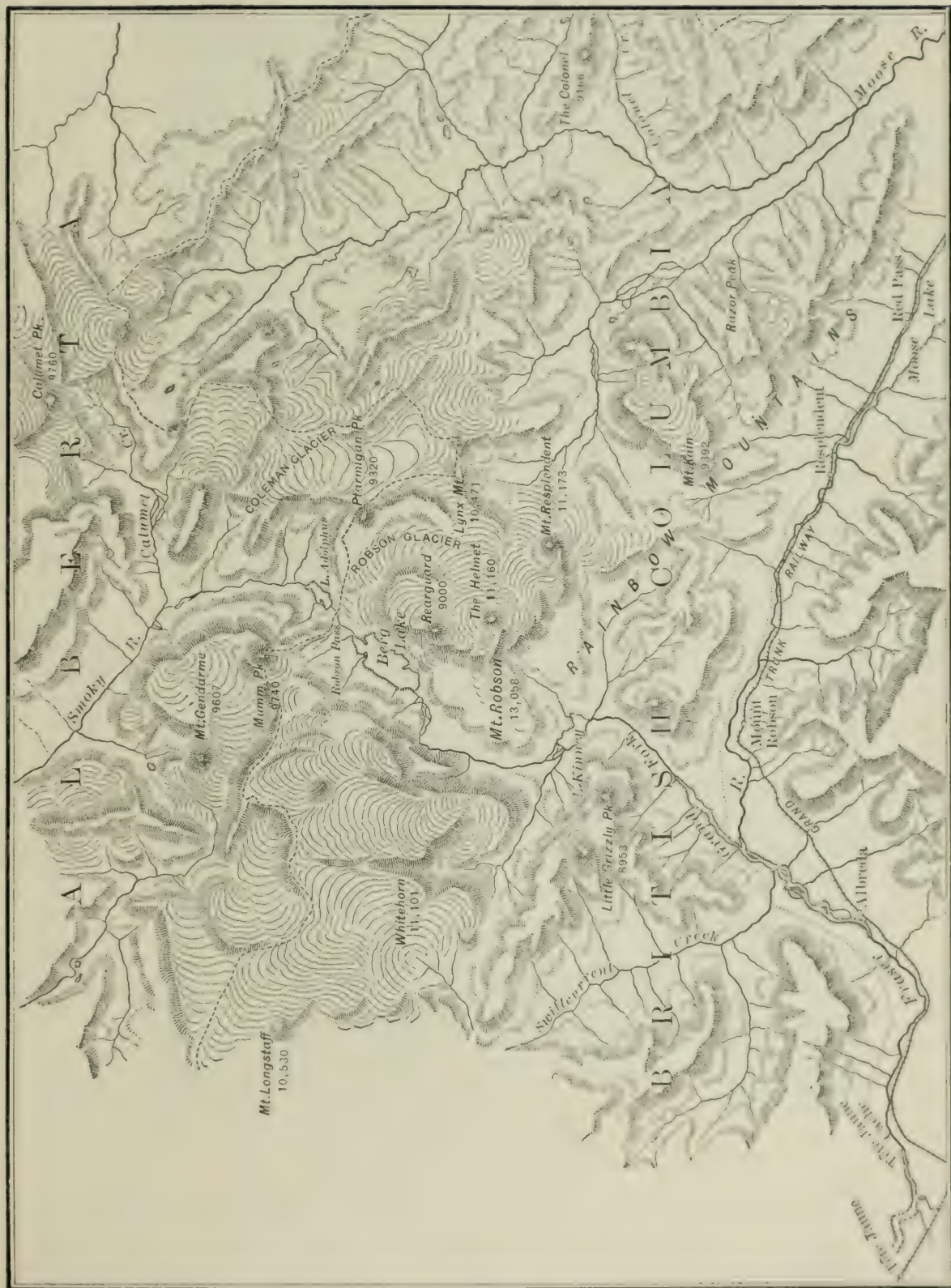
When the Alpine Club of Canada was organized in 1906, its first president, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, suggested to Professor Coleman that he undertake the conquest of the mountain. At that time this meant an expedition by pack-train from Laggan on the C. P. R., by bad trails and swift torrents for three hundred crooked miles to the upper Fraser valley, whence new trails had to be cut; or from the eastern foot-hills north by the Athabasca River over bad roads and trails and much muskeg for one hundred miles to the same valley, where it runs westward, south of the mountain. Dr. Coleman and his party made expeditions in 1907 and 1908, trying each route and spending the greater part of each short season of two months in getting to and from the mountain, but making plucky attempts to climb it. His were the first geological investigations, and his party were first-foot on the mountain. Mr. A. L. Mumm and a party from the English Alpine Club spent the summer of 1908 and several succeeding summers exploring there, making unsuccessful attempts to reach the top. The great hindrance was weather,

Mount Robson being the rendezvous for all the storms within a radius of fifty miles. However, in 1909, Mr. G. B. Kinney, who had been with Dr. Coleman in the expeditions mentioned, went in early by himself and climbed the mountain, taking with him on the ascent a young fellow, Donald Phillips, who had never before climbed. With one ice-axe between them, and thirty-five feet of packers' rope, they made the attack again and again, sleeping on cliffs at 10,500 feet; and after many attempts in very indifferent weather, and finally in storm, they succeeded, making the most dangerous climb ever made in Canada, the upper reaches being by a route that guides and experienced men condemn.

Two years later, when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was well into the mountains, and its "tote road" built beyond Yellowhead Pass, Mr. Wheeler carried an expedition to Mount Robson, and made a photo-topographical survey. With him there collaborated a party sent out by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, who returned with those spoils of fossil and flora and fauna dear to the heart of science. A circuit was made of the Rainbow group of mountains, of which Mount Robson is the dominating mass, Mr. Wheeler's map coming later as a boon to both climbers and geologists; and when Dr. Walcott followed him into that country to study the structure of the group, he found it a strikingly accurate guide, even in detail. The area of the Robson massif is about thirty square miles, and the circuit about eighty miles. The encompassing valleys are, starting from the south—a portion of the upper Fraser, the Moose (east and west branches), Calumet Creek, the Upper Smoky, and Grand Fork, which joins the Fraser near the railway. All the valleys are of supreme interest by reason of forests and lakes and flowering alps, and a great variety of glaciers. The Divide is crossed at Moose Pass, between the head waters of Moose River and Calumet Creek; and again at Robson Pass, between the head waters of the Smoky and Grand Fork rivers.

From the junction of the Grand Fork and Fraser there is a splendid view of the southwest face of the mountain (Milton and Cheadle's view), which on this





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Topographical map showing Mount Robson and mountains of the Continental Divide.

Reproduced by the courtesy of A. O. Wheeler.



side rises above the valley in two miles of rock too steep for snow to lie save in places on the highest parts, the summit itself being crowned with ice and snow. A long shoulder runs southward. This is to be the site of a large summer hotel, railway companies knowing well how to turn nature to uses of utility—"useful as is nature to attract the tourist foot." The valleys of the Moose and the Grand Fork rise 2,000 or 3,000 feet to their heads, so that on its north and northeast side, which is superbly clad with ice and snow, Robson Peak is scarcely 8,000 feet above the valley. To be precise, it is 7,538 feet above Robson Pass, where every expedition has camped. The great Robson Glacier, flowing in a semicircle five miles from its *névé*, ends in two lobes at the pass, and is the original source of the Grand Fork and Smoky Rivers. A medial moraine is beginning to form, and is distinctly marked. Its subglacial streams play a fickle, curious trick. In certain years, for no rhyme or reason (if Dr. Walcott or Dr. Coleman know, they do not tell) nearly all the streams from the eastern lobe turn to join those of the western lobe, which feed the Grand Fork, and so to the Pacific, instead of flowing into the Smoky and on to the Arctic Ocean. He who runs may read where these streams ran, perhaps a year ago. The terminal moraines are ridges of fifty feet and more in height, and produce trees according to their ages, from one hundred to two hundred years old; while those growing out of the thin meadow on the pass are over four hundred years old. Here is a palpable chapter in the story of the earth, as charming as the wild park itself—for Robson Pass is a beautiful park. But the whole mountain with its solid horizontal lines is an open book, even to the dilettante geologist.

Half a mile east and a little lower down than Robson Pass, which is 5,530 feet high, lies Adolphus Lake, of an exquisite turquoise blue, set in forest and now fed by clear streams mainly. At the present time the stream running into it from Robson Glacier scarcely affects its lovely color. It is about half a mile long. Half the distance west, and slightly lower still, is Berg Lake, twice the size and of a more muddy blue, owing to its larger share of

nourishment from three glaciers. It lies close to the mountain, and into it steeply descends Tumbling Glacier, a cascade of splendidly séracked, blue ice, 5,000 feet from its source under hanging glaciers above. Its avalanches disturb the water, throwing spray, sometimes for half an hour, as high as an Atlantic surf. It is the most spectacular scene in all the mountain landscape about. Icebergs sail on the lake all summer, some showing twenty feet above the water, which means that sixty feet are beneath it. Between Tumbling Glacier and Robson Glacier rises out of the massif Mount Réarguard (9,000 feet), well wooded on its lower slopes, and the habitat of mountain goat. Last summer all the goat in the vicinity retired to Mount Réarguard, from whose high pastures they regarded the human visitors below with a sense of safety and perhaps wonder. It was very pleasant, in the long northern afterglow, to watch them feeding or lying at ease on some high, narrow shelf.

Fully fifteen glaciers and snow-fields, near and far, can be seen from Robson Pass; those on Mount Robson and its satellites being the most impressive. Robson Glacier, which half-encircles Rearguard, flows from a snow-filled cirque four miles wide, enclosed by Mounts Ptarmigan, Lynx, Resplendent, Robson's Peak, the Helmet, and Rearguard. It is of the piedmont type, being nourished by the hanging glaciers and snows above. These snow-covered glaciers are of exceeding whiteness, and the peaks that bear them rise out of the cirque, which is known as the Robson amphitheatre. The Helmet (11,160 feet), snow-crowned and shapely, looks like a small mountain in the presence. I say the presence, for so does Mount Robson prevail over nature and man, as if the mountain had a distinct being. Which, indeed, the wise poets know. The Helmet is the only peak still virgin. Mount Resplendent (11,173 feet), beautiful in the purity of its perpetual white mantle, and heavily weighted with snow cornices, Lynx Mount, 700 feet lower, and unnamed summits between, are all overshadowed by the massive preponderant peak. Picking your way among crevasses you may travel up the Robson Glacier to the am-



phitheatre in an hour of fast going, and stand at the entrance of the snow-cirque nourished by higher snows. Climbing splendid serves as a window for one view. It is possible that the Alpine Club of Canada will have a camp in this valley

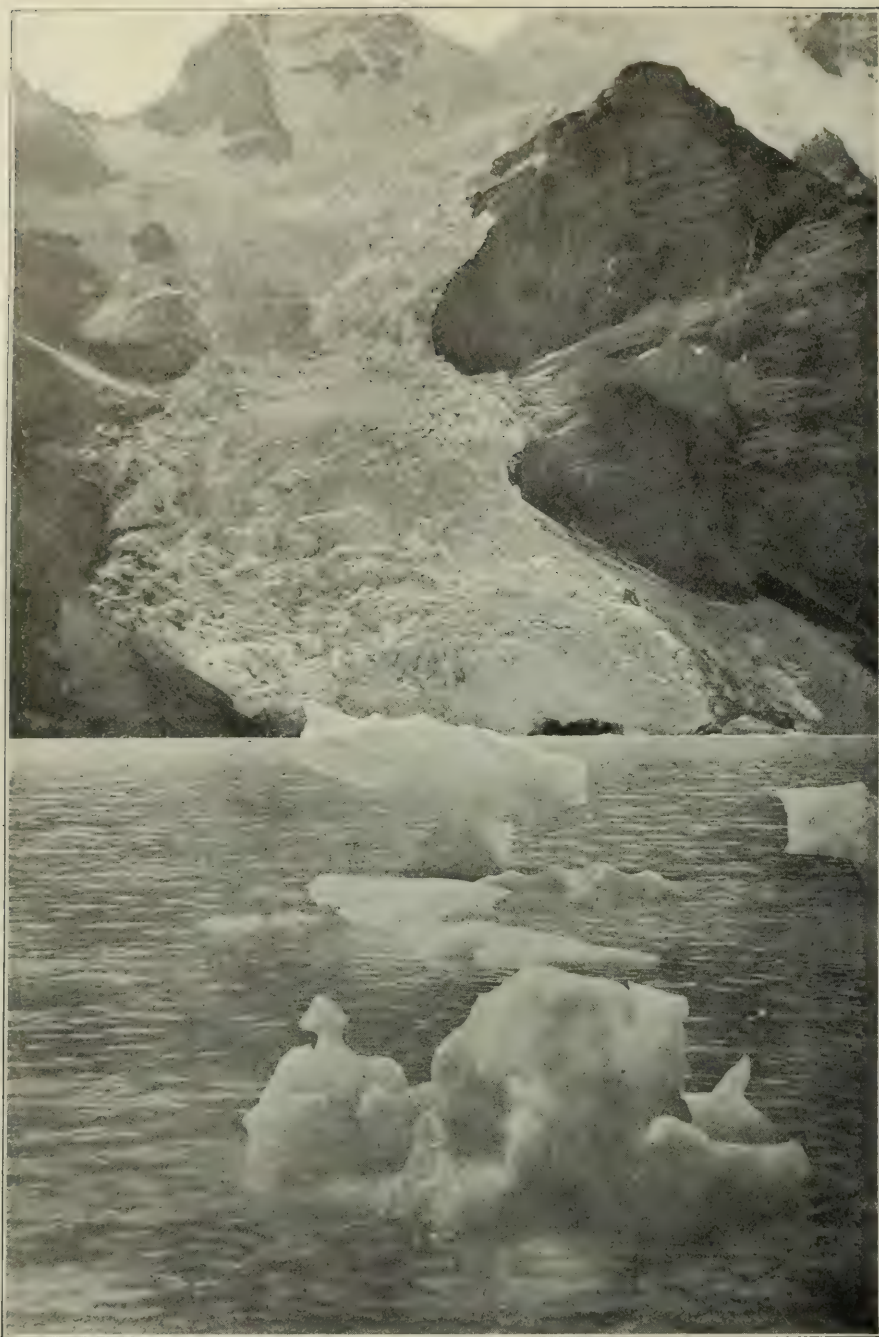


*From a photograph by Harmon.*

At close range. The snout (tongue) of Tumbling Glacier and Berg Lake.

Mount Resplendent or its neighbors you may look down into Resplendent valley, loveliest of alpine valleys for high verdure and bloom and for serried forest, the west branch of Moose River flowing through, and Lake Lazuli, a typical alpine tarn, lying low in the midst. A fissure in a fantastic cornice on Mount Re-

before long. On the cirque immediately below Mount Resplendent stands a quaint tower of rock some 500 feet above the ice, named the Extinguisher from its likeness to the conical cap once used to put out the candle. Turning north from the cirque, you cross Snowbird Pass to Reef Névé, and down Coleman Glacier,



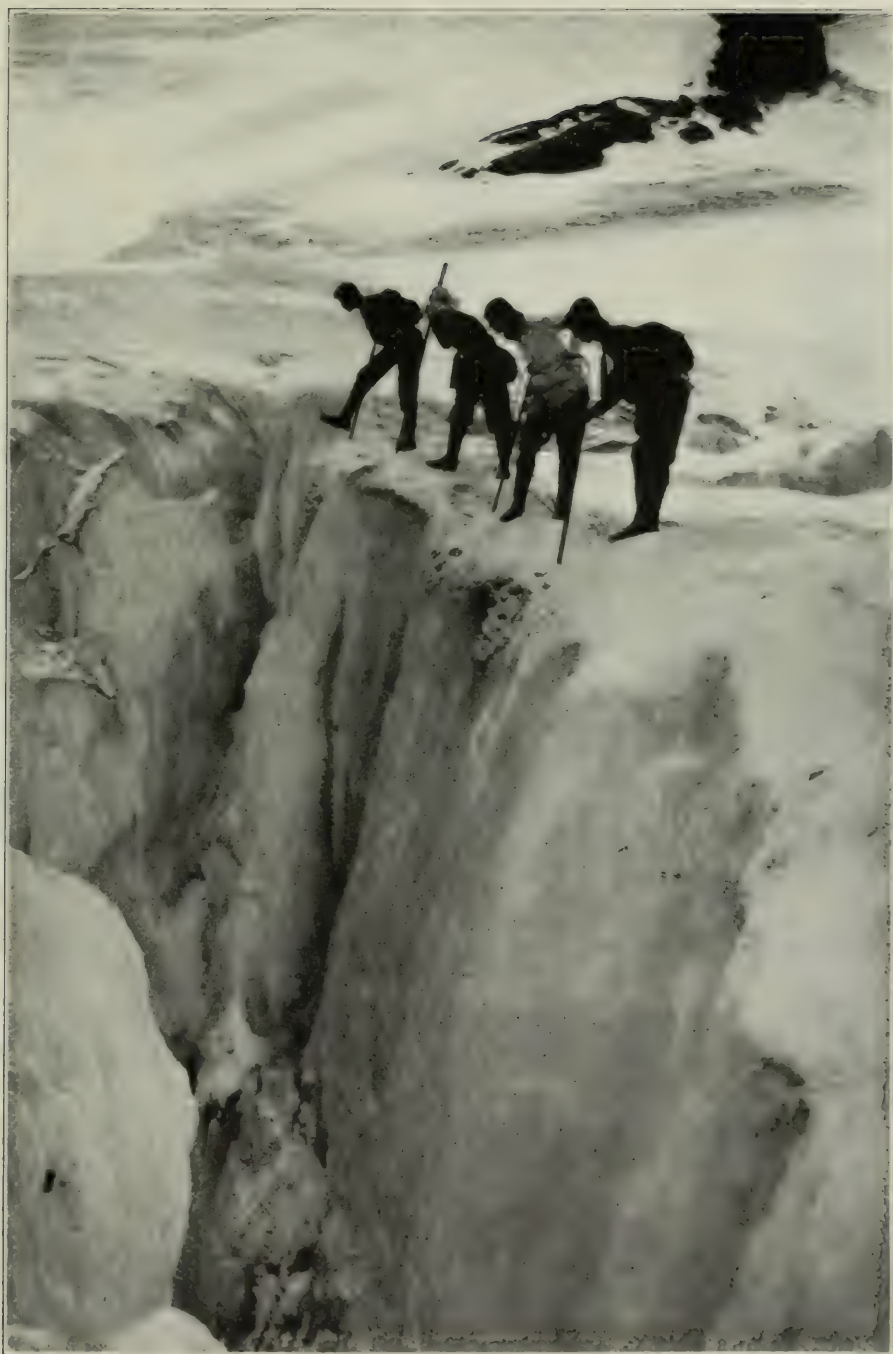
*From a photograph by F. W. Freeborn.*

Icebergs in Berg Lake.

reaching the Smoky by a tributary; and, following a new trail, turn west again up Calumet Creek to Moose Pass. Calumet valley presents seven or eight glaciers, much broken with séracs and crevasses. Only two mountains above them have been climbed—Calumet Peak and an unnamed one. The lack of names is a great drawback. From the summits of these two peaks you look on an ice world north, where Mount Bess and Mount Chown, both white mountains, alone have names.

Many fine snow-mountains appear, one of enormous size some eighty miles away, which rivals Mount Robson. It is probably lower, the passes and valleys getting lower as the mountains trend north. No white man has been known to visit it, though it has excited the interest of skilled mountaineers on both sides of the Atlantic. Phillips, the young outfitter and hunter who began his career by climbing Mount Robson with Mr. Kinney, was trapping within ten miles of it last win-





A typical crevasse on the Robson Glacier.

ter. He has developed a remarkable capacity for mountain topography, and is a dependable, intelligent man, who could, in the terminology of that country, "pack" any prospective climber to the base of the mountain. They call him "Curly" Phillips, from his masses of curly hair. He is one of a fine set of outfitters, an old-fashioned type happily not extinct in the northern Rockies. There are, notably, the Otto brothers, and John Yates, and Fred Stephens, true men of the mountains,

guides and hosts of the valleys and passes, men whom their patrons delight in for their integrity, intelligence, humor, and picturesque speech. They have tales to tell around the camp-fire, and you may say of them that they give point to certain words not generally in use at the ingle-nook in the town. Still, "heartily know" there are no half-gods on the hearth in the forest. These are as truly children of the open air as the beloved Stevenson or Borrow himself, or any poetic vagabond of



Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada on Robson Pass.  
Mount Robson, the Helmet, Tumbling Glacier. Slopes of Rearguard in extreme left where goats pastured.

them all. Had Stevenson camped in the Rockies with Stephens, English literature had gained by more than an essay.

Now that the railway crosses the Yellowhead Pass and traverses a portion of the upper Fraser valley, and that trails have been blazed from "the steel" twenty-five miles to Moose Pass, this unexplored group of snow-mountains will be comparatively easy of access. Another group that offers hardships of discovery is the Caribou Range, a series of beautifully shaped mountains rising west of the Fraser, where the dense forests of British Columbia are the great barrier. Like the Selkirks farther south, they are of Archæan rock heavily timbered and weighted with glaciers. There is no record of any man, white or red, having penetrated the long reaches of fallen timber, devil's-club, and other thick shrubbery under its close, living forest.

It fell to the Alpine Club of Canada last summer to accomplish considerable exploratory climbing on Mount Robson and on the peaks and glaciers contiguous.

This club is not an exclusive one, such as the American Alpine Club, which keeps to a limited membership; nor such as that great and famous club, now nearly sixty years old, which is the mother of organized mountaineering. Although there are many scores of alpine clubs in the world, the oldest one retains its privilege and right to be known by the third article alone. It is not the English Alpine Club, nor the Alpine Club of England, but "The" Alpine Club, my masters. Its little dull-brown button, bearing the dull-brown letters "A. C." and nothing more, is therefore not so shy and diffident as it looks; and, moreover, it is a symbol that climbers in all lands covet earnestly in the apostle's way.

That alpine club is also a social club. The Alpine Club of Canada is quite other, being a national club of a democratic sort, with a determined purpose in its eye of making mountaineers out of young Canadians. Only eight years old, it has now eight hundred members of different grades, England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy,





*From a photograph by Harmon.*

Robson Glacier, from Mount Mumm, showing Mount Lynx (left) and unnamed peaks.  
Extreme right—slopes of Mount Rearguard where goats pastured.

India, and South Africa, and nineteen States of the United States, as well as Canada, being represented in its membership. So many are the American members that by courtesy the Stars and Stripes are unfurled on its club-house in Banff every Fourth of July.

Two clauses alone in the constitution indicate the national character of the club, while setting forth the reason of its existence: the education of Canadians to an appreciation of their mountain heritage; the encouragement of the mountain craft and the opening of new (mountain) regions as national playgrounds. When it was born in 1906 in the city of Winnipeg, there were scarcely half a dozen skilled climbers in Canada, and they were men. To-day a large number of members, including ladies, show remarkable skill on both ice and rock. And these are not persons of large means who can go, when they will, to the mountains and engage guides and packers for as many weeks or months as they choose. On the other hand, they belong mostly to those intel-

lectual professions so inadequately paid and so necessary to the progress of the world. It is entirely owing to the A. C. C. that most of these can go at all to the high sanctuaries that are still undisturbed by the tread of the rabble, that remain undefiled by the tin cans and other odious signs of an invading irreverent multitude with money in its pocket. Every summer since its inception a camp accommodating from one hundred to two hundred persons has been held in some strategic place, when novices qualify for active membership by climbing to an altitude of 2,500 feet above timber-line on a glacier-hung mountain. Every year fifty or sixty have thus learned to climb, under professional Swiss guides and competent mountaineers, while old members make more difficult ascents and expeditions. The camp is under the supervision of the director of the club, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, who is an honorary member of "The Alpine Club," and an active member of the American Alpine Club. Pack-trains, outfitters, cooks, and Swiss guides are employed; there are "chief

mountaineers" and a corps of boy scouts; there are punctilious rules for climbs and expeditions, for the daily life of the community; and, in short, everything necessary for the safety and comfort of the company. But the punctilio is not too punctilious; the ordinary members have

lips, who blazed and built it, achieved at least one wonderful engineering feat in a steep log bridge ninety feet across a gap, under which the rock slopes at an angle of sixty degrees to the river 300 feet below. The bridge was necessary to avoid a very steep and troublesome ascent in the trail,



*From a photograph by Harmon.*

East Face, Mount Robson. Mount Helmet to the right.

View from point at 10,000 feet.

nothing to do but tramp, explore, and enjoy themselves with mountain study and the sublimest of all sports invented by man. In this thing the club has been a good success, making progress far beyond the expectations of the founders in awakening Canadians to a sense of the æsthetic and ethical value of that sport and of the immense field for its exercise in their own land.

In 1913 the club held the second camp of the season (for active members only) on Robson Pass. Of the sixty-odd members who were first-foot over the new trail from the railway, seventeen were Americans. A pack-train of forty horses carried the tents, the grub (which is Rocky Mountain English), and the personal impedimenta; the company itself, like true climbers and pilgrims, tramping up the trail which rises nearly 3,000 feet in the course of its sixteen miles. "Curly" Phil-

and to enable horses to get into the Valley of the Falls, a stretch of flowering meadows and park lands running between Mount Robson and Mount Whitehorn, and so called from some twoscore waterfalls shining like silver or foaming white down vertical purple cliffs on either side. It is about five miles long, and forms a portion of the upper reaches of the Grand Fork valley.

That trail was an interesting bridle-path to one elderly pilgrim who was bidden to ride—to ride behind a pack-train of twenty horses—and who had the pleasure of watching every pack fastened upon every pack-saddle with the "diamond hitch." This is an exact and occult process of securing the pack to the bronco's back, and is so named from a diamond figure formed by the rope on top of the pack when completed. The pack remains both firm and easy during travel and, by a deft turn of



the packer's fingers, is unbound in a moment at the end of the journey. In the early days as much as one hundred dol-

by variations of a stentorian, reverberating, unspellable shout, a mixture of Cree and Chinese and hog Latin, perfectly



*From a photograph by H. Harmon.*

Top of Mount Resplendent, altitude 11,171 feet, showing tracks of many climbers.

lars was paid to learn the trick, which came from Mexico. Had the beloved Stevenson, travelling with a donkey in the Cevennes, been initiated into its mysteries, there had been no complaint of "holding a pack upon a pack-saddle against a gale out of the freezing north." Otto kept the pack-train going and on the trail

understood by the horses. One of us thought of Stevenson's tame and unavailing "proot!" and how he would have delighted in this bronco-driver—and in this trail. To tell the truth, Otto's horses were not pure Broncos, but a better breed, good-looking and well shod.

Though rain poured for hours, we did



*From a photograph by F. W. Freeborn.*

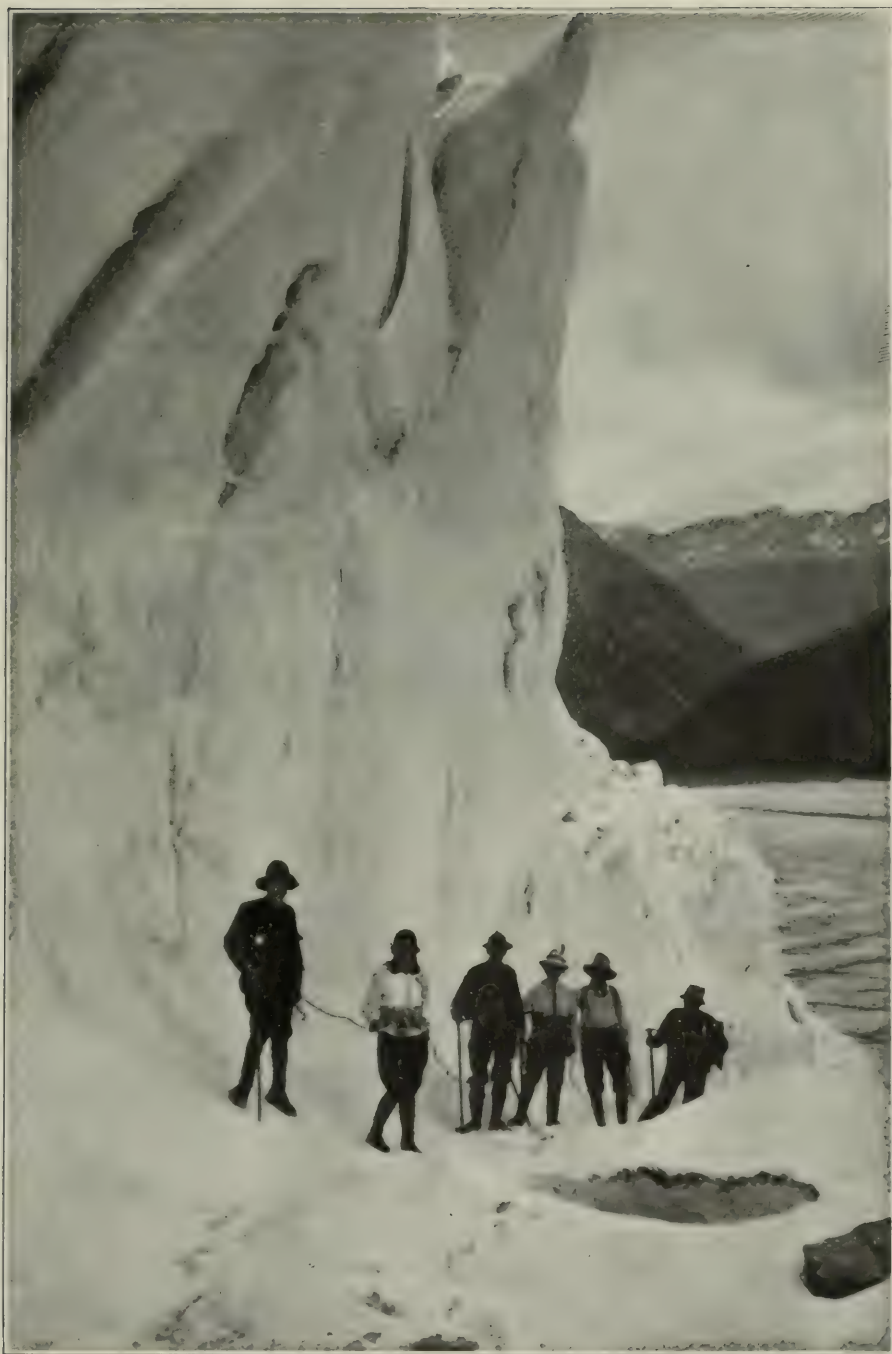
Director A. O. Wheeler and two women climbers.

not heed it under the high cedar, hemlock, and Douglas fir, and kept travelling as fast as hills and torrents and packs would permit. For the pilgrims ahead were wet and weary, and needing their "dunnage." Beyond Lake Kinney, a forest-framed green lake about a mile long, just as we entered the high Valley of the Falls, the sun came out and dispersed the low clouds in a glory of shining mists; and we found ourselves in the midst of an entrancing alpine panorama. A few hours later we

were skirting the wooded margin of Berg Lake, in time to see a plunging avalanche change its placid water into wild breakers from shore to shore. And so to Robson Pass, where the white tents and gay flags were set picturesquely among the trees.

The packs were soon loosened and the patient horses rolling on the turf, while an early dinner was served in a fly-tent, the camp's commodious dining-room. The serving Chinamen who had followed close on the heels of the horses confided





Under the séracs. Robson Glacier.

their unanimous opinion of this enterprise to one of us. And it was of a piece with the judgment of many famous critics of the early British climbers, Ruskin's, to wit, about turning the Alps into "soaped poles in a bear garden"—though Ruskin afterward repented and joined the Alpine Club: "Mount Lobson no good climb. Too much high. Everybody crazy."

The camp lasted for fourteen days, and ten of them were days of queen's weather; no pioneer had ever known such a pro-

cession of sunny days. Expeditions and climbs filled every day, shine or rain. Auxiliary camps were placed at the junction of the Smoky and Calumet Creeks, four miles east of Robson Pass, and on the Alps below Moose Pass, four miles farther. In this way ample time was allowed for exploring new névés and ice-falls and alps. Mount Resplendent was a favorite climb, not difficult nor yet mere drudgery, although you are climbing altogether on snow. There is a place down the Smoky

valley where you see Mount Resplendent alone, a beautiful pure cone rising above the foreground of green forest and meeting the blue sky in snow. Mount Robson shut away from view, this might be the great prize of the neighborhood. All wanted to make that peak (11,173 feet)

peaks between it and the peak which gives the range its name made good sport for unambitious climbers, and mirth enough when Mr. Mumm's old Swiss guide fell through snow into a crevasse. The rope is necessary on every most innocent-looking snow-mountain in all that district.



*From a photograph by Dr. Stone.*

A. C. C. detraining, July 27, 1913.

their own. Four ropes of five persons each would reach the summit in seven hours, the steeper places involving step-cutting; but a score of glissades made quick sport of the descent, one party coming down as far as the Extinguisher in an hour and a half. Here a halt would be made for afternoon tea. It was merry climbing, but strenuous enough to suit the bold climber who scorns the easiest route to any summit: séracs and cornices and crevasses and ice-walls there were to his joy, and enlarging views as he paused from climbing.

Mount Mumm, at the end of the Whitehorn Range and scarcely 4,000 feet above Robson Pass, with the fine Mural Glacier and ice-fall on its thither side, was one of the easiest climbs—at first through timber, then flowering alps and rock. Its alps were a joy to see, a riot of color, scores of species growing there in all the mountain flowers. It is so in all the high meadows above the trees when summer reaches the last grass. The great, gloomy mountains, as Hugo prettily reminds us, are marvellous growers of gardens. "They avail themselves of the dawn and the dew better than all your low valleys can do it."

Mount Mumm and several unnamed

Mount Whitehorn is a pointed rock peak (11,101 feet) rising out of surrounding glaciers beyond tremendous rock ramps reaching to the Valley of the Falls. It is next in difficulty to Mount Robson, and was climbed from a base camp in that valley. One ascent included a traverse of the mountain over ice and snow, and travel by the long northern twilight and starlight over snow-bridges on a much-crevassed flowing glacier to the rocks, where the party of six men and four ladies, led by Konrad Kain, the club's Austrian guide, dozed till dawn. They had started at 6 A. M. in rain, and had not reached the pointed summit until 4 P. M. (the last rope at 5 P. M.), and Konrad had said: "Ladies and zhentlemen, it will be too long to go down the same way. I will find you a quicker way." And so it was that they bivouacked on the rock at 9,000 feet, the ladies creeping into crevices, thrusting their feet into rucksacks and keeping warm by conversation. One of them said it was not nearly so uncomfortable as it sounded in the telling. Besides, the night was beautiful—and had they not been travelling on a glacier by starlight? In the morning they ate breakfast and raced down rock and scree, reaching their



camp in the valley by 9 A. M., feeling fit as fiddles after being out twenty-seven hours. Whitehorn, like Robson, is a mountaineer's mountain.

The main object of the camp was to explore Robson Peak, and to discover some feasible route, some right way, to the top,

the amphitheatre. Next morning they started at 4.15, crossed the glacier and snow-field of the cirque, and ascended the Dome (10,098 feet, an outlier of Robson Peak) on account of a rock ridge which would shorten the route; thence over glacier to an ugly bergschrund. Here



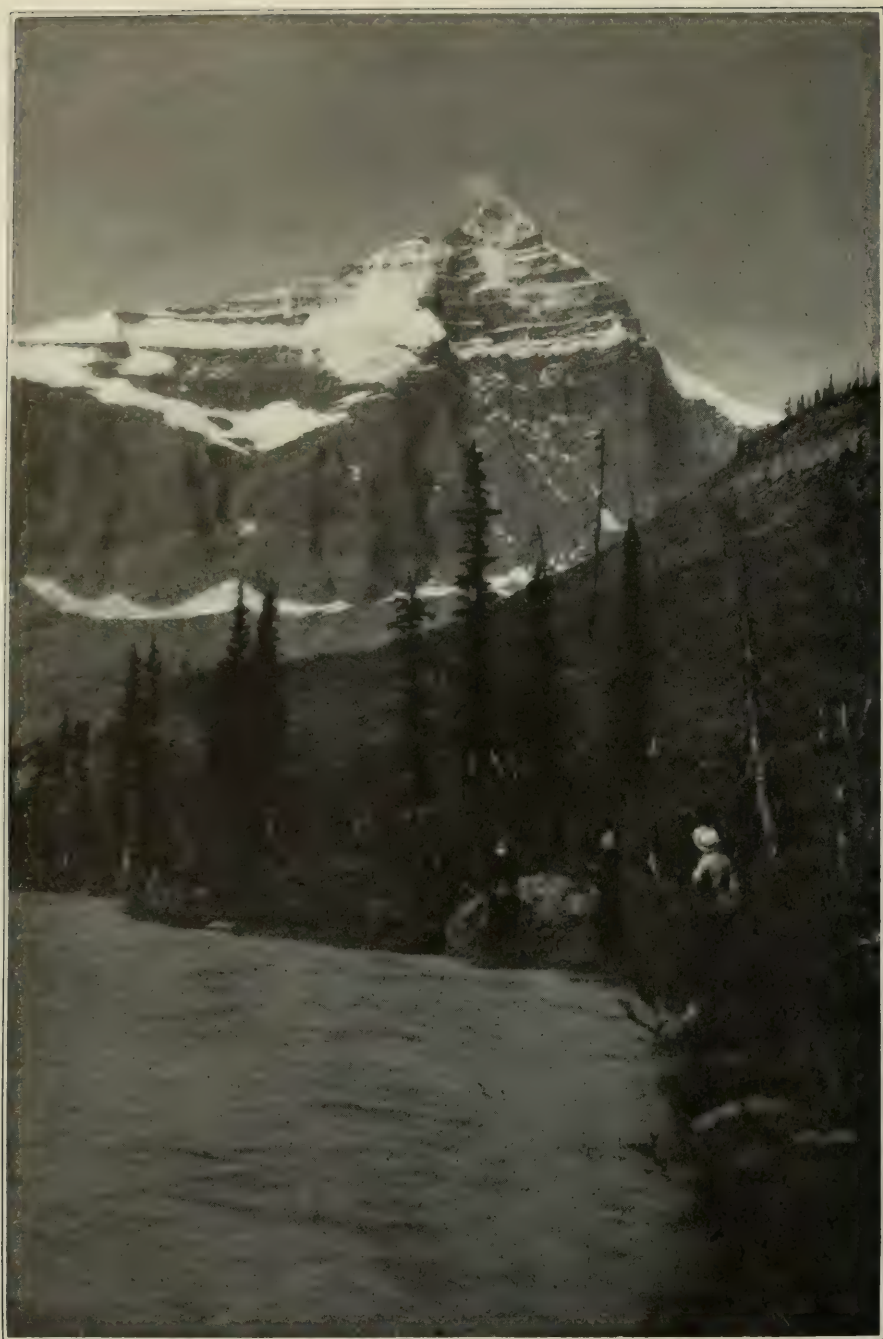
*From a photograph by R. C. W. Lett.*

Part of trestle bridge on Robson Trails.

which would be recorded for the benefit of all comers in the future. It is and will ever be a dangerous mountain, to be held in profound respect by men skilled in mountain craft. "There is plenty gamble with your neck on Robson," soberly remarked Konrad, who made a traverse of the mountain after careful study of every side from the valleys below, and who found it much more difficult than the inspection prophesied. The traverse was the first of the three attempts made during camp; it was by far the most brilliant achievement in the annals of the Canadian Rockies, and will no doubt rank with more than one famous feat in Switzerland. The two later expeditions failed of the summit by three hundred feet or so, but both were fruitful in leading to a knowledge of that right way up the southwestern face of the mountain; and both were thrilling climbs.

The first party consisted of Mr. W. W. Foster, a deputy minister in the British Columbia cabinet; Mr. A. H. MacCarthy, late of the United States Navy, and Konrad. They left camp at Robson Pass on the evening of July 30 and slept at an elevation of 6,500 feet on the morainal ice under the Extinguisher in

Konrad cut one hundred and five steps in a wall of solid ice. From the bergschrund to the top of the mountain is 2,000 feet of the hardest and most risky climbing on that side of the mountain. The arête being a long, knife-edged pitch, steps were cut in the hard snow below the edge proper. Altogether, up and down the mountain, Konrad cut six hundred steps in ice and nearly one thousand in snow. At 2.30 P. M. the final dome, above which towers the real summit unseen from below, was reached. This dome is a mass of ice and, owing to the continuous fine weather, the clear ice showed through the snow. The ascent here was very slow, by an almost upright ice-couloir, where cutting was extremely difficult and perilous, owing to the pitch. As higher elevations were reached and masses of ice passed, the peak rose higher and higher above lesser domes hitherto concealing it. A freezing wind was blowing, and rope and clothes were frozen stiff. Finally, Konrad turned and said: "Zhentlemen, I will take you no farder." For a moment consternation seized Mr. Foster and he wondered if Konrad's gay courage had at last given way, when the guide moved to let the two step on the summit of the



*From a photograph by Harmon.*

Mount Whitehorn (11,101 feet), from Berg Lake.

snow-cap. They remained on top less than fifteen minutes, there being no cairn to build and the descent now becoming the great problem. Telling the tale at camp-fire, Mr. Foster described the mountains stretching below them for one hundred miles in the clear distance as a rough, white prairie with little peaks upstanding.

When the tale was finished, Curly Phillips, who had listened eagerly, went up to Mr. Foster and said: "We didn't get up that last dome." And when I asked

him how high it would be, he said "Between sixty and seventy feet." This quite artless and spontaneous statement is not repeated in the mood of the hair-splitter, but merely to illustrate the ingenuousness of Phillips, who, in telling his own story, would giggle ever so little over his own terror on the narrow ledges and almost vertical slopes of new snow. "The rest of you may tackle Mount Robson as often as you like, but not me! Not for ten million dollars!" And yet





*From a photograph by Harmon.*

Climbing a spur on one of the Robson peaks.

Phillips has developed into a good mountain craftsman.

Knowing that descent by the route he had so laboriously cut would mean a night on the ice at high altitude, Konrad decided to try a glacier on the southwest face, by which he could get to rock for a bivouac. This meant more cutting of steps down the ice-slope to a glacier which they followed till it fell abruptly away, and they crossed over to the rock, making such good progress that by 9.30

they made their bed on an exposed shelf eight feet wide at an altitude of 9,000 feet, and hard by a couloir down which broken ice crashed at intervals all night. Building a little wall on the edge of the ledge, taking off boots, wrapping feet in puttees, and roping together by the arms, they lay with heads to the mountain and feet to immeasurable space until morning, when they breakfasted on a half-sandwich each, and resumed the descent. Many futile chimneys and ridges were

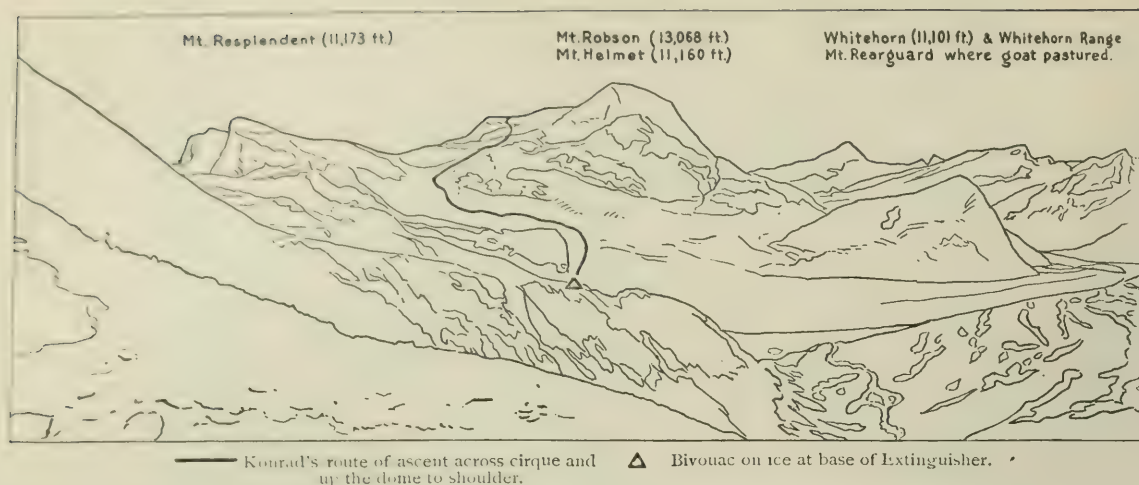


Diagram of Robson amphitheatre from Lynx, centre station.

tried ere the downward route was picked out, but once they had reached a buttress overlooking Lake Kinney the descent was as good as accomplished. At 12.30 P. M., August 3, they stood on the shore of Lake Kinney, having spent thirty hours on the traverse from the first bivouac at the Extinguisher. They had no water for eight hours, had fasted twelve hours, and, save for the bivouac on the ledge, had been going steadily. The weather

31, and we looked for them to return by way of the Extinguisher and down the long and somewhat level Robson Glacier. I had strayed down toward Berg Lake to watch for breaking blue avalanches and the splendors of sudden spray, and who should come up the delta but these three! I was tremendously excited—no, I was deeply moved—when, with that “high imperious verbal economy” which is Nature’s gift to the conqueror, they told of

their exploit. I instinctively shook hands in the very mood, I do believe, of that ritual belonging only to the moment of solemn triumph on lofty and long-defiant mountain peaks. The three hurried up the pass to camp, and I hurried to invade the kitchen and make speedy soup with “Oxo” and peas, hot water and corn flour. We all were eager to minister to the heroes with our own hands, and hovered on the edge of that substantial, un-aesthetic tea. Konrad was very modest indeed, though they gave him all the kudos. Next evening he was in good form and by request told the company at camp-fire how he

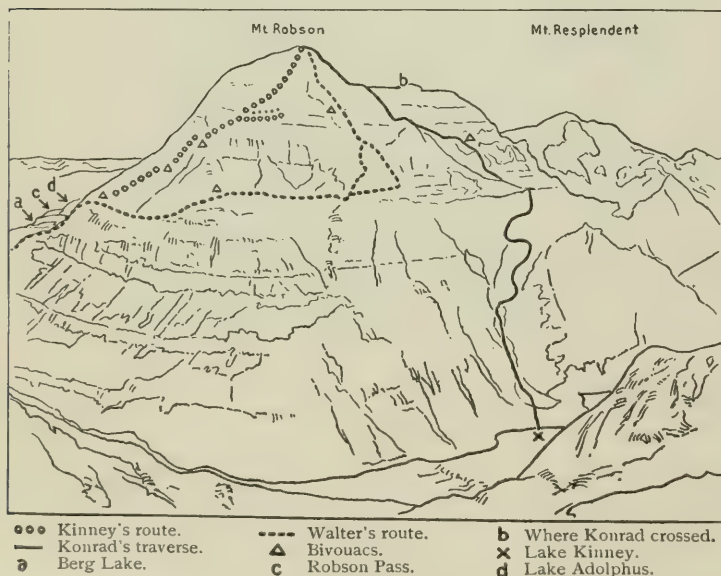


Diagram of Mount Robson, Lake Kinney, and Valley of Grand Fork, showing routes and passes.

had been clear and sunny throughout. At 4.30 P. M. they marched into camp on Robson Pass, much battered of face but brisk of leg. We had no sign from them since they left in the afterglow on July

once played the “zhentleman” in the Tyrol and hired a guide. It was a dramatic tale, told in broken English, full of humor and piquant philosophy. For Konrad is both philosopher and raconteur.





*From a photograph by Harmon.*

South-southwest side of Mount Robson, rising 10,000 feet above the valley.

The small three-cornered glacier on the left is Avalanche Fan.

The second attempt was made on the west ridge, from a camp in the Valley of the Falls, the party consisting of Mr. B. S. Darling, Vancouver, and Mr. H. H. Prouty, of the "Mazamas" (Portland), led by Walter Schaufelberger, another Austrian guide with less experience than Konrad. From the camp in the valley they packed blankets, food, and fire-wood to a camp at 8,475 feet in altitude, close by Avalanche Fan, a small fan-shaped glacier fed by avalanches. Hard climbing began west of this glacier, the party working up ledge by ledge on the yellow bands seen from the railway, thence on the slate-colored rock, to a place about 12,800 feet, where two ridges met, and they came to a slope of hard ice heavily corniced on both sides. These wind-moulded cornices displayed huge, capricious shapes of an unearthly beauty, hundreds of them shining like diamonds in the sun, white wings, monks' cowls, penguins, "archangels." The slope of about sixty degrees

necessitated such short strokes of the ice-axe that fifty steps per hour was the best possible. They had been thirteen hours and fifteen minutes on the arête, much time being spent exploring the route, and it was now 6.15 P. M. With only about



Route of the third party on Mount Robson, showing line of descent toward Lake Kinney.

*This will be the stock route.*

three hundred feet to climb, they turned reluctantly back. Storm clouds were gathering on the summit and sweeping up the slope on which they stood. Snow began to fall, it was bitterly cold, and

even the rope was frozen like a wire hawser. They made as much haste downward as possible, and darkness forced a bivouac in falling snow at 11,000 feet on the crest of a ridge not ten feet wide, where they protected themselves from the gale by building a wall of flat, loose limestones. What with snow, hail, lightning, and thunder they passed a lively night. At 5 A. M. they pulled their feet out of the slush in their rucksacks made by drifting snow and natural warmth, and started slowly down through white mist, exploring for a safe route, and finding it in a long snow-couloir which brought them to the yellow bands of rock. The couloir was deeply scored by an avalanche trough, down which the fresh snow was pouring in a steady stream, but it was safe and speedy; and they reverted to the arête and reached their high camp below the mist in eight hours from the bivouac. Thence it was easy going. They were climbing every minute of daylight, halting only to eat, but they ate frequently, and were in good condition.

This route will appeal to all cragsmen, as there are real problems to solve throughout the whole five thousand feet of the ridge. The special points of danger now are: the impossibility of obtaining proper belays on narrow places as difficult as an ice-slope, and the swing of the rope sending down masses of the loose stone which litters the ridges and chimneys. Much climbing will clear away this accumulation of ages, and the mountain will be equipped with belaying-spikes and wire ropes; also, a hut will be built at an altitude of some eight thousand feet. There is scarcely any cutting on this route until you reach the summit slopes; only eighty steps were cut by this party. Mount Robson will no doubt be climbed again and again on its magnificent white northeast face, but the continuous avalanches of ice in the afternoon forbid descent that way, and a traverse will always be necessary.

The third attempt, most thrilling of all, was by Mr. Darling and Mr. MacCarthy, with Konrad and Walter. A sudden and violent blizzard struck them within five hundred feet of the top, and they made a perilous retreat. No man

knows the high alps until he knows them in storm, says Sir Martin Conway; and a greater than he, that most brilliant mountaineering genius that ever lived, A. F. Mummery, of glorious memory, declared that no school of danger had such an educative and purifying power as this school. "It is worth much," he cries, "for a man to know that he is not clean gone to flesh-pots and effeminacy." Well, north, south, east, west, there is no avoiding the crown of ice on Robson Peak, and this difficult mountain will never be "an easy climb for a lady," nor yet for a mountaineer.

The railway company proposes to build a chalet on Robson Pass, large enough for a limited number of visitors. It will overlook Berg Lake and Tumbling Glacier; but, for that matter, every window in it must be vis-à-vis with some sight of mountain splendor. Meanwhile, those who love a bed of balsam boughs on alpine turf, with the tent-door open to the stars and white snows, may find this glorious situation safe for a season or two more. Even Wordsworth, who believed that mountains and streams and the whole world of beauty were best loved and understood by the common people, protested—or his muse protested for him—"These tourists, Heaven preserve us!" The much scorned and ridiculed tourist, who has his rights, will one day seize and occupy Robson Pass, but the mountain-lover will still possess it as he alone can. He will find the delicately blue butterflies flitting on the "dry" glaciers and the humming-birds flying among the blossoms on the green alps above, and every lovely living thing in the old haunts of snow or rock or forest or stream. Dawn with its rosy glow on the high snows will be his; noon with its masses of cumulus, sunset, and the northern afterglow; moonlight, starlight, all that strange rapturous beauty which is of the high alps and the high alps only. "Gone are they, but I have them in my soul," as Browning's *Luigi* would say. Truly, Nature never did betray the heart that loved her, but in beauty ministers and heals even when demanding her sacrifice of toil.



# A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES KING

By Gertrude King Schuyler



FEW anecdotes of the late Charles King, casually related by one of his daughters, seemed so well worth preserving that she consented to make some memoranda of our conversations. These notes I have put together in the form of a more or less connected narrative.

EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER.

When my grandfather, Rufus King, returned home after his second mission to England, he bought a place at Jamaica, Long Island, where he always lived after that and where he died. My Uncle John inherited the place, and to this day the Kings are taken back to be buried in the churchyard. The old farmers at Oyster Bay used to tell me that they could remember seeing my grandfather with his five sons riding all over the country—and splendid horsemen they were.\*

However, my father, Charles King, was born in New York, and it was always his home, with the exception of ten years spent in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he had quite a large place, called Cherry Lawn. He left Elizabeth to go to the president's house at Columbia College. My father was born March 16, 1789, and passed his early childhood in England, where his father was United States minister. He was sent to Harrow with his elder brother in 1797, and when their parents returned to America they left the boys there. King George protested, saying: "All a mistake, Mr. King. Boys should be educated in the country where they belong." When, as a young man, my father was presented to the King and Queen, they remembered him at once and the King said: "You were the little boy who was left at Harrow when your father went home."

\*The five sons were John Alsop, at one time governor of the State of New York; Charles; James Gore, the well-known banker in New York; Edward, who practised law in Cincinnati; and Frederick, a physician. John and James were members of Congress at the same time, from 1849 to 1851.

Lord Byron was one of their schoolmates and Uncle John was bottle-holder to him in one of his schoolboy fights. The other boys despised Byron as a poet, because he could not write Greek and Latin verses. Sir Robert Peel wrote all that the boys asked him to write for them; and in fact did everything they wanted him to do. It was Peel this and Peel that, all the time.

The two boys were left at Harrow only a few years, and were then sent to a branch of the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. There they had for schoolfellows Tascher de la Pagêrie and many more of the Empress Josephine's young relations. Old Mr. Gamble from North or South Carolina told me that he was in Paris at the time and was so proud of the two young Americans who were taking all the prizes. Uncle John and my father were immensely pleased because Josephine was to give the prizes and was to crown them and kiss them on each cheek, but she was ill and could not come, and a snuffy old senator did it, instead, which they did not like at all. It was just before the campaign of Austerlitz. All their young companions were going off to fight, and my father had every intention of going too, but their guardian got wind of it, and the American minister in Paris (Mr. Adams, I think) put a stop to it. They saw the grand review before the army started. He was in Paris again when it was occupied by the allies and knew some of Wellington's aides very well. He was invited to the grand ball given by Wellington on July 31, 1815, and was told to bring any other young Americans. They all refused, saying that they would not go and be taken for d——d Englishmen. He said that he was not going to be taken for a d——d Englishman either, but that he was going to the ball. So he had a very small gilt American eagle made and fastened to a little black cockade which he pinned to the lapel of his coat, went to the ball, and en-



joyed himself extremely. The cockade with the eagle still exists.

The morning after Ney was shot he went to the Luxembourg Gardens to see the place. He found nobody there to tell him anything, except a deaf and dumb boy, who went through it all in pantomime, placing himself against the wall in the exact spot. He knew Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël and heard the former say that she would give her beauty for the other's cleverness. He was on intimate terms with Madame de Staël's son; so much so that when she received the news of his having been killed in a duel she sent for my father and talked to him—always with the little green twig in her hand.

It was during this period of his life that the Dartmoor affair took place, and he was a member of the commission appointed to go to England to investigate the matter. Some of our men who were in prison at Dartmoor had been fired upon while trying to escape; but the commissioners found that the prisoners had been on parole, and that under the circumstances the English were quite right. As the feeling in America was at that time naturally very strong against England, there was a perfect howl of indignation when this report was returned, and my father's share in it was always brought up against him.

Some years before this, when he was only about nineteen, he had been sent to Amsterdam, to the Hopes, to learn banking. He remained with them for a year and then returned to New York, and in 1810, when barely twenty-one, he married Miss Eliza Gracie, daughter of Archibald Gracie, of New York. It was probably about that time that he became a member of the banking-house of Archibald Gracie & Sons, he and William Gracie being the "Sons." His second stay abroad, of which I have spoken, was on account of his wife's health.

He was always to the fore in everything that was going on in New York. One of the things I remember hearing about him was that at the time of the great fire he proposed blowing up some houses, and having received permission to get the gunpowder from Governor's Island, he went for it and returned with it in a small open boat, and it was the means of stopping the fire. He was one of the leaders of the Assem-

blies, and used to be called the Pink, because he was so handsome and elegant. The soul of hospitality, generous, large-minded, and never bearing malice himself, he never expected to find it in others. I can remember in much later days how he would sometimes be telling of a pleasant conversation with some one and would suddenly break off in the middle with: "Bless my soul, so-and-so wasn't on speaking terms with me. I forgot all about it—just went up to him. I thought he looked rather funny." And that would be the end of it. He was always keenly interested in politics and in all public questions wherever he might be. Within my own remembrance, when we were living in Elizabeth and afterward at Oyster Bay, all the torchlight processions used to come to our house, and he would go out and make a little speech, and then treat them all to lemonade and cake, or some similar mild refreshment. Pretty nearly all the French who came to New York came to him, from Lafayette down, and I quite well remember the beautiful gold-faced watch which was given him by the French in New York as a mark of their esteem.

My father's first wife died young, leaving seven children. I do not know whether the banking-house failed before or after her death; I only know that it was an honorable failure. In October, 1826, he married my mother, Henrietta Liston Low. She was the daughter of Nicholas Low, of New York, who was a great friend of both my grandfather King and Mr. Gracie. The three families were very intimate. As there were, in the course of time, six of us younger children, we were an enormous family, but I must say, a united one. When my father and my Uncles John and James were young men, they agreed among themselves that, if in a discussion, any one of the three should become at all warm, the other two would immediately drop the subject. Consequently, they never had a quarrel, and were the most devoted brothers. They all had large families who were more like brothers and sisters than cousins. My father and mother never allowed us to grumble or be cross. "The family is much too large to be put about by the ill humors of any one member of it. If cross, go away until you can recover yourself; if ill, go to bed and we will send for the doctor."



He was half a doctor himself, so tender and gentle if any of us really were ill. We were never allowed to indulge in rough jokes. "*Jeu de main, jeu de vilain*," he always said. Neither were we permitted to say that we were afraid, or that we could not do a thing. He said that no such words as *fear* or *can't* existed in the English language.

My own recollections begin with the Elizabeth days and our life at Cherry Lawn. Well do I remember old Saint John's Church, all painted white, with the memorial tablets around the walls; and the choir in the gallery at the foot of the church. And then the gray dove in a gray cloud, so pretty and soft, which Mr. Edwards painted on the bare white wall behind the altar, but which was washed out because somebody considered it too high-church. The same somebody also objected to flowers for the same reason; which reminds me of a story my mother told us of Dr. Hawkes, of New York, standing up in the chancel and announcing: "There will be no flowers used in decorating the church because a weak brother—and a *very* weak brother he must be—has objected." In the side aisles of Saint John's were four square pews. We had one with a window looking into the Sunday-school behind, and didn't that window-ledge make a fine place to play railroad, with all the available prayer-books for cars! On coming into church my father always stood for a moment holding his hat against the wall, and said his prayers into it, as they say. He and my mother sat side by side, the rest very much according to their ages, the very littlest with them, and the other small ones on a lower seat with their backs to the chancel. The pew was so large that there were two benches facing the chancel, one in front of the other, and also one or two side places. Mr. Moore was our rector, good old man, with I don't know how many children. The youngest was called Grant Moore, which the parishioners thought superfluous. On one Sunday in the month all the children of the church used to be assembled around the chancel at the afternoon service to be catechized in the presence of the whole congregation. It was a most terrible ordeal, especially when it came to your duty toward man, and the last answer of all—impossible to remember!

We had a rockaway and two old horses, Jack and Tom, who did all the ploughing and all the going back and forth, and were borrowed for all the funerals. We had a yellow Cherokee pony, Billy by name, who was perfectly gentle and equally obstinate. When four or five of us got on him at once he would stop in some nice, soft, grassy place and dump us. We had a donkey, too—also obstinate—nice gray Jennie, with a small brown son, Neddy. We used to be out in all weathers and take the most delightful walks, my small sister always coming between me and any stray geese who might be in the road, saying in the most important way: "I thuppose I mutht drive the geethe away from Gert," and then I would be ashamed of being such a sneak, as she was smaller than I—but I let her come between me and the geese all the same! She was always perfectly fearless, could even then climb like a cat, and as she grew older could swim like a fish and sail a boat as well as any boy.\*

But the great event in our young lives was the dancing-class. The old Frenchman, Chariaud, who taught three generations, was our teacher. We had a lesson on Friday evening, and another early Saturday morning, so that he might get back to town for more classes. He played the violin himself, and I can see him now, with his violin under his chin, leading us in the grand march and then stepping off to one side to look after the children who were behind. The Spanish dance, the schottische, the polka-redowa, were the dances, after we had got through the first position, the second position, and so on. Such a happy carriage-load of children as used to be taken down to the early morning class, all in our nice little calicoes and gingham, made with low necks and short sleeves, with our pantallets, nicely tucked, coming down to our ankles, our very full skirts almost up to our knees, and our hair well curled! I had thirty-two ringlets, and had to stand on a chair for an hour to have them done. It was no joke to dress a child in those days—or indeed for a child to be dressed. I can see my mother making our little blue dresses; I can hear the peacock squawk in the big weeping willow behind the nursery. Our nurse was Elise, a French Protestant, who remained with us as our maid after we

\*The little sister is now Madame Waddington.



were grown up, until many years later we pensioned her off.

I remember another old Frenchman, M. Bacquet, who had a school, and classes in French for outsiders. I have a vivid recollection of the green-bound phrase-book, and the "*Recueil Choisi*"; and we had *Télémaque*—"Calypso ne pouvait se consoler"—and Gray's "*Elegy*," which my sister always had to learn for a punishment. Peter Parley was our delight, and how beautifully we painted Mrs. Schuyler burning the corn and Columbus's three ships! Our lessons with our English governess always began with a chapter of Girdlestone's "*Commentaries on the Bible*," after we had had family prayers read down-stairs out of a beautiful old square prayer-book. Miss Edwards, our governess, always had her sewing while she was teaching us, and I can hear her now, stroking the gathers, and can feel the "thimble pies" on top of my head which she used to give us when we were naughty. What a dance we must have led her, poor young thing, only fifteen when she came to us! But she was a capital teacher; we were all thoroughly grounded. And we always had quantities of books about. We were very carefully taught to sew, too, and to fold letters, as it was before the time of envelopes.

In the library was a large round table with small drawers all around it and a leather cover fitted into the top. There we always sat in the evening, one of the elder sisters generally reading aloud for an hour. "*Ferdinand and Isabella*" I remember, for one thing. At nine o'clock precisely my mother would put up her work and say that she was going into French society for an hour, and would then bury herself in "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*." At one time her little old cottage piano which she had had when a girl was in the dining-room back of the library, and those who wanted to play and sing could go off there. The rooms did not communicate, fortunately for the readers. I remember the old music books with their pink and blue leaves: "*Those Evening Bells*," "*By the Banks of Guadalquivir*," etc. But the joy of the house was the large drawing-room, up one step, with large doors; and there such mysterious packages used to arrive for days and weeks before Christmas, the doors being kept constantly locked. But there were

side-lights, very pretty ones, and through them we peered and saw the mysterious packages. And what glee when the married sons and daughters began to arrive with all their children and were packed into a house already as full as an egg! Early on Christmas morning we all raced down to the drawing-room, where we found the doors at last thrown open, an enormous Christmas log burning on the hearth, and the children's presents arranged around the room. There were always two great boxes of Stewart's candy—one of broken candy, one of sugar-plums.

My father and mother were the life and soul of everything. She was to the full as entertaining as he, and nothing was ever any fun to him unless she was with him. No matter how he might be occupied, if she came into the room he put everything down to ask her what she had been doing—smiling at her and twirling his eye-glasses around his finger. Every day, when he came home from his office we ran half-way to the station to meet him, and fell upon him to search his pockets for the trifles which he always brought us. We all doted on him always, and were enchanted with everything he did, either in public or private—were so proud whenever he made a speech. He used to say, "I never saw such foolish children," but he was pleased all the same. One of my nieces writes to me: "I remember the happy days when my beloved grandfather was the centre around whom we all revolved. He was to me always the handsomest, cleverest, and dearest man in the world, as well as the most distinguished, and so good to every one of his grandchildren. I think of him at Cherry Lawn, where he lived so happily, surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and countless dogs, and how happy he was when he got us all in the big carriage and down into the town, picking up every one he saw that looked tired or old."

My father's ever-ready hospitality added an element of the unexpected to the family life. On one occasion, when he had gone to a political meeting and had already invited I don't know how many people to lunch, my mother asked one of my cousins how many more his Uncle Charles had asked:

"I don't quite know, Aunt Henrietta, but the last people I heard him invite were a



deputation of thirty gentlemen on horse-back, with their horses."

Upon which my mother had everything cooked that she could lay her hands on, had all the available chairs brought down, did everything possible, and then put on her bonnet and walked out of the house, saying that she was ashamed to stay and see the fiasco. But there was no fiasco—plenty to eat, plenty of chairs, and all most successful.

General Scott, who then lived in Elizabeth, had a habit of spending every Sunday afternoon with my father, and I well remember those summer days when they sat in the large hall near the open door, and I used to plant my little chair between my father's knees and listen, fascinated, while they talked about the Mexican War. The general and his wife were never in love with each other except when apart. She admired him immensely for all that he was, and he greatly relished her wit, and they wrote long letters to one another. They had four beautiful daughters, to whom he gave Roman names, while she gave them what she considered *Christian* names. He called them Virginia, Cornelia, Camilla, and Marcella. I can only remember her name for Camilla, which was Adeline. He would say: "Camilla does so and so." To which she would reply: "Yes, Adeline always does." He was very particular about pronunciation. One of his aides of whom he was very fond once said before him, "Cheek by *jole*." "Cheek by jowl, captain Pegram," he corrected. "H-O-W-L, howl."

"Cheek by *jole*, general," retorted the captain. "B-O-W-L, bowl."

My niece reminds me of the games of whist, when the general "frightened us all except grandpa by his violent temper when his partner played the wrong card, till at last he had to play dummy, for no one would play with him, he abused them so."

When we lived in Elizabeth my father was editing *The American*, which, although it attained a very high standard morally and intellectually, was not a financial success. After he gave it up he was associated with General Watson Webb in *The Courier and Enquirer*, but that venture was no more successful than the other. In financial matters, as in everything else in his life, he was as trusting as a child—too absolutely

straightforward and honorable himself to suspect that any one else could be different. It was after the last newspaper venture that he was made president of Columbia College. He was from the first enthusiastically interested in his work there, full of plans and ideas for the college, wishing to make it the great university which it has since become. Socially, of course, he was as prominent as ever. I remember that he was always much in request to preside at public dinners and to make speeches on all sorts of occasions—which he did extremely well. One day, many years after, while walking about the Acropolis at Athens, Mr. Abram Hewitt told me that he remembered my father's address at the opening of the Croton Reservoir as a model of what such an address should be; and that when he, himself, was to speak at the opening of the new reservoir, he made a great effort to get my father's speech, in order to read it over before preparing his own.

When I recall the men who came to the house either as intimate friends, or as occasional visitors, such names as Washington Irving, Ogden Hoffman, Reverdy Johnson, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, and Thackeray rise to my mind, with many, many others; but with the thoughtlessness of youth I took them as a matter of course, and my memories of them are more or less vague. Circumstances, as well as his own talents and character, placed my father in a position to witness and take part in many of the most interesting events of his time, and he naturally made the most of every opportunity. Unfortunately, few records of his life have been preserved. He did not have, to any great extent, the letter-writing habit, and his diary, which must have contained much that was interesting, was lost after his death.

When we went to live in New York the college was at the foot of Park Place on Church Street. As the President's house was not large enough for us, we had also the top story of Professor Drisler's house, with a door cut through to connect it with ours. We must have driven Professor Drisler wild with our antics over his head. When the noise became unendurable we used to hear rappings from below, as a hint to be quiet. When the college was moved up into the old Deaf and Dumb Asylum



on Forty-ninth Street, we had an apartment in the building—not an apartment all on one floor, but a perpendicular slice of the building arranged as a house, with its own system of staircases and—what was very pleasant—a fine broad piazza. After some years these rooms were all needed for the college, and we went and lived for two years in a furnished house on Fourteenth Street, while they built a president's house; but we had not lived in it very long when my father resigned. Many were the pranks that were played up there in the college. We were a lively family, and we amused ourselves extremely. We had two pianos in the house, and how they did go, both at once, my mother standing between and beating time. When my brother Cornelius's eldest boy—a little fellow in a white frock—was living with us, the entire family, headed by my father and mother, danced the Lancers with him every night before he went to bed.

We always attended Grace Church, where we owned the Low pew—a family inheritance; and one of my most vivid memories is of the beautiful music. How many memories are bound up with Grace Church! For very many years all of the family have been buried from there and taken from there to Jamaica—my father and mother, brothers and sisters. I think that my cousin, Mrs. Henry Van Rensselaer's funeral was the last one where long white scarfs were given and worn. All our collars and cuffs used to be made out of the funeral linen, which was the prerequisite of each pall-bearer.

We never thought of going away for the whole summer—nobody did in those days. A month or six weeks was our longest absence from home. We went two summers to College Point, where were also a number of our relations and intimate friends. Such a colony as it was, all with boats, all with pianos, and Johnny Schuyler and my nephew Rufus with banjos! We lived on and in the water, the boys putting on life-preservers with umbrellas fastened to them, and with a plate of luncheon and a book, floating about comfortably. We generally ran aground somewhere when we went out in the boat and over the boys would tumble and pull or push her off; or we would get becalmed; but nobody cared. We were all young and happy, and nobody

younger than my father. It was "Father!" "Grandpa!" "Uncle Charles!" all the time. If any of the boys wanted to go out in a particularly crank boat when there was a bit of a breeze it was always he whom they begged to go with them. One warm day when he was sitting in his slippers on the piazza, one of the young nephews proposed a sail in the *Skipjack*, rather a crank boat—and rather a breeze. Off they went, just as they were, slippers and all. A sudden gust struck them, and over they went. But the boat rested nicely on her sail, and as she went over my father climbed up to the dry part and did not even wet his feet. While they were waiting for a boat to come out to them the Sound steamer came along, and there was a shout from some of his students who happened to be on board and recognized their president in the gentleman sitting at his ease on an overturned boat in the middle of the Sound. They wanted to take him off, but he said he was doing very well and would wait for the boat which was on its way to him.

In the midst of all this pleasant life of city and country came the war and those terrible days. My father longed to go, and could hardly get over it that he should be too old, but he was then seventy-one. He always expressed the keenest envy of General Wadsworth, that fine old soldier, a few years his junior. He did all he could, however, encouraging and cheering those who did go with his inspiring words. He was not badly represented by three sons and two grandsons; and of course many of his students went. We all remember him in so many aspects of enthusiastic devotion to the flag—running from the dinner-table to see the Massachusetts regiment marching by to the tune of "John Brown's Body," and standing bareheaded on the steps, waving a dinner napkin and cheering; calling his grandson into his library to say good-by to him, and laying his hand tenderly on the boy's shoulder, as he said: "I want you, my boy, to remember you have a great name in trust. Be careful not to tarnish it." Adding, with an irrepressible interest in a sensation which in all his varied life he had never experienced—the sensation of a man in battle—"I want you to write to me after your first battle and tell me honestly if you were afraid under fire. Don't be ashamed to tell me—I want to



know exactly how you feel." Later he presented the flag to the first colored regiment raised in New York, and the scene was painted for the Union League Club and his words of presentation engrossed on parchment.

During the riots in New York we were at Newport. My father wanted my Uncle John to go back with him at once to ride through the streets with the mayor and show a bold front—but it could not be done. After the rioters had burned the Colored Orphan Asylum they came on to attack the president's house, as my father was known to be a friend to the negroes. My brother William was there alone, and he said he could never forget the regular tramp, tramp, as they approached the house. They were on the point of burning it when the priest from the little Roman Catholic church near where the cathedral now stands appeared and harangued them, telling them that the president's family were very kind to all the poor in the neighborhood. He induced them to disperse. Had they burned our house the whole college would have gone.

It seemed as if all the war news came at night, just as everybody had gone to bed. When we heard the extras called every one would fly down-stairs and open their doors in any sort of dress or undress to get the papers; and windows would be opened all up and down the street for the news. This was when we were in Fourteenth Street. We were not left without our personal share of sorrow. My youngest brother, Augustus, the pride of the family, contracted malaria while in camp at Washington, and died when he was barely twenty-one years old; my brother Cornelius was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness; and other illnesses and deaths were bound up in these. My father never got over it.

Hitherto he had been singularly young in feeling. My niece writes: "I remember very distinctly one day sitting in the front parlor, with the large mirror on the side. Grandma was sitting there also, when grandpa came in, and after speaking to her in the tender, courteous way he always had with her, he walked to the mirror, and stood for some time looking at himself and smiling. Then he turned and said: 'I am trying to realize that I am an old man. I don't feel old, but one of the students, as I

passed said: 'There goes the old president'; and I was quite startled at the word.' Of course we were indignant and assured him he wasn't an old man, but he spoke of it several times afterward, never sadly, but with cheerful resignation. Certainly he didn't seem old when he showed the French princes how to take a short cut over a fence, when Mr. Lincoln was reviewing the army. They were all four on horseback. Mr. Lincoln and his staff went through a gate, and the French princes followed, but grandpa took his horse over the fence like a boy. He told of it afterward with such glee."

But when he was seventy-five he decided to give up his position in the college. The war and its consequences had aged him, and, although he still retained wonderful buoyancy, he felt that it was as good a time as any to resign. After his resignation, which took effect in the summer of 1864, we rented a house at Oyster Bay, where we remained for a year. After the fall of Richmond my father, feeling that the war was practically over, consented to take us abroad, and we sailed from New York in June, 1865, on a French steamer. Although we sailed on a Friday, it brought us no bad luck. On the contrary, we picked up some shipwrecked people from an emigrant ship, which had caught fire while being fumigated. In the first small boat there were, as some one called out, the captain, a woman, a pig, and some other people. In the second was the woman's baby, which she had thought lost. Great was the excitement, everybody giving clothes, helping in every way. The baby had never been baptized; all said it must be done, and my father was deputed to do it, there being no clergyman on board. Decks were cleared, an altar and font improvised, sailors all piped up, passengers assembled, and the baby boy was christened Bocandé (the name of our captain), followed by the name of our ship, which I do not remember. Then the captain, who was the godfather, disappeared for a few moments and returned with a box of *dragées*, the sweets which are always given at French and Italian christenings.

We landed at Brest and went on to Paris, and from there to Cologne, up the Rhine, and to Homburg, for my father's gout, and then back to Paris to clothe our large family before going to Rome for the



winter. Travelling with my father was always a delight, but I am aghast when I remember that at the age of seventy-six he started out in charge of this large party, consisting of his wife, four daughters, a small grandson, an old friend, Dr. Chetwoode, and our old Elise, who was rather a helpless person in travelling, and with *feelings* to be considered! At Paris, however, we got a man servant, who relieved him from some of his cares.

We went to Rome by slow stages—an enchanting journey—never travelling at night, never starting very early in the morning. At Nice we secured a large vehicle, something like an omnibus, only more comfortable, in which we went as far as Genoa. Our luggage was piled so high on top that in one case we could not go through the gates of a town, but had to make a *détour*. From Genoa we went on, by steamer, diligence, and rail, until at last we reached Rome. My brother Rufus, my father's eldest son, was at that time the American minister at Rome—the last minister sent by the United States to the Pope. It seems that during one of his interviews Pio Nono asked him whether he received good news from America, expecting, of course, an answer relating to public events. "Oh, yes, your Holiness," answered my brother with enthusiasm. "Such excellent news! My father is coming!" Much to the Pope's amusement.

We all lived together in the Palazzo Salviati, in an apartment large enough to accommodate the Chancellerie, the double family, and also the American chapel, as no Protestant services were allowed, except in the embassies and legations. The Salviatis were all that was most black and religious, and did not more than half-like the stream of carriages in front of their big doors on a Sunday morning, the string of people going up the great stairs to a Protestant service, and the crowds of young Italians who used to flock about the entrance to see the pretty American girls. Dr. Lyman, afterward Bishop of North Carolina, was the chaplain.

Among the Americans living in Rome at that time were Miss Cushman; the sculptor Story, who, with his wife and three children, had an apartment at one end of the Palazzo Barberini; the artist Tilton and his wife, who were equally high up at

the other end; and Terry, the artist, who had married the handsome widow of Crawford, the sculptor (a niece of Sam Ward). They had a charming apartment in the Palazzo Odescalchi, back of the Salviati. Marion Crawford—or Frank, as he was called in those days—was there, a handsome lad. We were soon received by the Pope in private audience. We did not kiss his hand, but only made the three curtsies. He and my father spoke together in Latin—the Latin of Rome and the Latin of Harrow. He seemed interested in the family group, and said that he did not often have three generations of a family presented to him at once, certainly not from America; and then turning to my brother's daughter, a girl of eighteen, he added with his benign smile that he supposed there would soon be a fourth. He was evidently pleased with his joke, for Cardinal Antonelli, who dined with my brother not long after, spoke of it, much to the indignation of Fanny, who did not think it at all nice for the Pope and his cardinals to be making such jokes about her. Antonelli, of course, came in full canonicals, and my mother chanced to describe his dress very minutely in a letter to a friend in New York. Not long after the friend happened to learn from Booth that he was in some perplexity as to certain details in his dress for *Richelieu*, which was soon to be given. She produced my mother's letter, and Booth arranged his costume from it. Probably to us the most amusing thing in connection with Pius the Ninth was my mother's extraordinary resemblance to him. Many persons noticed it, but it was when she was in her nightgown and nightcap that she was the living image of him.

A great occasion that winter was the famous ball given by the Princess Borghese, where the guests were expected to come in the dress of their ancestors, in most cases copied from the portraits in their galleries. Vittoria Colonna was there as the Vittoria of Michael Angelo's time; Marc Antonio Colonna as the old Admiral Stephen Colonna; Emilio Malatesta, looking excessively handsome as the Paolo of Francesca da Rimini. It was a perfectly beautiful ball in that splendid setting, quite apart from its historic interest.

The following spring my mother was called to America by some business matters, and took one of my sisters with her. The



rest of us went to England to meet them on their return, and while we were all in London, staying at Fenton's Hotel in Saint James's Street, my father went to Harrow to revisit his old haunts, and the head master, Dr. Butler, invited us all down for Speech Day. My father was placed on the platform with the other distinguished visitors, and had a rousing welcome from the boys. Hearing that he was seventy-six years old, they cheered him as "the boy of '76," which made him seem indeed old. We had seats directly facing the stage, and next to me was a gentleman who kindly told me who everybody was. I heard afterward that he was Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Macaulay's nephew. When we went down to luncheon, where we sat at long tables, Dr. Butler rose and said that this was a purely festive occasion where politics would be dropped. Lord John Russell's ministry had just gone out and party feeling ran high. When my father was called upon for a speech he rose quietly, with his hand in the breast of his coat, looking so handsome with his curly gray head. He had a tremendous ovation—the old boy from America. He told one or two anecdotes of Sir Robert Peel and his great good nature; spoke briefly of Byron, but spoke only for a few minutes, everybody listening most intently. When he sat down a gentleman near us said, "I would not have missed that for fifty pounds!" Then Lord John Russell, who had sons there, rose and began by saying: "As the minister falls, the father rises," which brought out a burst of applause. I was very much struck by the awkward way in which most of the Englishmen stood while speaking—some of them leaning forward with both hands on the table—and by their hemming and hawing; such a contrast to my father's erect attitude and easy way of speaking.

It was a beautiful day, and we all went out on the lawn, and then my father took us to the old schoolroom where he and Uncle John had cut their initials on the panelled wall—J. A. K. and C. K.—and there they are still! Then he showed us the yew-tree—Byron's favorite spot—and the place where they all used to run in the game of his day—hare and hounds; and told us

about Uncle John's famous fight with an upper-class man, who was abusing his fag to an extent that an American couldn't stand, and how Uncle John got the better of the bully of the school.

We made a very pleasant journey on our way back to Rome. My father had never made the grand tour, but he was able to point out to us all the famous pictures, which he had seen in Paris in Napoleon's time, and which he remembered perfectly. Lucerne will always be associated in my mind with his affection for Thorwaldsen's Lion, the memorial to the Swiss Guards who lost their lives defending Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. He used to stand and gaze at it for a long time together. It always seemed to him so fine a thing for a man to die doing his duty. The old French "*Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra*" was his favorite motto. I have seen him standing in front of the monument to Andreas Hofer, repeating the words on it which so many others have repeated during the centuries since they were first uttered: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*." He always said that he could not respond to the petition in the Litany, "From sudden death," for to die in battle seemed to him the finest end that a man could make.

When we returned to Rome we took an apartment in the Piazzâ di Spagna. My father hunted a great deal that winter, taking the fences and ditches on the Campagna better than many a younger man. He went about a great deal, enjoying everything. There, as elsewhere, from the time I can remember, wherever he went he was made a prominent figure by the admiration and liking which he excited. I think that my father and mother were always singularly independent persons—the independence of perfect simplicity and lack of self-consciousness. They went their own way and lived their own lives, and people flocked around them. It was a happy winter, and he seemed unusually well and strong, but in the spring he had a bad attack of gout. We spent the summer at Frascati, in the Palazzo Marconi, and there he died, on the 27th of September, 1867.



# OCCUPATION

By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



BEFORE a wide-topped mahogany desk in his library Peter Sanders sat reading court scandals of Henry the Second's reign. He enjoyed the savor of them. He had found life—most of it—very like the picture that old Walter Map gave in his pages of gossip. To be sure, he failed to see how so shrewd a person as Map could have believed the prodigies related in the book; but he recognized a kindred spirit in the man who had jotted down these anecdotes with sardonic humor eight centuries before. As he sat with his head resting on one pudgy hand, Mr. Sanders found himself wondering why he did not write a similar book out of his own experiences. He had long been an enthusiastic reader of Walter Map, but he saw no prospect of ever using his knowledge of the author save by way of imitation. He felt sure that his book would have great success, would be the literary sensation of its year. It would not lack scandalous advertisement. He might call it "Trifles of the Tables," which would correspond closely enough to the original "De Nugis Curialium," and yet mark the difference of materials. He smiled at the notion. After some reflection, he recognized that he could never bring himself actually to publish his memoirs. He knew that they would sell on sight, and he wished to be forgotten rather than remembered by the world. All the same, he might indulge his humor by writing the book, even though it never saw the light. He needed occupation.

After an exile of five years, Mr. Sanders had for a month been back in this book-lined room, living once more in the house from which the representatives of law and order had ousted him as their triumphal ending of a long campaign for the suppression of gambling. He had been the greatest of gamblers, and he had suffered the severest of penalties. In process of time he had grown hardened to a nomadic life, but

he had never come to like it. Now that everything was over, he owed the authorities no grudge for their abrupt termination of his business career; he had come to feel too acutely the disadvantages under which its long continuance had placed him. Besides, he had acquired by much solitary thinking certain oddly matched principles of conduct. He was sometimes a little sorry that he had not made his fortune another way, but he was always thankful nowadays that, at least, he was no longer victimizing the public by games of chance. What he objected to in the treatment he had received was his long exclusion from his own house. That he regarded as unjust. He never had felt other than resentful about it, and he had been perhaps even more bitter these last weeks than ever before. After being delicately and indirectly informed that he might again occupy his house without fear of molestation, he had come back. For a time he had enjoyed the thought of settling down into old ways; he had superintended quite happily the business of placing his more recent purchases of books in rooms already well stocked with rare and interesting volumes; he had felt a novel pleasure in looking forward to an indefinite number of quiet months and years amid the possessions that were his closest bond with earth. Very soon, however, he had realized, as he walked through spacious drawing-rooms from which every trace of their former use had vanished, that he needed more than his own roof above his own belongings to make him happy. Sanders's occupation was gone, and with it had disappeared (by the malevolence of the district attorney) the habit of a permanent domicile. He found himself aggrieved, disappointed, and, as always, too much at leisure.

Had he not shrunk from the thought of exposing his notorious personality to public discussion once more, he would have laid aside his Latin book and begun to set down his recollections without further ado—from



sheer boredom. As it was, knowing that he would be unwilling to publish what he might write, he merely played with the notion while he turned the pages of Walter Map and refreshed his memory of this anecdote or that. He thought, however, that he might write his book some day; and he believed that it would be an even more perfect mirror of his times than was Map's, though he had no reason to suppose that he could express his cynical humor with such terse exactness as the archdeacon of Oxford.

Mr. Sanders fell to wondering how he should begin; how he could parallel Map's elaborate comparison of the king's court with the classical *Inferno*. "*Eadem est curia, sed mutata sunt membra*," he read, turning to the opening pages of his model. That would serve him as a motto, at all events. "The gull is always a gull, though his name changes," he might translate it. Yes, he would some time set down his "*Trifles of the Tables*," if only to demonstrate to himself conclusively the tedious and unprofitable nature of life. He knew that it was so, and he could prove it. In spite of Walter Map and several thousand other writers, in spite of his own projected volume and the spacious luxury of a library in which the glint of the fire played on much deep-toned mahogany, in spite of wealth in securities and experience, Peter Sanders was bored.

As he glanced about the room in order to focus his disapproval upon concrete objects, he noticed the quiet entrance of Henry, his valet, his factotum, who had uncomplainingly added the care of running a large house with a small staff of servants to his other duties. Mr. Sanders reflected, following out his line of thought, that Henry was perhaps the one experience in life surpassing expectations. Unconsciously he smiled.

"What have you got for me to do now, Henry?" he asked. "You can't need another vacuum cleaner to-day, and it would be unreasonable of you to make me buy any more labor-saving devices for the laundry until next week. I sometimes wonder whether you're not a socialist in disguise."

"Indeed, sir—" protested Henry in shocked tones; "but you must have your joke, Mr. Sanders. I am to say that Mr. Garmany is below and would like to see you if you are at liberty."

"Show him up," answered Mr. Sanders briskly. "And, Henry, you remember what Mr. Garmany is? It's been a long while since he was here."

"Yes, sir," said Henry, withdrawing with discreet and silent step.

Mr. Sanders rose and walked to the fireplace, plunging his hands, as he went, into the pockets of his velvet jacket. He smiled with the pleasurable excitement of again meeting Garmany, whom he had not seen for three years. He liked Garmany, and he trusted him as much as he did most men. He knew that James Garmany had been a hard man to down from his start as a broad-shouldered "bouncer" in a Bowery dive to his retirement with an ample fortune from his position as political leader of an important district. He realized (for Peter Sanders was not unsophisticated and was inclined to cynicism) that such a career could never have been made by a man who was wholly scrupulous; but he had never even heard it rumored that, as saloon-keeper or politician, Garmany had ever betrayed a friend. Therefore he trusted him—at least as far as he could see him; and he waited his entrance with eagerness.

Without much delay James Garmany was shown into the room by the attentive Henry. He was florid: the most striking thing about him was his floridity. A few wisps of white hair curled along the top of his ruddy and globular head. In contrast to them, a luxuriant and elaborate mustache caught the beholder's attention and threw the emphasis of the face on an unusually powerful jaw. Garmany was, so Mr. Sanders noticed, a good deal heavier than of old, both in face and figure. He was dressed, without regard to taste or expense, most fashionably. Evidently he was still proud of his looks.

The two men greeted each other with the warmth of old comrades. Enconced in great lounging-chairs before the fire, with Henry at hand to look after their comfort, they soon began to pick up the broken threads of their friendship. They had much to tell and much to hear. Neither one spoke rapidly. Mr. Garmany in ponderous bass boomed replies to Mr. Sanders's good-natured ironies. They were in no haste to draw their reunion to a close. The evening was long, or could be extended indefinitely, for they were healthy men and foot-loose.



"You've become a famous globe-trotter latterly, as I understand," said Mr. Garmany. "It must be a fine thing to be seein' all parts of the world. I've never got farther than the old sod of Ireland, myself, not to speak of England, which I don't. I refuse to recognize the island of the oppressors as existin', save for my tailor in London, who is three parts Irish."

"I've had more travel than I could stomach," returned Mr. Sanders with a rather bitter laugh. "I never want to leave New York again—unless to go to Greenwood. They couldn't keep me out of my place there after I once got in!"

Mr. Garmany shook his head solemnly. "Sanders," he said, "it ain't right for a man to talk like that. You're no older than me. This business must have got on your nerves."

"I suppose it has," concurred Mr. Sanders. "As a matter of fact, it's been on my nerves, planted on them, for five years. There wasn't anything to do but travel—and pick up books."

"You've certainly got a lot of them," Mr. Garmany commented; "more than you used to have. I don't suppose any man in New York has a finer collection—and you readin' them as you do! It was a shame to keep you from them!"

"Yes, I like them, and I'm proud of them, I suppose," agreed Mr. Sanders. "But what good are they to me, after all, Garmany?"

Mr. Garmany raised a bejewelled hand and waved it solemnly at his companion. "Books ain't life, Sanders," he said. "They're like lobster and champagne—very good indeed of an evenin', but give me beefsteak for breakfast. I've read some, myself."

Peter Sanders laughed. "I fancy you've suffered more from champagne than books, Jim, taking your life through. Now, haven't you?"

"In the way of business, perhaps I have," admitted Mr. Garmany, "though you'll remember that I've never moved in the circles of the Four Hundred, like yourself. All the wine that ever flowed in my district I had to uncork, myself, if my memory is correct. You've had both champagne and books in your life, Sanders, and look where I find you, sittin' here in your rags and needin' medicine for your stomach.

Ah, Peter, my boy, it's a sad spectacle to a decent man like me!" He transferred his cigar to the other side of his mouth with a skill born of long practice, and tilted it upward to emphasize his jest, though his clear blue eyes gave no hint of a smile.

"I'm thinking of writing a book," said Mr. Sanders, amused and not unwilling to hear his friend's views.

"Don't you do it, Sanders. Take my advice. That would be another one. Besides, what a man like you needs is work."

"I thought it would give me occupation," Mr. Sanders put in tentatively, "whether I got it printed or not."

"What a man like you needs is work," repeated Mr. Garmany, ignoring him. "You're used to it, and you ought to have it. Now that you've had your vacation, you ought to be gettin' into harness again. If you don't, you'll soon find yourself sufferin' from senile decay, or whatever it is they call it when fine men go to the junk-heap in the flower of their age."

"My retirement wasn't exactly my own arrangement, you know," said Mr. Sanders, allowing a shade of bitterness to creep into his voice. "I didn't close up till I had to. But now I've got nothing to do—even here—unless I write a book about my experiences."

"'Twould make a great hit, no doubt," Mr. Garmany answered imperturbably. "I'd put money into it. But 'twould get done. And then where'd you be? You be after havin' to write another. Business keeps you goin'. Here's to business!" He raised his glass, but set it down again when he looked at his friend.

Mr. Sanders's eyes were glowing within the slits to which he had narrowed the lids. "I wish to Heaven you'd tell me of one single thing I could do," he said. He was genuinely interested, though a little irritated at the nonchalance with which his affairs were being treated.

"I see you mean it," returned Mr. Garmany. "I've only to look at you to be sure of that, Peter, my boy. When you make yourself look like a tom-cat after a mouse, your friends always know somethin's goin' to get done. If I hadn't graduated from the mouse class some time ago, I should be afraid it was me. But I'm only tellin' you the truth. You ought to go into business again."



"That's all ended," Mr. Sanders remarked quietly, "and you know it. I'd not go back to it if I could, if you want to know."

Mr. Garmany removed his cigar and smiled appreciatively. "That's the difference," he said. "I would, but I can't either. So it's all one in the end. But look at me! You speak as if there was only one way for a man to make an honest livin'. As a matter of fact, I've made more money since I retired, as they call it, than I ever did before."

"That's good," put in Mr. Sanders. His face relaxed. He liked Garmany more than ever, and he was glad to hear of his prosperity. "What have you been doing, if you don't mind telling me?"

"Mind it? It's what I'm busy doin' here and now. I've chiefly been developin' my own properties—real estate—with a flier or two in mines, though the last is rather a source of expense—like books—and not to be indulged in except on Sundays and the Fourth of July." Mr. Garmany expanded with good humor.

"I don't happen to own real estate," Mr. Sanders remarked dryly. "I've never had your opportunities, you must remember, Jim, for knowing how the city would grow. So what money I have is safely tucked away in bonds and other paper. I can't develop my house advantageously, you know."

"And a very good thing it is, such paper, to have in the family," said Mr. Garmany, nodding approval and ignoring the gibe. "But I've not stuck to New York. Do you not own land elsewhere, yourself?"

Mr. Sanders's face suddenly grew hard again. He remembered that he was indeed possessed of one parcel of real estate. The memory of it always made him unhappy.

"I do happen to have one such investment," he said. "No matter how I got it—the story wouldn't interest you. I may say that I bought it unexpectedly, but I don't expect much interest on the money I put in. It's wild land, I believe."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Garmany. "Develop it!"

"It's swamp land in Florida," Mr. Sanders explained. He felt disinclined to pursue the subject.

"'Twould be the better for development," continued Mr. Garmany oracularly. "You'd encourage the growth of tropical

fruits and alligators, which is a noble work, and you'd preserve your youth."

Mr. Sanders fell silent, wrapped in his own thoughts. For a minute or two his friend eyed him. Then he rose.

"Havin' prescribed your medicine, I'd best be gettin' home and let it work," he remarked. "We're both busy men, remember, and mustn't be talkin' through half the night."

"It was good of you to come, Jim," said Peter Sanders. "I feel more at home for seeing you; and I dare say you are right—I need work!"

"Of course you do," returned Mr. Garmany. "Haven't I been sayin' as much? I'll drop in and nurse you when I can. Good-by."

With a hearty hand-clasp and a laugh they separated. After resigning his visitor to the conduct of Henry, Mr. Sanders returned to his deep chair.

The reflections that followed him to bed that night haunted him during the whole of the next day. He recognized the soundness of Garmany's advice: he needed work, and work measurably similar to the kind of activity to which he had been accustomed all his life. He might play with books, even play with the notion of writing one; but he had been moulded into the kind of person who had to deal with men and things when it came to real labor. He could be happier in doing business (or in doing his fellow man, he observed to himself sardonically) than in any other way. He saw little difference between the method of exchange by which he had enriched himself and the methods employed by the managers of other profitable enterprises, as he had observed them; and he disliked the thought of again soiling his hands with the grime of the market-place. Yet he suspected that Garmany was right. Perhaps the mire that he hated was necessary to his health and happiness. Perhaps his violations of abstract justice were finding their punishment in just this state of affairs. It gave him grim amusement to think of himself as a soul so far damned as to have created his own vexatious but not quite insupportable private hell. He might put all this into his book! All the same, he must find some kind of real occupation.

On the second morning, when he came down to his simple breakfast in an over-



elaborate dining-room, he found, as usual, a little pile of letters beside his plate. Two or three—perfunctory business communications—he read and put aside. Then he took up one that sorted curiously with his mood. It was written on paper headed "The Harmsleigh Realty Company," and it ran thus:

"DEAR SIR:

"I learn that you are the owner of a tract of land in southern Florida, adjoining the property held by the company of which I am president. We are planning a scheme of development down there which may interest you. I think it quite possible you may agree with me that the two properties could be advantageously managed in co-operation, particularly as I am led to suppose that you have not yet commenced improvements on your land. In any case I should be glad, with your permission and at any time suiting your convenience, to call upon you and explain our plan. When you understand what we have in mind, you may care to join forces with us, which I think would be profitable to you as well as to us.

"Yours respectfully,

"RICHARD B. HARMSLEIGH."

Mr. Sanders snorted, but read the letter a second time. So some people thought there was money to be made in the Everglades, which was the region where the land in question lay. He certainly had never made anything out of the property, and he had never supposed that he would get any return for the money he had foolishly squandered in a moment of trustful enthusiasm. However, there could be no harm in seeing this man—what was the name?—Harmsleigh. He wasn't going to be such a fool as to spend anything in an attempt to recover what he had sunk there; but he would not be unwilling to let anybody else, who liked the game, develop the property as much as he wished. He wondered, by the way, just what improvements could be made that would transform acres of semi-tropical swamp into useful land. He never had seen the place, naturally, but he distrusted the tales he had heard about growing oranges in the Everglades. He had believed them for a few days once—and paid ten thousand dollars for the experience.

Yet he might as well let Harmsleigh talk to him about the proposition. He couldn't suffer anything worse than an hour of boredom, and he was frequently bored with less excuse.

After leisurely consideration of the matter while he took a turn in the park, Mr. Sanders wrote a note to Mr. Harmsleigh, making an appointment for the afternoon of the following day. When he had despatched it, he set about arranging the disposal of the last consignment of his books, belated in their arrival from the storage warehouse whither he had sent them after purchase during his years of exile. Absorbed by the pleasant task, he quite forgot, for the remainder of the day, to lament his lack of occupation. The next morning, when he remembered the engagement, he was almost sorry he had made it, so languid was his interest, so slight his inclination to seek an outlet for his energies in the Everglades of Florida.

He was able, however, when Mr. Harmsleigh arrived punctually at the hour set, to greet him with proper courtesy. He didn't mind talking with the man. Moreover, he soon found that something of the glow of Mr. Harmsleigh's own enthusiasm was being communicated to himself. He recognized the danger of such an attitude of mind and put himself on guard, observing his caller through wary lids, but saying little.

Mr. Harmsleigh was a youngish man with an earnest face, hair so carefully brushed that it gave the impression of being permanently arranged, and a severe simplicity of dress. He appeared to have but two ideas in life: the astonishing fertility of the Everglades and his personal duty to put their teeming wealth within the reach of narrow-chested bookkeepers and unsuccessful professional men. When he opened his wide mouth, a pentecostal stream of words issued from it quite without effort. When, for a moment, he stopped speaking, the silence was oratorically impressive.

"There, Mr. Sanders," he said at length, "I've told you what the Everglades are like and what the future of the region is to be. I congratulate you, sir, on holding the magnificent tract of God's earth that is yours. I have told you nothing but what I have seen and am to see. I have visited the country; I know it, I may say, like a—eh—like the palm of my hand." He spread



out a lean hand in confirmation of his words.

"Very interesting, what you tell me," murmured Mr. Sanders. "I've never had your opportunities, and I was unaware that the tract I own was so valuable."

"Its potentialities are enormous," declared Mr. Harmsleigh. "I should think shame to myself if I concealed them from you. But I am doing nothing of the kind. I am talking business, for I want you to join forces with us. Together we can fill the region with enthusiastic and successful orange-growers."

"Just how do I come in?" inquired Mr. Sanders mildly. "Your letter didn't make it quite clear to me."

"The matter is very simple," explained Mr. Harmsleigh. "I speak for the company which bears my name. We will take over your land, paying for it in five-per-cent bonds and giving you besides as bonus a large amount of the common stock, which will eventually be very valuable. I am talking to you straight. I wish to lay bare the entire situation. We need your land and are willing to pay for it handsomely. It is, I may say, somewhat greater in extent than the adjoining tract now under our control. You will see that the two properties can be more economically developed under a single management, and you will be getting in absolutely on the ground floor. Whether or not you choose to take up a block of the preferred stock, which is now being sold to defray the expenses of the business, I can easily have assigned to you temporarily a sufficient number of shares to insure due weight being given to your opinions by the directorate. I take it that, like many men of means, you may prefer not to undertake responsibilities as director, yourself?"

Mr. Sanders smiled deprecatingly. He had not been so much amused in a long time. "You needn't be afraid of offending me," he remarked. "I quite agree with you that it would be singularly unwise to have my name associated with your enterprise. It wouldn't help the sale of stock among the godly."

"Believe me, sir," protested Mr. Harmsleigh, "I was far from insinuating——"

"Not very far!" put in Mr. Sanders good-humoredly. "But please go on, and say anything you please. I'm very much interested."

"Quite so!" Mr. Harmsleigh continued, appearing to be reassured. "You do not care to be a director of the company, but you would have a voice in its affairs. You would get, let us say, twenty thousand dollars in five-per-cent bonds of the company."

"First mortgage, I suppose?" Mr. Sanders spoke suavely, but with a perceptible sharpness in his tone.

"Certainly—certainly. First-mortgage bonds, bearing interest at five per cent," went on Mr. Harmsleigh unperturbed, "and whatever amount of common stock the directors might assign you. You would have the most absolute protection, even though we did not succeed in selling one single plantation."

"U—um!" said Mr. Sanders.

"As to the preferred stock," pursued Mr. Harmsleigh, "I could procure for you an almost unlimited number of shares at a very reasonable price, low enough to make them a gilt-edged investment. They are arranged for the convenience of the small investor—we are selling them at par at a dollar a share. However, I could get for you a block of almost any size at eighty cents."

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Sanders, lighting a fresh cigar, "I don't happen to have any money on hand with which I can speculate." He eyed his visitor narrowly, wondering what would be the effect of his rather impolite thrust. He felt that it was time to bring his man to the scratch.

Instead of showing anger or disturbance, Mr. Harmsleigh smiled appreciatively. His face was quite transformed when he showed his teeth. He revealed to Peter Sanders all that was necessary. "It is quite at your option," he said. "You put up your land. We do everything we can with it. Between ourselves, it'll be a good thing."

"I rather fancy it might be profitable," said Mr. Sanders. "When do you wish an answer from me?"

"I don't want to hurry your decision, of course," Mr. Harmsleigh replied, "but it would be advantageous if you could let us know within the next few days—a week at the latest. We are preparing some new literature and wish to send it to press as soon as possible. As soon as you gave your consent to the arrangement, we could go ahead with that and settle up the papers at your convenience."



"Very well," said Mr. Sanders. "I will give the matter immediate consideration." Now that he had probed Mr. Harmsleigh, he was fearful of being bored if the meeting were prolonged.

"With your permission, I might call on —this is Tuesday—Saturday afternoon or evening," suggested Mr. Harmsleigh politely, "unless I hear from you in the meantime. Of course, I shall be happy to give you every opportunity of investigating the company that I can."

"Thank you," answered Mr. Sanders in a tone that brought the visitor to his feet with a courteous word of farewell on his lips.

There followed for Peter Sanders days of some inward questioning. The opportunity to participate actively in a business enterprise, which he had been advised to seek, had come to him uninvited; but it had come in questionable shape. He had no doubt whatever that he would be happier if he embarked on the enterprise, and he had likewise no doubt that he would be helping to take money from people without giving a wholly adequate return. Beneath the apostolic fervor of Harmsleigh's enthusiasm he saw the wolfish rapacity that would stick at nothing. Peter Sanders knew the game. Though he felt sure that Harmsleigh believed in the earthly paradise of orange groves, which he had so eloquently sketched, Mr. Sanders recognized in him a greater love for minted circles of gold than for spheres of golden-coated fruit—or even for the welfare of underpaid clerks.

Temptation assailed Peter Sanders, notwithstanding his dislike of again soiling his hands with the grimy touch of such market-places as he had known in the days of his own activity. It was the more acute because he knew the unpleasantness of the contact, and knew that it could be endured. Between the devil of *ennui* and the deep sea of dishonesty the choice had to be made. After his solitary meditations of these latter years, he might find it harder to be stonily cynical about all business than of old; but he knew that he could find a real interest in the Harmsleigh Realty Company and get along tolerably with his conscience. Thus he turned the matter over in his mind, deliberated, hesitated.

It did not help matters greatly that, on Friday evening, James Garmany came in to

nurse his patient. It could not have been expected of him that he should sympathize with his friend's difficulties, since he was wholly incapable of understanding them. Once seated before the fire in the library, he began his rather clumsy ministrations.

"Have you been writin' a book or two, Peter, my boy, or have you gone into business and cheered up? I thought it my duty to inquire. A lot can happen to a man in a week sometimes."

"I've been considering a business proposition, as a matter of fact," responded Mr. Sanders, shrugging his heavy shoulders. "I dare say I shall go into it. It isn't a large matter, but it would give me something to think about."

"That's right—that's right!" Mr. Garmany's tone conveyed paternal approval. "Thinkin' does the business. I suppose I could afford to buy a fancy vest once in a while even if I had nothin' in the world to do but buy it, but I shouldn't be the happy man that wears it. And vests come high when they're the real thing." He indicated his own with a casual thumb by way of illustration.

"Oddly enough," Mr. Sanders continued, "this little deal concerns the only real estate I own, barring the house, of course. I was telling you. I'd like to have your opinion if you don't mind."

"Sure," said Mr. Garmany. "My opinions differ from my lawyer's in two ways only: they cost you nothin', and they're worth listenin' to. Is there money in it?"

"I don't stand to lose, anyhow," Mr. Sanders answered, wrinkling his forehead.

"Then you should be sayin' a prayer of thanksgivin', not sittin' around askin' advice," commented Mr. Garmany with assurance. "You should know that as well as anybody, perhaps. You never *did* stand to lose, as far as I can remember."

"That's precisely where the shoe pinches," returned Mr. Sanders grimly. "I haven't the reputation, even with myself, of being very squeamish. The only excuse I ever made to myself for my old line of business was that everybody else did the same sort of thing in another way. Not a good excuse altogether! Since I've had time to think it over, I'd not make it again. I wouldn't go back into the business—as I told you the other day. What I want to know is whether you'd consider this propo-





*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.*

Mr. Harmsleigh smiled appreciatively. His face was quite transformed when he showed his teeth. — Page 625.

sition just as bad. You've done a different sort of thing in life anyhow."

"Order in the court!" remarked Mr. Garmany, waving his cigar with judicial dignity. "I'll referee the case, though some might say I wasn't the proper judge. What's the game?"

As briefly as possible, Peter Sanders outlined Mr. Harmsleigh's scheme for the financial betterment of the unsuccessful. He did not spare his ironies in the sketch, nor did he attempt to gloss over with casuistical argument the part he was expected to play. Quite frankly he gave his opinion of Mr. Harmsleigh as a man who would need careful watching even by an associate who had been "let in on the ground floor."

"The only part I needn't take in the business, you see," he ended, "is to put up money to bait the suckers. I'm encouraged to do that; but I don't have to, and I wouldn't. What is called the general public is going to be stung, as far as I can make out. Naturally, I don't know anything about orange-growing in lower Florida, but I can size up a man."

Mr. Garmany had listened to the recital with utter gravity of countenance, occasionally jerking his cigar sideways by a spasmodic movement of the lips. Now he removed the cigar, squinted violently, and leaned forward. "Can you squeeze the promoter so he won't get away from you?" he asked.

"Oh! I'm not afraid of that," said Mr. Sanders.

"Then you'll make good money." Mr. Garmany delivered his opinion with oracular emphasis. "It'll keep your mind off the books and give you a man's interest. I'd not raise any howl if I had the chance, myself, which is not said in envy—you needn't work as you do."

"You wouldn't hesitate even though you didn't know whether the fruit business could be made to pay—I mean by the fellows who buy ten acres apiece, or whatever it is?"

Mr. Sanders's tone was elaborately casual, but it did not conceal from his guest the real significance of the question. "Peter, my boy," said Mr. Garmany, leaning back in his chair again, "if you weren't on the edge of the same senile decay of which I was warnin' you, you wouldn't be askin'. No doubt it's lovely land down there—nice sum-

mery weather and freedom from drought. You don't have to inquire about the reptiles, nor yet the mosquitoes, which are also found plentifully in Jersey, where many a man lives from choice. You rid yourself of the land and make it your business to watch Mr. Harmless sell it. 'Twill be a pleasant occupation, and one suited to your powers."

Mr. Sanders laughed dryly. "Thanks," he said. "Now what do you want to put to me?"

"Whether I'd better be askin' my friend Henry for another drink, or just do with what I've had," responded Mr. Garmany promptly.

"That's no question," Mr. Sanders replied, touching a bell.

For another half-hour they amicably discussed the gross dishonesty of distillers and the perils of aviation.

The upshot of it was that Peter Sanders remained doubtful and perplexed, irritated with himself for hesitating over a decision and inclined to ignore his scruples about carrying the affair to its conclusion. He found it peculiarly unpleasant to have a conscience, and heartily wished that he possessed James Garmany's happy toughness of integument. He was sensitively superstitious about his future, saw no hope of escaping unhappiness, whatever course he pursued. He regarded himself as branded, not merely with public opprobrium, but equally with the private wounds of an unscrupulous career. He was Byronic in his conviction of sin, yet considerably amused at his own absurdity.

"Henry," he said that night, while his attendant was preparing him for bed, "what should you say if a man told you that he stood between occupation and damnation, but that he was probably damned anyhow?"

Henry paused for a moment and considered. He was accustomed to dealing with strange problems out of the blue. "I should say, sir," he replied gravely, "that the gentleman needed to exercise more and to smoke fewer cigars. That would be my answer, Mr. Sanders, but we never know all the difficulties other people have."

"Your answer is right, I've no doubt," said Mr. Sanders, nodding his head slowly, "but so is your comment. I'm always giving you trouble, for example—asking questions and dirtying coats—and I seldom in-





*Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.*

Henry paused for a moment and considered. "I should say, sir," he replied gravely, "that the gentleman needed to exercise more and to smoke fewer cigars."—Page 628.

quire about your state of mind. You don't look any too well to night, as a matter of fact. You'd better drop things where they are and go to bed. Good night."

"Good night, sir," said Henry, "and I hope you will be all the better for your sleep."

On Saturday morning Mr. Sanders walked longer than usual in the park and tried to forget his difficulties. By vigorously concentrating his attention upon the sky-line, so changed in five years that he was not yet accustomed to its outlines, he measurably succeeded in diverting his attention from the problem. He returned to it, however, when he came in. As a result of physical exercise, perhaps, he was cynically merry at his own expense. He recognized the ironical absurdity of his position more than ever. Peter Sanders, reputed to be the wickedest man in America, hesitating over a business venture for fear that somebody unknown would be cheated! Yet by afternoon, when he expected a call from Mr. Harmsleigh, he had not made up his mind to sell the land; nor by dinner-time had he come to a decision, though he had heard nothing from the apostle of wealth.

In the library after dinner he waited for Henry to bring his coffee, with a growing conviction that he would find it impossible to refuse Mr. Harmsleigh's offer, not from choice but from sheer inability to decide. He looked at Henry, wondering what the man would think if he knew his master's abject and panic-stricken state—whether any admiration could endure the exposure of it. He was aghast when Henry, after deftly setting the tray at his elbow, stood erect, folded his arms, and spoke.

"May I make so bold as to ask you something, sir?"

Mr. Sanders smiled despairingly. Henry must, in his uncanny fashion, have divined. "Of course," he said aloud. "I'd rather listen to you than to most men, and I'll try to tell you the truth."

The servant was visibly embarrassed. "Thank you, sir," he gasped. "You know, sir, that I wouldn't trouble you if I could avoid it. But I must, I'm afraid, this time. You see, Mr. Sanders, it's about my sister's husband."

"Oh!" exclaimed Peter Sanders, much relieved. "Is there anything I can do for him?"

"Why, sir!" Henry went on. "As to that I can't really say till you know what has happened. I've been greatly upset, sir."

"I hope he hasn't been ill-treating your sister—" Mr. Sanders began.

"Oh, no, sir. He's as kind a soul as ever drew breath and very devoted to his family; but he *has* been unfortunate. We've always considered him a very superior man, but he's never got on in the world to his mind. Perhaps he is too ambitious. He has knocked about the world a good bit, never sticking long to one place, but always supporting his family in comfort until year before last. Then he was with a family in Philadelphia, quite a swell establishment—begging your pardon for the word, sir—and he heard about the money that could be made in Texas by raising pecans—nuts, sir, as you may have heard. Fortunes could be made in a few years, so they told him."

"And so he invested, did he?" said Mr. Sanders, looking grieved.

"Worse than that, sir," continued Henry. "He bought land down there on what they called the attractive partial payment plan, and spent all the rest of his savings in going there with his family. The company promised him work, you see, until he could start his orchard. But when they got to the place, they found it little better than a desert, if you will believe me. There weren't any trees about to speak of, and the work was no more than digging ditches, which wasn't suitable, of course, for my sister's husband, who is a man of fine presence and accustomed to the best houses. He's a proud man, too, in one way, and wouldn't permit my sister to write me for a long time. They almost starved, I'm afraid, sir, if you will excuse my saying so; and the little girl was rather seriously ill, with no proper food or a doctor. They were quite done up when I got them back, and my sister's husband so knocked about that he hasn't yet been able to secure a place. The work was very rough, I take it."

"And you've been taking care of them—for how many months? Why in the name of all that's good haven't you told me before?" Mr. Sanders, in whom a mighty tempest of anger had been rising during the recital of the story, got out of his chair and stormed across the hearth-rug. "It's an outrage!" he cried. "A damned outrage!"



The fellows who got him into it ought to be prosecuted. Who are they?"

"It was about that that I wished to ask your advice, Mr. Sanders," responded Henry mildly. "I thought you would know whether it would be possible to bring suit and recover any part of the money paid for the land. You will understand, of course, sir, that they never have got any dividends on the stock they purchased."

"I should think not!" fumed Mr. Sanders. "I should think not, indeed! I don't suppose there's the least chance in the world of getting back the money that your brother-in-law sunk; but I'm going to see whether the rascally thieves can't be jailed for it all the same. I'll talk with my lawyer in the morning, and I'll take you with me to explain."

"I'm afraid, sir," said Henry, "that we couldn't afford to sue if there wasn't a good chance of recovering the money."

Mr. Sanders looked searchingly at his faithful servant. He noticed how singularly old and worn Henry appeared, as he stood fondling with nervous touch his well-shaven chin. The master's indignation flamed again into sudden heat.

"Henry, you infernal old idiot," he said, "you've spent every penny you've got, I've no doubt. But I wish you to understand that this is my game, and I'm going to see it through. It'll be good for me. What's more, you've got to let me take my turn at looking after your sister's family for a while. I've been battenning on you in one way, and they in another. It's my turn now—damn it! You've kept me going more than once, Henry, and you know it as well as I do."

"It's altogether too good of you to say so, sir, I'm sure," responded Henry, whose cadaverous face nevertheless turned red. "I didn't mean to upset you this way by telling you about my family's troubles—and just after dinner, too, sir. But I'm greatly obliged to you, and I think we understand each other, Mr. Sanders. It is always a

pleasure to do whatever I can for your comfort and health, as you know, sir."

"Henry, you're a good sort," remarked Peter Sanders more calmly, "and we'll see this thing through together as we have other things."

"Thank you," said Henry simply, and turned to go. After taking a couple of steps, however, he hesitated and swung about. "There was just this that I was going to ask you," he went on. "I thought that now we were back in town you might possibly hear of some one who needed a very competent butler, and I felt sure you wouldn't mind speaking a good word for my sister's husband. I can recommend him heartily."

"Of course, we'll get him a place somehow," answered Mr. Sanders. "Don't you worry your head about this business any more. I tell you I've got nothing better to do than to look after it."

"Thank you," said Henry again.

Once more the servant started to go; but he was called back by Mr. Sanders, who had sunk into his lounging-chair and was gazing at the fire with an odd gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"Henry," he said, "I'm expecting a visit to-night from a gentleman named Harmsleigh. Perhaps you remember him—he was here early in the week. If he comes, just tell him I'm sick abed, or dying, or anything you please. Make it clear to him, anyhow, that I can't do business with him and will kick him out if he ever comes near the house."

"Yes, Mr. Sanders," replied the servitor, "I will make him understand that you are not accessible to him."

When Henry was gone, Peter Sanders groaned. "I'm in for it now," he murmured to himself. "This will give me occupation for some time to come, and that fool lawyer will think me the most bare-faced old hypocrite that ever drew breath." But his lips wrinkled into a smile, and he began to whistle in the most undignified manner.

## SWIMMING BY NIGHT

By Alice Blaine Damrosch

IT is night time, all the waters round me  
Grow electric, tenser, in the starlight.  
See, the milky way is full of splendor,  
Over there the white star and the red star  
Beckon from their pinnacles of silence.  
All the larger waves are tipped with glory,  
And the little ripples pause and whisper,  
As they touch my cheek with ghostly fingers.  
I will swim till I can swim no longer,  
I will spurn the shore that blots the starlight  
From my vision, I will shake it from me,  
Strike out boldly into open waters.  
I know sometime that my strength will falter,  
That I must turn shoreward, leave my star search,  
Give in to the sweet, soft, acquiescent  
Land breeze, redolent with sleeping hay fields.  
How I hate it, I would fill my nostrils  
With the sharper, freer breath of heaven,  
Raising up my head once in so often  
From the waters for great draughts of glory.  
In me is the strength of gods, I battle  
With the waves and buffet them for pleasure,  
I will beat them, break them in my passing,  
Feel them close again behind my shoulder;  
Every muscle has its strength for service,  
Now I summon all to do my pleasure,  
Bid them bear me out into the darkness.  
Far off where the startled night bird circles,  
Half awakened by my silent coming,  
Frightened by my dim arm rising, falling  
I will go, yes there and even farther.  
I will seek the source of the creation,  
Swim with mighty strokes to the horizon,  
Where the drowned stars and the stars in heaven  
Meet and mingle in new constellations;  
I will reach them, dare to touch them even,  
Cleansed and purified by many waters  
Even I may breathe upon their splendor.  
It is written that the night must vanish,  
But this hour is mine, I will not yield it,  
I defy the dawn to take it from me. . . .  
Oh, to live and battle thus forever!



# RAW PROSE

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH



HOLLIDAY, Ward County, Illinois, is famed far and wide as the Morning Glory Coal Stove Town. It is a grimy, thriving place, not far north of St. Louis. Its railroad yards and foundries sprawl along the hot, dusty levee, but its "residential section" perches haughtily atop the steep limestone bluffs, well out of the smoke and clamor below. It is a new town, barely twelve years old, and its smart toy churches and trim toy bungalows, set in baked clay lawns, might have been dumped from his vasty pinafore two minutes ago by some Titan baby. Not much romance there. Nor can the foundries, squatting in dingy ranks along the Mississippi shore, lay claim to charm. As for the great bluffs, on whose arched heights the Piasa spread its blood-red wings a century gone, their noble ramparts have been hacked and seamed by scrapers, and plastered with bill-boards, and strung with wires and cables. But midway up the face of the highest bluff runs a narrow shelf, reached by a long flight of steps, hewed into solid rock. It is a very tiny shelf, a mere wrinkle on the great face of the bluff; and on it there clings, like a swallow's nest, a single tiny shack; just a heap of plank, huddled tight against the steep rock wall. That June, its rough boards were hid under showers of silvery clematis vines, and tossing sprays of honeysuckle. Hanging against that sheer rock, sheathed in bloom, the little house had a quaint air of being swung there by some breezy magic—a pixy dwelling, blown between twilight and dawn. Above and beneath that small blossoming foothold of enchantment, Holliday spreads a frank and dismal front, all jerry-built smartness above, all noise and glare below. As young Mrs. Burton sadly says, her husband may praise Holliday as a factory site as long as he pleases, but there's no blinking the fact that Holliday is writ in prose. Raw prose, at that.

Its prose bore hard on Mrs. Burton that warm morning. She had just settled herself and her embroidery on the porch for a long peaceful day when Lika called her to the telephone. There her husband's voice announced disturbing news. He would bring a guest to luncheon, a most portentous guest—no less a personage than Mr. Channing of Boston, chief stockholder in the Burton Stove Foundry. Matters had not gone well with the Burton plant that year. Business was slack, labor high. Mr. Channing of Boston was known as a connoisseur of sixteenth-century enamels, and, too, as a broad-minded investor. Hence the mingling of worry and keen hope in Mr. Burton's tired voice. But Mrs. Burton sighed. Just like John, to bring home company on the hottest day of the year. And such company! Mrs. Burton looked out on her scorched garden, where a few lank geraniums drooped their homesick heads. She looked within, at her crowded little house, its stuffy dining-room, its forlorn cockiness, and shed a few injured tears. Then she called Lika and set sulkily to work.

Lika followed her orders with dull obedience. She was a big, fair, sumptuous young creature, with a velvet white-rose skin, and a beautiful grave face, framed in thick braids of wheat-gold hair, and blue, deep eyes, unflinching as the eyes of a child, but clouded nowadays with dusk, stormy shadows. She was an excellent servant. Through the first year Mrs. Burton had exulted in her treasure. But of late, Lika had changed amazingly. Not that she neglected her work. Rather, she slaved at it, with a sort of fury. But all her fine deftness had deserted her. She blundered about like a woman suddenly gone blind. Back of her stupidity there flashed and darkened a sinister gleam. To-day, as she stood, hands clasped, listening dutifully, she was like a creature possessed of some consuming inward fire. Deep crimson spots burned



in her cheeks; her blue eyes glittered; her soft mouth shut in a bitter line.

Making ready that majestic luncheon in two hot, scurrying hours was a hideous task. But once at table Mrs. Burton's strained nerves relaxed. Their august guest proved a mild middle-aged gentleman, who ate largely and chatted with urbane enjoyment. Mr. Channing of Boston was a connoisseur of other things besides sixteenth-century enamels and stove foundries. His keen eyes lost no shade of the sordid little comedy staged before him: the scrambling, noisy new town; the worn, harassed man; the wife, young, pretty, petulant, one moment chattering of her gay acquaintance "in the East," then stopping short, flushed and angrily chagrined, before some trifling slip in the order of her table; then the curious, all-but-visible cloud of rancor that hung between husband and wife; hostile affection; resentment mixed with the vague contempt of the woman who feels herself quite too fine a fibre for her plodding mate. It was all very amusing, a bit pitiful, perhaps; but he had seen it all so often! Then his glance swerved from his hostess's face to the face of the tall girl standing behind her chair, and the connoisseur in him felt a rare thrill. His fine mouth twitched at the crisp paradoxes of his native land. That this rare challenging beauty should stand, like a young empress in chains, at common little Mrs. Burton's common little table! He glanced after her as he lit his cigarette.

"What an amazing type!" Very suavely he took the artist's warrant. "Not American-born, surely? She makes me think of an Alpine meadow, very high, and sunlit, and cold. But clouded like an Alpine meadow under coming storm. Such a face of tragedy, for all its youth! Like having Melpomene herself to pass the biscuit, eh?"

Mrs. Burton frowned. She was not just sure who Melpomene was, anyway. But her husband clutched at this straw of talk.

"Tragic? Um. There's a story back of that tragic face, all right. She came out from Sweden two years ago; brought along her old grandmother, a little warped old crone, past ninety, they say. They live in that swallows' nest of a shack that hangs against the bluff, maybe sixty feet

straight down. You noticed it? All over vines it is, and looks no bigger than your hand. It's a weird place to live, stuck up on that shelf, with no way to reach it except by those endless rock stairs. But Lika dotes on the place. She goes home to the old woman every night. Tends her very faithfully, they say."

"Quite too faithfully." Mrs. Burton spoke with emphasis. "Lika is most unreasonable! The poor old soul would be far better off in a Home. But Lika just smiles when I tell her so. And the absurd way she indulges her! One of the old woman's whims is that she must always have a baby to fuss over. She's pitifully childish, you know. So every day, when her noon work is done, Lika trudges away down the hill to the Finnegan shanty, 'way off beyond the freight-yards, and borrows Mrs. Finnegan's youngest, and carries it home, all the way up those steep, dizzy stairs, for her grandmother to play with. Then, right after supper, she goes home again, gets the baby, and carries it down to its mother. Of all preposterous doings!"

Mr. Channing smiled.

"So an ancestress wins her devotion. With all that loveliness, why not a lover?"

"Well, there is a lover. More'n one of him." The host took up his tale. "The whole works went wild over her from the start. 'Specially two of our best men: Barney Harrigan, a young engineer down at my own factory—a bully good engineer he is, too, and as fine, clean, two-fisted a young husky as ever trod shoe-leather; and Jim MacLaren, the foreman at Foundry A. MacLaren is the older; he's a tremendous swell on the works. Big, swaggering chap; diamond scarf-pin, pockets full of ready money, a bit of a blow—you know the breed. Most of us bet on MacLaren, and it was nip and tuck for a while, but all of a sudden Lika swung over to Barney, and she's never had eyes for MacLaren since. They were engaged, right off the bat. Happy? Say, it did you good to see those two kids strut around together. They figured that they could save up enough to marry in two years, and they thought they owned the earth. Then, six months ago, came bad news. Francis Harrigan, Barney's kid brother, must get into a shooting scrape down in West Vir-



ginia. Time of that wretched Paint Creek strike, you remember. I never saw the like of Barney's rage. He went right up in the air. Chucked his job, and lit out hot-foot for Paint Creek, swearing he'd smash the jail open, then smash the Kanawha Company, lock, stock, and barrel. But once out of Holliday, not one word has come from him. He's vanished into thin air. Yes, of course, I've made inquiries. I was right fond of the boy. All I could learn was that his brother had died in jail, just after sending for Barney. But Barney has disappeared as utterly as if he'd stepped off the edge of the earth."

"Curious."

"Worse than curious. It's no' canny. Nowadays Jim MacLaren is hanging round Lika again. Don't believe she looks at him, though. However, he and another man went down to St. Louis last month, and came back with a queer tale. Swore they saw Barney Harrigan in the flesh, his very self. Out at Hilton Park, of a Sunday afternoon, they declared, with a—a woman. Said he wouldn't look their way, and when they hailed him he pretended not to know them. I couldn't quite swallow that yarn. — Barney had promised me that he'd come back to his job the minute he got Francis out of jail. Then, considering the girl—no, I don't believe MacLaren's little story for a cent. But the pity of it is, Lika does believe it. And it has clean knocked her out."

"Well, but she doesn't grieve, really," Mrs. Burton broke in. "She never says one word. Swedes are so callous! She does nothing but stumble and blunder around my house all day, then sit in her cottage and embroider all night, making the most wonderful flowers and scrolls on a great piece of handwove linen. You wouldn't think she'd have the *heart* for fancy-work! However, it's marvellous needle-work, though I can't imagine what it's for. But when I asked her if she didn't want to make me some doilies she just smiled and didn't answer. She—oh, yes, Lika, take the tray. Bring some more matches, please."

Lika brought the matches. Her blue eyes shone dark as the sea beneath a beating wind. Her big, strong hands were willing, as always, yet curiously slow—slow as if the pulse of life had fallen to ashes in that fair, vigorous flesh.

"Melpomene, wearied," smiled the connoisseur, and put down his cup. Then the bland amateur retreated before the man of business, prudent, keen. "As our time is so short, Mr. Burton, perhaps Mrs. Burton will permit us to descend to our own base affairs? Your gross output, I understand, has increased a third since you took over the plant. But your running expenses——"

Lika washed her mountain-piles of dishes, and put her kitchen in order, moving slowly, as if in a tired dream. She was hanging up the last tea-towel when there came a rap at the door. She stood, imperially quiet, and looked at the man on the threshold.

"Good afternoon, Miss Lika." MacLaren's broad, handsome, high-colored face flushed more deeply. He jerked off his cap with a flourish. He towered before her, broad-shouldered, superbly built, powerful as one of his own dynamos.

Lika did not speak. She did not lift her eyes.

"Good afternoon, I say. I just dropped in to ask ye to go with me to the Owls' dance to-night. I'll be pleased to be your company."

Lika gave him an awkward courtesy.

"I tank you. I do not wish to go."

"You don't want to go? Come off. You're foolin'. A pretty girl like you to mope always at home!"

Lika looked past him, down at the smoky ranks of factories, the wide river below, a sheet of molten brass under the westering sun.

MacLaren frowned. His manner veered from gallant to bullying.

"Come now. You want to be coaxed, that's all ails you. Come on, and take the shine off the other girls. Right as you are now, kitchen apron and all, you could make 'em sing small. Come along."

Lika's slow mouth framed its difficult reply.

"I tank you. I do not wish to go."

MacLaren's eyes snapped.

"Oho! Guess you're waitin' for Barney Harrigan to come back and ask you. You may's well quit waitin' for Barney, my beauty. He's got him another girl, long ago, and a queen, mind that. Ain't I seen 'em together in St. Louis? Ain't he turned his back on me, the big sneak



he is, an' wouldn't look my way? Ain't he —"

His jeering voice stopped short. He stared at the girl with blank eyes. She had not moved nor spoken. Her eyes were fixed on the smoke-piled roofs, the wide, quiet stream. A queer chill ran through his big body. A man might as well be a ghost, for all those blue intent eyes saw of him!

"Well, I'll not butt in any longer." He stepped back, with a baffled jauntiness. "Later you may feel different. Good afternoon."

Again Lika dipped her courtesy. Arrogant and gay, MacLaren strode whistling down the street. Lika did not see nor hear.

She locked her kitchen and went away, down the long roundabout hill road, then up the long, rough stone stairs to the cabin on the ledge. The summer wind waved the honey-suckle sprays like fairy censers. Under its green and flowered cloak the little shack was a lodge of Elfland.

Back in the box-kitchen, huddled in her red-plush rocker, sat the little wispy grandmother. The Finnegan baby, a rose-leaf armful, cooed and chuckled in her lap. As Lika came in, the baby squealed with delight, and stretched out imploring fat arms. But the old woman's face darkened wilfully.

"I have had him such a little while," she whined. "And now you will take him away from me!"

"No, no. You shall keep him till the sun goes down," Lika promised gently. She put their two rooms in order, and set out their supper. The old woman smacked her lips over the hot porridge, but she kept a jealous eye on the baby. When Lika picked the little fellow up and started for the door, she dropped her spoon and began to wail. The baby observed her with alarm, then doubled up with a deafening roar.

"You will take him away from me! Always you will take him away!"

"But it is past sundown. His mother is vexed when we keep him so late," Lika pleaded. She stood helpless before this double onslaught. "And the steps are steep, grandmother. If I wait until darkness, I might trip and let him fall. To-morrow you shall have him, all the

long day. Ei, dear one, grieve not!" Distressed, she bent and clasped the little piteous sobbing creature tenderly. Then she hurried away. But half-way down the rock stair a shrill whistle from below halted her.

"Hi, Miss Lika!" At the foot stood the eldest Finnegan, megaphoning through two small smudgy hands. "Maw says would youse kindly keep the kid all night? Pa's goin' take us all to the movies. All right. Much obliged!"

Lika went back swiftly, the baby tossed high. The old woman still sat whimpering. But at sight of the baby she screamed, and snatched for him like a child for her doll. Lika went on about her work. Behind her the two voices cooed and murmured, the baby's chuckles answering the old cracked loving whispers in soft antiphony.

At last her tasks were done. A long minute she stood at the window, looking out past the sheer white precipice at the deepening afterglow of river and sky. Then she shook down her mass of pale-gold hair and braided it into a great shining crown. She put on a fresh dress and tied on a clean apron crackling with starch. Then she went to her little trunk and unlocked it, and drew out a bundle wrapped in white cloth.

She sat down on the porch step and unrolled it carefully. It spread across her knees in broad gleaming folds—a great web of old hand-wove linen, bleached white as frost, half-covered with embroidery finer than frostwork; roses, fern-leaves, interlacing wreath on wreath, all white, all mystic white. A strange and sumptuous thing for that poor little house to boast! And there was something almost eerie in its very whiteness, something daunting in the strange grace of those pale flowers, blooming upon their field of snow.

Lika stitched away with flying hands. The frost-flowers grew under her touch like witchery, yet she seldom looked at her work. Back of her, generation on patient generation, the women of her blood had sat in their dim little kitchens through the long dim Northland winters, while the men were away on fishing voyages, and woven their delicate stitches, with never a downward glance. For their eyes were watching, always—out through the narrow windows, out past the gray har-



bor, past the gray tossing horizon—for a glimpse of home-coming sails. And Lika's skill, like their own, was never skill; instead, an instinct as much a piece of her as the curve of her mouth, the shine of her thick, bright hair.

After a while the grandmother tottered out. She grasped a fold of linen. Her eyes were too dim to see, but her horny fingers had not lost their cunning. Up and down they slid, following every tendril, every leaf. At last she spoke.

"It is too broad for cloth of your bridal gown. It is too narrow for the table of your bridal feast."

Lika's needle sped on.

"It is of the heavy flax, the Danish flax." She hummed to herself an old, old round:

"'White my flax, red my ring, gold the heart of my betrothed—'

"Ah, it is not linen of bridal. It is linen of sepulture. It is thy winding-sheet!"

Lika's needle flew. The old woman's hands slid on, groping. Upon her wrinkled face shone a proud and wistful remembering.

"You will hold it fast, the name of all our women," her little cracked voice rang sweet with praise. "Not one of us but has gone to her grave wrapped in our own linen, stiff with needle-work. *We* do not go shamed and skimped to our graves."

She nodded, gratified. But a shrill cry startled her. Dropping the linen, she shuffled indoors, and caught up the baby again. Happily she settled herself in her rocker, and gathered the little nestling thing close, with soft chirps and croonings.

Soon heavy steps came up the stairs and along the ledge. Lika glanced up absently.

MacLaren was accoutred for conquest. He had given up too easily that afternoon. That was no way to hold a woman. They needed a firm hand. To-night he strode, masterly. No trace of the flushed suppliant here. Spruce and handsome in fine new clothes, his bold head flung high, he marched down the ledge.

"Evening, Lika. Ready an' waitin' for me, eh? That's the girl! We'll be good an' early, for the band has just gone to the hall."

Lika set another stitch.

"Sewin' up the last inch of daylight,

hey?" laughed MacLaren. "Quittin' time, now. Come on."

His big hand grasped her arm. Lika looked up.

"I tank you, Mister MacLaren. I do not wish to go."

Something in that consummate unconcern flamed through the man's veins like wild-fire.

"Oh, you don't wish to go. Well, I wish different, see? Put down that sewing-truck, and march. I've taken all the slams I mean to take, young lady. March, now."

Gripping her wrist, he pulled her to her feet. The touch of the velvet-soft flesh, the white, beautiful face so close, swept him past himself. With a muttered word, he bent to seize her. She did not seem to draw back. But, inexplicably, she drifted from his grasp. He might as well have clasped a woman of mist.

"What in—" His grip loosened on her arm. Again he felt that curious ghostly tremor that had shaken him even in the broad daylight. He shrank a step. Then his anger flared. He grasped her shoulders and pushed her back, against the perpendicular cliff wall. Where they stood the ledge narrowed to a bare ten feet, sheer rock above and below. He glowered down into her listless face.

"Got you fast now, miss. Let's have no more foolin'. Give us a kiss and come on with your man."

"I will not. I haf no man now. Go away. Please."

"Not much I won't. See?" He bent over her, breathing quick.

"Ach, begone, I say." Lika spoke mildly as if to a troublesome animal. As his face leaned close, she set both powerful hands against his chest and pushed him away. Perhaps she did not realize her own strength. Perhaps MacLaren's foot turned on a stone. Back he went, two uncertain steps; then, with a gasping scream, he pitched down over the cliff.

Thirty feet down a clump of scrub-oak caught and held him. For some time he lay there, groaning and swearing. At last he dragged himself free, and crawled weakly inch by inch along the face of the bluff, till he reached the rock stairs. Down them he crept, and disappeared in the thickening dusk.



One glance over the bluff had satisfied Lika that MacLaren was not badly hurt. She hung at the edge, watching, silent. When finally he had limped away, halting to shake his fist up at the ledge, she went back to her work.

The last sunset gleam faded. The river turned from fiery copper to sullen murky gray. She could no longer see the thread. Yet unerringly she set her stitches, one by one.

Suddenly her body stiffened, taut. Her eyes flared wide. She leaned forward, trembling, and stared down. Up the long stairs came a dark shape—a man, hurrying, stumbling, all but spent with exhaustion. Yet he plunged on, his lean tall figure reeling in desperate haste, his black head lifted.

Lika pitched to her feet. The great web fell beside her. Every drop of blood went out of her face. Ashen, swaying, she clung to the door and stared and stared down at the man, now panting up the last steps. He had reached the ledge; he was striding down toward the shack. Now, his hot eyes strained through the dusk, he saw her. And his voice rang out, a cry of utter joy and passion: "Lika! Lika! My girl, my own girl! Lika! Lika! Lika!"

Lika did not stir. White as the drifted linen, she clung against the door. Her blue eyes blazed upon him. Her beautiful face grew hard as steel.

"Lika! Lika!" The man stumbled close, hungry arms outstretched. He was bony and haggard, and blue-lipped with fatigue, but his face was the face of a great eager boy. "Lika, mavourneen! Come to me! You'll not be afraid, my sweet. 'Tis no ghost I am, 'tis just Barney, yer own man. Darlin'! Come!"

Lika's face set like a white mask. She tried to speak. At last the words came, hoarse and broken.

"So. You dare to come back. You dare to speak me beloved. You who mocked me. You who threw me away for another. Ei! Coward!"

The man stood stock-still. He did not even flinch. But his jaw dropped with bewilderment, and his gaunt face grew paler. He laid one big bony hand on her arm.

"'Tis dreamin' ye are, Lika, darlin'," he said tenderly. "You've never forgot yer Barney! 'Tis the long cruel wait has

turned yer sweet wits, girl. Look at me. Don't ye know me, heart's treasure? Don't ye know yer own man?"

"Oh, yes, I know. I know who you are." Lika laughed, an ugly laugh. Her eyes lit with a cruel gleam. "You are my Barney. So. You gave me your promise. You put the ring on my finger. You were my man forever. Eh! Then you went away, far. You sent me not one word. You left me to tear myself in little pieces. You left me, and went to another woman. You have laughed with her, you have held her in your arms——"

"You lie!" The boy leaped on her. He clutched her shoulders, shook her fiercely. "You lie! There's niver been no other woman. There niver could be—A—ah!" His furious face grew tender again. "It's the long sorrow has betrayed you, dear love. You've grieved till your blessed soul is sick within you. Lika, girl! Come!"

"No, it is not sorrow that has betrayed me. But you—you! Have they not told me? Did they not see you, two months gone, with her, that stranger? In the great park at St. Louis—ei?" Out rang her shrill, infuriate laugh. "It was a day of great wind, so you would walk close, to shield her, as you have walked close with me. And together you laughed and sang, as you and I laughed and sang, when we have raced together through the great snow and the storm. And at the bridge you stopped and stood together, and looked down at the river——"

"Oh, we did!" The man began to gasp. A flood of red poured over his face. He bent and glared into her eyes. "Oho! A woman, in the park—and we laughed and sang together! And MacLaren, he it was that saw me, and told you? 'Tis strange that I don't recollect, at all. Yet not so strange, when ye mind that not a woman's face have I seen, nor has my foot stepped the green grass, all these six months I've laid in prison."

"In prison?"

"Yes. In prison. In Hooperstown, West Virginny, if 'twould inthrest ye to know." He drew back, still staring down at her pale, dazed face with savage eyes. "Down to the mines I went, as well ye know, to find me brother Francis, when word came he was hurt an' in trouble. Well, find him I did. Struck down by a





“‘ White my flax, red my ring, gold the heart of my betrothed——’ ” — Page 637

guard's bullet, he was, sick to death, an' penned in that filthy jail, like a mad beast. He was 'most gone when I got there. F'r a wonder they let me in, they let him talk to me—an' he died that night, wid his poor hand clutchin' mine, an' his poor head on me knee. An' next day, at sundown, three of the mines' guard do be comin' to the house where I'd stayed an' arrestin' me f'r disorderly conduct. Disorderly conduct

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of buryin' me own brother! An' they took me to the stone house, an' locked me in, not ten steps from where Francis had lain an' moaned his life away. Six months ago yisterday it was. I've kept me tally close. An' there I've stayed."

Lika did not stir. She hardly seemed to breathe. Her blue eyes burned darkly on his face, so bleached, so worn with pain.

"Then all these months you have lain

in prison. You have lain in sorrow. You have gone alone."

"Alone? Oh, no!" His voice veered to high mockery. "'Tis yourself knows better, me girl. Isn't it yourself has telled me how I've laughed and sung an' carried on wid a girl in St. Louis? Me, that lay on me planks night on night, an' fed me starved soul wid thoughts of you?"

"Ah-h!" Lika pushed past him. She stooped and gathered the great web of linen into her arms. It trailed around her in folds as white as pearl. Even in the dusk the great embroidered blossoms were faintly visible.

"Ah, see!" She thrust the cloth into his hands. "All the black winter I slept in terror for you, I woke in pain. And yet I hoped—and hoped. But two months gone they came to me and told me—that they had seen you in the city, with that other. That you would not speak to them, you turned and passed them by. And I was a fool. For I listened. And—I believed. And all the life went from me, and all the wish to live."

"Lika! Lika——"

"Listen. I looked on her," she pointed to the old grandmother, huddled content in the dusk. "I knew that soon she would go. For she is very old, and very tired. And I thought, when she goes I will go too. Then none will need me. So I brought out this linen of my mother's weaving. And I set to work."

"Your mother's weaving? You—What do you mean, girl? Speak out!"

"It is the custom of our people. Can you not see? Do you not understand?"

Puzzled, the man took hold of the great web, and fumbled at the embroidery. Then he cried out, with a scared furious cry. He threw the linen down, with a stamp of loathing. Then he stooped and seized it again. His big hands were wasted and nerveless from fever. But they shut over that flowered mass like clamps of steel. With one snatch he tore the cere-cloth through from hem to hem. He balled the strips and threw them far over the bluff. They saw them fall slowly, fluttering like torn wings, till they dropped from sight on the black river-brim.

"Ach!" breathed Lika. "Gone!"

She took a step toward the man. But he was already stumbling to her. His

weary arms locked her close. His sobbing whisper died against her cheek. "Lika! Lika! Beloved! Beloved!"

It was a hushed, white night, full of soft winds and fragrant silences. The full moon lifted a broad ivory disk above the ragged horizon-line. Under that calm mellow radiance, Holliday's rough hills and cluttered hollows lay as beneath a deep and tranquil charm. That pure glory folded squat foundries and rusty dump-cars in the same enchantment that once enfolded Helen's ivory battlements, a certain latticed casement in Verona.

Soon its broadening light struck down upon the ledge and picked out every line of Lika's tiny shack distinct and clear. More than ever frail and tiny it seemed, an hour's lodging for Robin Goodfellow. Yet it hung there, strong enough to hold fast two wild young hearts, fitly spacious to house a world of joy.

Back in the dark little kitchen the old woman sat in her red-plush rocker, the Finnegan baby cuddled to her caved old breast. The rocker was very comfortable; the last kernels of fire were still red in the stove and their warmth was grateful to her old bones. She was humming to herself, a queer little drowsy tune that had wandered away, away, across a land all steep white cliffs and sparkling icy fiords; a tune that her mother's mother had crooned to the silky head on her breast when all Europe crouched and fawned at one spurred heel, when Moscow's blazing domes lit the black night sky. Her shrivelled hands locked in jealous delight over the little sleeping thing in her arms. There was a quaint contentment in her face; the grave assured contentment of a creature that holds fast in its two hands the one sovereign key to joy, the one true talisman.

From the vine-clad stoop there came, from time to time, low voices. Lika, blundering considerably for sheer ecstasy, had managed at length to set food and drink before her man. Now they sat together, Lika on the step above, her beautiful head bent to meet the dark adoring face upturned to her. To-night Lika's eyes were dark calm lakes of blue. Her strong splendid body breathed deep with peace. And her soft whisper answered the passionate whisper at her knee.





*Drawn by Henry Knollys*

He glowered down into her listless face "Got you fast now, miss"—Page 937



*Drawn by Henry Raleigh.*

Lika did not stir. White as the drifted linen, she clung against the door.—Page 638.



"Look at the river, my man, all fretted silver like grandmother's coif of bridal, and the great still sky, and all the little patient stars." Her hands clasped the man's hand, folded it against her warm throat, cradled it close. "Oh, the beautiful world, because it holds you, beloved! Yet it has been as if I walked through burning ashes, through black evil night. And I had only one wish left. To go, to go from it all——"

"Hush!" The man's hoarse whisper silenced her. His covetous arms reached up and drew her down into his clasp. The smell of her wheat-gold hair was in his nostrils, the warmth of her tender mouth against his cheek. "Let it all go, my blessed. 'Tis all gone anyhow, the pain, an' the grief, an' the ugly long distrust. I've got ye in my two arms, mavourneen. I'll never be lettin' ye go again. An' yet——" Suddenly his grasp loosened. His boyish voice shook. "Yet shame on me, to be snatchin' ye, sweet! For I've naught to give ye, Lika. I've no money left at all, I've only me two hands to work f'r ye——"

Lika flung back her head. She laughed aloud, a deep full-throated bubbling peal.

"So ye've no riches to bring me, my man? Nothing but your own self, beloved? Nothing but my whole world. Ach!" Her lovely face bent close above his own; her lips touched his forehead. Her voice poured out, a deep, sweet mother-note, the tenderest Northland word of love. "Ach, so foolish are you, heart's treasure, my own little child!"

Above the bluffs, on the broad bare new avenue, the moon shone clear upon the Burton's ornate bungalow. Its light softened even those gingerbread splendors to gracious harmony. Burnt turf and sickly shrubs were veiled in gentle shadow; even the spindling geraniums were mercifully hid from sight. But all that necromancy could not transform the outlook for Mrs. Burton's eyes. She still tingled with the grievances of the day. Its trials put the capsheaf on a prodigiously looming pile of grievance.

"If only I had a fair chance, John, I could entertain your guests properly. But in this unspeakable town, and in this house! I *know* I have a social gift. I

could have made Mr. Channing's luncheon a memorable affair, if I'd had the right china and silver, and somebody else besides that great lump of a girl to serve. But you really can't *expect*——"

Mr. Burton smoked on stolidly. Perhaps it occurred to him that, had her talent been of such transcendent essence, she'd have made that luncheon memorable without stage-properties. Instead, he took her reproaches in silence. He was used to taking things in silence.

"It does seem sometimes as if I couldn't *endure* this place another minute!" Mrs. Burton's monologue was tending ominously toward tears. "I'm so *utterly* sick and tired of my life here. 'Holliday'! The irony of it! Not a holiday thought in all this hideous town, not a breath of music, not a gleam of romance! I do think you might let me go back to New Rochelle and have a little real life for once. Anything to get away from Holliday. Hateful place, it's just what I've always called it, it's prose. Raw prose!"

"Well—if you want a trip home so badly, I dare say—I'll try to let you have the money somehow." At last Mr. Burton broke his silence. His voice was rather flat. He bent and rapped his pipe on the veranda rail. "I suppose you'll have to have a couple of hundred as a starter. It doesn't come very easy just now." He halted. His mouth worked in a soundless computation. He'd be put to it, all right, to let her have even two hundred just at this time, for he was running mighty close to the wind. He had put up everything but his life-insurance to meet last month's pay-roll, and he had a note coming due at the bank Saturday. And Mr. Channing had been heart-sickeningly vague as to further investment. However, if Hattie wanted it, she'd have to have it, that was all.

"Guess I'll manage somehow." His big, loose-jointed body sagged back in the chair. He drew a stealthy breath, and looked at his wife through the airy haze of moonlight—her dainty petulant attitude; her exquisite gown; her pretty petulant, discontented small face. His own face took on a curious look, a little wistful, a little grim. "I reckon you're about right, Hattie. Seems like nowadays life's mostly prose. Raw prose."



# WHEN THE PRINCE CAME HOME

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



THE door of the trade-house at Rupert was thrown open, admitting a blast of biting air and a flurry of powdery snow, followed by the rugged figure of Bruce Cristy, son of the factor.

"The Queen of Sheba's pups have come, father," he cried, "and Michel says they're the likeliest-looking litter he's ever seen at Rupert House."

The factor, grinning with pleasure, reached for his foxskin cap. "We'll have a look at 'em. It's time we had some good dogs at Rupert."

Now the Queen, an Ungava-bred husky, bought when a puppy from a Whale River Eskimo, was far and away the best sled-dog at the post, and the pride of the big Scotchman. Massive of bone and frame, with the stamina of a caribou, she had won, as a yearling, a place in the traces of the Hudson's Bay Company's winter packet that took the mail north up the east coast. Therefore, it was with high hope that Cristy floundered over the narrow dog-trail in the deep snow to an unoccupied shack behind the trade-house.

In the open door of the building stood two of the shaggy veterans of the mail-teams, peering curiously with wolfish eyes into the interior, while from a deep throat within a low, menacing rumble, like the muffled threats of a September north-wester gathering on James Bay, held them at the threshold. For there was not a slant-eyed husky at Rupert House that had not felt the white fangs of the Queen, who long since had asserted her sovereignty by right of the power that lay in the lunge and slash of her punishing jaws.

As the factor and his son entered the shack, the growl changed to a whine of recognition from the great dog, who lay on some old sacking in the corner, with six blind, whimpering balls of fur.

"Well, Queenie, old girl, you've sure

done yourself proud," chuckled the delighted Cristy, patting the head that sought his hand. "Let's have a look at the family."

One after another he picked up the squealing puppies, his practised fingers sensing the bone and build of each as if he were fit already for the collar and traces of the winter trails.

"Hello! Here's one that's the picture of the old lady herself," he continued, lifting a squirming puppy for inspection.

"Look! He's got the same white star on his chest, and the four white socks," cried Bruce.

"Yes, and in bone and build he's the best of the lot," added his father. "I guess we'll name him Prince right here, for he's got the right to the title. Some day he'll lead the winter packet a day ahead of time into Whale River, and Mackay'll have to find a new joke. We'll have some sled-dogs worth their white-fish at Rupert yet, lad."

That year the spring came early to Rupert Land. The melting snow of April brought to the huskies a swift release from the winter's thralldom to collar and traces, and snow-shoes were discarded by the little colony for the slush-proof seal-skin boot. Then the ice began to boom and churn and grind day after day past the post to the salt bay. The great river, swollen by the floods from far Mistassini, crept foot by foot up the high shores until it seethed and hissed almost at the level from which, for two centuries, the brave little fort had hurled a mute defiance at the sullen north. Bound for the marshes of the west coast, long lines of gray geese, led by veteran couriers of the air, crossed like caravans the blue desert of the sky. White hosts of wavies, their snowy wings flapping in the sun's rays like huge banners, passed high overhead to their nesting-places in nameless arctic islands. In the



wake of the gray and the white squadrons came the little brothers of the air, duck and yellow-legs, warbler and thrush. And soon, from the neighboring forest, piped the heralds of soft days in Rupert Land.

With the waxing of the spring the sons and daughters of the Queen grew into hulking, leggy puppies, always in the way of every one, including themselves. But reckless indeed of the safety of his throat would have been the half-breed who kicked them from his path while the restless, narrow eyes of the Queen kept vigilant watch. And it was not long before the puppy with the white socks and star-emblazoned chest began to realize the promise of his earliest youth. Soon his fiercer spirit, aided by the might of his sturdier build, brought his kinsmen into subjection, and he became the acknowledged leader in every puppy plot and misadventure about the trade-house and factor's quarters.

It was the Prince who was found under the trade-house endeavoring to bolt Cristy's best pair of sealskin boots. It was the Prince who, unobserved, gnawed into a bag of flour, and on appearing before his family, an apparition in white, was set upon fiercely by his kinsmen in a body, who failed to recognize him in his new rôle of purity. Not until he had administered to them a sound drubbing, in the course of which activity he lost his disguise, was he readmitted to membership in the family circle. Again, it was the Prince who, at the tender age of three months, demonstrated to the half-wild tom-cat of the Cristys that a husky pup with a star on his chest and the teeth of an otter was not to be cuffed with impunity. Thereafter, Lynx curled a tail somewhat shorter than he formerly wore, and affected a decided hitch in his gait.

But though the Prince soon acquired a reputation for a peppery temper and the love of a brawl, Bruce Cristy early discovered that he, alone, of the children of the Queen, not even momentarily could be lured from the side of his master by coaxing or bribery. Early he acquired the trick of rushing full-tilt at Bruce, in his lumbering puppy gait, yelping as he ran, only, on reaching him, to seize a hand in his open jaws, and, raising his slant eyes, to wait with fiercely wagging tail for the

other hand to grasp his nose and roll him on his wriggling back.

So the northern summer passed, and with the first bite in the air came the gray and the white squadrons from the north to feed on the succulent goose-grass of the south coast marshes. Under Bruce the Company Indians manned the goose-boats and left for the annual hunt on Hannah Bay for the winter's supply. With the exception of Cristy and some of the older post Crees, Rupert House was devoid of men.

It was a soft, lazy afternoon at the end of September—weather which always precedes the cold storm that ushers in the Indian summer on the bay. A week of the latter and the stinging winds would sweep down from the north, bringing the brant and the first flurry of snow. The dogs of the factor's mail-teams were sprawled around the trade-house, asleep in the sun. But sleep this golden afternoon was not for the offspring of the Queen. Vainly, under the lead of the Prince, master of sports, they had romped from trade-house to river shore, and back to the spruce forest in the rear, in search of adventure. They had pawed and pulled at the inert anatomy of the Queen, only to be met with dire threats of chastisement in the form of low growls and lazy exposure of white canines as her head fell again in sleep. At last, in desperation, the hulking Prince picked up a bleached caribou shin-bone, and shaking it as he would a rabbit, challenged his comrades to take it.

With yelps of delight the pursuit began. Pell-mell around the trade-house went the pack at the heels of the big puppy. Back again they came, scrambling over each other in wild confusion as they slid down the steep river bank in full cry. Then up again and over to the forest raced the squealing huskies, hard in pursuit of one too fleet to be overtaken. Soon, out of the forest galloped the Prince, and headed for the trade-house. Arriving there, he stopped and allowed his nearest pursuers to come almost within reach, then, shaking his bone in their faces, he fled up the river shore toward the mission and the cabins of the post Indians a few hundred yards off.

The puppy had not covered half the distance when from the grass back of the



mission-house rose a big white husky, opening his red mouth in a wide yawn as he stretched. For a moment he surveyed the authors of the bedlam which had wakened him; then, with ears erect and hair on neck bristling, began to walk slowly through the long grass toward the oncoming puppies. Farther away, near the Indian shacks, other huskies rose, shook themselves, and turned in quest of the cause of this ruthless interference with their slumbers.

When the Prince and his pursuers had covered half the distance to the mission-house, the white sentinel watching them threw back his head and roused the post with the long-drawn call to arms of the half-wild descendants of the timber-wolves.

The challenge of the white husky stopped the romping puppies in their tracks. Young as they were, they already knew the meaning of the slogan. Sensing the peril into which their heedless crossing of the post dead-line had placed them, they turned and fled for the safety of the trade-house. At the same time the Prince, far in front of his pursuing comrades, stopped, dropped his bone, and, with ears pricked and hair on neck and back stiffly erect, stood for an instant watching the white husky, who, as he trotted toward him, repeated the long howl of battle.

Immediately from the Indian shacks came the answer of the supporting columns. Then realizing the fate in store for a half-grown husky from the factor's quarters, caught alone near the mission-house, he lifted his head with a yelp of defiance and turned back. But the delay due to this momentary act of bravado cost him dear. As they raced, the white dog, followed at a distance by his comrades, gained on the puppy at every bound. Now he crossed the frontier, but the trade-house still lay two hundred yards away. On came the big husky, yelping as he ran, until hardly a hundred feet separated them. Then, aware of the hopelessness of his attempt to escape, the puppy gave poignant proof of the blood royal that raced in his veins. Suddenly swerving, he checked himself, and, crouching with head lowered and feet braced widely apart, the fighting rage of a hundred wolfish forebears

blazing in his narrow eyes, he awaited the rush of the white husky with a snarl.

The big dog, surprised at being met jaw-to-jaw by his quarry, whom he anticipated pulling down from behind, and unable to stop himself, leaped as he reached the puppy, while the Prince, springing forward at the same instant, slashed with his sharp teeth a deep gash in the white body as it passed over him. Gathering himself like a flash, the big dog turned and jumped back, sinking his long fangs into the shoulder of the infuriated son of the Queen. But no yelp of fear or pain left the throat of the puppy as he closed in what would have been a death-grapple with his heavier and more skilful adversary, had not, at the instant that the white husky's superior weight bore him down, a gray streak shot through the air from behind, and a great slate-gray body catapulted into the white one, rolling it over and over, while punishing fangs slashed again and again into the white shoulders and chest, seeking the throat. Then, over the three, like tides on a reef, the yelping pack from the Cree cabins and the sled-dogs of the mail-teams, hurrying to support the Queen, met. Instantly there arose over Rupert House the wild din of two-score huskies, mad with the lust for blood, battling to the death.

Leaving the white husky gasping out his life through a ripped throat, the Queen, infuriated with the sight of the blood of her own body welling from the wounds of her puppy, stood over him, fighting like a demon. Lunging, slashing right and left with her knifelike fangs, she battled with her comrades against overwhelming odds, for the life of her son. But, though the dogs of the mail-teams were far outnumbered, they were picked animals, chosen for strength and endurance, veterans of a score of similar frays, and fighting together, as is their custom, they were more than holding their own, when the big factor, striking right and left with an axe-helve in each hand, sprang into the middle of the yelping, blood-smeared riot of enraged huskies. Yet not until reinforced by the Crees left at the post, and after a merciless use of the club, did Cristy finally separate the maddened brutes and stop the fight. Snarling their smothered rage as they limped, at times stopping to lick





Prince, springing forward at the same instant, slashed with his sharp teeth a deep gash in the white body as it passed over him.—Page 946.

their wounds, slowly the dogs of the Crees were driven to their quarters. And behind them in the grass they left the stiffening bodies of five of their number that never again would mingle in fur-post brawl.

The battle over, Cristy turned anxiously to the Queen, who lay, oblivious to her own wounds, beside the limp body of her son, washing with her healing tongue the ugly slashes in chest and shoulder.

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"How did this thing start, Antoine? I wouldn't lose this puppy for a dozen black-fox skins," he asked his half-breed clerk as he carried the torn body of the Prince to the trade-house.

"First tam I hear de husky shout, I look and I see de white dog chase de Prince pup. De oders run, but de pup he stop and mak' fight. Den de Queen, she travel lak timber-wolf for de white husky.

Dat Prince, he ver' cross for a pup. I tink he mak' some beeg fight w'en he grow up: pull de sled lak bull-moose."

"So it was the Queen who killed the white husky?"

"Ah-hah! She keel heem lak he was snow-shoe rabbit."

When they had washed and dressed the wounds of the Prince, they placed him on the sacking in the shack where he had come into the world. There the Queen, hurt but superficially, kept guard night and day. Then the goose-boats returned from the Bay with their feathered freight of gray geese, wavy, and brant.

On hearing the news, Bruce hurried to his hurt puppy. In the doorway of the shack stood the Queen, who put her great paws on his chest in an endeavor to lick his face; then led him to the sacking in the corner of the room. At the sound of Bruce's voice, the fevered puppy raised his head with a feeble yelp, struggling to get to his feet, but his bandaged chest and shoulders held him helpless, so he lay with wrinkling nose extended toward his master, his bushy tail beating the floor.

The stalwart young Scot, with more than a suspicion of mist in his eyes, kneeling, pressed his bronzed face against that of the overjoyed puppy.

"So they chewed up my Prince pup, did they?" he whispered into a pointed ear. "Well, they got what they deserved. He fought the white husky with the red eyes, didn't he? Yes, he did. Another year and they won't bother this pup much, I guess not."

Under the careful nursing of Bruce the wounds of the Prince soon healed, but the November snows had whitened the wastes of Rupert Land before he had regained his strength, and the winter was far advanced when his chest could bear the pull and drag of his first collar and harness.

With June returned the red fur-hunters from the upper Rupert and Nottaway river country to trade at the post. Teepees now dotted the cleared ground, while bark canoes like mushrooms covered the shore; and the buoys of nets set for the whitefish that came in with the flood-tide, floated in lines on the river's surface. Rupert House had suddenly awakened with

life and color. By day the swarthy children of the forest traded their winter's hunt of fur for the supplies of the Great Company, or lounged around the trade-house, smoking and exchanging the gossip of the north. At twilight the laughter of women and the voices of children at play filled the air, for the dread moons of the long snow, with their cold and famine, were passed and the days of plenty at hand.

One evening two French half-breeds, lean from privation, with clothes and mocasins worn to ribbons, turned a shattered Peterborough canoe into the post. The strangers said that in the previous summer they had crossed the Height of Land from the Lake St. John country, by way of the Roberval River and the Sinking Lakes, on the Labrador border, where they had trapped their furs. It was the most valuable winter's hunt that two men had brought to the post in the memory of the oldest Indian, and the suspicions of Cristy were aroused.

Part of their furs the breeds traded for a canoe, provisions, and ammunition, but refused to barter the foxskins. This convinced the factor that they intended to return to Lake St. John, where the free traders would pay them cash.

One morning Rupert House waked to find the strangers gone. That night when Bruce fed the sled-dogs, the Prince was missing. Then he knew that the husky had been taken from Rupert in the canoe of the half-breeds.

Quickly the post was aroused. Gathering his best voyageurs in the trade-room, Cristy addressed them in Cree.

"The last sleep the strangers from the south left Rupert House. With them they took the light of my eyes. And the heart of my son is sad. They journeyed far to trade their furs at the Big Water. This they did because they feared the heavy hands of the fathers at Ottawa, for they have broken the law. To-night a canoe takes the river trail to Mistassini, another follows the coast to Moose, and a third journeys up the Big Water to East Main Fort, to bring back these men and the dog, which I prize. There is much flour and tea for the canoe that brings back the dog, and the Company debt of the crew shall be forgotten."



The voyageurs launched the canoes, with supplies for the pursuit, and disappeared in the dusk.

Far into the night the factor and his son

sence of her son, in a long, mournful howl.

Early in August a packet from Moose Factory, with government despatches



The voyageurs launched the canoes, with supplies for the pursuit, and disappeared in the dusk.

sat speculating as to how the thieves had managed to overpower the great puppy and spirit him away without arousing the camp; while at intervals, outside, where the dogs slept in the grass, the deep throat of the Queen voiced her grief at the ab-

from Ottawa, told the story. The posts on the east coast were ordered to arrest two French half-breeds, accused of the murder, on the upper Roberval, of a Montagnais, and the wounding of several others, in a successful attempt to

rob a party of trappers of their winter's hunt.

Then the fur brigade arrived from Mistassini, and with it Michel and his tattered voyageurs. They had searched the length of the Rupert and the Marten Lakes trail to the south, but only once had found signs of the dog and the fleeing thieves. The factor at Mistassini wrote that he was crippled with rheumatism, and asked for an assistant.

"Well, here's where you get your chance to see some of the Height of Land country," said his father, handing Bruce the letter.

Three days later Bruce Cristy bade his family good-by, and started with the returning fur brigade for the great lake in whose half-mythical waters the white man's paddle has seldom dipped. Stepping into a birch-bark manned by four Crees, he placed his Winchester in its skin case at his feet, and turned grimly to his father, who stood on the shore.

"If they are hunting in the Mistassini country this winter and we don't get them, it won't be because I have hugged the fire at the post; and if I'm ever within rifle-shot and don't burn some powder, it won't be because I've forgotten my dog."

"Good-by, lad! Take care of yourself! We'll see you in the summer," called his father as the stalwart youth seized his paddle and gave the signal to start.

The five blades, driven by the toil-hardened backs and shoulders of the crew, churned the water in the wake of the brigade, and the long craft, followed by cries of "Bo'-jo'! Bo'-jo'!" from the little group of Crees on the shore, shot forward on its three-hundred-mile journey.

On arriving at Mistassini in September, Bruce found the factor Craig unable to walk, so he took active charge of the post. While most of the Crees were as yet in their summer camps on the lakes, curing fish for the winter, he sent canoes warning them to keep a sharp lookout for the renegades from Lake St. John, and promised a reward for the dog. But the couriers returned with no news of the Prince.

In October the stinging winds brought the snow to the lonely post far on the Height of Land, and the thoroughfares began to close with the early ice. Then for a month the little settlement was

marooned in the snow-swept solitudes, while the ice was making on the wide lakes and swift rivers, strong enough for men and dog-teams to travel. With the coming of the freezing November moon Bruce Cristy left the post with two dog-teams for the Sinking Lakes. Christmas found him still in the forests of the Labrador border, travelling from camp to camp of the Cree and Montagnais trappers who traded at Mistassini, searching for news of two half-breed strangers, and a big husky with star-emblazoned chest. Finally, disheartened after two months' fruitless wandering, he turned back on the Mistassini trail.

It was a bitter January day on the wind-harried level of the great lake, with the air filled with powdery snow that cut the faces of the men like whip-lashes. Gradually the travelled trail, ice-hardened at Christmas by the friction of many feet and runners, filled with drift, and the brisk trot of the dogs slowed to a walk as the light waned and the early dusk crept out from the deeply shadowed spruce shores. Jean, the French Cree driver at the gee-pole of the slowly moving sled, was searching the neighboring forest for a place to camp, while behind him walked Cristy, occupied with his thoughts.

Suddenly the lead dog yelped, starting the team forward on a trot. Looking up, Bruce saw a dog-team far ahead on the trail.

"It must be our boys," he said. "Stir up those huskies, Jean. Peter may have some news."

The driver cracked his whip at the leader's ears, and the pursuit began. From the first they gained rapidly. Soon hardly a mile separated the teams. Then catching a side view where the trail turned at right angles to round a point of the shore, Cristy's heart leaped, for the sled ahead, on which the driver rode, was drawn by a lone husky.

Bruce gripped the arm of the Cree. "There's only one dog on that sled, Jean! Come on!" Springing in front of the team, he ran up the trail.

At Cristy's approach the huddled figure on the sled gave no sign. At intervals an arm rose and fell, lashing the dog forward to the unequal task. Hardly a rifle-shot separated them when the exhausted dog,





"Good old Prince! Don't you remember me, boy?"

after repeated attempts to drag the sled through a drift, lay down on the trail. Again the whip rose and fell, rose and fell, but the husky did not move. Slowly the driver got up from the sled, and reeling forward struck the dog savagely on the head with the butt of the whip, then, carried off his balance by the blow, fell headlong to the snow at the dog's side. Like a flash the husky turned, and before the man could regain his feet lunged at his throat, forcing him, struggling, backward upon the trail. Once, twice, three times the fangs of the maddened brute tore at the throat of the helpless driver. Then, while the infuriated beast still worried the crumpled figure in the snow, Bruce reached them.

The gaunt husky, baring his white fangs with a snarl, turned from the lifeless body. Raising his massive head, across which,

from nose to ears, ran great welts left by the dog-whip, he glared with narrow, blood-shot eyes at the new enemy. And on the shaggy chest the frozen ooze from a harness-sore stained with a crimson smear a large white star.

"Prince! Prince! Don't you know me, boy?" cried his master, dropping his fur mittens, and reaching out with palms upward toward the angered dog, whose blood was still hot with the rage of battle.

The husky, expecting a blow from a dog-whip, and receiving no attack, stood for an instant confused. But the approach of the yelping team again aroused his fighting blood, and he faced around in his traces to defend himself, hair on back bristling.

"Good old Prince! Don't you remember me, boy? Don't you remember the Queen, the Queen. your old mother, Prince?"

Gradually, as Bruce repeated the words once so familiar to the wanderer, the bared fangs were covered. The pointed ears of the husky laid back against the skull, slowly righted themselves as the soothing tones of the voice he once loved stirred the ghosts of vague memories of other days, blurred by months of cruelty and starvation.

As his lost master continued to talk, the dog thrust forward his bruised muzzle and, with ears pricked, sniffed at Bruce's hand.

"Good old Prince! We've found him at last!" Bruce continued, his fingers now touching the extended nose of the puzzled dog. Then with a long whiff memory returned, and the husky recognized the beloved hand of his master of the happy days.

With a yelp, the starved Prince, fore feet uplifted, threw himself at Bruce. A pair of strong arms circled the shaggy neck, and a wind-burnt face sought the scarred head, while into a furry ear, amid whines of delight, were poured the things a man says only to his dog.

A slash of the knife freed the Prince from the harness. Kneeling on his snow-shoes, Cristy ran his fingers over the lumps and bruises on the great emaciated body that told the story of long months of slavery under brutal masters. Finding no broken bones, he turned to the dead man in the snow who had paid so dearly for every welt. For a moment, as Bruce gazed at the face, distorted in death, with glazed, sunken eyes staring sightless into the bitter night, pity held him; until the touch of a battered nose seeking his hand again hardened his heart.

"When their grub gave out," said Bruce, "I suppose he knifed the other one and started for the post."

They buried the murderer in the deep snow of the shore and left him to the tender mercies of his kind, the furred assassins of the forest. Then they made camp and fed the famished dog.

When the Prince had regained his strength, back at the post, Bruce decided not to wait until the thoroughfares cleared for canoe travel in May, but to leave for home on the first crust.

So one March afternoon found the Prince leading the dog-team slowly over the lump ice marking the long stretch of the Kettle Rapids, far down the Rupert

River. Whirlpools, shoots, and cross-currents, defying the inexorable cold long after the swift river closes elsewhere, keep the Rupert House trail broken here until January. Then, succumbing to the fierce temperature of the midwinter nights, the rapids freeze throughout their length in irregular mounds and ridges.

For an hour they had been hugging the shore, avoiding the treacherous footing of midstream. At last, on turning a bend, the white shell of the Rupert again stretched level before them.

With a cheery "Marche, Prince!" Cristy broke into the snow-shoe swing, half-walk, half-trot, which eats up the miles as does no gait on bare ground. In answer to the command, the willing leader started the team at a fast trot. Out into mid-river, where the going was good on the hard crust, swung Cristy, followed by his dogs. Then, as they left the foot of the rapids, without warning the ice sank under them, plunging driver and yelping dogs into the water.

With a few powerful strokes Cristy fought his way to the sound ice. Behind him, the Prince and the second dog struggled desperately against the drag of the sinking sled, holding the rear dogs under. Supporting himself with one arm, Bruce called to the panting husky, straining every nerve to reach his master. "Come on, Prince! Come on, Prince!" he cried, working desperately with numbed fingers to get at his knife. Then the swift current carried sled and helpless huskies downstream under the struggling Prince, momentarily easing the strain on the traces which bound him to them, and he reached and got his fore feet on the ice at his master's side. At the same instant Cristy freed his knife from its sheath. And as sled and drowning dogs were sucked under the ice, and the nails of the Prince's clinging fore feet slipped slowly toward the edge, while the doomed dog voiced his despair in a smothered whine, the traces were slashed.

Freed from the deadly weight, with a heave of his shoulders the husky raised himself half out of water, when the body of his master at his side furnished a foothold for a hind leg, and the dog was out.

Stiffening under the paralyzing chill and hampered by skin capote and snow-shoes,





The thick back of the great husky bowed slowly into an arc, and the freezing man was dragged to safety.

Cristy was weakening rapidly, when the Prince, sensing his master's peril, braced himself at the slippery edge of the firm ice and seized an arm in his strong teeth. Then as he strained for a foothold, with fore legs planted wide apart and nails biting deep into the treacherous surface, the thick back of the great husky bowed

slowly into an arc, and the freezing man was dragged to safety.

The dazed Cristy got to his feet and staggered to the shore, where he stood for a while staring helplessly at the grave of his faithful huskies. At length he turned to the dog at his side, who held in his half-open jaws his master's unmittened



On came the strange pair, stricken voyageur and faithful dog —Page 656.

hand, begging with beating tail for recognition.

Silently the man knelt and, seizing in his arms the shaggy neck, crushed his face against the great head.

"We're square now, boy. I won't forget and you won't forget," he said hoarsely, as the happy Prince sat motion-

less. "But we're a hundred miles from home, boy, and not an ounce of grub, or a blanket, and the wind's risin', and it'll go twenty below before daylight. It's travel day and night for us if we ever see Rupert again, and there'll be no whitefish and tea and bannocks on the way."

For answer, a cold nose and a hot red



tongue sought the man's face, while the shivering Cristy threw off his ice-caked capote and squeezed the water as best he could from his freezing clothes.

Then man and dog, side by side, started down the desolate river guarded by the pitiless hills, in the race against cold and starvation. Somewhere below, he knew there was an old Company cache. The bitter wind, drawing up-stream between the ridges, was strengthening. No man might face its stinging drive that night and save his face and hands. Already the blood was leaving his fingers in the frozen mittens. So he hurried to make the cache before the dusk.

White mile after mile the man and dog left behind them, but no sign of the cache. Cristy wondered if he had passed it, buried in the snow. It had been there in the fall, not far below the Kettle Rapids, and he must find it soon. He was travelling head down to avoid the sting of the wind, but his fingers might go at any time, and he thought of what that would mean.

Finally, he decided to plunge into the first timbered hollow and make camp. What a mockery that would be for man and dog—without food! Still, a roaring fire would help. But without an axe? Unless he found down timber, he couldn't hope for much of a fire without an axe, and the night would be bitter. The heart of the half-frozen youth sank. He thought of the family at Rupert that would not know his fate until the spring canoe from Mistassini reached the post with the news that he had left the lake in March. Or possibly the sled with the dogs would be washed ashore and found by the Nemiskau Crees on their way to the spring trade. So he mused as his snow-shoes crunched the brittle crust.

Then he pulled himself together. Men had travelled in the north farther without food, and in midwinter, too, when the wind was worse, and the nights forty and fifty below. Out of the wind it wouldn't be so bad. A thaw was due any time, and the wind never blows long in March in the north. But they must get into the first thick spruce soon, or— Then, half buried in the snow on the shore, he saw the cache.

"Come on, boy!" he cried, and shortly was shovelling an entrance through the

low door. Inside, some snow had drifted through chinks in the walls, but the roof was wind-proofed by the crust; and his spirits rose, for there at the end of the shack stood a rusty tent stove.

When he had gathered birch-bark and dry spruce sticks, his stiffened fingers fumbled for his match-box. With an exclamation of fear he swiftly searched each of his pockets. As he did, the lean face went pale under the weather-tanned skin. Turning to the dog, he cried:

"The matches went down with the sled, boy! We're done for! We'll never see Rupert now!"

As a last resort, he carefully explored the shack, but it had been unused for years, and he found no matches, but stumbled upon what the wood-mice had left of an old Company blanket. Again he searched the room for that which meant warmth and life, but in vain.

Then the desperate youth set to work banking in the walls of the cache with snow to make it wind-proof. This accomplished, he sealed the low doorway and prepared to fight through the bitter hours for his life. His woollen clothes, thanks to the severe exercise, were partially dry; so were the socks he wore next his feet. The outer ones he took off, kneaded until they were soft, wrung out what moisture he could, and put on again.

Scraping and pounding the ice from the heavy coat of the Prince, who, owing to the thick under-fur of soft hair and the hardihood of his breed, was immune to cold, Cristy made the dog lie down, and wrapping the blanket around them, clasped the great beast closely to his own. Through the bitter hours the warmth of the dog's body alone kept the heart of his master beating and the blood moving in his feet and hands.

At last the blue March dawn broke over the cache on the Rupert, and with it the wind fell. Later the rising sun overtook on the river trail a traveller with a ragged blanket slung on his back, and a slate-gray husky. Once the dog ran ahead, and turning, rushed yelping back to take in his jaws a mittened hand, and march, swishing a bushy tail, beside the man as if urging him to a faster pace. But the traveller, with head down and haggard eyes, swung stiffly on at the same stride,



for Rupert House lay ninety white miles away, and one who starves must save his strength.

Three days later old Michel opened the door of the trade-house at Rupert, stepped into the caribou thongs of his snow-shoes, and shuffled up the high river shore toward his cabin. At last the winter was breaking. The strong March sun, reflected from the sparkling white level of river and bay, fairly blinded the eyes. The tough old breed had not deigned to slip on the rabbit-skin mitts that hung from his neck by a cord, and in the sun his cap of cross-fox with its bushy tail dangling jauntily behind seemed too warm. Yet lately the nights had been bitter, with much wind. In a week, perhaps, the snow would melt a little each day at noon, to freeze hard again at sunset. Then in a few sleeps would come the big March thaw, and the trails would close for a moon. So he mused as his snow-shoes lazily creaked on the crust.

Suddenly the tall figure stopped in its tracks, a lean hand shading the keen eyes.

"Ah-hah!"

The exclamation was followed by a long silence as he stood, motionless, gazing up the river.

"Cree comin'!" he muttered after a time, and shortly added, "De rabbit, he give out in hees countree for sure."

With narrowed eyes still shaded, the watcher followed the moving spots on the snow far up the river trail.

"Ver' strange ting!" he finally said aloud. "He travel all over de riviere lak' he seek wid 'mal de tête.'" The old man slowly shook his head. "De husky, why he jump de trail? Ver' strange ting!"

Presently the approaching objects on the wide river further enlightened the keen eyes.

"Ah-hah!" This time with more vehemence, for the black spots were beginning to assume shape. "Dere ees no sled. De Cree starve out for sure."

Nearer came the one seeking the succor of Rupert House from the pitiless north. Then the old man expelled his breath with a long "Hah!" The mystery of the uncertain course of the stranger was solved.

"Snow-blind!" he said, and turned back

to the trade-house, to reappear with the factor and two Company men.

"A snow-blind Cree, with a lone husky, you say, Michel?" inquired Cristy, his eyes following the pointing finger.

"Snow-blind, right enough, and starved, poor devil! There he goes off the trail now. Why, the dog's pulling him back; he's leading him. He's hitched to the husky."

For a moment, in silence, they watched the uncertain progress of man and dog. Then the factor exclaimed:

"There, he's gone down! Michel, harness a team to the cariole! We'll go and get him."

Stunned, or too weak to rise, the snow-blind stranger lay where he fell, while the dog nosed the prostrate form. Then the husky threw back his head and roused the dogs of Rupert House with a long howl.

Cristy and a post half-breed were rapidly approaching when the fallen man, with an effort, got to his feet and, clinging to a trace that circled the dog's neck, again staggered forward. The big husky, excited by the answering howls of the post dogs appearing from all directions, dragged his reeling master up the trail. On came the strange pair, stricken voyageur and faithful dog, but as Cristy reached them, the legs of the man doubled under him and he lurched forward on the snow. With a whine the husky turned to the motionless figure. Then he faced the strangers with a warning growl, and the astonished Cristy saw on his broad chest a large white star.

"Prince! By heaven, it's the pup!" cried the amazed factor.

On guard over the body of his master, whose face was invisible, the huge husky, narrow eyes blazing, held the two men in their tracks.

"Don't y' know me, Prince? Good old Prince!" coaxed Cristy, reaching a hand toward the dog, who stood perplexed by the voice of the factor and the familiar white buildings grouped on the shore ahead.

With a moan, the one in the snow turned and raised himself on an elbow. Across the lean, bearded face a strip of torn shirt was bound, to shield the inflamed eyes from the sun-glare on the crust. A mit-tentless hand, blue from frost-bite, reached



up and touched the dog. Then the wanderer said weakly:

"I hear the huskies—Prince. We must be home—at last!"

"Bruce! Bruce! my lad!" cried his father, rushing to his stricken son.

With a bound the dog met the factor half-way, but the great fangs did not strike, for he had recognized his old friend.

Tenderly the starved and half-delirious youth was placed in the cariole sled and brought to the post.

Huskies, hurrying from far and near at the challenge from the river, already had been driven away when the Queen appeared. They were climbing the shore trail when she came trotting up to the great dog who marched beside the cariole sled within reach of his master's hand. The Prince pricked up his ears, whined uncertainly, and saluted her with a loud bark. With a low rumble of resentment in her throat at the presence at Rupert House of a strange husky whose shoulders topped her own by inches, she gingerly approached nearer. For a moment slant eyes looked into slant eyes, as mother and son stood motionless. Then, yelping wildly, the Prince sprang toward her. Surprised, the Queen stood on the defensive, when her bulky puppy carromed into her shoulders, rolling her over and over; but as they met, her nose, like a flash, caught the glad news. Then there followed a medley of yelps, leaps, caresses, and acrobatic expressions of unbounded canine delight such as Rupert House had witnessed in the memory of no living man. Bereft of their senses, mother and son raced up the high shores, round the trade-house, over to the factor's quarters and return, barking like mad.

When Bruce Cristy's mother took him

into her arms at the factor's door, there happened to the proud Queen, in the presence of the post, that which no husky before had had either the strength or daring to attempt. Running at her side, the joy-maddened Prince, weakened by three days' fast though he was, suddenly seized the Queen by the back of her great neck and, with a wrench, threw her on the snow. And to the amazement of the onlookers, instead of the swift punishment which they anticipated would be meted out to him for his audacity, his cold nose felt the swift lick of a hot tongue as she gained her feet, and again joined him in a mad frolic.

So did the Queen welcome her lost son.

That night Bruce Cristy lay in bed with snow compresses cooling the inflamed eyes and aching head. While, at intervals, his mother fed him nourishing broth, he briefly told the story of the finding of the Prince, his fight for life at the Kettle Rapids, and the long struggle home without fire or food.

Later, as his worn-out son slept, Cristy tiptoed to the door and, slipping into his snow-shoes, sought the shack behind the trade-house. Softly entering on moccasined feet, he smiled at the picture that the light from the low moon shining through the door revealed. For there, lying sprawled upon the sacking in the corner where he came into the world, lay the wanderer, sleeping deeply after a bountiful supper, while at his side, with her nose resting on the big-boned, hairy fore paws of her son, the Queen kept guard. At times as she slept her deep chest swelled and then contracted as she heaved a contented sigh in her dreams, which were sweet, for at last the Prince had come home.



# PAX ULTIMA

By Victor Starbuck

I THINK that sometime, when the year is young,  
And April steals along the leaf-hung ways,  
I shall shut down the windows and put by  
The pleadings and reports, lock fast the doors,  
And quit my desk, with its long-piled-up heaps  
Of legal rubbish—not as one who leaves  
His dwelling in the morn, to come again  
At candle-light, but rather like to one  
Who takes his staff and goes a pilgrimage  
(Not looking backward even in his thoughts)  
Unto a holy city. The dreary streets  
Shall call to me no longer. Night and noon,  
Dew-fall and afterglow, shall be but steps  
In my long wandering that leads to Peace.

Once more I shall behold the bubbling brooks  
Beneath their banks of fern, or where they run  
By furrowed fields, and hear the quiet winds  
Aloof from earth, that move the towering clouds  
And whisper solemn secrets to the pines,  
With a free heart, as one who is a part  
And substance of the breathing world, and knows  
Its deeper intimations. I shall feel  
The spirit that informs the setting sun  
And moves the tides, and makes all-beautiful  
The objects of the sight; and I shall know  
The dramas of the dust and thistle-seed,  
And lyrics of the stars, and epic sweep  
Of galleon-wingèd clouds.

Once more my hands  
Shall guide the ploughshare through the yielding earth,  
And I shall watch the gleaming coulter turn  
The fragrant furrows. I shall swing the scythe  
Among the blossomy grass, and see the dew,  
Sun-smitten to a flame of rainbow-glints,  
Fall, at each scythe-stroke, with the stricken grass  
That whispers as it falls; and I shall smell  
The spirit-lulling scent of sun-cured hay  
Bedamped with evening rains.

And when the dusk  
Brings back the cricket's immemorial fife,  
Then I shall stand beside the gathered ricks  
And see the friendly evening star lean low  
Above the furrows. So my life shall flow,  
As doth the slow procession of the days,  
With thoughts of standing and of garnered crops,  
And sheep and goats and fig and scuppernong  
And peas and melons. And the world may pass  
With gibes and bickerings, and I shall not heed.



## · THE POINT OF VIEW ·

AT a time when everybody considers it a moral, spiritual, and æsthetic duty to be "up and doing," and a crime to be "stuffy," it is amusing and suggestive to see a man with the modern outlook, a writer quite in the forward movement in all

The Gospel of the  
Unstrenuous Life

other aspects of his work, sounding in one particular a note as far removed as can be from the universal concert. It is Mr. Arnold Bennett that I am thinking of, and his quaint admiration—nay, more, his affection, his almost tender feeling—for the middle-aged type of feminine person known as a frump. Mr. Bennett is not an author who can be charged with regarding the opposite sex from too sentimental an angle, but he certainly perceives solid and unsuspected attractions in a kind of female character that has become, or is fast becoming, as remote from the comprehension of her own sex as if she belonged to the mysterious race that built the stone prehistoric monuments of South America and the Pacific islands. The English writer has, in fact, contributed a new type to fiction. And it is strange that the critics who are always in search of such things should not more generally have found this out. The feminine character who makes possible the plot of "Buried Alive" (the novel, not necessarily the play made from it) is an original and noteworthy addition to literature. She is also a commentary, and a fresh and racy one, on the life of to-day. It might appear on the surface as if she had been a part of all novels since novels were written. But the difference is that she used to be in novels for the "comic relief"; whereas in Mr. Bennett's pages she is not there for that purpose at all. She is not there to be lyricized either; to have her dowdy and drab estate treated in the tearful mood. The reason why Mr. Bennett appears to like her so well is that she represents in his eyes better than any one else the plain, the absolute, human mean. The men of the Five Towns, as you see them in "The Old Wives' Tale," let us say, certainly walk the average path of life, with their noses to the grindstone. But any philosopher knows

that the dullest, most routine-loving male remains, at heart, incurably a believer in the existence of various kinds of golden fleeces, upon a quest of any one of which he may suddenly surprise his intimates by adventuring. Not so the middle-aged or elderly woman who, having known matrimony and romance in her youth, has now settled down to "just living along." As the English author interprets her, you always know, with a delightful surety, just where to find her. She never makes you uneasy by starting in pursuit of mirages, because she has so imperceptibly, without saying anything about it, lost all inconvenient illusions. Even when, in one of the Bennett novels, a lady of this class finds it necessary to make a determined fight for her husband's affections against the machinations of a more attractive rival, what could be more pleasantly matter-of-fact, more placidly magnanimous, more altogether philosophical, than the manner in which she goes about her task? One only wonders why, given her serenity, she should go to so much trouble. She believes, it would appear, in keeping a husband, as she would (to a limited extent) her waist measurements. It is the thing to do. And the thing to do, she would say, is always—in a world where all people are more or less shams, and truly can't help it, poor things—in the end the comfortable way out for everybody.

The word exactly defines her. She is, herself, a comfortable person. Yet is it no careless, "slack" comfortableness. It is the kind that is founded on an illimitable, sphinx-like wisdom. It is the comfortableness of a common sense that has taken the measure of most things; if not by actual experience, by a sort of divination.

The general interest of all this is, that one wonders how many men and women, in this striving generation, have a leaning, more or less unconfessed, toward precisely these characteristics. Those that have them probably like to keep them rather under cover. For it has come to this, so far has the cult of activity-at-any-cost progressed, that not to be trying for something more than one



has is not only a dense state, but really an ugly, rather sordid, phenomenon. It is not the high quality that it was, to be content with your situation in life and to make the best of it. "Comfortable" people usually were content; and certainly they could, by an alchemy of their own, extract singular pleasure from the commonplaces of existence, and convey an equal sense of well-being to others. Their acquaintances prized them duly therefor. As the old grandfather remarks in "Milestones" to his blithe, gentle, placid wife who finds everything pleasant: "That's because you're pleasant. I've said it before. And I say it again." Such virtues have perceptibly depreciated of late years. No one desires to be the sort of creature who will always be found sitting at the fireside, or over the quiet tea-urn, when some one else needs a confidant. No one wishes to be soothing as an afternoon walk through gray November woods. No one wants the personality that blunts and smooths other people's nerves as if they had been wrapped up in cotton-wool. People should not like being wrapped in cotton-wool, it is said. The more their nerves are left in the raw the more likely they are to accomplish things. And confidences, in any case, are obsolete, weakening, time-wasting indulgences.

Behind this change of view-point is a changed ethical standard. This is a dynamic period, and it makes no distinction between going slowly and going slothfully. Shy people and contemplative casts of mind who get so much out of the inward moods are not regarded with the good-humored tolerance that practical souls formerly meted out to them. They arouse, rather, an irritated resentment, as if they were the victims of a malady they could cure if they chose. And perhaps they are, and perhaps they could cure it if they chose. When a movement is as universal as the present one for expanding the personality, for getting out of the individual shell, for struggling up to new planes and unsuspected experiences, it is safe to look on it as a mysterious sort of life-force, working to ends of its own. People who maintain that the gospel of forced energy is altogether abhorrent and tiresome have, for the time being at least, the burden of the proof on their side. They may say that forcing withers imagination and dries up the deeper movements of the mind at

their source. They may say that they never get the best out of themselves under mechanical pressure. But they must say it quietly—and wait for the tide to turn.

IT is a curious scheme which Mr. H. G. Wells unfolds, in the opening pages of "The Passionate Friends," for the better understanding of fathers by their sons. Why, he asks, should his father and grandfather have "left so much of the tale untold—to be lost and forgotten? Why must we all repeat things done, <sup>As Between</sup> and come again very bitterly to wisdom our fathers have achieved before us? . . . Cannot we begin now to make a better use of the experiences of life so that our sons may not waste themselves so much; cannot we gather into books . . . the gist of these confused and multitudinous realities of the individual career?" And he prophesies a "new private literature" to be passed down from parent to child, in which fathers and mothers will tell their experiences "as one tells things to equals, without authority or reserves or discretions, so that, they being dead, their children may rediscover them as contemporaries and friends."

This may seem at first glance an attractive and feasible plan, but does Mr. Wells or any one else really suppose that the son will profit by the father's experience? Even if the adventure were to repeat itself exactly, which is unlikely, can any one of us imagine that the son will not want to try its issues for himself? And does not the anxious father, after all, like him the better for his spirit? Fancy, for instance, the young man leaving the affair which engrosses him and hurrying home. "Father," he says, "my inclinations lead me to fall in love with the wrong woman. If I go on I shall find myself in a devil of a scrape—and I'm not sure that it won't be worth it. But just let me have a look at your private record and see whether you have put down anything which is likely to be of use. Or perhaps grandfather may have something to say about it." And picture the father unlocking the drawer and handing out the book.

In the matter of friendship and comradeship between father and son, it is well understood that it is the father's part to listen to the outpourings of youth, to advise a little,



to sympathize a great deal, to indulge sparingly in reminiscence and generously in anticipation. Doubtless the desire for self-expression may be as keen in the father as in the son, but it is a true instinct which leads him to indulge it more freely to his contemporaries than to his children. Not only does he fear to weary the youth, but he would dislike very much to shock him. For the traditional attitude of parent and child has roots which strike very deep; even deeper in the child's heart than in the parent's. The father does indeed like to be a person of consideration with his son, to be admired and respected by him, as well as to be a good comrade, but this feeling on his part is not a circumstance compared with the son's desire to look up to him.

No person on earth is so conservative as a child; the nursery tale must always be told in the same words. And with regard to our parents we are always children. We don't want to look at them with level eyes; we want to look up. A record of high thoughts and worthy deeds—yes, certainly we should like that, even though we might not read it very often; but to see most of them in their habit as they lived, when they were at our own time of life—their follies, their blunders, their stupidities, their vices, large and small, their narrowness and intolerance—no, thank you, we don't care for the view. True, it may be amusing to hear of trifling youthful follies, of the sort that one tells jestingly at family gatherings; that father made merry in his college days, that mother was a sad coquette; but it is only as trifles, in piquant contrast to the excellences of later life, that these things are entertaining. To be sure, if we were to come upon the private record only when we had ourselves grown old, we could regard it with some equanimity—but not in our youth! There is no other relation in life in which we so jealously demand adherence to type. Our parents may be handsome and witty, wise and good, or they may be modest and self-effacing, or plain, or a little slow-witted; if they stick to the parent type we can shut our eyes to a great deal else. If, as parents, they fail unobtrusively, it is disappointment; if they fail conspicuously, it is tragedy. And so, if the "private literature" of the family should unfold such a tale as that of the "passionate friends," I think that the "little son" for whom it was ostensibly written would rather

it had been burned unread. For our desire is that "father" shall love "mother" better than he loves any other woman, or, if that be tragically impossible, that he shall preserve a decent reticence with regard to his vagrant affections. Decidedly, his son would resent being taken into the confidence of his alien passion. No, I think Mr. Wells's plan will hardly do.

A "NATURAL HISTORY" made up of the conscientious exaggerations and conscienceless misstatements by travellers, and other romancers, ought to prove an interesting work, highly profitable as a book-agent offering. In the rural districts and at summer resorts solicitors should find it easy to write orders for it by the thousand; especially

Unnatural  
Natural History

in telling their victims that it represents all the great men in literature, from Herodotus and Tartarin down to contemporary writers. One volume of this work I have already planned: the one entitled "America."

Of course I do not mean to exclude foreign writers from this volume. That would be at once rash and ungenerous. There is, for example, John Josselyn. This gentleman paid us two long visits in the course of the seventeenth century, and published a little book in 1672, entitled: "New England's Rarities Discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, & Plants of the Country; Together with the Physical and Chyrurgical Remedies Wherewith the Natives Constantly use to Cure their Distempers, Wounds, and Sores. Also a perfect Description of an Indian SQUA, in all her Bravery; with a Poem not improperly conferr'd upon her. Lastly A Chronological Table of the most remarkable Passages in that Country amongst the English." Do you know the work? It is well worth your study. The reader of our colonial literature finds there such refreshment as I imagine voyagers through the desert enjoy on arriving at a particularly herbaceous oasis. "Into the woods," writes Josselyn on one page, "and happening into a fine broad walk, I wandered till I chanced to spy a fruit—as I thought—like a pine-apple, plated with scales. It was as big as the crown of a woman's hat"—a bonnet of 1672, remember, not a toque of 1914; "I made bold to step into it with an intent to have gathered it.



No sooner had I touched it but hundreds of wasps"—i. e., hornets—"were about me. At last I cleared myself from them, but by the time I was come into the house they hardly knew me but by my garments."

In the circumstances, Josselyn was lucky to have any garments left to recognize. What happened to him was natural enough, in the premises; but Josselyn affords also anecdotes of unnatural history. "In America," he writes, "barley commonly degenerates into oats, and summer wheat many times changes into rye."

Now, before I finish my compilation, I want to decide—and for that decision I shall refer to your opinion—whether Josselyn was the victim of a practical joker, or was himself that joker. "The frogs of this country," he writes in all apparent seriousness, "are commonly as big as a child one year old." I shall discuss the various orders of frogs, native and foreign, in a long foot-note to my projected work.

This much, after a good deal of research, I am sure of: Josselyn was more pretentious than authentic. The more scholarly natural historiography of the eighteenth century is, nevertheless, almost as questionable. Who could exceed in respectability our first distinguished botanist, Friend John Bartram? Here is a letter that any one may consult in manuscript—any one, that is, who finds it worth a trip to Philadelphia. The letter is undated, but was written in the author's youth; it is addressed to his brother William, who was then "keeping store" in the South. The botanist wrote, presumably, from his farm by the Schuylkill; and begins (after a "Dear Billy"):

"I was lately told by a man that rides express, that he saw in No Carolina not far from Cape Fear, a strange plant about as big as a daisy & much like it in flower. I think he called it ye wonderful flower whose properties was such that if they looked earnestly at it ye petals of ye flower would close up he said ye moors, near Brunswick knowed it well: if it lieth in thy way to speak with Morris More ask him about it if it be true it will be a fine curiosity & furnish matter for Phylosophical contemplation. . . ."

So far as I know, this letter has never been reproduced in the historical accounts

of John Bartram, who founded (as his son duly records) the first botanic gardens in all America. Yet the letter is deserving of the fame I mean to give it. And so are my other specimens of our unnatural natural history: where will figure passages from Parson Weems's writings (notably his account of the mammoth "suddenly dashing in among a thousand buffaloes, feeding at large on the vast plains of Missouri"); from Saint John de Crèvecoeur's charming "Letters from an American Farmer" (Lowell called it "that dear book")—to say nothing of Chateaubriand's "René", and "Atala" and "Travels in America."

My "Unnatural Natural History" will make new reputations for other writers, too—Champlain, for one. Champlain—a truth-teller in so far as any Christian man may hope to be so classified—names in his "Voyages" the many kinds of birds of prey found in the New World: "falcons, gerfalcons, sakers, tassels, sparhawks, goshawks, marlins (martens?), two kinds of eagles, little and big owls, great horned owls of exceptional size, pyes, woodpeckers." So far so good. But listen to his account of the bald buzzard or sea-eagle: "Gray plumage on the back and white on the belly, as fat and large as a hen, *with one foot like the talon of a bird of prey*, with which it catches fish; *the other like that of a duck*. The latter serves for swimming in the water when he dives for fish. This bird is not supposed to be found except in New France."

This New France of Champlain's must have extended almost as far south as Bartram's North Carolina. I suspect, too, that it was at not many removes from that "French *pays de cocagne*," where, by Benjamin Franklin's Rabelaisian account, the streets are paved with half-baked loaves and the houses tiled with pancakes; while fowls fly through the air already roasted, crying: "Come, eat me!"

The country described in the volume "America" in this "Unnatural Natural History" of mine offers a tempting invitation to the travel-lover. Not all of us care to interrupt our walks by botanizing—but could you, gentle reader, refuse to pause and watch wheat turning, before your very eyes, to golden rye?



# · THE FIELD OF ART ·

## SOME RECENT SMALL SCULPTURES



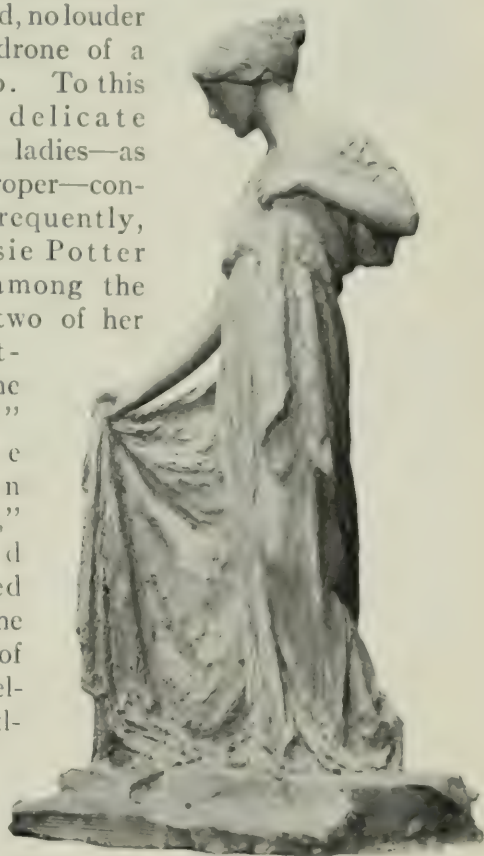
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The Elfin Piper. By Lillian Link.

and none of them very large, was notable for the extent of the field it covered. The general public, it was officially stated at the close of the exhibition, was particularly interested in the small bronzes. As is usual in these collective exhibits, the sculpture showed no such wide divergence of technical theories and practices as the paintings, and it might be claimed that it covered an even wider range of human and artistic interests. The absence of the big, official, monumental works did not very seriously diminish the demand upon the spectator's sympathies, imagination, sense of charm, and even

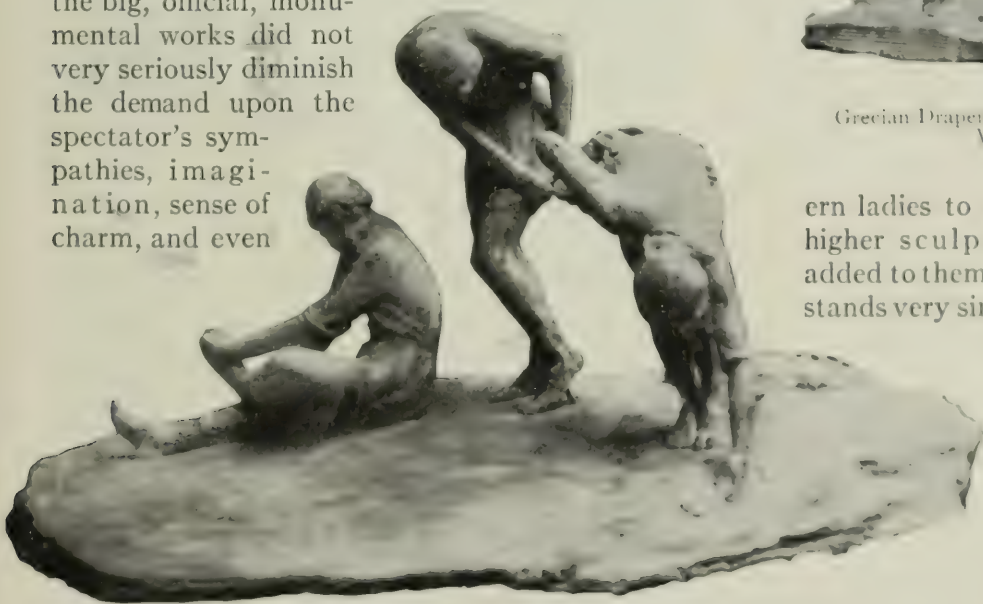
THE collection of contemporary American sculpture shown last Winter at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York, though it included only one hundred and nineteen works, the great majority of them small

tenderness, and appreciation of subtle humor. Some of the very smallest pieces were the most effective—as Lillian Link's very little "Elfin Piper," a very small, flapped infant seated on a tiny hillock and fluting on his infinitesimal reed, no louder than the drone of a mosquito. To this quality of delicate charm the ladies—as was but proper—contributed frequently, Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh among the first. In two of her small statuettes, the "Daphne" and the "Grecian Draperies," she had transferred some of the attributes of her little, delicate, mod-



Grecian Draperies. By Bessie Potter Vonnoh.

ern ladies to larger themes and higher sculptural motifs, and added to them. The "Daphne" stands very simply and naturally gathering with one hand her ample draperies over her smooth young body, and with her left arm raised puts back her long hair; in the



Girls Wading. By Abastenia St. Leger Eberle.



The Shell Fountain. By Janet Scudder.

hand extended holds out at arm's length the wide overgarment, the pepulum, preparatory to bringing it around her. The head, bent downward a little, is gracious; the figure, natural and feminine, is yet sculptural.

Miss Eberle has found a new inspiration in a little group of three every-day young girls in light bathing dresses on a sandy beach, sitting, standing, and stooping. They are all at the slim age, the body not yet developed, and the limbs long rather than round. Their hair, loosely put up, falls in picturesque little loops and braids; conventionality is quite absent. The one on the right stoops to gather sea-weed washed up by the tide; at the left of the group another sits flat on the sand and pulls off her long stockings, looking over her shoulder at the sea-weed gatherer; the third, in the centre, standing, twists upon herself as only a young person can to tuck up the bottom of her scanty skirt. This cheerful and decorative group, very skilfully spaced and planned, was first seen in the plaster at the celebrated "Armory exhibition," of "Futurists" and such, last year, but was one of several works of art shown there that did not seem to belong in that *galère*. No contemporary exhibition of sculpture is complete without at least one of Miss Scudder's little fountain figures, and in these

"Grecian Draperies" the maid, also standing, draped in her long, loose undergarment (an Ionic chiton, perhaps), and with her right

galleries of the Academy there were three, the most interesting being the little bronze figure for the "Shell Fountain," a small nude girl holding high in her right hand a clam-shell from which the water is to fall on the twiddling fingers of her left, graceful and amusing as a fountain figure should be. In another fountain figure, by Edith Parsons, also life-size, "The Duck Baby," a little girl standing straightly on both legs grins in great enjoyment as she holds against each shoulder a protesting duckling.



The Duck Baby. By Edith B. Parsons.

The Helen Foster Barnett prize for the best piece of sculpture shown in the exhibition, the work of an artist under thirty-five years of age, which had been awarded five times previously, was given to Paulanship, a graduate of the American School in Rome, who first became known to the general public by his exhibit in that of the School at the Architectural League Exhibition in February, 1913. Many of his works seen here in bronze, including the prize-winner, group of "Centaur and Dryad," were first shown at the League exhibition in plaster, with

also three works of life-size figures. Among the additional bronzes in the Academy galleries was a little group, an early work, quite different in inspiration and execution, much



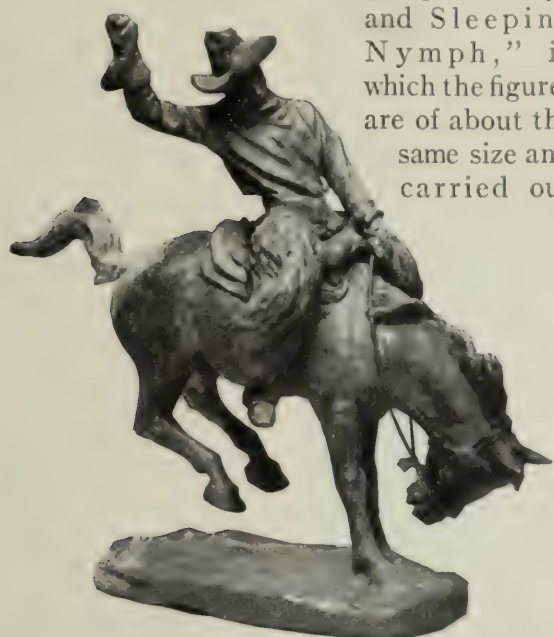
The Lyric Muse. By Paulanship.



more summary in modelling, "Tired Workers." In his later work the sculptor has occupied himself very frequently with antique themes, with skilful adaptations of the archaic, and of vase-painting details, decorative and rendered with a very careful completeness, which runs into great delicacy and beauty in the ornaments, as on the pedestal of the "Centaur" and on a handsome semi-classic vase exhibited. Less important as a decorative work, but perhaps endowed with a more lively and humorous human interest, is the



Model in bronze of Bison for a street bridge, Washington, D. C.  
By A. Plimister Proctor.



Fanning a Twister. By Joseph J. Mora.

group of "Satyr and Sleeping Nymph," in which the figures are of about the same size and carried out with the same original and skilful combination of accurate and finished modelling and adaptations of archaic treatment in the heads (sometimes, as in the case of this nymph, of the hair only), the tails, and occasional little formal trimmings of curled hair or fur. Notwithstanding the rendering of the hair in these figures by a formal division into parallel lines, the feeling of softness and abundance is adequately conveyed—notably in that of this sleeping nymph.

The same qualities may be found in some of the sculptor's other statuettes, also reproductions in bronze of the plas-

ters of the League exhibition. The "Lyric Muse" kneels, throws her lyre out at arm's length and sings, open-mouthed; the "Little Brother," a baby, is held up triumphantly on his big sister's shoulder; in the "Playfulness" the girl seated dances the infant on her outstretched leg; the "Spring Awakening" is remarkable for the rendering of the tightened muscles in the entire body and limbs as the seated nude figure stretches and yawns in complete abandon. On the contrary, the "Portrait Statuette" is of a lady walking, in a careful reproduction of her modern street costume. The sculptor is at present engaged, among other things, on a series of highly decorative heroic classic terminal figures, twelve in number, to be carved in white marble.

As for the mounted cowboy (or soldier) in action—who has come to be one of the accepted figures in the contemporary native sculpture—he appeared here very nearly at his best, in two spirited little groups by Joseph J. Mora, "Fanning a Twister" and "On the Hurricane Deck." In the group with the suggestive nautical title the horse,



Wounded Comrade. By Carl E. Akeley.

with his head down, stiff on his fore legs, has both hind legs in the air for the infinite, skyward kick and the rider braces himself backward in the saddle against the coming catapulting over the animal's head. In the other the horse, head down and much to one side, is anchored on his straddling hind legs for the irresistible twisting rear that shall send the rider headlong over the tail, while he—in what looks very like rash bravado—slaps the neck of the beast with his sombrero. The completeness of knowledge here shown of equine construction and possible motion is one of the most modern of artistic acquirements.

Of the other animal sculptures in this exhibition—few in number—the most notable were Phimister Proctor's small model in bronze for one of his colossal bison that are to face each other at the entrance of the Q Street Bridge in Washington, D. C., both recently completed in his studio in New York City, and Carl E. Akeley's moving little group of the "Wounded Comrade"—an African elephant in distress supported and encouraged by two others, one on each side. This incident is declared by the hunters to have been witnessed more than once. In this group all three tuskers advance slowly through the long elephant-grass, the two friends pressing closely against the sides of their wounded comrade to keep him on his feet; he on the left side wraps his long trunk around and across the head and even thrusts one of his tusks under the other's to support him. The dark color of the bronze, sup-

plementing the very accurate and careful modelling of these pachyderms, gives a curious air of nature in little to this contribution to science and art. The incident of the

broken tusk of one of the good Samaritans is also according to the facts—one broken among three pair is said to be rather below the average.

Mr. Proctor's bison are also among the modern additions to the repertory of art—to the formidable bulk and weight and strength which are this animal's obvious monumental qualities the sculptor adds an action, an alertness, head and tail up, also founded on truth, which give him that air of power and menace necessary to symbolic animals. This small bronze represented the completed full-size model shown in the sculptor's studio in January, 1914, and cast in the same month, the largest



Unfolding of Life. By Chester Beach.

single casting in bronze ever done in America. Of the more purely imaginative sculpture the largest and in some respects the most ambitious work in this exhibition was Chester Beach's "Unfolding of Life"—figures in white marble of about half life-size. In this group the nude female figure, emerging from her confining draperies, was slender and graceful, long-limbed, not expressing the fullness of exuberance of life; in the unidealized head the sculptor probably meant to represent character and vigor rather than the mere beauty. The arrangement of the drapery behind her and on the extended right arms was well designed to set off the lines of the figure.

WILLIAM WALTON.







*Drawn by Walter King Stone.*

WE SAW, ON THE PLAIN BENEATH, OUR TIDY VILLAGE AND THE WINDING  
THREAD OF THE RIVER.

—“Upland Pastures,” page 726.



# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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## A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS\*

[THIRD ARTICLE]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE HEADWATERS OF THE PARAGUAY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS  
OF THE EXPEDITION

AT Corumbá our entire party, and all their belongings, came aboard our good little river boat, the *Nyoac*. Christmas Day saw us making our way steadily up-stream against the strong current, and between the green and beautiful banks of the upper Paraguay. The shallow little steamer was jammed with men, dogs, rifles, partially cured skins, boxes of provisions, ammunition, tools, and photographic supplies, bags containing tents, cots, bedding, and clothes, saddles, hammocks, and the other necessities for a trip through the "great wilderness," the "matto grosso" of western Brazil.

It was a brilliantly clear day, and, although of course in that latitude and at that season the heat was intense later on, it was cool and pleasant in the early morning. We sat on the forward deck, admiring the trees on the brink of the sheer mud-banks, the lush rank grass of the marshes, and the many water birds. The two pilots, one black and one white, stood at the wheel. Colonel Rondon read Thomas à Kempis; Kermit, Cherrie, and Miller squatted outside the railing on the deck over one paddle-wheel and put the final touches on the jaguar-skins. Fiala

satisfied himself that the boxes and bags were in place. It was probable that hardship lay in the future; but the day was our own, and the day was pleasant. In the evening the after-deck, open all around, where we dined, was decorated with green boughs and rushes, and we drank the health of the President of the United States and of the President of Brazil.

Now and then we passed little ranches on the river's edge. This is a fertile land, pleasant to live in, and any settler who is willing to work can earn his living. There are mines; there is water-power; there is abundance of rich soil. The country will soon be opened by rail. It offers a fine field for immigration and for agricultural, mining, and business development; and it has a great future.

Cherrie and Miller had secured a little owl a month before in the Chaco, and it was travelling with them in a basket. It was a dear little bird, very tame and affectionate. It liked to be handled and petted; and when Miller, its especial protector, came into the cabin, it would make queer little noises as a signal that it wished to be taken up and perched on his hand. Cherrie and Miller had trapped many mammals. Among them was a tayra weasel, whitish above and black below, as

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big and bloodthirsty as a fisher-martin; and a tiny opossum no bigger than a mouse. They had taken four species of opossum, but they had not found the curious water-opossum which they had obtained on the rivers flowing into the Caribbean Sea. This opossum, which is black and white, swims in the streams like a muskrat or otter, catching fish and living in burrows which open under water. Miller and Cherrie were puzzled to know why the young thrive, leading such an existence of constant immersion; one of them once found a female swimming and diving freely with four quite well-grown young in her pouch.

We saw on the banks screamers—big, crested waders of archaic type, with spurred wings, rather short bills, and no especial affinities with other modern birds. In one meadow by a pond we saw three marsh deer, a buck and two does. They stared at us, with their thickly haired tails raised on end. These tails are black underneath, instead of white as in our white-tail deer. One of the vagaries of the ultra-concealing colorationists has been to uphold the (incidentally quite preposterous) theory that the tail of our deer is colored white beneath so as to harmonize with the sky and thereby mislead the cougar or wolf at the critical moment when it makes its spring; but this marsh deer shows a black instead of a white flag, and yet has just as much need of protection from its enemies, the jaguar and the cougar. In South America concealing coloration plays no more part in the lives of the deer, the tamandua, the peccary, the jaguar, and the puma than it plays in Africa in the lives of such animals as the zebra, the sable antelope, the wildebeeste, the lion, and the hunting hyena.

Next day we spent ascending the São Lourenço. It was narrower than the Paraguay, naturally, and the swirling brown current was if anything more rapid. The strange tropical trees, standing densely on the banks, were matted together by long bush ropes—lianas, or vines, some very slender and very long. Sometimes we saw brilliant red or blue flowers, or masses of scarlet berries on a queer palm-like tree, or an array of great white blossoms on a much larger tree. In a lagoon bordered by the taquará bamboo a school of big ot-

ters were playing; when they came to the surface, they opened their mouths like seals, and made a loud hissing noise. The crested screamers, dark gray and as large as turkeys, perched on the very topmost branches of the tallest trees. Hyacinth macaws screamed harshly as they flew across the river. Among the trees was the guan, another peculiar bird as big as a big grouse, and with certain habits of the wood-grouse, but not akin to any northern game-bird. The windpipe of the male is very long, extending down to the end of the breast-bone, and the bird utters queer guttural screams. A dead cayman floated down-stream, with a black vulture devouring it. Capybaras stood or squatted on the banks: sometimes they stared stupidly at us; sometimes they plunged into the river at our approach. At long intervals we passed little clearings. In each stood a house of palm logs, with steeply pitched roof of palm thatch, and patches of corn and mandioc. The dusky owner, and perhaps his family, came out on the bank to watch us as we passed. It was a hot day—the thermometer on the deck in the shade stood at 103 degrees Fahrenheit. Biting flies came aboard even when we were in midstream.

Next day we were ascending the Cuyabá River. It had begun raining in the night, and the heavy downpour continued throughout the forenoon. In the morning we halted at a big cattle-ranch to get fresh milk and beef. There were various houses, sheds, and corrals near the river's edge, and fifty or sixty milch cows were gathered in one corral. Spurred plover, or lapwings, strolled familiarly among the hens. Paraquets and red-headed tanagers lit in the trees over our heads. A kind of primitive houseboat was moored at the bank, a woman was cooking breakfast over a little stove at one end. The crew were ashore. The boat was one of those which are really stores, and which travel up and down these rivers, laden with what the natives most need, and stopping wherever there is a ranch. They are the only stores which many of the country-dwellers see from year's end to year's end. They float down-stream, and up-stream are poled by their crew, or now and then get a tow from a steamer. This one had a house with a tin roof; others bear houses with thatched



roofs, or with roofs made of hides. The river wound through vast marshes broken by belts of woodland.

Always the two naturalists had something of interest to tell of their past experience suggested by some bird or beast we came across. Black and golden orioles, slightly crested, of two different species were found along the river; they nest in colonies, and often we passed such colonies, the long pendulous nests hanging from the boughs of trees directly over the water. Cherrie told us of finding such a colony built round a big wasp-nest, several feet in diameter. These wasps are venomous and irritable, and few foes would dare venture near birds' nests that were under such formidable shelter; but the birds themselves were entirely unafraid, and obviously were not in any danger of disagreement with their dangerous protectors. We saw a dark ibis flying across the bow of the boat, uttering his deep, two-syllabled note. Miller told how on the Orinoco these ibises plunder the nests of the big river turtles. They are very skilful in finding where the female turtle has laid her eggs, scratch them out of the sand, break the shells, and suck the contents.

It was astonishing to find so few mosquitoes on these marshes. They did not in any way compare as pests with the mosquitoes on the lower Mississippi, the New Jersey coast, the Red River of the North, or the Kootenay. Back in the forest near Corumbá the naturalists had found them very bad indeed. Cherrie had spent two or three days on a mountain-top which was bare of forest; he had thought there would be few mosquitoes, but the long grass harbored them (they often swarm in long grass bush, even where there is no water), and at night they were such a torment that as soon as the sun set he had to go to bed under his mosquito-netting. Yet on the vast marshes they were not seriously troublesome, in most places. I was informed that they were not in any way a bother on the grassy uplands, the high country north of Cuyabá, which from thence stretches eastward to the coastal region. It is at any rate certain that this inland region of Brazil, including the state of Matto Grosso which we were traversing, is a healthy region, excellently adapted to

settlement; railroads will speedily penetrate it, and then it will witness an astonishing development.

On the morning of the 28th we reached the home buildings of the great São João *fazenda*, the ranch of Senhor João da Costa Marques. Our host himself, and his son, Doutor João the younger, who was state secretary of agriculture, and the latter's charming wife, and the president of Matto Grosso, and several other ladies and gentlemen, had come down the river to greet us, from the city of Cuyabá, several hundred miles farther up-stream. As usual, we were treated with whole-hearted and generous hospitality. Some miles below the ranch-house the party met us, on a stern-wheel steamboat and a launch, both decked with many flags. The handsome white ranch-house stood only a few rods back from the river's brink, in a grassy opening, dotted with those noble trees, the royal palms. Other trees, buildings of all kinds, flower-gardens, vegetable-gardens, fields, corrals, and enclosures with high white walls stood near the house. A detachment of soldiers or state police, with a band, were in front of the house, and two flagpoles, one with the Brazilian flag already hoisted. The American flag was run up on the other as I stepped ashore, while the band played the national anthems of the two countries. The house held much comfort; and the comfort was all the more appreciated because even indoors the thermometer stood at 107° F. In the late afternoon heavy rain fell, and cooled the air. We were riding at the time. Around the house the birds were tame: the parrots and parakeets crowded and chattered in the tree-tops; jacanas played in the wet ground just back of the garden; ibises and screamers called loudly in the swamps a little distance off.

Until we came actually in sight of this great ranch-house we had been passing through a hot, fertile, pleasant wilderness, where the few small palm-roofed houses, each in its little patch of sugarcane, corn, and mandioc, stood very many miles apart. One of these little houses stood on an old Indian mound, exactly like the mounds which form the only hills along the lower Mississippi, and which are also of Indian origin. These



occasional Indian mounds, made ages ago, are the highest bits of ground in the immense swamps of the upper Paraguay region. There are still Indian tribes in this neighborhood. We passed an Indian fishing village on the edge of the river, with huts, scaffoldings for drying the fish, hammocks, and rude tables. They cultivated patches of bananas and sugar-cane. Out in a shallow place in the river was a scaffolding on which the Indians stood to spear fish. The Indians were friendly, peaceable souls, for the most part dressed like the poorer classes among the Brazilians.

Next morning there was to have been a great *rodeó*, or round-up, and we determined to have a hunt first, as there were still several kinds of beasts of the chase, notably tapirs and peccaries, of which the naturalists desired specimens. Doutor João, our host, and his son accompanied us. Theirs is a noteworthy family. Born in Matto Grosso, in the tropics, our host had the look of a northerner and, although a grandfather, he possessed an abounding vigor and energy such as very few men of any climate or surroundings do possess. All of his sons are doing well. The son who was with us was a stalwart, powerful man, a delightful companion, an able public servant, a finished horseman, and a skilled hunter, fondest of that highest kind of sport in which the man must trust to his own nerve and prowess to overcome serious danger. He carried a sharp spear, not a rifle, for in Matto Grosso it is the custom in hunting the jaguar for riflemen and spearmen to go in at him together when he turns at bay, the spearman holding him off if the first shot fails to stop him, so that another shot can be put in. Altogether, our host and his son reminded one of the best type of American ranchmen and planters, of those planters and ranchmen who are adepts in bold and manly field sports, who are capital men of business, and who also often supply to the state skilled and faithful public servants. The hospitality the father and son extended to us was patriarchal: neither, for instance, would sit at table with their guests at the beginning of the formal meals; instead they exercised a close personal supervision over the feast. Our charming hostess, however, sat at the head of the table.

At six in the morning we started, all of us on fine horses. The day was lowering and overcast. A dozen dogs were with us, but only one or two were worth anything. Three or four ordinary countrymen, the ranch hands, or *vaqueiros*, accompanied us; they were mainly of Indian blood, and would have been called peons, or *caboclos*, in other parts of Brazil, but here were always spoken to and of as "*camaradas*." They were, of course, chosen from among the men who were hunters, and each carried his long, rather heavy and clumsy jaguar-spear. In front rode our vigorous host and his strapping son, the latter also carrying a jaguar-spear. The bridles and saddles of the big ranchmen and of the gentlefolk generally were handsome and were elaborately ornamented with silver. The stirrups, for instance, were not only of silver, but contained so much extra metal in ornamented bars and rings that they would have been awkward for less practised riders. Indeed, as it was, they were adapted only for the tips of boots with long pointed toes, and were impossible for our feet; our hosts' stirrups were long, narrow silver slippers. The *camaradas*, on the other hand, had jimcrow saddles and bridles, and rusty little iron stirrups into which they thrust their naked toes. But all, gentry and commonalty alike, rode equally well and with the same skill and fearlessness. To see Colonel Rondon and our hosts gallop at headlong speed over any kind of country toward the sound of the dogs with their quarry at bay, or to see them handle their horses in a morass, was a pleasure. It was equally a pleasure to see a *camarada* carrying his heavy spear, leading a hound in a leash, and using his machete to cut his way through the tangled vine-ropes of a jungle, all at the same time and all without the slightest reference to the plunges, and the odd and exceedingly jerky behavior, of his wild half-broken horse—for on such a ranch most of the horses are apt to come in the categories of half-broken or else of broken-down. One dusky tatterdemalion wore a pair of boots from which he had removed the soles, his bare, spur-clad feet projecting from beneath the uppers. He was on a little devil of a stallion, which he rode blindfold for a couple of miles, and there was a regular circus when he





*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

#### Hoisting the American flag at São João.

A detachment of soldiers or state police, with a band, were in front of the house, and two flagpoles, one with the Brazilian flag already hoisted. The American flag was run up on the other as I stepped ashore. Page 60.

removed the bandage; but evidently it never occurred to him that the animal was hardly a comfortable riding-horse for a man going out hunting and encumbered with a spear, a machete, and other belongings.

The eight hours that we were out we spent chiefly in splashing across the marshes, with excursions now and then into vine-tangled belts and clumps of timber. Some of the bayous we had to cross were uncomfortably boggy. We had to lead the horses through one, wading ahead of them; and even so two of them mired down, and their saddles had to be taken off before they could be gotten out. Among the marsh plants were fields and strips of the great caeté rush. These caeté flags towered above the other and lesser marsh plants. They were higher than the heads of the horsemen. Their two or three huge banana-like leaves stood straight up on

end. The large brilliant flowers—orange, red, and yellow—were joined into a singularly shaped and solid string or cluster. Humming-birds buzzed round these flowers; one species, the sickle-billed hummer, has its bill especially adapted for use in these queerly shaped blossoms and gets its food only from them, never appearing around any other plant.

The birds were tame, even those striking and beautiful birds which under man's persecution are so apt to become scarce and shy. The huge jabiru storks, stalking through the water with stately dignity, sometimes refused to fly until we were only a hundred yards off; one of them flew over our heads at a distance of thirty or forty yards. The screamers, crying *curu-curu*, and the ibises, wailing dolefully, came even closer. The wonderful hyacinth macaws, in twos and

threes, accompanied us at times for several hundred yards, hovering over our heads and uttering their rasping screams. In one wood we came on the black howler monkey. The place smelt almost like a menagerie. Not watching with sufficient care I brushed against a sapling on which the venomous fire-ants swarmed. They burnt the skin like red-hot cinders, and left little sores. More than once in the dryer parts of the marsh we met small caymans making their way from one pool to another. My horse stepped over one before I saw it. The dead carcasses of others showed that on their wanderings they had encountered jaguars or human foes.

We had been out about three hours when one of the dogs gave tongue in a large belt of woodland and jungle to the left of our line of march through the marsh. The other dogs ran to the sound, and after a while the long barking told that the thing, whatever it was, was at bay or else in some refuge. We made our way toward the place on foot. The dogs were baying excitedly at the mouth of a huge hollow log, and very short examination showed us that there were two peccaries within, doubtless a boar and sow. However, just at this moment the peccaries bolted from an unsuspected opening at the other end of the log, dove into the tangle, and instantly disappeared with the hounds in full cry after them. It was twenty minutes later before we again heard the pack baying. With much difficulty, and by the incessant swinging of the machetes, we opened a trail through the network of vines and branches. This time there was only one peccary, the boar. He was at bay in a half-hollow stump. The dogs were about his head, raving with excitement, and it was not possible to use the rifle; so I borrowed the spear of Doutor João the younger, and killed the fierce little boar therewith.

This was a collared peccary, smaller and less fierce than its white-lipped kinsfolk. It is a valiant and truculent little beast, nevertheless, and if given the chance will bite a piece the size of a teacup out of either man or dog. It is found singly or in small parties, feeds on roots, fruits, grass, and sometimes snakes and insects,

and delights to make its home in hollow logs. If taken young it makes an affectionate and entertaining pet. When the two were in the hollow log we heard them utter a kind of moaning, or menacing, grunt, long drawn.

An hour or two afterward we unexpectedly struck the fresh tracks of two jaguars and at once loosed the dogs, who tore off yelling, on the line of the scent. Unfortunately, just at this moment the clouds burst and a deluge of rain drove in our forces. So heavy was the downpour that the dogs lost the trail and we lost the dogs. We found them again only



*From a photograph by Miller.*

Moses, Miller's pet owl.

It was a dear little bird, very tame and affectionate.—Page 667.

owing to one of our *caboclos*, an Indian with a queer Mongolian face, and no brain at all that I could discover, apart from his special dealings with wild creatures, cattle, and horses. He rode in a huddle of rags; but nothing escaped his eyes, and he rode anything anywhere. The downpour continued so heavily that we knew the *rodeó* had been abandoned, and we turned our faces for the long, dripping, splashing ride homeward. Through the gusts of driving rain we could hardly see the way. Once the rain lightened, and half a mile away the sunshine gleamed through a rift in the leaden cloud-mass. Suddenly in this rift of shimmering brightness there appeared a flock of beautiful white egrets. With strong, graceful wing-beats the birds urged their flight, their plumage flashing in the sun. They then crossed the rift and were swallowed in the gray gloom of the day.

On the marsh the dogs several times roused capybaras. Where there were no ponds of sufficient size the capybaras





*From a photograph by Harper.*

**An Indian village.**

We passed an Indian fishing village on the edge of the river, with huts, hammocks, and rude tables. Page 670



sought refuge in flight through the tangled marsh. They ran well. Kermit and Fiala went after one on foot, full-speed, for a mile and a half, with two hounds which then bayed it—literally bayed it, for the capybara fought with the courage of a gigantic woodchuck.

If the pack overtook a capybara, they of course speedily finished it; but a single dog of our not very valorous outfit was not able to overmatch its shrill-squeaking opponent.

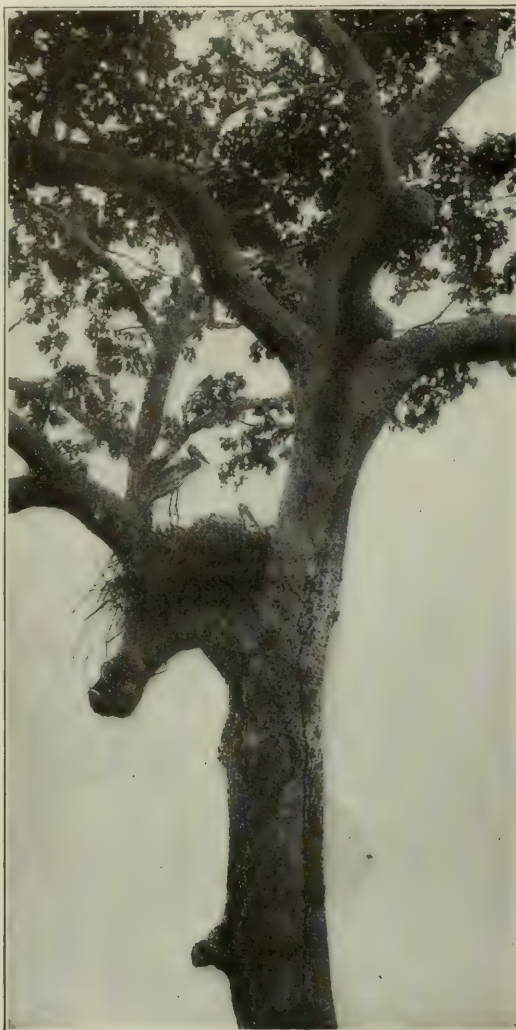
Near the ranch-house, about forty feet up in a big tree, was a jabiru's nest containing young jabirus. The young birds exercised themselves by walking solemnly round the edge of the nest and opening and shutting their wings. Their heads and necks were down-covered, instead of being naked like those of their parents. Fiala wished to take a moving-picture of them while thus engaged, and so, after arranging his machine, he asked Harper to rouse the young birds by throwing a stick up to the nest.

He did so, whereupon one young jabiru hastily opened its wings in the desired fashion, at the same time seizing the stick in its bill! It dropped it at once, with an air of comic disappointment, when it found that the stick was not edible.

There were many strange birds round about. Toucans were not uncommon. I have never seen any other bird take such grotesque and comic attitudes as the toucan. This day I saw one standing in the top of a tree with the big bill pointing straight into the air and the tail also

cocked perpendicularly. The toucan is a born comedian. On the river and in the ponds we saw the finfoot, a bird with feet like a grebe and bill and tail like those of a darter, but, like so many South American birds, with no close affiliations among

other species. The exceedingly rich bird fauna of South America contains many species which seem to be survivals from a very remote geologic past, whose kinsfolk have perished under the changed conditions of recent ages; and in the case of many, like the hoatzin and screamer, their like is not known elsewhere. Herons of many species swarmed in this neighborhood. The handsomest was the richly colored tiger bittern. Two other species were so unlike ordinary herons that I did not recognize them as herons at all until Cherrie told me what they were. One had a dark body, a white-speckled or ocellated neck, and a bill almost like that of an ibis. The other looked white, but was really mauve-colored, with black



*From a photograph by Harper.*

A jabiru's nest.

The young birds exercised themselves by walking solemnly round the edge of the nest.

on the head. When perched on a tree it stood like an ibis; and instead of the measured wing-beats characteristic of a heron's flight, it flew with a quick, vigorous flapping of the wings. There were queer mammals, too, as well as birds. In the fields Miller trapped mice of a kind entirely new.

Next morning the sky was leaden, and a drenching rain fell as we began our descent of the river. The rainy season had fairly begun. For our good fortune we were still where we had the cabins aboard





*From a photograph by Harper.*

An Indian family.

the boat, and the ranch-house, in which to dry our clothes and soggy shoes; but in the intensely humid atmosphere, hot and steaming, they stayed wet a long time, and were still moist when we put them on again. Before we left the house where we had been treated with such courteous hospitality—the finest ranch-house in Matto Grosso, on a huge ranch where there are some sixty thousand head of horned cattle—the son of our host, Dom João the younger, the jaguar-hunter, presented me with two magnificent volumes on the palms of Brazil, the work of Doctor Barbosa Rodriguez, one-time director of the Botanical Gardens at Rio Janeiro. The two folios were in a box of native cedar. No gift more appropriate, none that I would in the future value more as a

reminder of my stay in Matto Grosso, could have been given me.

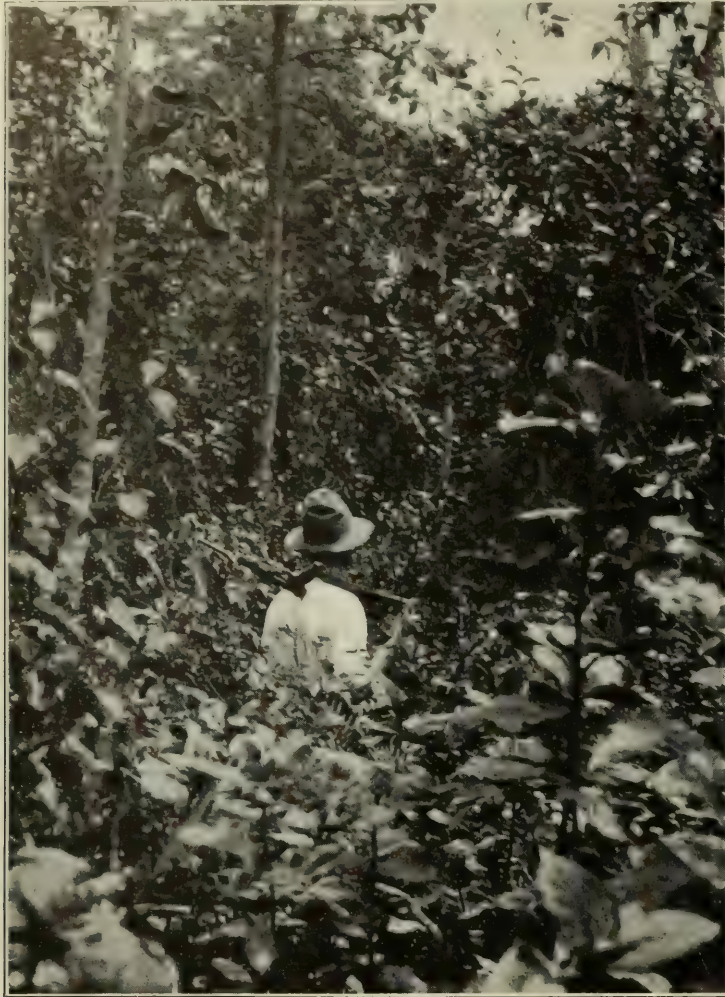
All that afternoon the rain continued. It was still pouring in torrents when we left the Cuyabá for the São Lourenço and steamed up the latter a few miles before anchoring; Dom João the younger had accompanied us in his launch. The little river steamer was of very open build, as is necessary in such a hot climate; and to keep things dry necessitated also keeping the atmosphere stifling. The German taxidermist who was with Colonel Rondon's party, Reinisch, a very good fellow from Vienna, sat on a stool, alternately drenched with rain and sweltering with heat, and muttered to himself: "Ach, Schweinerei!"

Two small caymans, of the common or



so-called spectacled species, with prominent eyes, were at the bank where we moored, and betrayed an astonishing and

downpour speedily wet us to the skin. We made our way slowly through the forest, the machetes playing right and left,



*From a photograph by Fiata.*

Kermit Roosevelt breaking trail.

Kermit was the one of our party who possessed the speed, endurance, and eyesight, and accordingly he led.—Page 678.

stupid tameness. Neither the size of the boat nor the commotion caused by the paddles in any way affected them. They lay inshore, not twenty feet from us, half out of water; they paid not the slightest heed to our presence, and only reluctantly left when repeatedly poked at, and after having been repeatedly hit with clods of mud and sticks; and even then one first crawled up on shore, to find out if thereby he could not rid himself of the annoyance we caused him.

Next morning it was still raining, but we set off on a hunt, anyway, going afoot. A couple of brown *camaradas* led the way, and Colonel Rondon, Dom João, Kermit, and I followed. The incessant

up and down, at every step, for the trees were tangled in a network of vines and creepers. Some of the vines were as thick as a man's leg. Mosquitoes hummed about us, the venomous fire-ants stung us, the sharp spines of a small palm tore our hands—afterward some of the wounds festered. Hour after hour we thus walked on through the Brazilian forest. We saw monkeys, the common yellowish kind, a species of cebus; a couple were shot for the museum and the others raced off among the upper branches of the trees. When we came on a party of coatis, which look like reddish, long-snouted, long-tailed, lanky raccoons, they were in the top of a big tree. One, when shot at and



missed, bounced down to the ground, and ran off through the bushes; Kermit ran after it and secured it. He came back, to find us peering hopelessly up into the tree-top, trying to place where the other coatis were. Kermit solved the difficulty by going up along some huge twisted lianas for forty or fifty feet and exploring the upper branches; whereupon down came three other coatis through the branches, one being caught by the dogs and the other two escaping. Coatis fight savagely with both teeth and claws. Miller told us that he once saw one of them kill a dog. They feed on all small mammals, birds, and reptiles, and even on some large ones; they kill iguanas; Cherie saw a rattling chase through the trees, a coati following an iguana at full speed. We heard the rush of a couple of tapirs, as they broke away in the jungle in front of the dogs, and headed, according to their custom, for the river; but we never saw them. One of the party shot a bush deer—a very pretty, graceful creature, smaller

than our whitetail deer, but kin to it and doubtless the southernmost representative of the whitetail group.

Miller, when we presented the monkeys to him, told us that the females both of these monkeys and of the howlers themselves took care of the young, the males not assisting them, and moreover that when the young one was a male he had always found the mother keeping by herself, away from the old males. On the other hand, among the marmosets he found the fathers taking as much care of the young as the mothers; if the mother had twins, the father would usually carry one, and sometimes both, around with him.

After we had been out four hours our *camaradas* got lost; three several times they travelled round in a complete circle; and we had to set them right with the compass. About noon the rain, which had been falling almost without interruption for forty-eight hours, let up, and in an hour or two the sun came out. We went



From a sketch by Anthony Fiala.

## Crossing the pantanals

The floating masses of marsh-grass, and the slimy stems of the water plants, doubled our work as we swam, cluttered by our clothing and boots, and holding our rifles aloft. Page 678.



back to the river, and found our rowboat. In it the hounds—a motley and rather worthless lot—and the rest of the party were ferried across to the opposite bank, while Colonel Rondon and I stayed in the boat, on the chance that a tapir might be roused and take to the river. However, no tapir was found; Kermit killed a colored peccary, and I shot a capybara representing a color-phase the naturalists wished.

Next morning, January 1, 1914, we were up at five and had a good New Year's Day breakfast of hardtack, ham, sardines, and coffee before setting out on an all-day's hunt on foot. I much feared that the pack was almost or quite worthless for jaguars, but there were two or three of the great spotted cats in the neighborhood and it seemed worth while to make a try for them, anyhow. After an hour or two we found the fresh tracks of two, and after them we went. Our party consisted of Colonel Rondon, Lieutenant Rogaciano, —an excellent man, himself a native of Matto Grosso, of old Matto Grosso stock, —two others of the party from the São João ranch, Kermit, and myself, together with four dark-skinned *camaradas*, cowhands from the same ranch. We soon found that the dogs would not by themselves follow the jaguar trail; nor would the *camaradas*, although they carried spears. Kermit was the one of our party who possessed the speed, endurance, and eyesight, and accordingly he led. Two of the dogs would follow the track half a dozen yards ahead of him, but no farther; and two of the *camaradas* could just about keep up with him. For an hour we went through thick jungle where the machetes were constantly at work. Then the trail struck off

straight across the marshes; for jaguars swim and wade as freely as marsh deer. It was a hard walk. The sun was out. We were drenched with sweat. We were torn by the spines of the innumerable clusters of small palms with thorns like needles. We were bitten by the hosts of

fire-ants, and by the mosquitoes, which we scarcely noticed where the fire-ants were found, exactly as all dread of the latter vanished when we were menaced by the big red wasps, of which a dozen stings will disable a man, and if he is weak or in bad health will seriously menace his life. In the marsh we were continually wading, now up to our knees, now up to our hips. Twice we came to long bayous so deep that we had to swim them, holding our rifles above water in our right hands. The floating masses of marsh grass, and the slimy stems of the water



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Anthony Fiala in the bush.

plants, doubled our work as we swam, cumbered by our clothing and boots and holding our rifles aloft. One result of the swim, by the way, was that my watch, a veteran of Cuba and Africa, came to an indignant halt. Then on we went, hampered by the weight of our drenched clothes while our soggy boots squelched as we walked. There was no breeze. In the undimmed sky the sun stood almost overhead. The heat beat on us in waves. By noon I could only go forward at a slow walk, and two of the party were worse off than I was. Kermit, with the dogs and two *camaradas* close behind him, disappeared across the marshes at a trot. At last, when he was out of sight, and it was obviously useless to follow him, the rest of us turned back toward the boat. The two exhausted members of the party gave out, and we left them under a tree. Colonel





*From a photograph by Harper.*

Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Rondon returning from a hunt.

Rondon and Lieutenant Rogaciano were of the upper Paraguay, but would also not much tired; I was somewhat tired, but was perfectly able to go for several hours more if I did not try to go too fast; and we three walked on to the river, reaching it about half past four, after eleven hours' stiff walking with nothing to eat. We were soon on the boat. A relief party went back for the two men under the tree, and soon after it reached them Kermit also turned up with his hounds and his *camaradas* trailing wearily behind him. He had followed the jaguar trail until the dogs were so tired that even after he had bathed them, and then held their noses in the fresh footprints, they would pay no heed to the scent. A hunter of scientific tastes, a hunter-naturalist, or even an outdoors naturalist, or faunal naturalist interested in big mammals, with a pack of hounds such as those with which Paul Rainey hunted lion and leopard in Africa, or such a pack as the packs of Johnny Goff and Jake Borah with which I hunted cougar, lynx, and bear in the Rockies, or such packs as those of the Mississippi and Louisiana planters with whom I have hunted bear, wildcat, and deer in the cane-brakes of the lower Mississippi, would not only enjoy fine hunting in these vast marshes



From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

A troupiial nest.

The troupiials, or big black and yellow orioles, had built a large colony of their nests on a dead tree.—Page 681.

do work of real scientific value as regards all the big cats.

The fire-ants, of which I have above spoken, are generally found on a species of small tree or sapling, with a greenish trunk. They bend the whole body as they bite, the tail and head being thrust downward. A few seconds after the bite the poison causes considerable pain; later it may make a tiny festering sore. There is certainly the most extraordinary diversity in the traits by which nature achieves the perpetuation of species. Among the warrior and predacious insects the prowess is in some cases of such type as to render the possessor practically immune from danger. In other cases the condition of its exercise may normally be the sacrifice of the life of the possessor. There are wasps that prey and formidable fighting spiders, which yet instinctively so handle themselves that the prey practically never succeeds in either defending itself or retaliating, being

captured and paralyzed with unerring efficiency and with entire security to the wasp. The wasp's safety is absolute. On the other hand, these fighting ants, including the soldiers even among the termites, are frantically eager for a success which





*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

An Indian in a dugout.

generally means their annihilation; the condition of their efficiency is absolute indifference to their own security. Probably the majority of the ants that actually lay hold on a foe suffer death in consequence; certainly they not merely run the risk of but eagerly invite death.

The following day we descended the São Lourenço to its junction with the Paraguay, and once more began the ascent of the latter. At one cattle-ranch where we stopped, the troupials, or big black and yellow orioles, had built a large colony of their nests on a dead tree near the primitive little ranch-house. The birds were breeding; the old ones were feeding the young. In this neighborhood the naturalists found many birds that were new to them, including a tiny woodpecker no bigger than a ruby-crowned kinglet. They had collected two night monkeys—nocturnal monkeys, not as agile as the ordinary monkey; these two were found at dawn, having stayed out too late.

The early morning was always lovely on these rivers, and at that hour many birds and beasts were to be seen. One morning we saw a fine marsh buck, holding his head aloft as he stared at us, his red coat vivid against the green marsh. Another of these marsh deer swam the river ahead of us; I shot at it as it landed, and ought to have got it, but did not. As always with these marsh deer—and as with so many other deer—I was struck by the revealing or advertising quality of its red coloration; there was nothing in its normal surroundings with which this coloration harmonized; so far as it had any effect whatever it was always a revealing and not a concealing effect. When the animal fled the black of the erect tail was an additional revealing mark, although not of such startlingly advertising quality as the flag of the whitetail. The whitetail, in one of its forms, and with the ordinary whitetail custom of displaying the white flag as it runs, is found in the imme-





*From a photograph by Harper.*

#### Snake-birds

Mixed flocks of scores of cormorants, both at sunset

diate neighborhood of the swamp deer. It has the same foes. Evidently it is of no survival consequence whether the running deer displays a white or a black flag. Any competent observer of big game must be struck by the fact that in the great majority of the species the coloration is not concealing, and that in many it has a highly revealing quality. Moreover, if the spotted or striped young represent the ancestral, and if, as seems probable, the spots and stripes have, on the whole, some slight concealing value, it is evident that in the life history of most of these large mammals, both among those that prey and those that are preyed on, concealing coloration has not been a survival factor; throughout the ages during which they have survived they have gradually lost whatever of concealing coloration they may once have had—if any—and have developed a coloration which under present conditions has no concealing and perhaps even has a revealing quality, and which in all probability never would have had a concealing value in any “environmental complex” in which the species as a whole lived during its ancestral

development. Indeed, it seems astonishing, when one observes these big beasts—and big waders and other water birds—in their native surroundings, to find how utterly non-harmful their often strikingly revealing coloration is. Evidently the various other survival factors, such as habit, and in many cases cover, etc., are of such overmastering importance that the coloration is generally of no consequence whatever, one way or the other, and is only very rarely a factor of any serious weight.

That evening we reached the junction of the San Lourenço and the Paraguay, and turned up the latter. This junction is a day's journey above Corumbá. From Corumbá there is a regular service by shallow steamers to Cayubá, at the head of one fork, and to San Luis de Cáceres, at the head of the other. The steamers are not powerful and the voyage to each little city takes a week; and there are other forks that are navigable. Above Cayubá and Cáceres launches go up-stream for several days' journey, except during the driest parts of the season. North of this marshy plain lies the highland, the Plan





and cormorants.

rants and darters covered certain  
and after sunrise.

Alto, where the nights are cool and the climate healthy. But I wish emphatically to record my view that these marshy plains, although hot, are also healthy; and, moreover, the mosquitoes, in most places, are not in sufficient numbers to be a serious pest, although of course there must be nets for protection against them at night. The country is excellently suited for settlement, and offers a remarkable field for cattle-growing. Moreover, it is a paradise for water birds and for many other kinds of birds, and for many mammals. It is literally an ideal place in which a field naturalist could spend six months or a year. It is readily accessible, it offers an almost virgin field for work, and the life would be healthy as well as delightfully attractive. The man should have a steam-launch. In it he could with comfort cover all parts of the country from south of Coimbrá to north of Cayubá and Cáceres. There would have to be a good deal of collecting, although nothing in the nature of butchery should be tolerated, for the region has only been superficially worked, especially as regards mammals. But if the man were only a

collector he would leave undone the part of the work best worth doing. The region offers extraordinary opportunities for the study of the life histories of birds which, because of their size, their beauty, or their habits, are of exceptional interest. All kinds of problems would be worked out. For example, on the morning of the 3d, as we were ascending the Paraguay, we again and again saw in the trees on the bank big nests of sticks, into and out of which paraquets were flying by the dozen. Some of them had straws or twigs in their bills. In some of the big globular nests we could make out several holes of exit or entrance. Apparently these paraquets were building or remodelling communal nests; but whether they had themselves built these nests, or had taken old nests and added onto or modified them, we could not tell. There was so much of interest all along the banks that we were continually longing to stop and spend days where we were. Mixed flocks of scores of cormorants and darters covered certain trees, both at sunset and after sunrise. Although there was no deep forest, merely belts or fringes of trees along the river, or



in patches back of it, we frequently saw monkeys in the riverine tree-fringe—active common monkeys and black howlers of more leisurely gait. We saw caymans and capybaras sitting socially near one another on the sand-banks. At night we heard the calling of large flights of tree-ducks. These were now the most common of all the ducks, although there were many muscovy ducks also. The evenings were pleasant and not hot, as we sat on the forward deck; there was a waxing moon. The screamers were among the most noticeable birds. They were noisy; they perched on the very tops of the trees, not down among the branches; and they were not shy. They should be carefully protected by law, for they readily become tame, and then come familiarly round the houses. From the steamer we now and then saw beautiful orchids in the trees on the river-bank.

One afternoon we stopped at the home buildings or headquarters of one of the great outlying ranches of the Brazil Land and Cattle Company, the Farquahar syndicate, under the management of Murdo Mackenzie—than whom we have had in the United States no better citizen or more competent cattleman. On this ranch there are some seventy thousand head of stock. We were warmly greeted by McLean, the head of the ranch, and his assistant Ramsey, an old Texan friend. Among the other assistants, all equally cordial, were several Belgians and Frenchmen. The hands were Paraguayans and Brazilians, and a few Indians—a hard-bit set, each of whom always goes armed and knows how to use his arms, for there are constant collisions with cattle thieves from across the Bolivian border, and the ranch has to protect itself. These cowhands, *vaqueiros*, were of the type with which we were now familiar: dark-skinned, lean, hard-faced men, in slouch hats, worn shirts and trousers, and fringed leather aprons, with heavy spurs on their bare feet. They are wonderful riders and ropers, and fear neither man nor beast. I noticed one Indian *vaqueiro* standing in exactly the attitude of a Shilluk of the White Nile, with the sole of one foot against the other leg, above the knee. This is a region with extraordinary possibilities of cattle-raising.

There was a tannery, a slaughter-house, a cannery; a church, buildings of various kinds and all degrees of comfort for the thirty or forty families who made the place their headquarters; and the handsome, white, two-story big house, standing among lemon-trees and flamboyants on the river-brink. There were all kinds of pets around the house. The most fascinating was a wee, spotted fawn which loved being petted. Half a dozen curasows of different species strolled through the rooms; there were also parrots of half a dozen different species, and immediately outside the house four or five herons, with unclipped wings, which would let us come within a few feet and then fly gracefully off, shortly afterward returning to the same spot. They included big and little white egrets and also the mauve and pearl-colored heron, with a partially black head and many-colored bill, which flies with quick, repeated wing-flappings, instead of the usual slow heron wing-beats.

By the morning of January 5 we had left the marsh region. There were low hills here and there, and the land was covered with dense forest. From time to time we passed little clearings with palm-thatched houses. We were approaching Cáceres, where the easiest part of our trip would end. We had lived in much comfort on the little steamer. The food was plentiful and the cooking good. At night we slept on deck in cots or hammocks. The mosquitoes were rarely troublesome, although in the daytime we were sometimes bothered by numbers of biting horse-flies. The bird life was wonderful. One of the characteristic sights we were always seeing was that of a number of heads and necks of cormorants and snake-birds, without any bodies, projecting above water, and disappearing as the steamer approached. Skimmers and thick-billed tern were plentiful here right in the heart of the continent. In addition to the spurred lapwing, characteristic and most interesting resident of most of South America, we found tiny red-legged plover which also breed and are at home in the tropics. The contrasts in habits between closely allied species are wonderful. Among the plovers and bay snipe there are species that live all the year round in almost the same places, in tropical and





*From a postcard by K. K. K. Co.*

At the ranch of the Brazil Land and Cattle Company.

On this ranch there are some seventy thousand head of stock. Page 64.



*From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.*

Arrival at São Luis de Cáceres.

Groups of women and girls, white and brown, watched us from the low bluff.

subtropical lands; and other related forms which wander over the whole earth, and spend about all their time, now in the arctic and cold temperate regions of the far North, now in the cold temperate regions of the South. These latter wide-wandering birds of the seashore and the river-bank pass most of their lives in regions of almost perpetual sunlight. They spend the breeding-season, the northern summer, in the land of the midnight sun, during the long arctic day. They then fly for endless distances down across the north temperate zone, across the equator, through the lands where the days and nights are always of equal length, into another hemisphere, and spend another summer of long days and long twilights in the far south, where the antarctic winds cool them, while their nesting home, at

the other end of the world, is shrouded beneath the iron desolation of the polar night.

In the late afternoon of the 5th we reached the quaint, old-fashioned little town of São Luis de Cáceres, on the outermost fringe of the settled region of the state of Matto Grosso, the last town we should see before reaching the villages of the Amazon. As we approached we passed half-clad black washerwomen on the river's edge. The men, with the local band, were gathered at the steeply sloping foot of the main street, where the steamer came to her moorings. Groups of women and girls, white and brown, watched us from the low bluff; their skirts and bodices were red, blue, green, of all colors. Sigg had gone ahead with much of the baggage; he met us in an improvised motor-boat, consisting of a dugout to the



side of which he had clamped our Evinrude motor; he was giving several of the local citizens of prominence a ride, to their huge enjoyment. The streets of the little town were unpaved, with narrow brick sidewalks. The one-story houses were white or blue, with roofs of red tiles and window-shutters of latticed woodwork, come down from colonial days and tracing back through Christian and Moorish Portugal to a remote Arab ancestry. Pretty faces, some dark, some light, looked out from these windows; their mothers' mothers, for generations past, must thus have looked out of similar windows in the vanished colonial days. But now even here in Cáceres the spirit of the new Brazil is moving; a fine new government school has been started, and we met its principal, an earnest man doing excellent work, one of the many teachers who, during the last few years, have been brought to Matto Grosso from São Paulo, a centre of the new educational movement which will do so much for Brazil.

Father Zahm went to spend the night with some French Franciscan friars, capi-

tal fellows. I spent the night at the comfortable house of Lieutenant Lyra; a hot-weather house with thick walls, big doors, and an open patio bordered by a gallery. Lieutenant Lyra was to accompany us; he was an old companion of Colonel Rondon's explorations. We visited one or two of the stores to make some final purchases, and in the evening strolled through the dusky streets and under the trees of the plaza; the women and girls sat in groups in the doorways or at the windows, and here and there a stringed instrument tinkled in the darkness.

From Cáceres onward we were entering the scene of Colonel Rondon's explorations. He was born in Matto Grosso, and returned thither immediately after leaving the military school in Rio Janeiro, in which he studied in company with the present foreign minister of Brazil, Lauro Muller. For some eighteen years he was occupied in exploring and in opening telegraph lines through the eastern or north-middle part of the great forest state, the wilderness state of the "matto grosso"—the "great wilderness," or, as Australians



*From a photograph by Muller.*

The naturalists' camp.





*From a photograph by Fiala.*

The naturalists at work.

would call it, "the bush." Then, in 1907, he began to penetrate the unknown region lying to the north and west. He was the head of the exploring expeditions sent out by the Brazilian Government to traverse for the first time this unknown land; to map for the first time the courses of the rivers which from the same divide run into the upper portions of the Tapajos and the Madeira, two of the mighty affluents of the Amazon, and to build telegraph-lines across to the Madeira, where a line of Brazilian settlements, connected by steamboat lines and a railroad, again occurs. Three times he penetrated into this absolutely unknown, Indian-haunted wilderness, being absent for a year or two at a time and suffering every imaginable hardship, before he made his way through to the Madeira and completed the telegraph-line across. The officers and men of the Brazilian army, and the civilian scientists, who followed him, shared the toil and the credit of the task. Some of his men died of beriberi; some were killed or wounded by the Indians; he himself almost died of fever; again and

again his whole party was reduced almost to the last extremity by starvation, disease, hardship, and the overexhaustion due to wearing fatigues. In dealing with the wild, naked savages he showed an extraordinary combination of fearlessness, wariness, good judgment, and resolute patience and kindness. The result was that they ultimately became his firm friends, guarded the telegraph-lines, and helped the few soldiers left at the isolated, widely separated little posts. He and his assistants explored and mapped for the first time the Juruena and the Gy-Paraná, two important affluents of the Tapajos and the Madeira, respectively. The Tapajos and the Madeira, like the Orinoco and Rio Negro, have been highways of travel for a couple of centuries. The Madeira (as later the Tapajos) was the chief means of ingress, a century and a half ago, to the little Portuguese settlements of this far interior region of Brazil; one of these little towns, named Matto Grosso, being the original capital of the province. It has long been abandoned by the government, and practically so by



its inhabitants, the ruins of palace, fortress, and church now rising amid the rank tropical luxuriance of the wild forest. The mouths of the main affluents of these highway rivers were well known. But in many cases nothing but the mouth was known. The river itself was not known, and it was placed on the map by guesswork. Colonel Rondon found, for example, that the course of the Gy-Paraná was put down on the map two degrees out of its proper place. He, with his party, was the first to find out its sources, the first to traverse its upper course, the first to map its length. He and his assistants performed a similar service for the Jurueña, discovering the sources, discovering and descending some of the branches, and for the first time going down and making a map of the main river itself, until its junction with the Tapajos. Near the watershed between the Jurueña and the Gy-Paraná he established his farthest station to the westward, named José Bonifacio, after the first great republican patriot of Brazil. A couple of days' march northwestward from this station, he in 1909 came across a part of the stream of a

river running northward between the Gy-Paraná and the Jurueña; he could only guess where it debouched, believing it to be into the Madeira, although it is barely possible that it enters the Tapajos or even the Amazon. The region through which it flows is unknown, no civilized man having ever penetrated it; and as all conjecture as to what the river is, as to its length, and as to its place of entering into some highway river, is mere guesswork, he has entered it on his sketch maps as the Rio da Dúvida, the River of Doubt. Among the officers of the Brazilian army and the scientific civilians who have accompanied him there have been not only expert cartographers, photographers, and telegraphists, but astronomers, geologists, botanists, and zoologists. Their reports, published in excellent shape by the Brazilian Government, make an invaluable series of volumes, reflecting the highest credit on the explorers, and on the government itself. Colonel Rondon's own accounts of his explorations, of the Indian tribes he has visited, and of the beautiful and wonderful things he has seen, possess a peculiar interest.



*Colonel Roosevelt writing for Scribner's.*

Colonel Roosevelt writing for Scribner's.

# HOW SPRING COMES TO SHASTA JIM

By Henry van Dyke

I NEVER saw no "red gods"; I dunno wot's a "lure";  
But if it's sumpin' takin', then Spring has got it sure;  
An' it doesn't need no Kiplin's, nor yet no London Jacks,  
To make up guff about it, while settin' in their shacks.

It's sumpin' very simple that happens in the Spring,  
But it changes all the lookin's of every blessed thing;  
The buddin' woods look bigger, the mounting twice as high,  
An' the house looks kindo smaller, tho I couldn't tell ye why.

It's cur'ous wot a show-down the month of April makes,  
Between the reely livin', an' the things that's only fakes!  
Machines an' barns an' buildin's, they never give no sign;  
But the livin' things look lively, when Spring is on the line.

She doesn't come too suddin, nor she doesn't come too slow;  
Her gaits is some cayprishus, an' the next ye never know,—  
A single-foot o' sunshine, a buck o' snow er hail,—  
But don't be disappointed, for Spring ain't goin' ter fail.

She's loopin' down the hillside,—the drifts is fadin' out.  
She's runnin' down the river,—d'ye see them risin' trout?  
She's loafin' down the canyon,—the squaw-bed's growin' blue,  
An' the teeny Johnny-jump-ups is just a-peekin' thru.

A thousan' miles o' pine-trees, with Douglas firs between,  
Is waitin' for her fingers to freshen up their green;  
With little tips o' brightness the firs 'ill sparkle thick,  
An' every yaller pine-tree, a giant candle-stick!

The underbrush is risin' an' spreadin' all around,  
Just like a mist o' greenness that hangs above the ground;  
A million manzanitas 'ill soon be full o' pink;  
So saddle up, my sonny,—it's time to ride, I think!

We'll ford or swim the river, becos there ain't no bridge;  
We'll foot the gulches careful, an' lope along the ridge;  
We'll take the trail to Nowhere, an' travel till we tire,  
An' camp beneath a pine-tree, an' sleep beside the fire.

We'll see the blue-quail chickens, and hear 'em pipin' clear;  
Perhaps we'll sight a brown-bear, or a little bunch o' deer;  
But never a heathen goddess or god 'ill meet our eyes;  
For why? There isn't any! They're just a pack o' lies!

Oh, wot's the use o' "red gods," an' "Pan," an' all that stuff?  
The natcheral facts o' Springtime is wonderful enuff!  
An' if there's Someone made 'em, I guess He understood,  
To be alive in Springtime would make a man feel good.



# THE DOMINANT STRAIN

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould



IT is with some reluctance that I give to a public on whose sympathy a reporter of unvarnished facts can never count, the details that follow. I carry light cargoes for choice; and why I should have been drawn into the uncongenial epic of Rodney Teele, God only knows. But the thing happened—happened, alack! to my knowledge and witnessing eye; and I have been (even I, with my inveterate preference for comic opera) so struck by all it meant, that I cannot refrain. I should call the episode Biblical in its large effectiveness, if I did not see in it refinements of weakness that the Hebrew scriptures knew nothing of. Isaiah or Ezekiel would have smashed through the rotten spots in the fabric with a lean inspired fist; or lightning would have descended from an ever-prepared heaven. Besides, in those days, it could never have happened: America is not Palestine. There is our fatal modern softness in it; in spite of a hardness that suits quite well with the Chronicles.

It is not to be expected, I suppose, that our children shall keep on learning human nature from Jezebel and Joseph, though the Old Testament is, to my thinking, as good a primer of sociology as *The Kallikat Family*. It is inevitable that they should learn it from people like Rodney Teele, who was a king of sorts, as thousands of stockholders know. The newspapers, in their easy way, used to compare him to Napoleon. But he was a Napoleon without a Josephine and without a Saint Helena. He will stand, however, as well as any conqueror of them all, to illustrate the secular way of things. There are always human passions at work, and an ineluctable Voice that interferes. We have lost and gained many things in the twentieth century; but irony remains.

Money is so much more important than anything else, nowadays, whether to governments or individuals, that we must

be forgiven for facing men like Rodney Teele with bated breath: for thinking that the personality which is moved by a brain like that is something out of the common sort. In the vast perspectives of to-day, pirates look like sneak-thieves, and the Medicis like push-cart men. How we are to escape reverence for Rodney Teele and his like, I do not see. Certainly, though I have no more reason to be a snob than most men, I always felt his importance. Even when I had seen him pityingly through the strangest episode of his life, I still felt that this man was not quite as other men. Nothing is so romantic as Democracy, which worships its kings wherever they happen to blaze forth. Strength is not yet old-fashioned; and our fists may prove that yet on the front teeth of Europe. There it is: all the primeval passions astir at the mere mention of Rodney Teele! I must get on with my story. It will not, if I can write the truth out calmly, leave you cold.

I knew Rodney Teele, Junior, at Saint Jude's, and later at Harvard. We had been good friends at school, where a gilded equality prevailed; and, though I could not afford at Harvard, as he did, to live on the Gold Coast, I saw a lot of him in that most democratic of universities. Rodney, of course, had no hereditary social pull that was recognized on the banks of the Charles; but it would have been mediæval and ridiculous to leave a fabulous fortune like that out in the cold, when the fabulous fortune was also a good fellow. Rodney had not an ounce of vice in him; by which I do not mean that he was a weakling. He was a perpetually smouldering creature, agog for achievements of the moral order. It's a complicated business to be righteous in these days, when the devil is flinging so many paradoxes about. It took Rodney's father in a premature skullcap, and surrounded with secretaries, to do that. Rodney, Junior, had somehow the simplicity of the soil: he was no more complicated than a



crop of corn. The things that swayed him were blind, unphraseable forces. It would have taken the Department of Agriculture to analyze him. He was, for all practical purposes, merely a good fellow—but waiting, you could see, for his chance. Unless his chance came in extraordinarily lucky guise, he would probably mess it. That was the impression of our crowd. We liked Rodney all the better for not being a replica of his Machiavellian parent—whom we, as good Americans, knew all about. Personally, I thought Rodney would be distinctly up against it when it came to sharing the management of the Teele millions. His allowance was enormous, but, after all, he wasn't supposed to do anything but spend it. He used to finance us all when we were hard up, which shows he was a good sort. If he hadn't been, he would have been the last man we could borrow from. No one, however, could have called Rodney Teele a financial genius: he was peculiarly the heir of all his ancestors who hadn't made good. My own Europeanized kin thought him dull, though they never failed to tell every one when he had been staying with us, or when I had spent a college holiday in the vast and gloomy New York mansion that his widowed father inhabited alone. Rodney belonged, as a matter of course, to his father's unfashionable religious sect; but he made cheques serve in lieu of more personal services. Rodney would never teach in the Sunday-school. That was emphatically *not* the chance he was waiting for. At that time he was a bit of an agnostic.

Out of college, I naturally saw less of Rodney. I had just enough money to potter about and think of being an architect, because that gave me a chance to go to Europe on fantastic pretexts of studying detail. I eventually became an architect, but I am not, even now, a very good one. Accordingly, my friends' prophecy of huge commissions from the Teeles for every sort of edifice, public and private, has never been fulfilled. It was my own fault, however, I am sure. Rodney Teele, Senior, approved of my companionship for his son—I have never known why, as my attitude to the decorations of the big Fifth Avenue house must have been insufferable. I was at the priggish age.

Rodney himself was too unhappy, I think, at the time, to want anything but sympathy. He did not like his job, which consisted in being introduced to the diplomacy of high finance. I don't think Rodney disapproved particularly of his father's methods, or cared which way the eternal controversies and litigations went. I am convinced that it was not the muckraking that made him wretched. He was simply incapable of understanding a vast financial policy; and that incapacity, considering what was expected of him, naturally made for his unhappiness. He was like a child wrinkling its brows and trying to spell an elusive word—a child who knows that spelling is important. Rodney Teele's fortune would have been safe enough with his son; but he wanted more than that: he wanted to establish a dynasty of Teele. He wanted to leave a name that would terrify in itself; and he wanted his son to be a man, if possible, of more power than he. It was a mad thing to ask of the gods: to permit Rodney Teele to exist over again in his son, to let the lightning strike twice in that particular place. Certainly the gods showed no sign of permitting it. Rodney was loyal, but not to the point of genius.

Old Teele once did me the honor—as an intimate friend of Rodney's, and a quite unimportant, a virtually anonymous creature—of consulting me.

"The boy has stuff in him," he said quietly, with an interrogative lift of his left eyebrow. (You've seen it caught in snapshots.)

"Indeed, he has. But I suspect that it isn't that kind."

"He looks as if he would do something, sometime."

"He will. But no one except his guardian angel knows what. When Rodney wants anything supremely, he'll get it. But until he does want something supremely, he will be perfectly ineffectual. He can't apply his hidden powers until an overmastering desire unseals them. That's my notion of it, sir."

Rodney Teele, Senior, pushed back his skullcap and gazed at me, as non-committally as an idol.

"Perhaps you are right. We must find the key—we must find the key, with God's help."



It did not seem to me unnatural that he should speak of the Deity. A man like that must believe in something besides himself; there must be a discreet colleague somewhere, or the weight of the world would be too much. Napoleon had his star, and Rodney had his own God, in whom he trusted—a God made vivid by a rococo taste in the essentials of salvation. His God was too much like a salaried confidant to suit me; but I have never doubted Rodney Teele's sincerity, or his capacity for mystical vision. The world knows only his charities; but once or twice I have perceived the Hebraic conviction that backed them. I have seen Rodney Teele at prayer.

So we were waiting, Rodney Teele and I, leaning from our separated orbits, to see what would move young Rodney. It was nearly a year before we saw—nearly a year, at least, before I did; and, characteristically, I saw it in the morning paper. Young Rodney had married. God knows where he met the girl, or why she bowled him over. Artistically speaking, it was a *mésalliance* of the finest. She was not even notorious. I waited for some word from Rodney himself. None came; and after the first day the papers, one and all, were silent. I didn't know what sums went into silencing them; but there was not even the usual mention of a fruitless interview. They were dumb as fish. The great negotiations for the Labrador railway went on, and the Bolivian loan pursued its path. Rodney Teele was at the helm, and whether young Rodney was working incognito among the crew, or had been marooned on some coral island, no one knew, any more than I. I suffered honest pain, for I had been fond of Rodney; and for his father I had that dazzled and guilty respect which I fancy most citizens shared with me. I wrote to my friend, but I got no answer. I did not write to the elder Teele; from him, in the circumstances, I was as cut off as if I lived in Mars. In the world of loans and railways and foreign bourses, I was as nothing.

Once, hoping for a clue, I went to his unfamiliar church, and saw him, solitary in his prominent pew. There was no clue there, though I watched him all through a long sermon. He looked—if

there has ever been such a thing—like a Chinese Jew: son of a mandarin and a princess of the house of David. Nothing else expresses the baffling quality of that parchment face in which, above the thin, vertically drooping moustache and the high cheek-bones, black eyes burned. Fire and scroll alike were inscrutable. The ends of Asia seemed to have met in that countenance, fixed incongruously upon the optimistic preacher of an upstart creed. I took home a tremendous impression, but I no longer hoped for clues. Rodney was fair and stocky. . . . He would go under. For six months that conviction was all my sympathy had to feed upon.

Rodney Teele was not lost to my musings, however. It seemed incredible that he could drop out of sight like a kidnapped girl. Sometimes I hoped that his father was financing him in the Antipodes—Celebes or Argentina; that somewhere, under another name, he was the lord of rolling acres and queer exotic comforts. Sometimes I feared that there had been a bitter quarrel and that all young Rodney's latent force had gone into suppressing himself absolutely out of a world where his father's name was so much as known. In that case he would have to go far afield. It was very clear that, whatever had happened, Rodney was not trading on that name—not even to the extent of making the fortune of some reporter. Somebody's will-power, whether the father's or the son's, had created that sinister and abysmal silence. The case of Rodney Teele was not even a stock subject at clubs where men had known him—perhaps merely because the newspapers didn't keep him before the world. I imagine we are far more nose-led by the press than we will admit. The Teeles had never gone in for "society"; and young Rodney would never be missed by Wall Street so long as old Rodney was there. Sometimes it seemed to me that I was the only living creature who gave him a thought. "Very curious," said the one or two men I spoke to; then shrugged their shoulders and left it—as if, because old Rodney Teele was silent, it was bad form for any one else to wag his tongue. But I was not content; and I waited. I kept myself in a breathless



state because—because I felt it shocking that some one should not be in a breathless state. And because no one else was breathless, I came to consider that I had been the only person who had really cared about young Rodney. I don't defend my logic; but, at all events, that is the state of mind I achieved in the six months after Rodney's marriage.

It was six months or more after the lightning-flash in the papers—a lightning-flash which had been followed by no reverberation—that I went one evening, as carelessly as you like, to the telephone. The call was long—I remember rattling the receiver impatiently to stop it. The message I listened to came in the precise, chill tones of Luke Standish, old Rodney Teele's private secretary. He stated his name and his authority, then made a bland request that I would come to Mr. Teele's house that evening, if possible, for ten minutes' talk with the great man. It was less a request, really, than an appointment: the voice mentioned an hour, and hardly waited for my acquiescence, which came, indeed, mechanically. It was a voice obviously not accustomed to discussion of previous engagements. It dropped the information—but not in the tone of apology—that Mr. Teele was sailing for Europe the next morning. Then I heard the click at the other end. "Hang you, I knew that!" I exclaimed, as I hung up the receiver. It was annoying to be told, after such a peremptory summons, something that every one with a penny to spend on a newspaper had known for a week. I felt as irritated as if I had been a competitor to be crushed; and the irritation lasted.

All irritation dropped, however, at half past eight that evening in Rodney Teele's library, when I stood once more facing him. The great cavalcade of books swept round the vast room in serried order, except where they broke ranks over the fireplace to admit the famous Rembrandt. I had seen the room before, but never by lamplight. It had seemed to me senselessly luxurious—barring the Rembrandt—and I had turned up my nose at the collection, which ran to bindings rather than editions. Rodney Teele was no connoisseur; and even the Rembrandt, as I knew, had been a mere curi-

ous accident of his career. I remembered distinctly my own earlier scorn; but now my scorn dropped with my irritation. Rodney Teele himself, slim and terrible, was a collector's piece that put even the Rembrandt to scorn. The dim Dissenting light of the church where I had last seen him had done him no justice, though it had given the hint of what I now saw focussed by the sixty-four candle-power lamp. What mating had produced Rodney Teele, I wondered, as I stood before him. I remember thinking fantastically that *Who's Who* must have lied. By what Mendelian miracle could the simple Middle Western pair who were his accredited progenitors have achieved this offspring?

The face that was bent towards mine was more Oriental than ever: the cheek-bones higher, the moustache thinner and grayer, the face more like old vellum—and the black eyes, by contrast, fiercer. "Inscrutable" is a cheap word to describe him with; there was no mystery there, in the crude sense, because there was no suggestion of anything to solve. That face had everything to say—and nothing to tell. It showed the door to curiosity. Rodney Teele might have been meditating the infinite in some high gorge of the Yalu since the Mings were overthrown. Only the eyes were like those we feel blazing upon us from the pages of the everlasting Chronicles. I thought how hideous it would be if I had come there to question him.

He did not offer me a cigar, though I saw the conventional box at hand. Rodney Teele did not smoke, himself, and he probably forgot it. I cannot say how unimportant I felt.

He began speaking at once—with a quite Occidental precision, in a soft, slightly nasal voice.

"I am leaving for Carlsbad to-morrow. My physicians insist upon it."

I bowed.

"I think it a quite unnecessary precaution, but as I am not needed here for the moment, I judged it well to be tractable. Any means of adding to one's strength after the age of sixty are desirable in themselves."

"Of course." I spoke shortly, determined not to grovel. But my own voice, I noticed, was low.



"I remembered you as an intimate of my son's—an intimate whom, in former days, I was glad to welcome."

"I have always been very fond of Rodney."

"Yes—just so. And Rodney, I think, was fond of you—though I do not speak with authority of my son's feelings." He smiled.

"He certainly was." Some of the breathlessness of the months just past got into my voice at this point. To that I would stick, through thick and thin, nor care what the Power opposite me said.

"I felt inclined to ask you—I have not put the question to any one else—before leaving America for a rather long time, if you know where Rodney is. I quite understand that you may prefer not to answer."

"On the contrary, I prefer to answer, and with complete veracity. I know nothing whatever about Rodney except that I saw some months ago in a newspaper that he was married. I wrote to him here, but never had any reply."

"Yes. Your letter is probably among these." He took up a little pile of letters from the table, removed the elastic band that confined them, and held them out to me. "Would you care to extract it?"

The packet was not very large, and my own letter was quickly found. I fingered it, with the proprietary instinct one has towards old letters of one's own rediscovered in strange places or after many days. Then another impulse conquered that: the impulse not to stop my old message on its delayed and doubtless vain quest for Rodney Teele. No: if it ever reached him, so much the better. It would speak for itself more clearly than I could speak for it. I handed back the packet.

"I think I'll let it take its luck. There just might come a day when Rodney would be glad to find it."

"As you like." Rodney Teele replaced the elastic band and laid the bundle to one side. "But it is perhaps fair to tell you that I think there is less chance of its reaching Rodney here than in any other spot on earth."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Let it take its luck," I repeated. Then I grew bold. "Mr. Teele," I said, "you leave

me at liberty to infer that you did not approve of Rodney's marriage. Surely, you, and you alone—since you managed to choke off the newspapers—can tell best where Rodney is likely to be; for Rodney must have talked with you since he talked with any one else. No one, I feel perfectly sure, has seen or heard of Rodney since his marriage. I am convinced that, if any one had, it would have been I. And you knew enough at least to silence the press—otherwise, there would have been a dozen reports a day."

He fingered a paper-cutter—not nervously, but methodically, as if with a purpose.

"If the newspapers have reported nothing, it is, so far as I know, because there has been nothing to report. I requested them to refrain from publishing anything that was not absolutely authentic. That, they were kind enough to do. If Rodney himself had chosen to fill a column a day, I could not, of course, have prevented it." He smiled blandly.

I may have looked incredulous, for he went on. "I am speaking only the literal truth. Have the goodness not to doubt my word. It would have satisfied a natural curiosity on my part if they had succeeded in getting at Rodney. But I am led to infer that he has the family dislike for informing the public about his private affairs."

The sense of his power ebbed from me a little, at that moment. It was inconceivable that any one could come close enough to old Rodney Teele to give him a strangle-hold. He was incalculably remote. I, at all events, was very far away from him—quite out of his perspective, too small to focus. If I had been something within his ken—a corporation, for example—I should doubtless not have ventured. But it really could not matter to Rodney Teele what went on in the insect world.

"I am very sorry that I cannot give you any information about Rodney. If I had any—unless Rodney had forbidden it—it would have been yours unreservedly. Would you mind my appealing to you in turn? Did anything pass between you and your son that could give an old friend—me, to be explicit—a clue to go on? I would do a good deal to get in touch with



him. I would make sacrifices. Did he drop nothing when he had his interview with you?"

Rodney Teele's left eyebrow, as he answered, had its peculiar interrogative lift—that lift which so seldom accompanied a real question. "I had no interview with my son. None was needed."

"You mean——?"

For the first time, he spoke sharply, and departed from the stilted articulation of the self-made man. "When the young fool decided to throw his life away, he wasn't fool enough to ask me if I approved! Even young Rod had sense enough for that. No, sir: we needed no interview! He wrote me a letter saying what he was going to do; and then he had enough remnants of decency to get out. I've heard nothing of him since." He shut his lips close, and returned to his delicate operations with the paper-cutter. I was left staring.

"Then young Rod never even asked you what you felt about it?"

"My son knew what I should feel." He had returned to his precise manner. "For a long time he has been perfectly aware of my principles on the subject of marriage. He has known that under no conditions would I sanction his taking a wife who was not eminently fit to bear the next generation of Teeles. Wealth I should not necessarily have asked for; but a stock worth crossing with my own I think I had a right to expect. I am by nature, perhaps, something of an aristocrat in these matters, Mr. Souther. I do not believe in taking wives among the Midianitish women. And—I say it with due humility—the son of Rodney Teele had no ordinary responsibilities."

Useless to come into that court with a tale of human passion! It had always seemed to me—though I knew nothing about it—that between father and son there would be a deep instinctive sympathy in these matters: that a man could hardly be unmoved by the fresh desire engendered of his own desire—however deep beneath the ashes his own desire might have come to lie. But Rodney Teele hardly seemed, even reminiscently, the human male. He had the most celibate face I have ever seen. A strange person to be prating of the great human business of pedigrees!

"The girl may be as good as gold," I muttered.

"She may." He conceded it with no air of concession. "But I am justified in supposing that if my son had honestly believed her on all reasonable grounds acceptable to me as a daughter-in-law, he would have intimated as much. He made no attempt to defend his action to me. The Teeles are good pioneer American stock. I have been blessed with success beyond that of most men of my generation, but I should not have asked my son to marry any one of better birth than himself—if better birth, from a sane American standpoint, there can be. The importance of heredity is being so completely demonstrated at the present day by the men of science that I should have considered it a gross dereliction of my duty as a father and a steward of God's wealth, had I wanted less. My son knew my views on the subject, and, if he had met them in choosing a wife, he would have told me so. He had no reason, in that case, to expect opposition from me. He was my only child, and he had never found me nigardly with affection or with money."

"He is proud, young Rodney," I mused.

"Too proud—and yet not quite proud enough, I am afraid," his father affirmed, with mild precision. "And now, I do not think I need keep you longer, Mr. Souther. I thank you for coming. I am sure you understand a father's natural curiosity." He rose.

"Have you any message for Rodney, if I should run across him in your absence?"

He settled his eye-glass on his fine nose and looked at me interrogatively.

"Any message? Certainly not. If I had felt it imperative to communicate with my son, I could have employed people to trace him. I assure you that I respect his evident desire for privacy. And I trust you will not think it necessary to inform any one of my inquiries. In fact"—he looked me over from head to foot—"if you have any doubts on that point, I should be glad if you would indicate to me an adequate way of silencing them."

I was hot. "There are some things that are not bought and sold, Mr. Teele," I declared. "Among them are confidences between gentlemen."



There was the hint of a smile on his stiff smooth features. "I was not referring to money," he answered.

I could not contradict him, though I still felt that my impulse of anger had been justified.

"It is very difficult to know, in personal matters, just what another man may consider to be his duty," he continued. I could not gainsay such a platitude, and judged it better to say nothing. The interview was obviously at an end; and for nothing in the world would I consciously prolong it. I moved to the door, while Rodney Teele rang for a servant to show me out. We had not shaken hands.

He was still holding the enamelled bell-handle, when a footman entered. Under his perfectly adequate mask, I thought him surprisingly pale. The man ignored me, and handed, very respectfully, a card to Mr. Teele. I waited impatiently for the chance to say a definite "Good evening" to my host. When I heard no order given, no sound made, I finally turned my head.

Rodney Teele was standing near the great table, but erect, quite independent of the support it offered. His eyes were bent on the card, and, from every tense and narrowed feature, I could see that he was considering a plan of action and did not mean to speak prematurely. I was uncomfortable—Rodney Teele in the act of decision was, even to an outsider, an impressive figure. I felt, besides, as if I were looking through a keyhole; such intensity, impenetrable though it was, he must usually have reserved, instinctively, for moments of solitude. I wanted desperately to run; yet I did not want to break in upon that tremendous concentration by definitely leaving the room.

He spoke, in a moment, with chill sharpness—still looking at the card. He did not even glance at the servant.

"How does it happen that a card like this is brought to me? Flodden knows perfectly well that I never see any one except by appointment."

The man was nervous, I could see, and I turned to gaze at the Rembrandt. But though I could be blind, I could not be deaf, to what passed.

"Flodden is out, sir, and Dempsey at the door is new, and Mr. Standish has

left for the night, and Dempsey didn't quite venture, sir, he said, to—" The voice died away in a genuine stammer. Clearly, there had been magic in the card.

"I see that I am served by a pack of fools." The voice was very quiet; quiet enough to match the impassive pagan face that got so vividly (stare as I would at the masterpiece) between me and the Rembrandt.

Then I heard a sharp intake of the breath. "Mr. Souther!" I faced about. The master's back was turned, now, to the servant, and the man was surreptitiously drawing the back of his hand across his forehead. I saw the gesture vaguely over his master's shoulder.

I hurried forward. "I am sorry to have been an interruption. Good night, Mr. Teele." I wanted, unlimitedly, to dissociate myself, once and for all, from Rodney Teele's affairs.

"Wait!" He lifted a peremptory finger. Apparently his decision was taken, and I saw at once, to my extreme disgust, that he had involved me in it. No one, it seemed to me, could ever have wanted to be with Rodney Teele more than half an hour. Humanly speaking, it was a strain. And he had not even offered me a cigar—damn his dictatorial eyes! So, confusedly, reflected the sensitive young cub that I was then.

He looked at me keenly—his purpose, I was sure, perfectly formed. "Will you be so good as to be present at an interview I have just decided to grant to this person? I should be glad of a witness, and my secretary is spending the night with his mother before sailing with me to-morrow."

I looked at the card, held negligently under my nose by Rodney Teele's strong hand. "Mr. Rodney Teele, Jr.," was engraved on it. Only the "Mr." was crossed out in pencil, and "Mrs." written in above.

Every instinct in me cried out "No!" If there has to be a fight, I like a sporting proposition, and the handicap against the woman—whatever she was—was too great. I don't think there was one atom of curiosity in me concerning the event that was about to take place; curiosity is of comedy, and this was not comedy. But to stay seemed to be, in default of



real knowledge, my best guess at the way to back young Rodney. "I'll stay," I said at last, rather thickly.

"Thank you." Then he turned to the man. "You may show her up here. Is she alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring her up at once." He tore the card carefully in two and dropped it into the waste-basket. To me, in the few minutes that went to the servant's descending and convoying his charge back to the library, he said nothing. We waited in silence, each staring at whatever spot on the book-lined wall was most convenient. I stole one look at him. His narrowed eyes seemed to slant slightly upward at the corners, and his thin gray moustache had precisely the vertical droop of a high Chinese official's. He was more than ever like a mandarin with whom one can exchange only Ollendorffian ideas, germane to the philosophy of neither.

At last we heard steps, and both of us, with a common impulse, faced the door. We must have looked like allies at bay. The footman did not announce the visitor in the usual way. He said only, "Here she is, sir!" and fled, decorously but definitely—hot-foot, no doubt, for the servants' hall. I moved over and closed the great mahogany door. Rodney Teele had given me no sign, but in some way his wishes had been communicated to me. Unless you gave yourself time to think, you would always, I fancy, have taken orders from Rodney Teele. I was annoyed, the instant I had done it: I was no lacquey to forestall his desires. Then I came back to the situation.

There was no formal introduction. Rodney Teele mentioned my name to his son's wife—absently, I should say, except that he never gave the impression of doing anything absently. He motioned her to a chair—almost imperceptibly—but she paid no attention to the gesture. He sat down, himself, then, in his own desk-chair, and faced the two of us who stood on the other side of the table. Young Mrs. Teele had not even looked at me when my name was spoken; she had merely shrugged one shoulder slightly in my direction, as if the name of a minor annoyance like me did not matter. Treated so cavalierly, I found myself at

liberty to be curious. Rodney Teele sat erect, as if in the judgment-seat—his yellow-white face, with the light full on it, emerging from vague vast backgrounds of shadow. The woman, ignoring me utterly, stood facing him. For the moment I was free.

I knew, in an instant, that I should never understand why Rodney Teele, against such odds, had chosen her. "This is what it took to move young Rodney; *this* was his chance," my brain said with slow irony. In profile, under an ugly hat, her face did not, of course, have fair play; but, even so, it was not the profile of a beauty. Her figure was good, as most young American figures are good; but there was nothing extraordinary in posture, line, or carriage. Her eyes I could not see. More than ever, it seemed a mad adventure of young Rod's—and not so much mad, even, as outrageously unnecessary. But of course I did not know—never should know—what had flung them together, or what blinding magic there had been in circumstance. Sometimes a man loves a woman for the place or the hour he has found her in. I was hideously uncomfortable—I had expected that she would have beauty, at least, to back her. Something in me said: "Make the most of your bad moment; analyze this miracle, if you can." But, most emphatically, I could not.

All this was a matter of only a few seconds to my quickened senses, my eager, tiptoe mind. Then I heard her speaking.

"I wasn't sure you'd see me. But I saw you were going to Europe to-morrow, and I risked everything."

The balances of judgment that I considered I was holding swayed perceptibly. The voice was good—perhaps a shade too powerful, too full of emotional possibilities, for our conventional code, but undeniably an asset. Still: to throw away that chance in life for a voice—especially when it gave no positive guarantee of being the voice of a lady . . . Her English, as you will see, was well enough; but her intonations were not those of the privileged. I may as well record that fact now.

"It was a sudden decision to see you. My first, perhaps I should say my better, judgment, suggested that I should most



emphatically refuse. I hope you will justify my decision by being brief. What is your business with me?"

"I am Rodney's wife."

"That does not constitute business with me."

"My husband is your son, then."

"Did he send you to me?"

"He did not. He is as proud as the devil."

Rodney Teele's left eyebrow mounted. He did not look at me, but I felt, none the less, his dry triumph at seeing me find her taste questionable.

"Then certainly you have no business with me. Suppose we terminate this quite useless interview now." There was a slight emphasis on the last word.

"I thought you ought to know that your son is not well and is very poor."

"If he is poor, it is his own deliberate choice that has made him so. He had a good salary when he was in my employ. I need not speak of what his prospects were, for I dare say you considered that before you married him."

"I considered nothing."

"Then you were very foolish. I am quite sure that my son did not lure you into marrying him with promises of wealth. He, at least, has never suggested that I should turn my stewardship to uses that I do not approve of. I think you are courageous—to use a mild word—to ask me for money when my son feels it impossible to do so himself. I think you are not very proud to beg when my son will not beg."

"I am too proud to beg of any one but you. I am much too proud to beg of you for myself."

"Are you suggesting that you would take a price for freeing him? Let me say at once that I believe the marriage-tie to be a thing instituted of God. Since my son has chosen you, if you are faithful to him, I should consider him as much disgraced by divorce as he was by his marriage."

The ivory-white features stirred only so much as speech necessitated. All the time his narrowed eyes searched her face. She was very game, at least.

"Even you couldn't part us." Her voice sank to a thrillingly harsh note. "And I tell you I am not asking for

myself. I can go to the hospital when my time comes." There was the faintest contraction of Rodney Teele's thin lips; but his face remained impenetrable as ever. "All I ask of you is to keep Rodney going till he can get a start. He had no money when he married me except what was in his pocket. He's got no fortune of his own, as you very well know, and I guess he always lived up to that magnificent salary you tell about. And, cast off as he is, he'll never go to any of his friends for help. What do you suppose Rodney Teele, Junior, can do in New York with you and his own pride both against him? You didn't train him to work with his hands, did you? He's taken what he could get, but it'll kill him in time. Do you think your only son is such a poor proposition that you can't put a little of your money into him—even if he didn't marry the girl you picked out for him? You can send him out West. Suppose you don't like me: he's your son, isn't he? And his child will be your grandchild, no matter who his mother is."

She stopped, and, putting her hands on the table, leaned forward across it. "You can't get away from that!"

Things were going very badly. I wished myself away, so helpless I felt. But her voice—the rich and complex organ that she could command—was a miracle. I wondered if it could have been the voice. . . .

Rodney Teele brought his hand down on the table. The gesture was very quiet, but I felt that, metaphorically speaking, the imperial thumb had been turned down.

"Two facts should, I think, be called to your attention, madam. One is that I can respond to no appeals made to me by any other person than my son himself. The other is that your child is of no importance to me." Again the slight emphasis—this time on "your."

I have never, before or since, had to stand by and listen to the speaking of such brutal things; yet Rodney Teele, saying them in his soft, slightly nasal voice, did not sound so brutal as he is written down. The complete detachment of his tone saved him—perhaps her—to some extent. He might have been a consulted



oracle, giving forth discouraging information about Rodney Teele, Senior. Even so, I could not blame her for flashing back her answer at him with some shrillness. She had caught his emphasis on the pronoun.

"My child? And why not my child? I was an honest girl when your son married me. I am an honest woman now. I simply tell you your Christian duty. I am no Christian myself; but I don't believe they'd stand for your kind of charity."

Rodney Teele took up his paper-cutter and held it lightly between the middle fingers of his two hands.

"I am not accusing you of not being 'honest,' as you use the word. What I mean is this, woman! The Teeles breed for virtues they have proved. They breed from a stock they can count on. If God has given me power in the land, the less reason why I should pass it on to people who are not my people nor their God my God. I have nothing against you; but you were not the wife for a Teele, or the mother for Teeles. My son told me of his marriage the day it was accomplished. He told me who you were and whence you came. If he had had any effective arguments to reconcile me to it, he would have produced them then. If he had felt that circumstances were now such as to justify his approaching me, he would have approached me himself. I trust far more to my son's conscience than to yours. I do not say how I should meet any approach from him; but, in any case, I meet none that is not entirely his own. My son is silent; and certainly while he is silent you babble in vain. As for my fortune, rather than hand it down to generations that I can never be sure of, it shall go back to God." There was no passion in his tone—only a great gravity that harshened his soft voice slightly.

The woman turned away from him, and for the first time—though even then she did not look at me—I saw her face. Her language had been that of the native-born—no trace of foreign accent. But the voice ran through a gamut of emotion that the pure American stock does not easily come by. And when I saw her face clearly, for a few seconds, under the lamplight,

I found in it, too, something haunting and foreign—something like the mingled crudity and suggestiveness of a folk-song. I had no time to follow the clue, passionately concerned though I was to discover why she had so moved young Rodney. She turned back, while I was still discreetly searching her face, to Rodney Teele.

"You talk of God—you? God is supposed to be good, isn't he? Why, there isn't a man, woman, or child in the whole country that doesn't know how you got rich, and despise you for it!" Her voice was the very poetry of scorn. She was lyric, while old Rodney was detached; and escaped her own brutality as he did his. He did not seem revengeful, or she brazen. Painful, ugly, as the scene had been, even I, the witness, did not feel besmirched. She had strength, that girl, if she had no other virtue on earth. I could not honestly call her dark impressiveness beauty, or mistake her self-possession for breeding; but she was not simply a common creature.

Then I heard her take her farewell of Rodney Teele. "I don't know what you mean by the glorious Teele stock. If your son's child has an honest, healthy mother, I don't see why the Lord you seem to know so much about should ask for more. But I can't talk Scripture, I'm thankful to say! It's for me to worry, I guess, when my child will have a grandfather like you."

She moved to the door. Rodney Teele rose, and rang the bell for the man to reconduct her. He did not answer her, or bid her good-evening. Apparently neither would carry irony to the point of a conventional parting. As I heard the servant's footsteps approaching, I spoke to her. "Will you give my love to Rodney?" She just glanced at me, and shrugged her shoulders, as if I had merely made some kind of inarticulate noise. She did not pretend to reply. Without one backward glance, she left the room; and the man closed the door behind them.

While their footsteps grew fainter, I had a moment of acute meditation, my eyes fixed on the ground. When I looked up, Rodney Teele was standing at the far end of the room by a window, his back turned to me. If I had been perplexed as to how to get out of that terrible library a



quarter of an hour before, I was perplexed now tenfold. But before I could think how to say "Good night," I saw that I was to be spared the trouble of saying it at all. Rodney Teele was not thinking of me: doubtless he believed that I had gone. One arm flung out horizontally, he was speaking to himself. I moved softly to the door. The words came clearly from that distant figure, its oblivious back turned to me. "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Then he dropped to his knees and was silent. In two minutes I was breasting the cool evening wind of the upper Avenue. I had encountered no servants, and had let myself out.

Young Rodney Teele died of pneumonia while his father was in Carlsbad. There was only the stark notice of the death in the papers—no hint of an address, no mention of the funeral: "Died, on — —, in New York City, of pneumonia, Rodney Teele, Jr." I got just that and no more from our loquacious press; and it crossed my mind that the widow had shown herself almost a Teele by refusing—as she must have done—to be interviewed. Rodney Teele, on the other side of the ocean, was equally taciturn. Now and then, in the months after he had returned, I heard a man say furtively that old Rodney looked done up. But as he had no social existence, most reports of the sort came from Wall Street; and his untempered despotism in the world of high finance robbed those chance hints of their significance. He was more colossal, more hated, and more fawned on, than he had ever been. The Lord, as he would surely have said, continued to bless his efforts. At the same time his charities became more overwhelming, more cosmic, than ever. He was the acknowledged treasury for promoters of all the most up-to-date and scientific reforms—the modern softness again, eating through the patriarchal fibre. He grew also more passionately religious, after his own queer kind. He seemed to me more than ever (for I occasionally saw him in his own house) to be in perpetual connection, by long-distance telephone, with his Maker. I do not speak flippantly: it is many years since there has been flippancy in any one of my many attitudes to Rodney Teele. I

am merely trying to express the curious alliance in his manner between the mystical Dissenter and the financier sitting at the heart of an impressive modern machinery. Meanwhile the eugenists, the social reformers, the settlement workers, the chosen missionary societies, were gorged, and wiped the fatness of his wealth from their lips. Suffragists, I believe, were always turned away before they got within the outer fringe of secretaries. He had hated one woman too much.

I say that I saw Rodney Teele occasionally. He sent for me now and then, and I dined with him alone in that empty house—singularly empty, because it seemed to have no hope, no future. We were, he and I and the servants, like the dwindling population of a citadel: safe while we lasted, but never to be reinforced or rescued. It was depressing; and yet I felt that I owed it to him to sit opposite him, once every six months or so, and eat his imperial fare to the accompaniment of melancholy thoughts. We never discussed the scene of which I had been a witness; we never mentioned his dead son. If Rodney had been living, I could not have gone there; but I had the sense, if not of serving young Rodney, at least of doing him no disservice. Whether Rodney Teele had ever had further communication with his daughter-in-law, I, of course, did not know. Nothing was ever heard of her—which might cut in either direction. That I was tacitly on the side of young Rodney and whatever belonged to him I am sure the old man knew; but he did not resent it. I sometimes wondered if that were not his only reason for keeping hold of me. I never quite believed that, however. I think his impulse was, rather, not to lose sight of an individual who possessed intimate information of the sort that I had packed away. I should have been quite willing to tell old Rodney the truth: that I had sought—and sought fruitlessly—for young Rodney's widow, as I had sought for Rodney himself before his death. Their obscurity was one of the cleverest and most difficult things I have ever known fate, assisted or unassisted, to achieve. I fancied they had been lost in some outlying slum or suburb, perhaps under another name. In any case, I knew less than



nothing. If Rodney Teele knew anything, he kept it to himself.

The pretext for his occasional invitations—there was always a pretext, as if to guard against my assuming that far-off event to be fresh in his memory—was usually architectural discussion. I was beginning to work hard, but I was near enough to the bottom for it to be out of the question that Rodney Teele should consult me professionally. He liked to talk about the plans of the various buildings that he endowed—informally, as he would have talked to a friend. I do not think he ever asked me a technical question, or in any sense gave away his own architects. But we discussed the exteriors of hospitals and settlements and missionary offices—all that generation of edifices brought into being by Rodney Teele's wealth during the last years of his life. On one occasion he asked me to go with him while he inspected a newly opened and most scientific orphanage. He used to walk quietly in, of an afternoon, to some institution he had backed, chat mildly with the authorities, do a little casual inspecting with the air of a sight-seer, and walk out again—keeping, all the time, his thoughts to himself. Such visits were duly recorded in the press, of course; but they were externally as little as possible like an official progress. I was often his sole body-guard, and I know.

"The orphanage?" I answered, in reply to his suggestion. "Oh, yes, I should like to see it. But I wonder, sir, that orphans should be in your line."

The allusion was not so sharp as it sounds, for we had often discussed scientific philanthropy, and I knew some of his curious views.

"We must remember," said Rodney Teele in his soft voice, fainter and slightly more nasal than of old, "that the laws of heredity are becoming fixed for us. We know that a certain proportion of the offspring, even with a bad strain in one of the parents, can be saved. The charter of the asylum provides that they can receive no children both of whose parents are undesirable. The eugenic specialists are finding the institution a fruitful field for research. I may say that it will be a great help to the proper testing of the

Mendelian law for human subjects." He smoothed his glove as we passed down the steps of his grim mansion. "And I have a great deal of money," he added irrelevantly.

No one, so far as I know, has ever seen Rodney Teele in what could be called a "human" mood. He was not as other men; and his geniality was no more deceiving than the mask the Chinese actor puts on in sight of the audience. More than ever, that afternoon, as we rolled through the crowded streets in the barricaded hush of his limousine, I felt the isolation of this man. I wondered privately if he kept his amenities, like his confidences, for God. Not the greatest expert of them all had ever been introduced, I believe, to Rodney's Teele's philosophy of life; and to no one, I judged, had he disclosed the complete design of his philanthropy. They were all blind beneficiaries. I, certainly, was as bewildered as any one; only I got no pleasure out of the contemplation of Rodney Teele. It did not flatter any secret democratic taint in me to see him walk up the steps of the main building of the asylum just as another man would have done. Yet I could not refuse him the little things he asked me.

This afternoon the superintendent was absent. It was hard on the superintendent, I thought privately. He would so have liked that brief chat in his own office with the great man—that nervous chat in which nothing sincere or significant could possibly be brought out. An assistant proffered the card-catalogue as an object of interest; but Rodney Teele waved him away.

"I should like to see some of the children—if they are not in school."

The head matron was summoned. For the little ones, it was the hour of recreation before supper. So we walked towards the scientific playground where earnest young women taught the little creatures the scientific way to play. The place was as clean as a hospital; elaborately subdivided, an intricate bare labyrinth of the most modern description. I was not uninterested in the plans of the vast place; but it was only one of a thousand details in Rodney's Teele's past, and he pushed on towards the playground, barely nod-



ding at the matron's occasional outburst of rapture over arrangements for sanitation or comfort.

Presently we faced a crowd of fifty little creatures in a broad, sanded enclosure. The two young play-assistants scanned our group of three, whispered to each other, and went on ostentatiously guiding the games. The children seemed to be fearless, which comforted me. I do not like orphan asylums. They ran up, by twos and threes, to inspect us and smile at the head matron. They were always herded back into their games with elaborate gentleness by the play-assistants.

Rodney Teele stood on the lowest of the steps that led down into the playground, and folded his hands on his stick. He stared for a moment non-committally before him, over the heads of the children—a party-colored group. It was one of the new departures of this gilded institution that the children were not dressed alike. A little boy of three or four ran up to the matron to show her a toy pail. I should not have noticed the child except for the sudden flush that came over the woman's homely and dignified face. She beckoned one of the young women, whispered to her, and gave the boy into her charge, pointing to a distant sand-pile.

Just then Rodney Teele turned and saw the group. Perhaps he thought it time for another manipulation of the mask. At all events, he asked a question. "What is this little boy's name?"

The play-assistant answered promptly. "Teddy, sir. Come, Teddy, don't bother the gentleman." And she was for hastening him off.

But the child clung for a moment to the voluminous gray skirts of the matron and spoke shrilly.

"It isn't! It's Rodney Teele, Third. My mother told me so."

The matron rocked nervously where she stood. "It's known as 'Teddy Rouse' in the card-catalogue, sir." Her face had turned from red to pale. "But he was two years old when his mother died: we don't know what crazy things she may have said to him. Their parents come near being the ruin of us if they live too long. 'Teddy Rouse' it is, and Mrs. Rouse they say she was called. She must have had

her marriage certificate, or he wouldn't have been admitted. These things are all done perfectly right at the Home, as the superintendent could tell you if he was here. Teddy, go and play with Miss Bamberg."

And the child went, but not before I had had one sufficient look at him. The resemblance to young Rodney's wife was unmistakable: he had the same features, stamped, too, with the haunting, foreign look I had noticed that evening in old Rodney Teele's library. "Recessive to the dominant Teeles," I muttered to myself. Certainly, the child had no look of my classmate, and still less of that mandarin in ivory who stood at this moment beside me.

Rodney Teele said nothing. He raised his hand to check the flow of the matron's apology: she stopped in the middle of a word. He did not glance after the retreating child; but I knew he had seen as well as I. If ten seconds had sufficed to me, they would have been more than enough for Rodney Teele. He turned his back on the playground and strode stiffly into the building. The superintendent had not returned when we reached the office, and we waited there only five minutes, while Mr. Teele talked with the assistant about some new Montessori outfits. The matron hovered limply in the background, and followed us to the door. Not a word was spoken about Teddy Rouse.

I need not have dreaded the drive home. It was my fate to enter into Rodney Teele's life at strange and crucial moments, and to emerge from them with no increased sense of fellowship with him. He always ignored immediately what we had just been through together, and the only proof I had of his remembering those hours was that he did not quite forget my existence. On this occasion, as well, no reference was made to the child we had seen. The only difference it had made was to bring to Rodney Teele's face the least perfunctory smile I had ever seen there—the smile of a man who has justified his ways. Without a lead from him, I could not speak; and we drove home uncommunicatively, except for that speaking smile. He dropped me, courteously, at my own club, and went on.



Through the window of the limousine, as the car turned, I could see his extraordinary face still mildly glowing. He never sent for me, after that, and I never saw him again.

It was a year after our visit to the orphan asylum that Rodney Teele died. His will was published in the papers, to the last inch of its great length. That stupendous storm of bequests broke over a stunned world, excluding for a day every other excitement. There was so much money! Even Rodney Teele must have had hard work to dispose of it; but he had evidently toiled gallantly at his Herculean task. He had at least kept his account with his Maker on an imperial scale. Again I was haunted by a sense of partnership—as if Rodney Teele had been the terrestrial member of the firm. But I kept my cynical reflections to myself. The date of the will lay somewhere between young Rodney's marriage and the journey to Carlsbad, though there were plenty of charitable codicils since that date. Some of his financial associates were remembered, as well as outlying Teeles in obscure corners of the country. The usual things were done for servants. There was no mention of Teddy Rouse.

I peered into the future, wondering vaguely if I should ever be in a position to do anything for little Rodney Teele, Third. I hoped I should. But at the moment I could not afford to remove him from the institution where he was; and a brief interview with Rodney Teele's lawyer showed me that, in the circumstances, Rodney Teele's will could not be assailed for the child's benefit. There had been a sealed letter to his lawyers especially providing for that remote contingency. Rodney Teele had evidently not trusted me. I could only hold on and hope that some-

time I might quietly take the boy away and look after him. It would not be a work of love—he did not look like Rodney; he looked only like all the things that had done for Rodney—but it might lay a few ghosts that seemed sometimes, to my forewarned ears, to be still treading the world.

The day never came, however. I used to visit the asylum occasionally as a kind of carking duty. Always, in my mind, was the firm intention to withdraw Teddy Rouse as soon as my income should reach a certain figure, which I had fixed. At present Rodney Teele's grandchild was faring better on his casual crumb of Teele benevolence than I could guarantee his faring. It was some satisfaction to me to know, at least, that Teddy Rouse would, for a time, have been supported by his grandfather. Until I could do better, there was nothing for it but to go occasionally and carry him permitted gifts. I don't think the child ever grew fond of me—probably he never really had the chance. I hadn't much to say to him—then.

A few years after Rodney Teele's death, when I paid one of my periodic visits to the orphanage, I was informed that Teddy Rouse had run away. No trace of the boy was ever discovered: his evasion had been planned with a skill worthy of the Teeles. It is possible that, one of these days, we shall do homage to some financial genius of undivulged origin, whose countenance an old man may quietly recognize. It may be that, meanwhile, the Teele brain is working somewhere in obscurity behind a face like a folk-song. But I doubt it. I think that little Teddy Rouse was a pure recessive, and that with his parents' untimely death the dominant strain was lost forever.





# EVERY MOVE

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE



FAT old woman in a blue-checked apron emerged from the shadows of the chestnut-trees in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, and began to set in ordered line the wooden chairs that had been huddled together, like timid animals seeking warmth, during the cool hours of the night. It was seven o'clock of a May morning in Paris. Will some joyous chemist never distil the essence of it, bottle it, and distribute it gratis as an antitoxin for melancholy?

The old woman may have entertained some similar thought; for, as she worked, she hummed uncertainly a pleasant little spring song:

Le lendemain elle était souriante,  
A sa fenêtre fleurie; chaque soir  
Elle arrosait ses petites fleurs grimpantes  
Avec de l'eau de son arrosoir.

When her task was fairly accomplished, and the straw-bottomed chairs were aligned like so many stiff hussars, she allowed her gaze to wander beyond the immediate foreground. She noted, with the quick disapproval of an order-loving mind, that the gravel of the walk was sprinkled with cream-colored blossoms from the chestnut-trees overhead. She weighed for an instant the possibilities of a cleansing broom, but a Latin sense of poetry checked her hand. To such an extent did she react that thereafter she was careful not to crush a single blossom, as she moved about on her clumsy, comical feet.

In the middle of the avenue, by the Rond-Point, a grizzled old man was watering the road. Behind him, progressing reluctantly on rollers, snaked fifty yards of rubber hose. Facing the Tuileries he hurled prismatic showers of spray into the very teeth of the morning sun.

The old woman greeted his approach cheerfully.

"Variety of sausage, hast thou not enough stirred up the dust for one day?"

"*Hé, la belle,*" he answered; "go seat thyself on thy chairs at two cents the hour!"

"Thou talkest," she retorted with a grin.

As he stopped by the curb he turned some mysterious spigot in such a way that the jet of spray folded itself up like a fan and, subsiding into a single ugly stream, ran disregarded down the gutter.

The old man crooked a bent thumb over the shoulder of his blouse.

"There is one up there by the Rond-Point," he said darkly, "who takes money from thy pockets. He is sitting on a *bench*. What thinkest thou of that, my little one—on a *bench*! Also, he has not moved from that bench all the night. That vexes thee, hein?—when he should be renting a chair of thee."

"The camel!" she exclaimed. "I will occupy myself with him."

"Take care; he has the beauty of a devil."

"So much the worse for the devil. He shall sit in one of my chairs if he be *Fallières* himself."

With this reflection on the president of her republic she hurried away to seek out the offender.

She found him, as the old man of the hose had said, occupying a bench at the Rond-Point. That he was either asleep or in misery was obvious, for his body was twisted up sideways on the bench in a position that no rational, wholly conscious person would wilfully assume, and his arms, hanging limply over the back of the seat, served as a precarious pillow for his head.

The old woman eyed him in doubt. She knew him at once for a gentleman: a tramp would have arranged himself more comfortably and would have made use of his coat for bedding. Besides, his

hair was cut very short and it was black, and it curled in a manner distinctly patrician. A shrewd judge of social strata was the old woman.

A closer inspection revealed him an Anglo-Saxon; he was smooth-shaven; his shoes were well shaped; he was broad of shoulder and narrow of waist; his trousers were turned up as though they had been and always would be, and there was unmistakable breeding in the knot of his cravat.

Noting the tired, pathetic lines on his face, she resolved not to disturb him, and was in the act of turning away when he stirred and sat upright.

He looked about him, dazed, gave a hollow laugh, felt through his pockets anxiously and swore softly and with perfect resignation. The old woman moved up in front of him and, standing with her hands on her hips, addressed him in a friendly fashion.

"Monsieur has not need of a chair?—it would be more comfortable, and at two cents an hour—" Her gesture hinted that two cents an hour was a sum not to be mentioned between gentlemen and ladies.

But he shook his head and forced a crooked smile.

"I haven't enough to hire a chair for five minutes," he said in correct, careful French. "Otherwise I should not have chosen this bench for a night's rest. It is hard as charity—or is it 'cold as charity' that one should say?"

The old woman pleaded ignorance of the appropriate adjective; but, scenting mystery, she commenced to catechise.

"Monsieur says that he has passed the night on this bench? Poor monsieur! It is scandalous!"

"Is it not?" he agreed.

"And monsieur has no money?"

"Not a cent."

"Monsieur has been robbed, then?"

"Yes," he answered; "monsieur has been robbed. A porter at the Gare du Nord took all my coppers, a taxi-auto to my hotel took all my silver, and two bottles of champagne at the Café de Paris took my gold."

"And the bank-notes?"

"Oh, the bank-notes were taken without my consent. In their case I cannot put my finger on the thief; but should you

ask me to guess, why, then, I might inform you that there was a lovely lady dressed all in salmon pink with whom I waltzed at the Bal des Coryphées last night, up there by the Place Pigalle. I recollect that she pinned a white carnation on my lapel, and was agreeably slow about it. Then, when I looked for her later——"

"She had gone!" finished the old woman.

"Exactly; and she doubtless is using seven five-hundred-franc notes for curl-papers at the present moment."

"The cow!" ejaculated the old woman coarsely. "But monsieur can get no money from the bankers? Monsieur has no friends in Paris? Monsieur cannot borrow from his hotel?"

The young man smiled.

"I know no one in Paris," he explained. "As for my hotel, they are more likely to attach my baggage than to advance me a louis. But I am keeping you. If I am not mistaken those two gentlemen are contemplating your chairs with a view to sitting on them."

The woman turned to follow his gaze.

"That," she explained, "is Monsieur Vilbert—very rich—an old client of mine. He is the little thin one with the gray mustache brushed like William's."

"Like William's?"

"Yes, like that of William the German. I will go to bid him good morning. I know him well; but his friend, the big one, I do not remember to have seen before. It must be that he does not sit often in the Champs-Élysées."

Left to himself, the young man stretched and rose to his feet. He slapped the dust out of his clothes and shook his coat viciously in a vain endeavor to smooth the wrinkles from it. A night on a bench in the open air is a poor valet.

Fortunately, however, he was young and his six feet two of youth needed no excuse.

As he stooped for his straw hat, which he had placed under the bench, he heard footsteps on the gravel behind him. He turned, hat in hand, to see Monsieur Vilbert and his friend standing at his elbow. Monsieur Vilbert inspected him critically, head to one side, thumbs resting in the upper pockets of his waistcoat, dapper little feet turned out at right angles. Monsieur Vilbert's friend inspected him



ruminatively, sharp eyes narrowed to slits in his round, red face, fat white hands clasped across a convex abdomen, patent-leather feet planted far apart.

Then Monsieur Vilbert looked at his friend and they both nodded; and Monsieur Vilbert gave a nervous, energetic twist to his gray mustache, and his friend drew a sleek hand across his smooth-shaven chins. And Monsieur Vilbert spoke in French.

"What a beautiful morning!" is what he said.

The young man regarded one and then the other, puzzled, surprised, not certain that he was pleased.

"Yes," he answered finally, "one cannot complain of it."

The two Frenchmen appeared to ponder the words as though they had been sibylline. Then they nodded once more, *omine fausto*.

"Monsieur," said Vilbert, "my friend, the lady who rents the chairs, informs me that you are a stranger here in Paris and that you—that you have not been made to feel at home; in short, that you have been robbed. Pardon the brutality of the word, will you not?"

"But certainly," replied the young man.

"Good!" said Vilbert.

"Good!" echoed his friend.

"And now," continued Vilbert, "I pray you to permit me to present myself. I am called Etienne Vilbert, and this is my friend and associate, Monsieur Hippolyte Dieudonné."

They bowed graciously, and the young man could do no less.

"I am overcome," he said.

"You have not heard the names before?" asked Vilbert, it seemed a little anxiously.

"You must forgive me," answered the young man, "if I admit that I have not. I come from America, and we Americans know very little of your country and even less of its great men. Nevertheless I repeat that I am honored, and I beg to give you my name in return. I am called Austin Waide."

"Well, then, Monsieur Waide," said Vilbert briskly, when he and Dieudonné had duly bowed once more and murmured their enchantment, "if you will do us the

honor of breakfasting with us I have no doubt but that we shall be able to put before you a proposition that will be of advantage to all of us. Do you accept, monsieur?"

Austin laughed.

"I certainly accept the breakfast," said he; "and as for the proposition—why, I am willing to do anything short of a crime to earn my living."

"We contemplate nothing criminal," Dieudonné assured him. "However, the work may be exciting and not unconnected with danger——"

He caught Vilbert's eye and stopped abruptly. Vilbert hailed an open cab and they drove out the Avenue du Bois to the Pré-Catelan. There, under the trees in front of the dairy, they breakfasted deliciously on fresh eggs and milk and wild strawberries.

When they had finished, Vilbert pushed back his iron chair and offered a brand of government cigarettes from a small mauve package.

"I patronize home industries," he remarked. "Perhaps you, Dieudonné, would prefer something more Oriental, with a Turkish name and a sensuous box."

Then he turned directly to Austin.

"Monsieur," he said, "you are young, handsome, well-built, athletic, like the majority of your countrymen. Like the majority of your countrymen, too, I take it that you are not afraid of danger."

"I have never wilfully avoided it," answered Austin, smiling.

"Good!" said Vilbert.

"Good!" said Dieudonné.

"I think we can use you," Vilbert continued. "The hours will be short; you will be released to-night in time for your *apéritif*, and the salary will be anywhere from one hundred francs to five hundred, depending entirely on the way you acquit yourself and the success of what, for us, is something of an experiment. Have I made myself understood? If so, I await your answer."

"One moment," said Austin. "I understand that you offer me from twenty to one hundred dollars for one day's work. Can you give me no more definite idea of the character of the work?"

Vilbert looked at his associate and they both shook their heads.



"No, monsieur," answered Dieudonné firmly, "that is one of the conditions: a blissful ignorance on your part is indispensable to our success. We may but give you a hint: be surprised at nothing; behave as a gentleman should, and—well, do not be afraid to defend yourself as well as you are able. Moreover, *le boxe Anglais* is renowned; need I say more?"

"Need we say more?" echoed Vilbert dryly, tossing away his cigarette and rising. "And so, Monsieur Waide, if you say 'yes,' you will accompany us back to Paris in a taxi-auto; if you say 'no,' we part regretfully, enchanted, however, to have had the pleasure of your society at our little breakfast."

"No bouquets," said Austin with a laugh. "I say 'yes.'"

"Good!" cried Vilbert.

"Good!" cried Dieudonné.

They paid their bill and walked through the *vacherie*, Dieudonné patting the sleek, fat cows and throwing bits of paper at the voracious goats. He was as amused as a child. Vilbert, however, serious and impatient, plucked at his arm, urging him to be off.

As they drove back through the Bois, the sun was well up in the sky, and the roads and bridle-paths had assumed the animation that is bred in Paris of a May morning. Wonderfully equipped cavaliers, dressed in amazing English breeches and coats, cantered dashingly but uncertainly at the sides of their *amazones*, as the French term them. Buxom *nounous*, with broad ribbons fluttering from their caps, were out already with their perambulators, airing the children of the rich and keeping furtive eyes out for picturesque zouaves or gallant guardsmen. In France it is not the police who distract the nursemaids, but the army.

Conversation between the three men in the taxi flagged. Dieudonné, making several half-hearted attempts at Gallic wit, subsided quickly under Vilbert's severe frown. Austin was calm, indifferent, almost bored. He was beginning to doubt the sanity of the two Frenchmen; but then—he had always been brought up to doubt the sanity of all Frenchmen. There still persists a class in America to whom a Frenchman is a crazy person who eats frogs and snails and who wears an imperial.

Vilbert, leaning from the window at intervals, directed the course. They rounded the arch at the Place de l'Etoile and turned down the Champs-Élysées. At the Place de la Concorde they took the Rue Royale to the Madeleine, and then, to the right, on the Boulevard as far as the Opera House. Here they swung across into the Boulevard Haussmann and followed it to its inception. They took the last street on their left and stopped at the house next to the *bureau de poste*.

Vilbert, who had given the driver a gold piece before the taxi drew up at the curb, grasped Austin sharply by the arm and hurried him through a high, dark entrance, the heavy, wooden doors of which stood open. Austin caught a glimpse of a sombre courtyard beyond, paved with stone and decorated with dwarf trees in green pots. Then he was led to the right through a glass door into a large hall. While they waited in front of an elevator-shaft he had time to look about him.

The hall was panelled in mahogany half-way up to the ceiling, and the ceiling, Austin calculated, was nearly twenty feet high. Above the panelling hung rich, soft tapestries, illuminated dimly by clusters of heavily shaded electric lights. At intervals stood gorgeous, barbaric suits of mail, erect and uncannily alive. Fastened to the panels were inlaid shields and swords and graceful lances, all beautifully wrought—the plunder of a mediæval court. The floor was marble-paved, in squares of black and white, and carved marble benches stood in the corners.

Somehow, in spite of the insignia of war, it gave to Austin the impression of a cathedral of the middle ages—some chapel, perhaps, designed for a crusader's tomb, filled with the arms by which he had sought to hew his way to salvation. It lacked but the odor of incense and the religious light of a stained window to complete the illusion.

The lift, which had been descending silently and slowly, untenanted, and propelled by some unseen hand on some unseen button, now reached the ground with a muffled click and a sigh of relief. The two Frenchmen motioned to Austin to enter. When they had followed him, so small was the space within that it was with difficulty they could close the doors.

Then Vilbert touched the topmost of



eight ivory buttons on a panel, and the tiny compartment hesitated, wheezed, and began once more its laborious motion upward, silently as before, save for the dull click at each landing.

"Remember," warned Vilbert earnestly, "you are expected to do exactly as you are bidden and to ask no questions. It is possible that some things may seem to you—how shall I say it?—bizarre, extravagant. But it is not for you to question our methods. If you conduct yourself satisfactorily to us your reward shall be satisfactory to you."

"Very well," answered Austin cheerfully, "I am prepared for the worst."

"Good!" said Vilbert.

"Good!" said Dieudonné.

Austin counted six landings and the lift stopped abruptly at the seventh. Vilbert led the way down a long corridor, flanked by numerous doors, all closely shut. There was no window in the corridor, but it was lighted at intervals by yellow electric lights. The bareness of its walls and ceiling and the multiplicity of its doors tended to accentuate its length. It might almost have been the corridor of some huge jail.

Austin fancied that he heard voices behind some of the doors; but he was hurried along so peremptorily that he could not be certain, and the three pairs of feet, echoing loudly on the stone floor beneath them, drowned all minor sounds.

At a door numbered 113 they paused, and Vilbert, drawing a pass key from his pocket, turned the lock and entered the room; Dieudonné and Austin followed.

It was a small rectangular room, uninteresting, banal. White plaster walls and ceiling, a high, small window framing a patch of blue sky, a long wooden bench, a row of hooks on the wall, and a full-length mirror swinging in a wooden frame. Nothing more.

"Wait here," commanded Vilbert briefly, and pointed to the bench. Then he turned to Dieudonné, beckoned him to the door, and muttered directions in his ear.

"Tell Roxane we have found him, and tell her the circumstances. Warn her to be ready. I will call Luzech to come and prepare him."

Austin heard but, hearing, was none the wiser. The whole affair struck him as

far-fetched, unduly mysterious. If there was danger to be encountered, why did they not point out the danger and bid him face it? They were behaving, to his eyes, like opera-bouffe conspirators. They needed but masks and dark lanterns and low music.

When they left him he noted that they closed the door and that the lock snapped back at its closing. He shrugged his broad shoulders and listened patiently to the sound of their feet diminishing in the distance down the corridor.

Walking listlessly over to the window, he looked out, his chin on the level with the sill. From that position he could see nothing save the mansard roofs of houses several blocks away and, over on the right and beyond, the slender line of the Eiffel Tower, bayoneting the blue sky.

"An excellent bird's-eye view of Paris," he remarked. "It would look well on a post-card to send home to Kansas City. But the room has none of the modern conveniences; I doubt if I stay long."

He sat down on the low bench and studied his shoes and his finger-nails. Still no interruption occurred. The silence became annoying and, for the first time that day, he lost his perfect serenity. He felt through his pockets for a cigarette, found none, and, resorting finally to that manifestation of impatience to which all caged beasts come sooner or later, he paced the room from corner to corner, from wall to wall.

Some one must have come noiselessly up the corridor, for, of a sudden, he heard the lock snap and his door opened inward. He turned and, instinctively on the defensive, put his back to the wall. What he saw in the doorway startled him for an instant; and then he smiled appreciatively. It was too good to be true: it smacked of the "Arabian Nights."

A huge figure blocked the doorway: a man as black and as shiny as hard coal; and he was naked to his waist. On his head was a fantastic, turbanlike affair; in his ears hung two golden crescent rings, and about his loins was wrapped a leopard's skin, rather worn and frayed. His feet and legs were as bare as his broad black chest, and his arms were decorated only with heavy gold bracelets, an inch wide.

Over one arm, however, hung a pile of



wonderfully colored fabrics, all purples and scarlets and greens and blues, embroidered with jewels and gold. Advancing gravely into the room, he laid them on the bench, and Austin perceived that they constituted a man's garments—the garments, possibly, of an Eastern prince.

The black bowed low with arms outstretched, his features set stolidly, unresponsive to Austin's frank smile. Then he pointed to the garments with a wave of his hand and indicated that Austin was to clothe himself in them forthwith.

"Very well, my good Nubian," agreed the American; "your wish is my law."

He examined the apparel with interest and amusement. A pair of gold slippers, pointed and turned up at the toes in a curve like the volutes of an Ionic capital; close-fitting scarlet tights with jewelled garters to clasp about them below the knee; a wonderful purple cloak that hung loosely to the thighs and was edged with ermine at the collar and around the wide sleeves and was embroidered gorgeously with gold in strange Oriental designs; a broad scarlet girdle to bind it at the waist, heavy with jewels and tasselled with gold rope, and, finally, a close-fitting turban, clasped at the forehead with a huge purple amethyst.

Slowly and wonderingly Austin got out of his own clothes, and slowly and wonderingly, with the aid of the silent Nubian, got into this finery of the East.

Once dressed, he surveyed himself, not without approval, in the tall mirror. His dark complexion, he noted, lent itself remarkably well to the costume: he was every inch a Persian, if, indeed, that was what the costume intended him to be.

Drawing himself up to his greatest height he found that he was able to look the giant Nubian fairly in the eyes. This pleased him, filled him with a subtle satisfaction. So with all of his national audacity he slapped himself soundly on the chest and grinned and cried: "Behold the great Persian lamb! Now bring on your Scheherazades—all there are in the harem!"

The black regarded him gravely, almost pityingly, and maintained an ominous silence; but he bowed low and led the way through the door.

Standing in the corridor was Vilbert, nervously twisting the pointed ends of his mustache into spirals. At sight of Aus-

tin, arrayed in glory, he nodded and gave a short grunt of satisfaction.

"Good!" he said.

Dieudonné was not present to echo the monosyllable.

The little Frenchman, slipping his arm through Austin's, led him slowly down the corridor. The Nubian followed, mute, behind them.

"My friend," said Vilbert huskily, "it now depends but on you. I have done all that I can to make you a success. I may do no more. Remember, keep your head cool and your hands ready and your muscles supple. Fight, if you must; and if you fight, fight well. Meanwhile, do as you are told. It is possible that I shall be watching you; in which case pretend that we have never met. It will be better so. *Au revoir*. I shake your hand and I wish you all success."

Monsieur Vilbert, his voice unsteady with real feeling, wrung his hand as though he were sending him to his death. Austin could not but be moved by the display of emotion.

"Good-by, monsieur," he said, "and do not agitate yourself on my account. I have been in some pretty tight places before now. Have you ever tried to cross Broadway down by Herald Square during the rush hour? This business of yours is all very mysterious, of course, but at least we are in twentieth-century Paris."

"You will not think so long," remarked Vilbert, and turned on his heel without another word.

Down the corridor the Nubian led the way, respectfully, solicitously, as one would lead an attractive lamb to the sacrifice. There seemed to be miles of corridor.

Finally, turning abruptly to the left, they came into a vaulted atrium, surrounded by glistening marble columns that supported Byzantine arches. At this point the Nubian paused and stepped aside in order that Austin might see into the hall beyond.

Austin looked and exclaimed: "My God!"

The Nubian put his finger warningly to his lips.

In front of them stretched an enormous court, crowded with restless people moving quietly backward and forward, in different directions, in and out, like a





"Monsieur," said Vilbert, "my friend, the lady who rents the chairs, informs me that you are a stranger here."  
—Page 707.

wheat-field in a shifting wind. An arched colonnade extended along the rear of this courtyard for a space of perhaps fifty yards; then it turned on itself at right angles and continued in that direction beyond Austin's range of vision from where he stood in the atrium. Many of the arch openings were closed with exquisite tapestries; others were filled with the wanton colors of tropical foliage and fruits. In two of them fountains tossed up jets of water that hung, perpendicular in the air, like silver wands.

Over this vast courtyard, and supported by the colonnades, stretched a flat roof of white, transparent glass, set in large rectangular lights, through which the May sun poured as through the roof of some huge greenhouse, where mammoth plants were being nursed to unholy size.

At the back, near the centre of the rear

colonnade, stood a dais, raised on two low, marble steps, carpeted with a rug of tawny yellow and pastel blue; and on the dais was a broad couch of cloth of gold, and on the couch, half-seated, half-reclining, languidly, sensuously, was a woman.

"My God!" repeated Austin.

Again the Nubian motioned for silence.

She was the focus of the crowd: about her the others backed and filled and circled and flew like bits of steel about a magnet. Four female slaves, their black skins shining in the heat, fanned her with long ostrich-plumes—fanned her rhythmically, monotonously, perpetually. A score of men, counterparts of Austin's Nubian, kept grim watch on either side of her throne, their hands crossed on the hilts of their naked, evil swords.

At her feet, in a semicircle, sat a dozen dancing girls, veiled to their eyes, stretch-

ing their graceful limbs on the rugs and the soft skins that covered the cold marble of the floor. As Austin looked, one of them was dancing, her body motionless above the waist, save for the slim arms that curved and coiled, her flat palms making strange, abnormal angles with her wrists.

Beyond the circle of the dancing girls the court was bare in front of the throne; but to the right and to the left knelt a score of men and women, clad in Persian dress and beating abstractedly on brazen cymbals or on muffled tambours; and through all the dull din that they made crept another sound, a grinding, mechanical sound, like the purr of a smooth motor or the buzz of a dentist's drill.

But Austin could not keep his eyes from the woman on the couch. He had read of vampires, and he wondered if, perhaps, she was not of their breed. Her face embodied all the cruelty, all the lust, of the baneful women that have marred history. As he looked on her he shivered, and yet he was not cold; and for the first time in his life he doubted himself and his own courage.

She was dressed all in white: white, loose Turkish trousers, gathered at her ankles with pearls; white pointed slippers curving up at the toes; a broad, white girdle beneath her breasts, which held in place the thin veil that draped her narrow shoulders and which hung down to her knees, weighted with pearls. Pearls at her wrists, pearls on her long, slender fingers, pearls wound in profusion through her black hair. Her face was unveiled. Alas, for the peace of man!

Austin looked and saw a narrow, oval face, white as paper; a broad, full mouth with lips painted dark vermilion—cruel, pitiless lips, fretting and twisting in front of small teeth that were too white and too regular to seem human. Black, straight eyebrows almost met over the thin nose and, beneath the eyebrows, black eyes gleamed and darted, restlessly, furtively, under narrow lids stained with indigo.

Austin had read of such women, had seen fantastic drawings of such women; indeed, he remembered that such a woman as this adorned the pasteboard boxes of a brand of cigarettes luringly called Persian favorites. But to be face to face

with such a woman, breathing the same heavy, perfumed air that she breathed—that was a different matter. It gave him a strange feeling about his heart, as though he had smoked too many of those cigarettes. He could not explain it.

Suddenly, while he watched, the dancing girl fell exhausted, her forehead on the floor in front of the dais. At a nod from the woman on the couch, two slaves lifted her in their arms and carried her away, panting and writhing, out through one of the arches of the colonnade.

Forthwith a third attendant salamed, and, although Austin could not hear the spoken words, it was obvious from his gestures that he announced the presence of some one in the atrium. The woman in white clapped her hands and, led by the giant Nubian, Austin marched through the crowd that made a lane for him clear to the marble steps. There the black drew away a few paces, leaving him face to face with the woman. His heart beat like a hammer while she surveyed him between her narrowed eyelids.

At length she stretched out a listless, white hand to be kissed. Under other circumstances Austin might well have grasped it heartily in his own, given it an emphatic shake, and murmured: "Glad to meet you."

But the spell being upon him, he leaned over it and kissed it gracefully enough.

The vermilion lips parted in a slow smile.

"Who may you be?" she asked in French, and her voice was low and caressing.

"My name is Austin Waide," he answered stiffly.

"And what is your business here?"

"I am afraid, madame, that I do not exactly know. I am here to find out."

"Ah," she said, still smiling, "how very interesting."

"Perhaps," said he.

"Perhaps?" she echoed. "And why 'perhaps'? If ignorance is bliss, is not doubt seven times bliss?"

"I am quite satisfied," said Austin, looking her fairly in the eyes; "only these shoes are uncomfortable."

"That shall be remedied," she answered, making a place for him beside her on the couch. "Monsieur Austin Waide shall not be compelled to stand."



He sat down as he was bidden. Strange Austin looked her frankly in the eyes; to say, all embarrassment had left him; and *her* eyes were not frank, but the re-



Over one arm, however, hung a pile of wonderfully colored fabrics. — Page 709.

but he felt confidently excited, as though he had drunk champagne.

"Do you find me beautiful?" she demanded, turning on him suddenly.

verse. She screened them with her indigo-tinted lids and her small teeth played with her lower lip.

"Yes," he answered at length, "I find

you beautiful in a certain sense of the word."

"You are half-hearted," she said, dissatisfied, "and not gallant. You are dis-

The woman leaned toward Austin on the couch, her eyes fixed on his. Some strange, Eastern perfume that she used stole about him and intoxicated him.



She laughed softly, and he put out his arms and held her closely.

—Page 715.

appointing after all. But, then, you are nothing but an Anglo-Saxon that has never felt his heart beat."

She clapped her hands sharply and motioned to one of the girls lying at her feet.

"Dance!" she commanded.

The girl obeyed her, trembling. The din of the tambours throbbed, pulseline, through the court. The long fans of ostrich-plumes waved to and fro, like pendulums, in the heavy, scented air.

Watching his face, she read in it his agitation, and she smiled at the knowledge that she had stirred him—smiled slowly and lazily with her red lips.

"Ah," she said softly, "at last you know that your heart beats. Now, tell me, am I beautiful?"

"You are so beautiful that it hurts," he answered her, shivering. The blood rushed to his head and above the dull beating of the music he could hear his own



heavy breathing and hers; and, through it all, the even, rhythmical murmur, like the purr of a smooth motor or the buzz of a dentist's drill.

She laughed softly, and he put out his arms and held her closely. Her eyes came nearer to his, fixed on them, holding them. A loose strand of her hair brushed his forehead. Then he closed his eyes and kissed her on the lips.

As he did so the dancing girl fell to the ground and lay there white, motionless, exhausted. At the same instant the sound of the tambours ceased, and, stifled by the silence, he opened his eyes and rose to his feet, dazed, staring stupidly about him.

There was no movement from the crowd in front of the dais. The dancing girl lay where she had fallen. Only the fans swayed up and down monotonously.

As his senses came slowly back to him, he passed his hand vaguely across his forehead. It was as though he were coming out of some tense, realistic dream—some dream that had been so vivid that he could not yet wholly shake it off.

Then, standing, he saw that which he had not seen before. He saw, half-hidden by the screening foliage, the body of a man, sprawling, twisted and contorted, on the marble floor to the left of the dais. The body was dressed much as he himself



He saw, half-hidden by the screening foliage, the body of a man, sprawling, twisted and contorted.

was dressed, and the body lay in a pool of blood. An ugly knife lay beside it, bare and crimson.

While he stood and gazed, overwhelmed, unbelieving, the woman beside him clapped her hands once more. Two giant black slaves, half-naked, their muscles rippling smoothly along their arms and backs, bowed low before her. She pointed at Austin with disdain.

"Take him away," she said, "and teach him. He sickens me; he is over-squeamish. Teach him not to draw away from my kisses as though they burnt his lips. When you have finished with him you may bring him back and throw him beside the other. Now go. Take him away!"

They rushed at him together. But he stood on the dais, two steps above them, waiting for them. And this was in his favor.

One of them he caught neatly under the chin with his left and sent him reeling back with his arms beating the air. The second grappled with him and they rocked and staggered together, up and down the step. The woman, drawing her feet up on the couch that they might not be in the way, watched the fight with cool interest, her chin in her hands. She watched it as might a disinterested spectator who had no bet on the outcome: she approved a good blow struck or an advantage gained by either side.

In the doorway of the atrium Austin had a glimpse of Monsieur Vilbert's white face watching them eagerly. Behind him bulged the fat figure of Dieudonné, his cheeks shining with excitement.

Austin tripped his man and threw him heavily to the floor, just as the other black regained his unsteady feet. Monsieur Vilbert, in the distance, grinned sardonically and rubbed his small white hands. His lips framed the monosyllable "good."

"Good!" echoed Dieudonné, at his back.

The woman on the couch imperiously waved forward two more slaves from the waiting row. It reminded Austin grimly of Nero clamoring in the Colosseum for more lions.

"If they start using their knives it's—good-by," he muttered.

With four against him, even though two of them were somewhat crippled by previous combat, the fight became dis-

mally unequal. They came upon him with a rush from all sides save the rear, where he was protected by the couch. He was able to deliver but one blow, and that one, being his last, was a desperate effort. He had the satisfaction of stretching one huge, ugly giant flat on his back before they overpowered him and held his arms fast to his sides.

They manifested no gentleness then in their treatment of him; one at his head and two at his feet. The fourth lay beside the dancing girl, motionless, unheeded.

As they bore Austin away toward the atrium he had a glimpse of the woman, stretched prone on the couch, following him with her eyes. And a slow, cruel smile curled her lips. The long fans were waving quietly, rhythmically, and the only sound throughout the court was that dull murmur, like the purr of a smooth motor or the buzz of a dentist's drill.

Vilbert met them in the atrium. He was strangely excited, and all the time he was rubbing his sleek hands gloatingly together. Dieudonné stood behind him, perspiring freely.

Once outside the court Austin was allowed to stand, the slaves holding his arms. Panting, furious, he looked back toward the dais. The woman was huddled on the couch, sobbing and shaking and wringing her hands.

Vilbert stood by the entrance, his arm upraised, waiting. Suddenly the woman sat upright, threw back her head, drew something from her girdle that flashed like a knife, and plunged it into her breast. Then she fell forward on her face.

"Now!" cried Vilbert ecstatically. "Finished!"

He clapped his hands, and the scene changed with magic rapidity. The woman on the couch raised herself slowly and began to adjust her clothing, patting her hair with delicate touches. The Nubian slave and the dancing girl, who had lain prostrate on the floor, got slowly to their feet, she smiling, laughing, chatting unconcernedly and volubly in French; he stumbling, a little stiffly, somewhat crestfallen, for Austin had put excellent force behind his last upper-cut.

And the dull noise like the purr of a smooth motor or the buzz of a dentist's drill ceased.





*Dragon by A. Castaigne*

With four against him, even though two of them were somewhat crippled by previous combat, the fight became dismally unequal. —Page 716.

Vilbert turned, his face wreathed in smiles. He seized Austin in his arms and kissed him rapturously on both cheeks.

"Cut it out," said Austin disgustedly; "what in the devil do you think you are doing? Will you please tell me the joke?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Monsieur Vilbert; "he thinks it a joke. Well, here is Roxane. She will explain the joke."

"Yes," agreed Dieudonné, "she will explain."

As he spoke, the woman from the couch came into the atrium. Vilbert, beside himself with delight, rushed to her, shrieking adjectives of approval. When she had calmed him he turned to Austin.

"Monsieur Waide," he said, "it is my great pleasure to present you to Madame Roxane Verneuil, of the Comédie Française. To-day, for the first time in her brilliant career, she has honored the firm of Vilbert and Dieudonné by consenting to display her divine talent for a moving-picture——"

"Hush," said she, interrupting his eloquence. "Monsieur Waide, I am enchanted to meet you on a somewhat more formal basis than just now; and may I congratulate you on your most realistic portrayal of the leading rôle of our drama without words. Realism—perfect realism! That is what we obtained by keep-

ing you in ignorance of our purpose. I only regret that your words cannot be reproduced as well as your motions. Your fighting was magnificent, but your love-making was—well, shall I say convincing?"

"One does what one can, madame," said Austin weakly. "It is somewhat humiliating, however, to find that, out of so many, I was, so to speak, the only goat—*le seule chèvre*."

"I do not quite comprehend," said Roxane, "but you need not be humiliated; poor Alphonse and Bernard are still nursing their chins—they who are used to rough handling, also. What shall you call the film, Monsieur Vilbert?"

"I think," answered Monsieur Vilbert, "that I shall call it 'Through Passion to Death.' That should attract the American public."

"I'm afraid," said Austin, "that portions of my performance would fall short of that title. I only wish I might give an encore; for I am convinced that on a second trial I could do myself better justice. There was one part in particular," he added, glancing surreptitiously at Roxane, "that I might have improved had I not hurried it."

"Oh, I am not sure," she answered him quickly; "you did it quite well enough." And, smiling, she dabbed the rouge from her lips with her handkerchief.

## THE TRODDEN WAY

By Martha Haskell Clark

DID you know the call of the spring-sweet world, mother, oh, my mother,  
Hid close in the dim-remembered days when you were as young as I?  
When life seemed only a gypsy trail through pine-fringed upland and sunlit swale,  
And never a care walked nigh, ah, mother, for never a care walks nigh.  
All day a-fare under bough-laced skies we have read our love in each other's eyes,  
And life is fair as a gypsy trail, with the spring wind sweeping by.

Ay, little wild heart, through the jasmined door  
You pass the way that I walked before.

Did you know the glare of the summer noon, mother, oh, my mother,  
Locked far in the half-forgotten days when you were as young as I?  
When the hands' relief at a duty done meant only another task begun  
With the breath of the roses nigh, ah, mother, the breath of the roses nigh.



The prisoning cottage walls within, all the stifling hours must I sit and spin  
Till life seems only a tangled skein, with the tear-knotted threads awry.

Ay, little mute heart, through the dust and heat  
You will find the print of my toiling feet.

Did you shrink from the shadowy valley-path, mother, oh, my mother,  
Spread dark in the pale-lit autumn days, when you were as young as I?  
The whispered prayer, and the frightened tears, and the gaunt, grim shapes of the  
hidden fears

That stir in the gloom close by, ah, mother, that walk in the gloom close by.  
Till the rose-leaf touch of a tiny hand stretched out of the night of shadow-land,  
And over a world of peace there lay the gold of a sunset sky.

Ay, little lone heart, through the dark and dread  
My feet have faltered, my heart has bled.

I know each step of your seeking feet, daughter, oh, my daughter,  
And when the road is adrift with snow, and you are as old as I,  
You will find the flame of that springtime fire you lit on the trails of your young  
desire

Is whispering still anigh, my daughter, is whispering love anigh.  
It has lit the path of your gypsy feet, it has lent its warmth to the hearth-side peat,  
And still through the gray of the winter dusk will its comfort and trust bide by.

Ay, little young heart, there is no regret  
On the road where the light of that flame is set.

## CONCERNING CONVERSATION

By Brander Matthews



IT is not always that foreigners, adrift for a few weeks in these United States, exhibit that condescension which Lowell resented sharply. Sometimes they reveal themselves as very frank in expressing their disappointment and their disapproval. It cannot be denied that they are often disappointed in us—perhaps almost as often as we are disappointed in them. They may have ventured across the Western ocean merely to spy out the land, or they may have arrived as missionaries of culture, having prepared themselves to enlighten us by means of lectures in words of one syllable

—to borrow a pertinent phrase of Colonel Higginson's. But whether they come as single spies or in lecturing battalions they rarely display the self-control which prevented Thackeray from adverse criticism of his American hosts. Dickens had been welcomed as the guest of the nation; but he did not hold that the acceptance of our hospitality debarred him from the privilege of speaking his mind freely about his entertainers. Many lesser men have shared our bread and salt; and not a few of them have felt free to follow the example of Dickens rather than that of Thackeray.

In the fall of 1909 a wandering British philosopher, who hailed from the Uni-

versity of Cambridge, was a guest at various American colleges; and after he had gone back to his own place he published in a Cambridge review his opinion that "in America there is, broadly speaking, no culture. There is instruction; there is research; there is technical and professional training; there is specialization in science and in industry; there is every possible application of life to purposes and ends; but there is no life for its own sake." And he declared that "you will find, if you travel long in America, that you are suffering from a kind of atrophy. You will not, at first, realize what it means. But suddenly it will flash upon you that you are suffering from lack of conversation. You do not converse; you cannot; you can only talk. It is the rarest thing to meet a man who, when a subject is started, is willing or able to follow it out into its ramifications, to play with it, to embroider it with pathos or with wit, to penetrate to its roots, to trace its connections and affinities. Question and answer, anecdote and jest, are the staple of American conversation; and, above all, information. They have a hunger for positive facts."

In a sweeping assertion like this there is certainly no hint of condescension, even if there is in it a disquieting assumption of superiority. That it should have been made by an Englishman is a little startling, since our kin across the sea would seem to be related to us in nothing more intimately than in their desire for information and their hunger for positive facts. It would have been more understandable if this assertion had been risked by a Frenchman, since the French are governed by the social instinct and trained from their youth up to be easy in converse themselves and also to put others at their ease. There it is, however, made by an Englishman; and this leaves us wondering what Hawthorne could have meant when he made one of the entries in the note-book he kept while he was in exile as consul to Liverpool: "I wish I could know exactly what the English style good conversation. Probably it is something like plum-pudding—as heavy, but seldom as rich."

Yet there is profit always in weighing the words of an alien critic of American characteristics and in trying to discover how much of truth may be contained in his off-hand opinion. We can afford to overlook the

casual discourtesy of his supercilious and superficial phrase if we are able to get at the core of his accusation. It is well that we should know ourselves; and we must not deny our gratitude to the foreigner who forces us to take stock of our deficiencies. If we are frank we must admit that question and answer, anecdote and jest, are frequent in our mouths, and that our ears hunger for information. The relish for anecdote and jest is one manifestation of that omnipresent American humor, which is also good humor and which may often degenerate into mere triviality. The desire for positive facts is an attribute of our practicality, of our ability to turn everything to account. We are not unlike the Athenians of old in our eagerness to hear and to tell some new thing; and probably some part of the wide-spread ability to shift our ingenuity suddenly into new channels may be ascribed to this very characteristic. A chance fact dropped in talk by a stranger, a casual scrap of information picked up by the wayside—these things have been the seed-corn of many a new industry. We have no cause to blush when we are told that we have a hunger for positive facts or even when we are assured that the staple of our talk is question and answer.

This is as it should be, and no man has a right to expect anything more in ordinary talk. But the imported lecturer made a sharp distinction between ordinary talk and genuine conversation. Talk is all in the day's work; it is practical; it consists of question and answer; it lends itself lightly to the interchange of facts and to the swapping of stories. Conversation is another thing altogether, or rather it is the same thing raised and glorified. There is the same difference between talk and conversation that there is between house-painting and the mural decoration of Puvis de Chavannes or of John La Farge. Talk might be called one of the mechanical arts, whereas conversation is one of the fine arts. Only a man born to the craft, specifically gifted for it, trained by years of practice, enlightened by the example of the masters of conversation, can take a subject, follow it out in all its ramifications, play with it, embroider it with pathos or with wit, penetrate to its roots, and trace its connections and affinities. A great converser is like any other great artist, born not made—or rather born and also made.



Our Cambridge critic has here supplied an admirable definition of the fine art of conversation as distinguished from the frankly inartistic talk of every-day life. Where he made his slip was in expecting to find practitioners of this delicate art scattered all over the United States wherever his engagements might take him. In no country of the world is any one of the fine arts cultivated by the average man; and it is absurd to expect the average man to lift himself to this exalted level of artistic accomplishment. The average man has no time for any of the fine arts; he is too busy trying to keep a roof over his head and to make a living for his family. The masters of conversation are no more frequent in America than they are anywhere else; and the visitor from abroad is no more likely to drop into the centre of a circle of these artists here than an American abroad is likely to happen into a similar group on the other side. In no country do these artists in conversation hold an open exhibition and sell tickets at the door.

Hawthorne, for example, before he went to England, had attended the Saturday luncheons at Boston, with Lowell at one end of the table and Holmes at the other, and it is small wonder that he failed to find conversation of that kind in Liverpool. The itinerant lecturer who recorded his sufferings from a lack of conversation here in the United States did not have the good fortune to penetrate into the circles where that fine art was cultivated. At home he knew where to go to get just what he wanted; and because he did not know where to get it here he was rash enough to assume that it did not exist. The assumption may have been natural enough; but it was a blunder, nevertheless. And it was intensified by his failure to reflect on the fact that he was not one of us, but an outsider, a man not tested, an unknown quantity, passing through hastily, and only pausing here and there to eat and to sleep, and to speak his piece, and then away on the wing once more. Even if he had by chance found himself in some circle of true lovers of conversation, he himself would have been a disturbing element, and he might have got away without ever suspecting that he had been in the company of the very artists whose society he was vainly seeking. A master of conversation might shrink from showing off before a stranger; he might prefer to reserve

for his intimates the full display of his powers.

Our British visitor failed to find fit conversation here in America, yet he seems to have had no doubt that it existed in England. But a recent American writer is saddened because it cannot now be found anywhere. He has asserted that "present-day conversation has sunk far below the high levels of the talk of the past; that our conversational performances are flat, thin, and poor"; and "that conversation is indeed a lost art." He believes that this assertion will pass unchallenged and he has set it in the foreground of a welcome volume into which he has collected half a score of essays on the subject. He even ventures to entitle this delectable gathering "*The Lost Art of Conversation.*" Here again we find cropping up the ineradicable belief that this is a day of decadence and that there were giants in other days to whose stature we cannot hope to stretch ourselves. We are all prone to be praisers of passed times—especially when we are very young or very old. The great masters are all dead and we have been born too late into an exhausted world. As Tom Reed put it pithily, "a statesman is a successful politician—who is dead." There are no great actors now, and no great orators, and no great conversationalists. These opinions are the result of that optical delusion which leads us to think that the telegraph poles are closer together the farther off they are.

As a matter of fact, good conversation is probably no rarer to-day and in these United States than it ever was anywhere. It must always be rare, if conversation is truly one of the fine arts. It flourished in London in the eighteenth century in The Club, which gathered about Johnson, although his selfish brutality must often have killed the easy interchange of question and answer, since Johnson was incorrigibly domineering; and, as Goldsmith once put it, "whenever his pistol missed fire, he knocked you down with the butt." Conversation was cultivated as a fine art in Boston at those Saturday luncheons, although Lowell and Holmes may have been a little inclined to seize more than their share of the talk. And it flourishes to-day in New York in several little circles where there are men of the world and men of affairs who are able to follow a subject out into its ramifications and to play with it,



penetrating to its roots and embroidering it with wit and with pathos. Such little circles are not many, of course, but they exist here and now, known to those who are competent to join them—and necessarily unknown to the rest of the world.

In Mr. Krans's agreeable collection of essays which he has entitled "The Lost Art of Conversation," we find the two characteristically acute papers of Robert Louis Stevenson on "Talk and Talkers," written more than twenty-five years ago. Stevenson was a delightful talker himself, as I can testify, although I had only the privilege of one afternoon session with him, not long before he left England for the last time. And he knew good talk when he heard it. In these two essays he painted the portraits of six of his friends whom he held to be masters of the art of conversation. These friends whose powers he was celebrating he disguised under various names—"Burly," "Spring heel'd Jack," "Cockshot," and "Purcell." Most of them are now dead; and there is no indiscretion in giving their real names. "Cockshot" was Professor Fleeming Jenkin, whose biography Stevenson was to write. "Burly" was his collaborator, W. E. Henley, who turned traitor after Stevenson's death. "Spring heel'd Jack" was his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson. "Athelred" was, I believe, his executor, Mr. Baxter. "Opalstein" was John Addington Symonds, and "Purcell" was Mr. Edmund Gosse.

It was my good fortune more than a quarter of a century ago to make the acquaintance of four out of the six. I never had the pleasure of talking with Symonds or with Mr. Baxter, and I think I had speech with R. A. M. Stevenson only two or three times. But the other three I met frequently, often together, although they were not as intimate with each other severally as they were with Stevenson himself. That they were masters of the art of conversation, conscious and deliberate artists—this is beyond all question. Fleeming Jenkin, more especially, was one of the most gifted and spontaneous talkers I have ever had the delight of listening to—full of whim and of wisdom, delighting in expounding unexpected theories tinged with his own vivacious originality.

Yet I should hesitate to assign to any one of these four British subjects a higher place

in the hierarchy of good talkers than I should bestow upon four American citizens—Thomas B. Reed and John Hay, Clarence King and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. They were all wits, but they none of them insisted on reducing talk to a soliloquy, as Macaulay and Gladstone were wont to do. A brilliant conversationalist cannot be a monologue artist. He must give and take; he must play the game fairly, allowing his associates a chance to show what they can do also. On the other hand, wit is the most precious ingredient of good talk; and none who love conversation will hold with Prior's man who

"Thinks wit the bane of conversation,  
And says that learning spoils a nation."

Tom Reed's conversation was a constant delight, due in part to his caustic wit. John Hay had the same wide knowledge of men and affairs; and his talk was also tinged with a subacid wit. When he was secretary of state he clashed repeatedly with the Senate, which led him to express his opinion with the utmost freedom. When he was asked which senator he detested most, he answered promptly, "The one I have seen last. I hold the Senate to be my tribal enemy!" Clarence King had an equally large acquaintance with the world and an equally frank delivery of his opinion about men and things. And as for Aldrich, pearls of wit dropped from his lips whenever he opened his mouth. I chanced to say to him once that it was curious how a certain British scholar, who seemed to have read everything and written about everything, should not have gained greater wisdom by all his labors. "Yes," said Aldrich, "he is like a gas-pipe—no richer for the illumination it has conveyed."

Of course, specimen bricks are wholly inadequate even to suggest an idea of the house of conversation in which Reed and Hay, Aldrich and King, made themselves at home. Good talk is not merely a swift succession of good things, and after a while a sequence of smart sayings will prove fatiguing. The subject must be embroidered with pathos as well as with wit, and it must be penetrated to its roots and explored in its affinities, as the British lecturer asserted. Good talk calls for the clash of opinions and for the shock of prejudices. Contradiction—the courteous contradiction of an equal who has self-respect so



abundant that he respects also the views of his opponent—contradiction is of the essence of the contract. There never was a more foolish definition than that which declared an agreeable man to be “a man who agrees with you.” So far as conversation is concerned an agreeable man is one who disagrees with you, courteously but insistently, who assaults your private opinions and who takes your pet prejudices by storm. For really good talk you need the man who can see both sides of a question and who can suddenly discover a third side, disconcerting to both parties. He may be a feeble arithmetician who tries to make two half-truths equal a whole truth; and yet even this may be risked in conversation, sprung upon the hearers unexpectedly, to force them to go back to first principles.

It seemed fairest to match Stevenson's quartet of British conversers with four Americans now departed and therefore to be named here without impropriety. But there are fortunately others of the same generation well worthy to be ranked with them. One was the venerable essayist who served his country gallantly in command of a black regiment and who deserved well of all Americans, young folks and old. Another is the imaginative artist who adorned the Persian poet with drawings inspired by a sympathetic understanding. A third is the dean of American novelists, whose talking is like his writing in that it is compact with knowledge of human nature and adorned with the most delicate felicity of phrasing.

And in my own generation I should be at no loss to single out at least half a dozen masters of the art of conversation, not unworthy of comparison with those whom I have already called to the witness-stand. Two or three of my colleagues at Columbia University could not be omitted from any catalogue of competent conversers; they are scholars who have not allowed their wide knowledge to weigh down their wit and who are free from the reproach that Vauvenargues brought against “the men of learning who resemble gross feeders with a bad digestion.” Equally insistent upon admission to the list of the good talkers I happen to know are two artists, one a mural painter and the other an illustrator, whose conversation has the ring of the true metal. Both of them have what Stevenson credited to

Henley, “a desire to hear—although not always to listen.” It is true also that both of them may succumb on occasion to that temptation to monologue, which is fatal to general conversation; yet they can be tempted into team-play, serving an idea like a tennis-ball, with long rallies, during which the subject flies high and is returned sharply and seems about to fall to the ground only to be caught up dexterously and driven into an unexpected corner.

The reason why conversation of the highest type is infrequent is that its substance must be ideas rather than things or persons. Now, the immense majority of mankind seem to be interested, if not solely, at least chiefly, in persons. Nothing human is foreign to them and they take a keen relish in discussing their fellow human beings. Yet the bulk of this talk is about individuals, known to the talkers themselves. Very rarely does the conversation of the majority aspire to deal with humanity at large, with men and women in their ampler relations. For the most part this talk is mere gossip, the interchange of question and answer about friends and acquaintances. A comfortable minority may like to converse about things and to exchange information. It is this minority which exhibits that hunger for facts, which our British visitor noted. Comparatively few are those who can lift themselves up to the level of general ideas and who can tunnel down to the principles which govern human conduct. Yet conversation displays itself to best advantage only when the participants are willing to deal with ideas, rather than with persons and things—although without neglecting these. Not only must they be willing to do this, they must also be capable of it. They need a broad basis of knowledge as well as a shrewd understanding of human nature and of the interplay of the social forces.

When the requirements and conditions of genuine conversation are clearly apprehended, we need not be surprised that it is a rarity to-day and that it always has been a rarity. And we can appreciate the full meaning of Holmes's assertion (in “The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table”) that “talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important, the most difficult—and its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note.”

# OLD FAIRINGDOWN

By Olive Tilford Dargan

SOFT as a treader on mosses  
I go through the village that sleeps;  
The village too early abed,  
For the night still shuffles, a gypsy,  
In the woods of the east,  
And the west remembers the sun.

Not all are asleep; there are faces  
That lean from the walls of the gardens.  
Look sharply, or you will not see them,  
Or think them another stone in the wall.  
I spoke to a stone, and it answered,  
Like an aged rock that crumbles,  
And each falling piece was a word.  
"Five have I buried," it said,  
"And seven are over the sea."

Here is a hut that I pass,  
So lowly it has no brow,  
And dwarfs sit within at a table.  
A boy waits apart by the hearth;  
On his face is the patience of firelight,  
But his eyes seek the door and a far-world.  
It is not the call to the table he waits,  
But the call of the sea-rimmed forests,  
And cities that stir in a dream.  
I haste by the low-browed door,  
Lest my arms go in and betray me,  
A mother jealously passing.  
He will go, the pale dwarf, and walk tall among giants;  
The child with his eyes on the far-land,  
And fame like a young, curled leaf in his heart.

The stream that darts from the hanging hill  
Like a silver wing that must sing as it flies,  
Is folded and still on the breast  
Of the village that sleeps.  
Each mute old house is more old than the other,  
And each wears its vines like ragged hair  
Round the half-blind windows.  
If a child should laugh, if a girl should sing,  
Would the houses rub the vines from their eyes,  
And listen and live?



A voice comes now from a cottage,  
A voice that is young and must sing,  
A honeyed stab on the air,  
And the houses do not wake.

I look through the leaf-blowzed window,  
And start as a gazer who, passing a death-vault,  
Sees Life sitting hopeful within.  
She is young, but a woman, round-breasted,  
Waiting the peril of Eve;  
And she makes the shadows about her sweet  
As the glooms that play in a pine-wood.  
She sits at a harpsichord (old as the walls are),  
And longing flows in the trickling, fairy notes  
Like a hidden brook in a forest  
Seeking and seeking the sun.

I have watched a young tree on the edge of a wood  
When the mist is weaving and drifting;  
Slowly the boughs disappear, and the leaves reach out  
Like the drowning hands of children,  
Till a gray blur quivers cold  
Where the green grace drank of the sun.  
So now, as I gaze, the morrows  
Creep weaving and winding their mist  
Round the beauty of her who sings.  
They hide the soft rings of her hair,  
Dear as a child's curling fingers;  
They shut out the trembling sun of eyes  
That are deep as a bending mother's;  
And her bridal body is scarfed with their chill.

For old, and old, is the story;  
Over and over I hear it,  
Over and over I listen to murmurs  
That are always the same in these towns that sleep;  
Where, gray and unwed, a woman passes,  
Her cramped, drab gown the bounds of a world  
She holds with grief and silence;  
And a gossip whose tongue alone is unwithered  
Mumbles the tale by her affable gate;  
How the lad must go, and the girl must stay,  
Singing alone to the years and a dream;  
Then a letter, a rumor, a word,  
From the land that reaches for lovers,  
And gives them not back;  
And the maiden looks up with a face that is old;  
Her smile, as her body, is evermore barren;

Her cheek like the bark of the beech-tree  
Where climbs the gray winter.

Now have I seen her young,  
The lone girl singing,  
With the full, round breast and the berry lip,  
And heart that runs to a dawn-rise  
On new-world mountains.  
The weeping ash in the dooryard  
Gathers the song in its boughs,  
And the gown of dawn she will never wear.

I can listen no more; good-by, little town, old Fairingdown.  
I climb the long, dark hill-side,  
But the ache I have found here I cannot outclimb.  
O heart, if we had not heard, if we did not know  
There is that in the village that never will sleep!

HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND.

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## UPLAND PASTURES

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE



HERE are alluring names in the corner of the world where I dwell, such as the Upper Meadow, Sky Farm, and High Pasture. Is there not something breeze-blown and spacious about the very words High Pasture? You do not need a picture to bring the image to your eye. Perhaps your image will not in the least resemble our High Pasture, to be sure, but what does that matter? You will see a greensward flung like a mantle over the tall shoulder of a hill, the blue dome of the sky dropping down behind it, and to the ear of memory will come the faint, lazy tinkle of a cow-bell. It is the magic of the words which matters, not the realism of the image.

Our High Pasture is on the southern shoulder of Rattlesnake Hill, and it is splendidly isolated from the lowlands by forest. The forest marches down from the summit upon it and stops abruptly with an edge like a tall green wall. The

pasture itself goes over the shoulder on either side with a beautiful domelike billow, and meets the forest again climbing up from the valley. You see no road leading thither. It is a lonely clearing on the heights, and behind the sharp, doming line of its wave-crest the sky drops down to infinite depths of space. How far one could see if he climbed there and looked over the crest! How fresh the wind must blow out of those deep sky spaces, though here in the valley the summer day is breathless and sultry! How tiny the black-and-white specks of the Holsteins appear, as they seem barely to move, like lazy flies on a green tapestry!

One autumn not long ago the farmer ploughed High Pasture, turning it from green to brown, and when the first snowspits of November came the furrows filled, and suddenly it was a beautiful zebra-skin laid over the shoulder of the hill. Then all winter it was a dome of glistening white amid the reddish-gray of the mountain forest. But as spring came up the



land it grew emerald with oats, and in lush midsummer we climbed through the woods to reach it, up the bed of a forest brook, and came out upon the lower edge point, while a woodchuck rushed off into the oats, stirring their tops like a fish swimming just under the surface of the water, swallows skimmed the field like



A greensward flung like a mantle over the tall shoulder of a hill, the blue dome of the sky dropping down behind it.—Page 720

as upon a beach. The waves were breaking at our feet. Over the dome-line above us, out of those deep sky spaces behind, came the wind, and swept the billows down upon us with a rustling murmur as of some magic, brittle sea.

We skirted the pasture to the highest

gulls, and even the pines to our left spoke with the voice of the ocean. At the crest of the ridge we set our backs to the forest wall and looked out over the pasture below us. Ever the wind went by across the oats, wave after wave of emerald, and we saw, on the plain beneath, our tidy vil-

lage and the winding thread of the river, and beyond that another hill going up with the green pastures of Sky Farm perched on its fifteen-hundred-foot shoulder, and farther still the mountain walls like smoky blue billows on the horizon. Behind us, in the dim, cool, evergreens, a wood-thrush sang. A cheewink hopped in a near-by tree, and a field-sparrow was

is a road the motors never essay, and last year's leaves lie in the wheel-ruts in the spring, while in the autumn the squirrels scold at your intrusion. Presently you hear a brook falling down a ravine to the left, and the road grows steeper, the thank-you-marms more frequent. Light breaks ahead, and you stand suddenly in the Sky Farm plum orchard. If it



The mountain wall goes up beyond us, bearing its dark, snow-flecked pines prominently against the gray-and-white of bare birch and chestnut trunks, etched with a myriad vertical strokes upon the groundwork of snow.—Page 732.

busy in the oats. How fresh was the breeze, how peaceful this airy spaciousness! The world was being bathed in sunshine and dried by the wind. We lay down at the pasture edge, and the waving oats shut out everything but the sky. We could look a long way into the green aisles between the stalks, and once we saw a field-mouse pass across the end of a vista, a prowler in this pygmy forest. He made no sound. There was no sound anywhere save the brittle wave-swish of the grain, the deep murmur of the evergreens behind us, and the music of the birds.

To me there is less allurements in Sky Farm, because it is inhabited. The true upland pasture is isolated, alone. But yet Sky Farm has many attractions not often appreciated by the vacation visitors to our valley, who almost invariably exclaim: "It must be dreadfully cold there in winter!" The road to this farm winds up the mountain for two miles through a wood of tall chestnut-trees, noble old fellows hung with bitter-sweet and shading wild garden borders of fern and brake. It

is blossom-time, you stand suddenly in Japan, after two miles of climbing through a New England forest. But beyond the plum orchard is the unmistakable gray barn and the unmistakable small, bare house of the New England hill farm. A few steps bring you to the dooryard. The road ends at the barn runway—the road ends and the view opens. You look back over the forest, mile on mile to the horizon hills, and through the barn itself and the smaller rear door at the vacant sky, for on that side the hill drops sheer away. Behind the house the clearing extends a quarter of a mile up a steep slope to meet the woods coming down from the summit of the mountain. Here the cattle browse which give the farm excuse for being. Their steep pasturage is sown with granite boulders, amid which they move, or lie quietly on gray days when sky and rocks are of a color. Sometimes they wander still higher into the summit woods, and as you make your way up toward the peak of the mountain you will hear their bells tinkling unseen. From the doorstep of



his house the farmer can look down upon our village. On still Sabbath mornings he can hear the call from the church only the rushing of the night wind over the mountain or the muffled tinkle of a cow-bell as the herd moves to a new pas-



The clearing extends . . . up a steep slope to meet the woods coming down from the summit of the mountain.—Page 728.

steeple, and at night, perhaps, the boom of the hours. Yet he dwells strangely in a world apart, like one on a watch-tower. His son, to be sure, in fine weather can reach school on a bicycle (at no little personal risk) in an incredibly short time. But it is slow work getting home again. Once home for the evening, it must be a strong temptation indeed to draw the inhabitants of this house down to those twinkling lights of the town. They look out upon our habitations, but they hear

turage under the stars. To such a farm might Teufelsdröckh have retired.

I have never been able to decide in what season of the year the Upper Meadow is at its best, for in each it has a shy, elusive charm peculiarly its own. The Lower Meadow, through which it is reached, is a link between one of our largest farms and the extensive swamp which lies at the steep side of a mountain. This meadow, or hay-field, is many acres in extent, threaded by a slow-moving, alder-fringed

brook. On the farther side, through a barred gate, a wood-road strikes upward. It ascends rapidly for perhaps a quarter

springing beside it. It is shut into the woods. Yet the steep climb thither, the silence, the washed air, all conspire to the



The cattle tracks, eroded deep into the soil like dry irrigation ditches, sometimes plunge through tangles of hemlock, crossing and criss-crossing.—Page 732.

of a mile, and comes out into an unexpected clearing, a genuine little meadow two or three acres in extent, pocketed on a shelf of the precipitous mountain wall, which was not visible from the valley. Doubtless you have seen a tiny lake with a wooded mountainside leaping up from it. The Upper Meadow is exactly like such a lake, with lush green grass for water, grass so rich, indeed, that you almost look for it to hold reflections. No prospect is possible from the Upper Meadow, save the view of the mountain wall

sense of height. It is a man-made clearing, but only in haying-time does man intrude. It has all the artlessness of a forest glade.

In spring the charm of the Upper Meadow is virginal, not because of the trilliums and dog-tooth violets along its borders, but because of the birches bursting into leaf. It is surrounded by woods in which birches predominate, and there are many birches all up the mountain wall. In the early season, while yet the other hardwoods are naked, the win-



ter-washed trunks of the birches stand out with startling distinctness, one great forked patriarch in particular looking like a lightning stab against the background of a pine. Then, as the warmth steals into the soil, the birches begin to put on

horses glistening with sweat. Man has made his annual invasion. Under the shade of a bush stands a brown jug of barley-water. Out in the sun stands the rake, awaiting its turn. In a day or two the great wagon will come and carry down



A rocky shoulder of the hill guarded by cedars, where you will suddenly view the true pasture a mile away, over a ravine of forest.—Page 732.

their brilliant foliage, almost a Nile green, perhaps the most lively in our northern latitudes. As the sun strikes in upon them, and upon the moist, rich young grass of the meadow, they make a vivid screen about this lonely glade, a screen of sharp white and translucent foliage, and all up the mountain, amid the bare lilac trunks of the second-growth timber, you can see the birch green shimmering in the golden light. The birches are never so virginal as in their bright, diaphanous robes of spring, and no scene for me has quite the delicate beauty of the Upper Meadow at that hour.

But when the forest foliage has melted into the lush monotony of midsummer, the meadow grass is high and ripe, the thrushes have almost ceased their woodland songs, and the laurel-bushes on the borders of the clearing have dropped their clustered petals of pink-and-white, a sound comes to you as you climb through the woods which contrasts oddly with the sylvan stillness—the hot click-click-click of a mower. As you emerge into the Upper Meadow you see half the grass lying low, and against the upstanding edge, eating it down, advances the machine, behind the strong, willing breasts of the brown

the hay, leaving the meadow once more to the birds and mountain silence for another twelvemonth. But meanwhile the willing horses in their strength, the measured, mathematical fall of the grass, the cicada click of the mower, the occasional shout of the driver, are sights and sounds not unpleasant, and you lie beneath the shadows which creep out across the stubble, to look and listen all the drowsy afternoon.

To emerge through the woods in autumn into the Upper Meadow is like putting your head and shoulders through a great, gorgeous tapestry, from the dark under side. The bordering trees, above the glossy green of the laurel-bushes, are in bright array, and above you all the mountainside is triumphant with color. Even the meadow floor has reclothed itself in green after the reaping, as if to be dressed for this pageantry.

But in winter, perhaps, our meadow can be at its best, when the world wears white and not a creature that wanders unseen in the woods but leaves its track. In winter our Berkshire world becomes everywhere more simplified. The myriad motors desert our highways, and the horse comes into his own once more, with



a jingle of sleigh-bells. The deserted summer estates, their rose-bushes clad in straw, their garden beds buried under pine boughs, no longer impose upon us an alien and more sophisticated order. We may cut cross-lots on our snow-shoes without fear of trespass. And then it is that the Upper Meadow becomes the hermit of the pastures. No human tracks have preceded ours up the trail. We come out into the mountain clearing, dazzling under the sun, amid the hush of the winter woods. The mountain wall goes up beyond us, bearing its dark, snow-flecked pines prominently against the gray-and-white of bare birch and chestnut trunks, etched with a myriad vertical strokes upon the groundwork of snow. There is only the soft, padded swish of our snow-shoes to be heard as we advance to the centre of the meadow. Yet life has been here. A deer has crossed—two deer, three deer—plunging almost knee-deep into the snow. Over the white carpet a pheasant has walked, one foot mathematically behind the other, and at this point something startled him, for the tracks cease abruptly. Here are the marks on the snow where his long tail feathers brushed as he took the air. Nearer the edge of the meadow, where the glossy laurel fringe is still green, a rabbit emerged, hopped out a way, and turned back. And it will be strange if we do not find the track of a fox, sneaking down in the night from his hole up in the mountain rocks to the valley farms. There is not even the sign of mown grass to speak of man in the clearing now. It is lonely as a frozen mountain lake, wrapped secure in the heart of its upland wilderness.

In these softer modern days, when we all desire the valley warmth, the nervous companionship of our kind, the handy motion-picture theatre, many an upland pasture is going back to wildness, invaded by birch and pine upon the borders, overrun with the hosts of the shrubby cinquefoil, most provocative of plants because it refuses to blossom unanimously, putting forth its yellow flowers a few at a time here and there on the sturdy bush. Such a pasture I know upon a hilltop eighteen hundred feet above the sea, where now few cattle browse, and seldom enough save at blueberry season does a human foot pass through the rotted bars or strad-

dle the tumbling, lichen-covered stone wall, where sentinel mulleins guard the gaps. It is not easy now even to reach this pasture, for the old logging roads are choked and the cattle tracks, eroded deep into the soil like dry irrigation ditches, sometimes plunge through tangles of hemlock, crossing and criss-crossing to reach little green lawns where long ago the huts of charcoal-burners stood, and only at the very summit converging into parallels that are plain to follow. Some of them, too, will lead you far astray, to a rocky shoulder of the hill guarded by cedars, where you will suddenly view the true pasture a mile away, over a ravine of forest. Yet once you have reached the true summit pasture, there bursts upon you a prospect the Lake country of England cannot excel; here the north-bound Peabodies rest in May to tune their voices for their mating-song, here the everlasting flower sheds its subtle perfume on the upland air, the sweet fern contends in fragrance, and here the world is all below you with naught above but Omar's inverted bowl and a drifting cloud.

It is good now and then to hobnob with the clouds, to be intimate with the sky. "The world is too much with us" down below; every house and tree is taller than we are, and discourages the upward glance. But here in the hilltop pasture nothing is higher than the vision save the blue zenith and the white flotilla of the clouds. Climbing over the tumbled wall, to be sure, the grass-line is above your eye; and over it, but not resting upon it, is a great Denali of a cumulus. It is not resting upon the pasture-ridge, because the imagination senses with the acuteness of a stereoscope the great drop of space between, and feels the thrill of aerial perspective. Your feet hasten to the summit, and once upon it your hat comes off, while the mountain wind lifts through your hair, and you feel yourself in the apex and zenith of the universe. Far below lie the blue eyes of Twin Lakes, and beyond them rises the beautiful dome of the Taconics, ethereal blue in color, yet solid and eternal. Lift your face ever so little, and the green world begins to fall from sight, the great cloud-ships, sailing in the summer sky, begin to be the one thing prominent. How soft they billow





*Drawn by Walter King Stone.*

Here the everlasting flower sheds its subtle perfume on the upland air, the sweet fern contends in fragrance, and here the world is all below you with naught above but Omar's inverted bowl and a drifting cloud.

—Page 733.







It is good now and then to hobnob with the clouds, to be intimate with the sky. —Page 732.

as they ride! How exquisite they are with curve and shadow and puffs of silver light! Even as you watch, one sweeps across the sun, and trails a shadow anchor over the pasture, over your feet. You almost hold your breath as it passes, for it seems in some subtle way as if the cloud had touched you, had spoken you on its passage.

From this upland pasture you may watch "the golden light of afternoon" withdraw from the valleys, like the receding waters of a flood, and the amethyst shadows creep up the eastern hills. You may watch the cloud-ships come to anchor over the Catskills in the west, and transform themselves into Himalayas, snow-capped, rose-crowned. And, as you descend at last through the cow-paths and logging-roads to the valley, it will be breathless twilight in the hemlocks, and a wood-thrush will sing of the evening mysteries.

But the upland pasture that I love best of all is in Franconia, high above the little Ham Branch intervalle, on the forest-clad slopes of Kinsman. A single road runs up the intervalle, into a region of abandoned clearings. The great west wall of Kinsman, rearing to its saddle-back twin summits more than four thousand feet aloft, is uncompromising and discourages human conceit. There is a rugged wildness here our Berkshire land knows nothing of, and a tax on the breath in climbing for which we have no adequate preparation. No railroad whistle can here reach the ears. Creatures wilder than

deer may cross this clearing. And the air of it is filled with the pungent fragrance of the northern balsams.

The way to this pasture lies through a lower pasture behind the tiny farmhouse by the road. It is a steep way, past a running brook and through a sugar-grove where the sugar-house of rough boards stands surrounded by huge woodpiles against next year's "b'ilin' down." At the head of the grove, after an acre or two more of clearing, the path suddenly starts upward at a sharp angle, and for a quarter of a mile goes through a dense forest of young spruces and balsams, so dense that scarce a leaf of undergrowth is visible on the brown needles. It emerges from the evergreens as suddenly as it entered them, and you find yourself on a plateau pasture five or six acres in extent, once regular in shape but now broken into tiny bays and inlets all along the edges by the invasion of the forest, by jetties and capes of Christmas trees. And out beyond each cape and peninsula are reefs and islands of young balsams, anywhere from six inches to twenty feet high, rich in color, perfect in shape, incomparable in fragrance. The pasture, in a few years, would be quite overrun, obliterated, were it not for the cattle. They cannot quite fight back the invasion, but they can hold it in check. None of them is visible, perhaps, as you enter this mountain glade, but you hear the sweet tinkle of a bell, and presently, around a cape of Christmas trees, comes a Jersey, head down, bell jingling, to lift her soft eyes and look at you.

The pasture is almost level, but at the farther side the steep ascent is renewed again, the path marked by a giant oak. Here the hardwood begins, witness of some bygone lumbering. Behind the oak

hour that we discovered it many years ago, we two together. The sun may have dropped behind Flagstaff Hill when we leave the valley, and the cows have descended to stand lowing behind the barn,



You see the pointed firs cutting sharp against the sky, the sentinels of the pasture.

looms the great north peak of Kinsman, which can now be climbed, thanks to a trail recently cut by the son of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, whose collected poems, published in 1860, have been quite unjustly forgotten. The Tuckerman trail is a steep and rough one, part way through absolutely virgin timber, where the trunks of the great canoe birches are green with age and moss, and it leads to the finest view in the White Mountains, finer than that from Washington or Lafayette. But we shall not leave our pasture now for the peak. The peak is for special occasions, the pasture for our daily solace.

All day long in this pasture the Peabodies, or white-throated sparrows, sing their flutelike call; out in the sunlight or in the cool woods above, the cow-bells tinkle drowsily. All day long the great north peak looks down upon you from the east, and you look down, in turn, upon the world to the west—or so much of it as you can glimpse through the vista of the steep trail in the evergreens. Looking westward, if you raise your eyes, you see the pointed firs cutting sharp against the sky, the sentinels of the pasture. It is at the sunset hour in June that we love the pasture best, for it was at such an

but our ascent is as rapid as the sun's declension, and we reach the upland in time to find the west taking fire, flaming into gold.

Now there comes a hush in the bird songs, a hush in all nature, while the peak behind us grows amethyst, the high zenith clouds are salmon streamers, and the golden west blushes into rose. The woods grow dim. The rose dusks to a deeper hue, and suddenly against it all the pointed firs stand darkly up like a spired city in fairy-land. At that moment the birds break their hush, the Peabodies flute from spire to spire like little Moslems in Christian belfries, and from the dusk of the forest wall behind us comes ringing the full-throated song of a hermit-thrush. Even the sparrows respect that master minstrel, and pause. An expectant silence succeeds. Then, from farther off, from the very depths of the woods, the coolness of their brooks, the greenness of their leaves, the mystery of their silences made vocal, the answer comes, in liquid triplets dripping twilight. George Moore has called the songs of Schubert and Schumann "the moonlit lakes and nightingales of music." But what man-made music is twilight and the hermit-thrush?



A few of Mozart's andantes? Almost, perhaps, yet they lack the forest timbre, and the dusk; they are liquid and pensive, but they were composed at sunrise, or while the sun yet lingered on the lowland meadows. Incomparable of birds, uncelebrated in classic story like the nightingale, uttering no homesick note in a warm and sentimental southland like the mocking-bird, your habitat in your musical mating-time is the forests of our bleak New Hampshire hills, and on the border of an upland pasture at twilight you sing an unheard song that could ravish the world!

And we, listening breathless beneath the dimming spires of the pointed firs, amid the warm fragrance of the balsams, are secretly glad that this is so!

It is from an upland pasture that you may view the cloud-drive best. The Franconia cloud-drives come from the southeast, and usually the vanguard of the procession sucks in through the funnel of the Notch, on the other side of Kinsman, wrapping the Old Man of the Mountain in vapor while yet the sun is shining for us. But soon the vapors find their way upward. We lift our eyes and see their artillery smoke coming over the north peak, trailing, wind-blown and shredded, from its trees, and then rushing out over our valley to obliterate the sun. Once over the rampart, the whole storm follows in their wake. A great, dark mass of vapor drops down with clammy affection about the mountain, rushes through the tree-tops, and seems about to descend to our very house, when it is suddenly whisked off. Above this, on a level with the summit, the main storm-clouds rush, pouring rain, and finally, through rift after closing rift in this layer, we can see far aloft, moving more leisurely, great masses of cumuli.

The point where the lowest cloud leaves the mountain is the top of an upland pasture. In spite of the drenching rain, we climb past the huddled, despondent cattle into the very vapors. The last heave of the pasture into the woods is shrouded one moment in gray mist, and cleared the next by a freak of the wind, revealing the tall trees beyond and a glimpse into the high defile of Cannon Mountain. The cloud whips cold and numbing about us.

Looking back down the pasture we can see the rain-drenched farms, and the western hill wall going up again into cloud. Just over us the dark wrack moves with incredible speed, propelled by a wind we cannot feel. We are on the very under edge of the cloud-drive, in curious kinship with the storm.

But no words on upland pastures would be complete without mention of the stars. The charm of upland pastures is their isolation, their fellowship with cloud and wind, their silence and their spaciousness, lifted far above the valley, adventurous of the heights; and the boon companions of isolation are the stars.

The sunset glow has long faded in the west, the elfin spires are but black shadows on purple depth, the Peabodies and thrushes have ceased their song, and only an owl or a night-hawk sneaks on silent wing from the woods behind—yet still we remain amid the warm fragrance of the balsams, loath to leave, or perhaps wrapped in our blankets not intending to leave till we have boiled our morning coffee against a boulder, while the sun flatters "the mountain tops with sovereign eye." No valley lamps are visible from this high, sheltered chamber. But a planet hangs like a beacon in a fir-tree top, and all the zenith blazes. How patient they are, the stars! How slow-moving, how unalterable! You are very small, beneath this coverlet of the Milky Way, and to your mind come back the words from Tuckerman's sonnet—he whose son built the path to the peak beyond:

And what canst thou, to whom no hands belong,  
To hasten by one hour the morning's birth?  
Or stay one planet at his circle hung,  
In the great flight of stars across the earth?

It is good to feel such humbleness, amid the solemnity of the heights. But it is good, as well, to feel still the fragrant warmth of the balsams keeping off the wind, to listen quietly while a little bird close by wakes with a sweet cheep and rustles to another perch, and to hear, for good-night lullaby, the distant, drowsy tinkle of a cow bell, as the herd, turned loose again after milking, make their way slowly back to their upland pasture.



# THE QUALITY OF MERCY

By Simeon Strunsky

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH



THE story of how Old Man Tillotson, of the department of classical philology, saved the track-and-field championship for Silver Lake University constitutes a memorable but not very familiar chapter in the comparatively short and simple annals of that hustling seat of learning. Cooper—the physical sciences and biology—is the only man who knows all the facts, and he will sometimes rehearse them in Tillotson's presence. On such occasions Tillotson will listen with perfectly detached interest up to a certain point, when he rises from his chair and goes to look out of the window. This happens when Cooper comes to that part of the story which describes how the assembled undergraduate body of Silver Lake, on the night of the famous victory, cheered Professor Tillotson until he was compelled to come out on his porch and address them on the meaning of life, whereupon they marched off in a solid phalanx and attempted to set fire to the local hotel and opera-house. Silver Lake's third consecutive championship could obviously be commemorated in no other way.

President Brinkley's visit to Tillotson fell on the Saturday before the games. It was a raw April, but the windows of Tillotson's library, opening on the porch, were ajar. Looking up from his work the old man discovered Brinkley unmistakably in the act of calling upon him. Tillotson wondered. Brinkley was the president of Silver Lake and he, Tillotson, was professor of ancient languages and literature and history in that institution. What could there possibly be for them to talk about?

Yet the two men had a very definite regard for each other. Tillotson, it will be recalled, never concealed his admiration for the youthful college president

whose financial genius had made Silver Lake the pride and nightmare of every wealthy citizen in the State. And Brinkley was aware that Tillotson had his capitalized value as a representative of the useless but higher things of life which it is the mission of our universities to conserve. At bottom they had little against each other and nothing in common, and so got on very well by rarely coming in contact.

It appeared that Brinkley had been strolling by. Recalling that Saturday was not a busy day for Professor Tillotson, he had dropped in for a chat. He began by picking up a mouldy, eighteenth-century Tacitus from the table and by means of a single intelligent remark on the beautiful paper and typography he brought a glow to the old man's face. Then Brinkley looked out of the window, observed that it would probably rain, and quoted something from Lucretius so exquisitely appropriate that it made his host gasp. Tillotson felt, with a vivid sense of alarm, that he was getting to like his visitor. This could not possibly be the practical young man whose record at Silver Lake had brought him repeated offers as general manager of commercial concerns at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year and up. Brinkley's salary at Silver Lake was \$6,500. Then he must have his ideals, thought Tillotson; no vulgar soul could quote Lucretius so beautifully.

If Brinkley had gone on quoting from Tacitus and Lucretius his host would probably have grown suspicious. But the president easily passed from the classics and threw Tillotson into deeper amazement by speaking to him about things which Brinkley had every reason to suppose Tillotson was not interested in or actually despised. He spoke about what he had done for the university and what he hoped to do. He dilated on buildings, laboratories, the new athletic field, courses,



schedules, salaries—money. He told Tillotson what the annual income of the university was, and how rapidly the deficit was growing, and how difficult it was to raise funds in view of the prevailing trade reaction. He actually talked money to Tillotson, a subject which is always fascinating to those who haven't the least idea of how to make any.

When Brinkley rose to say good-by Tillotson was saying to himself that he had been fearfully unjust to this capable and earnest young man.

"By the way," said Brinkley, turning back at the door; "just as an illustration of the ridiculous problems I am always being called upon to face. Next Saturday the track championship will be run off on Sherman Field."

"The track championship?" said Tillotson.

"We have won two years in succession, beating out Kiowa State by a good margin. We have always made a clean sweep of the distance runs and the jumps."

"To be sure," said Tillotson. "Now that you mention it, I recall that about this time of the year the student body is accustomed to assemble in scanty garments on Sherman Field, where they run, leap, and hurl weights through the air with a thoroughness of purpose which they quite fail to display in their studies."

"Have you ever seen the games?" said Brinkley.

"Never," said Tillotson. "Inasmuch as the termination of such exercises is regularly followed by a riot and the intervention of the fire department, I have made it a point to spend the day with a relative who lives at some distance. He has an excellent library and his wife is quite deaf."

"We were all young once, Dr. Tillotson," said Brinkley.

"But not to the point of felony."

"Oh, felony!" protested Brinkley in great good humor. "Think back on your own past."

Tillotson's head sank on his breast.

"*Peccavi*. When I was thirteen I tied a lantern to the calf's tail and the barn burned down."

Brinkley laughed.

"Now, you see. Only this year we are in a fix. We may lose Gillespie. He is sure of at least three firsts—the half-mile,

the hurdles, and the broad jump. That means Kiowa will probably carry off the championship. The boys have been sending delegations to me."

"Without being able to share the feelings of the young men on the subject," said Tillotson, "I can still see how the loss of Gillespie would be a natural subject of regret. I trust the accident is not serious."

Brinkley looked out of the window.

"Gillespie is queer—not stupid, but indifferent. At the last moment we find that he is disqualified from competing in the games because of his poor marks in class."

"That will doubtless be a salutary lesson to him," said Tillotson. "The pain of seeing Kiowa win the championship will supply the necessary moral corrective."

"Quite so," said Brinkley. "Gillespie has three conditions against him. Two of the departmental heads concerned have agreed to give him a special examination, some time after the games. I believe he is in your class in ancient history."

"And one of the conditions imposed comes from me?"

"Yes," said Brinkley. "I am bound to confess his standing is very low indeed. F you marked him."

"Unfortunately that is not a sure means of identification in my classes," said Tillotson. "The letter F is a symbol which I am frequently compelled to employ at the height of the athletic season. Gillespie? I fear I cannot place him."

He walked over to his shelves and searched out a thin, flat roll-book. He opened the book and ran his finger over the pages.

"Ah, yes, Gillespie. In the last six weeks he has been absent from roll-call fourteen times. That would explain why his name sounds so familiar, whereas his physical appearance has left no impression on my memory."

"I am inclined to think the boy means well," said Brinkley. "He has character."

"Undoubtedly," said Tillotson. "Gillespie's record of attendance would argue remarkable qualities of persistence." His tone was now bitter. "And if I fail to lift his suspension Kiowa is sure to win the State championship?"

Brinkley was aware that he had gone too far.



"I shouldn't let that worry me, Dr. Tillotson. The subject just popped into my mind. It seemed to me that if he were given another chance Gillespie would redeem himself. However, it doesn't matter."

He shook hands once more and went out. Tillotson picked up the copy of Tacitus to which the president had so feelingly alluded, dusted it reverently so as to remove all traces of the profane touch, and then, in an access of wrath, slammed the book furiously back upon the table.

## II

THAT was on Saturday, just a week before the games. In the late afternoon of the following Tuesday Tillotson and Cooper were strolling across the campus in the direction of Sherman Field. It was Professor Cooper who had proposed the walk and it was unquestionably by accident that they happened to be moving in that particular direction. The entire Silver Lake squad was at practice under the dolorous eye of a head coach on whose life's happiness some early disappointment had cast its blight, to judge from the unhappy way in which he chewed tobacco and yelled. The two men stopped to watch. Cooper's was the eager, expert, wistful eye of the old athlete for whom such things were only memories. Tillotson looked on without seeing, hardly aware, in fact, of where he was.

It had been a painful three days for him. He clung to Cooper pathetically. Seldom had he experienced such need for human companionship. He knew himself a marked man. During these days the campus hummed with Gillespie's suspension and Tillotson's awful responsibility. Freshmen who had never given the old man a passing thought would now turn to stare in round-eyed, innocent horror at the man who was going to let Kiowa carry off the track championship. Tillotson could have endured their resentment, but this petrified horror in their young eyes was unendurable. Tillotson told Cooper that sometimes he felt very much as Dante must have felt when people in Florence were pointing him out as the man who had been in hell. And sometimes, he said, he felt like Hester Prynne with a great, flaming, scarlet let-

ter on his chest, K, for Kiowa. The members of the faculty were just as bad as the freshmen, he thought.

His mind was brooding on the subject at this very moment.

"They think me a mule," said Tillotson, referring to the faculty.

"Oh, nonsense," said Cooper, his eyes fixed on a little group of runners directly across the field. "You take this business more seriously than any of us."

Tillotson shook his head.

"I am convinced beyond reasonable doubt that I am being generally regarded as a mule. I am not so sure but that you——"

"See that man come up from behind!" shouted Cooper. His hand fell heavily on Tillotson's arm and gripped it.

Tillotson looked, and his face lit up.

The little band of runners had turned into the stretch for the desperate rush to the tape. Mouths half-open like the sob of a naughty child, eyes glazed, arms thrown up as if in appeal, they hurled themselves forward toward the finish line, where the head coach stood, masticating at the rate of several hundred revolutions a minute, yelling to them to come on.

Then it seemed to Tillotson that all the runners but one had lost the power of locomotion and were madly galloping on the same spot, like a stage-chariot in "Ben Hur."

"Watch him cut them down!" cried Cooper.

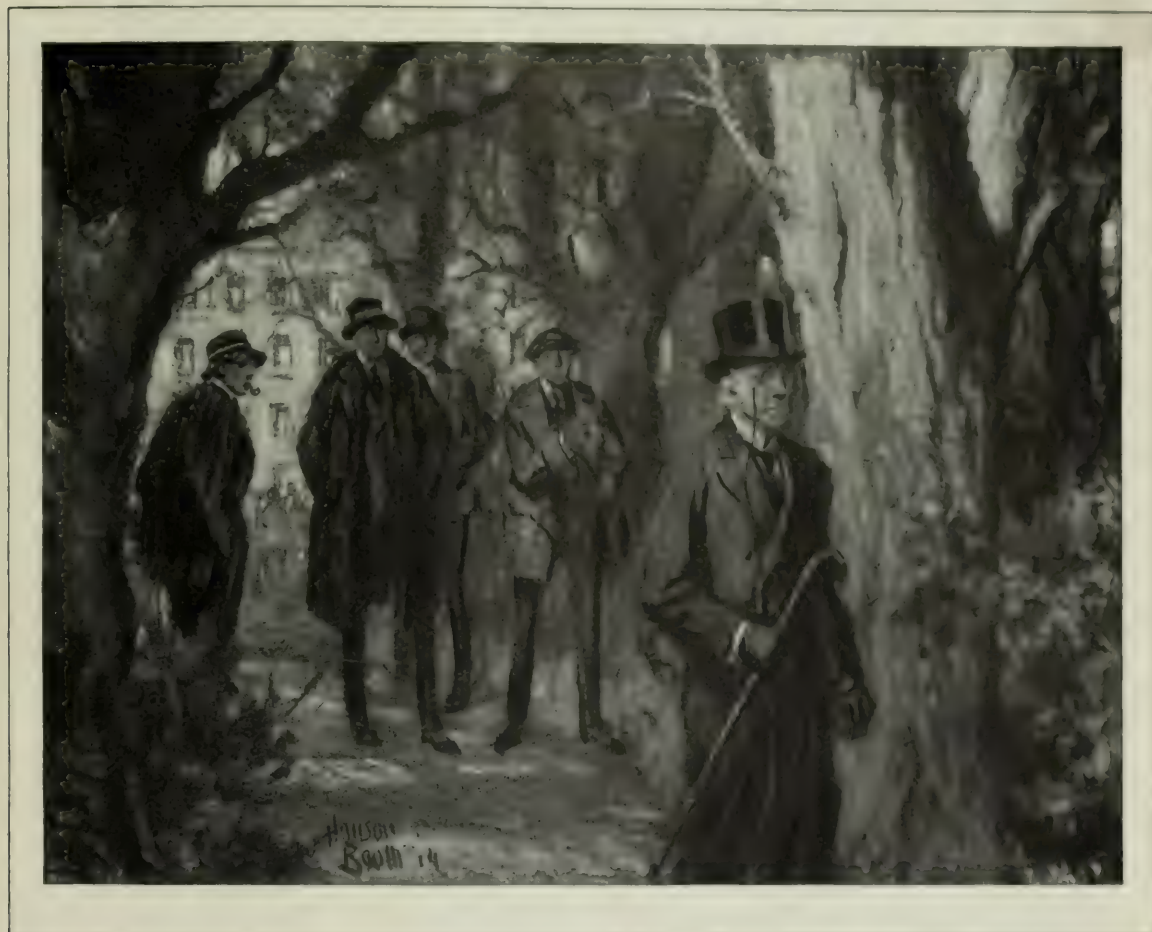
Now they seemed to be actually slipping backward. From the rear of the bare-armed, bare-legged group a compact, deep-chested form shot out. Tillotson found himself comparing the swift play of those flashing legs to the sweep of a remorseless scythe. He was cutting them down indeed. One after another they dropped behind, beating the ground with leaden feet, whereas for this flying youth, it was not solid earth at all he was touching, but a soft, flexible surface which came up to meet his feet and toss him forward like the circus net to the acrobat. Tillotson watched the rhythm of those marvellous legs, and caught himself quoting from his beloved classics. As the boy flew by, Tillotson had a glimpse of slightly opened lips, like a baby's in wonder, and on them the pathetic smile of a



child; only it was a smile of supreme effort and pain.

"Et ventis et fulminis ocior alis," muttered Tillotson, and his eyes followed the

which was the fruit of a six months' ardent courtship between President Brinkley and a breakfast-food millionaire of a neighboring State. Before the gym-



Freshmen who had never given the old man a passing thought would now turn to stare.—Page 740.

radiant figure to the finish line, first by any number of yards.

Cooper turned to him bright-eyed. "Well, Tillotson?"

"It was stirring," said Tillotson. "At such moments wisdom and holiness can only bow the head before the divine gift of youth."

"That was Gillespie," said Cooper, and looked away.

Tillotson repeated the name twice and shook his head.

"A godlike youth. I recall him now. It is a pity that in class he should be under the impression that the battle of Marathon was won by Julius Cæsar in the fifth century of the present era."

The half-mile was the last of the trials. Athletes, trainers, and plain citizens were now scurrying toward the new gymnasium,

nasium was dedicated the price of that particular breakfast food had gone up two cents on the package.

"Do you mind stepping into the gymnasium?" said Cooper. "I dare say you haven't been inside one for an age."

"Two years ago I was in the old gymnasium," said Tillotson. "I addressed there a convention of secondary-school teachers on the place of Greek in the modern curriculum. Let us enter."

They climbed the stairs and peeped into the dressing-room, standing concealed in a corner of the hallway. They peered down the long gallery, gridironed with narrow alcoves of iron lockers in double tiers. Tillotson blinked in the glare of the electric lights and when he spoke he raised his voice to make himself heard above the tumult. It was

a babel of calls, cries, howls, laughter, whistling, and now and then a yelp of simulated pain, or a piteous appeal for towels and a shoe-horn—the ordinary conversational tone of the “gym” dressing-room.

“This is Athens,” said Tillotson.

Cooper caught his meaning and nodded. The glare of carbon globes fell on the white-and-pink of strong, young, naked bodies. It was a gallery in the Louvre come to life, a riot of attitudes. Nudes were sprawling on the low seats at the foot of the lockers; stood on tiptoe with arms upflung to reach the topmost hooks in the upper row of lockers; writhed on the floor in impromptu wrestling contests; or scampered up and down on pretended felonious assaults. A naked figure, closely beset, flashed by the doorway where the two men stood, to seek refuge in the shower-room. Just in front of Tillotson the fatal blow fell. The pursuer hurled his weapon and the splash of a wet towel on naked shoulders sent a rain of drops into Tillotson’s face. Victor and vanquished, with loud outcries, vanished into the shower-room.

“One of the most widely disseminated superstitions, affecting our entire scheme of modern art,” said Tillotson, wiping the water from his eyes, “is that which deals with the supposed beauty of the nude female form. The ancients knew better. There is no such beauty. It is a conception based largely upon a debauched use of the curved line. Beauty consists not in circles and semicircles, but in gently flowing lines like the almost invisible outward swell of the Greek column, or the torso of the young man just in front who is engaged in putting on his shirt. Look closely at him, Cooper.”

“I am looking,” said Cooper, but his eyes were turned toward the further end of the room.

“The shoulders of that young man,” said Tillotson, “form the base of a magnificent, inverted, isosceles triangle. Observe how the lines from the base to the apex run firmly, relieved, but not broken, by the local curvatures of the muscles, down the side walls of the thorax, hesitating a moment at the hips, and in a straight plunge along femur and tibia to the feet. Remove from the female form

the obsession of sex and what is there in French art that can compare with the rhythm and the superb economy of mechanism displayed in the uplifted arm that just now hurled the wet towel with such splendid abandon, if with somewhat regrettable disregard for the rights of bystanders.”

“There’s Gillespie at the other end of the room,” said Cooper. “He’s coming this way.”

Gillespie came down the narrow pathway between the alcoves, a towel around his hips, whistling. The tragedy of his disqualification evidently did not weigh him down. The games were still five days off and that is a long time for youth to anticipate fate. He walked slowly, bowing to right and left in mock acknowledgment of the shouts of laudatory comment on his performance in the half-mile. He was of stocky build for a runner—his chest and arms would have indicated the oarsman or even the hammer and shot, but he carried his weight with that same soaring lightness which had eaten up his competitors on the track.

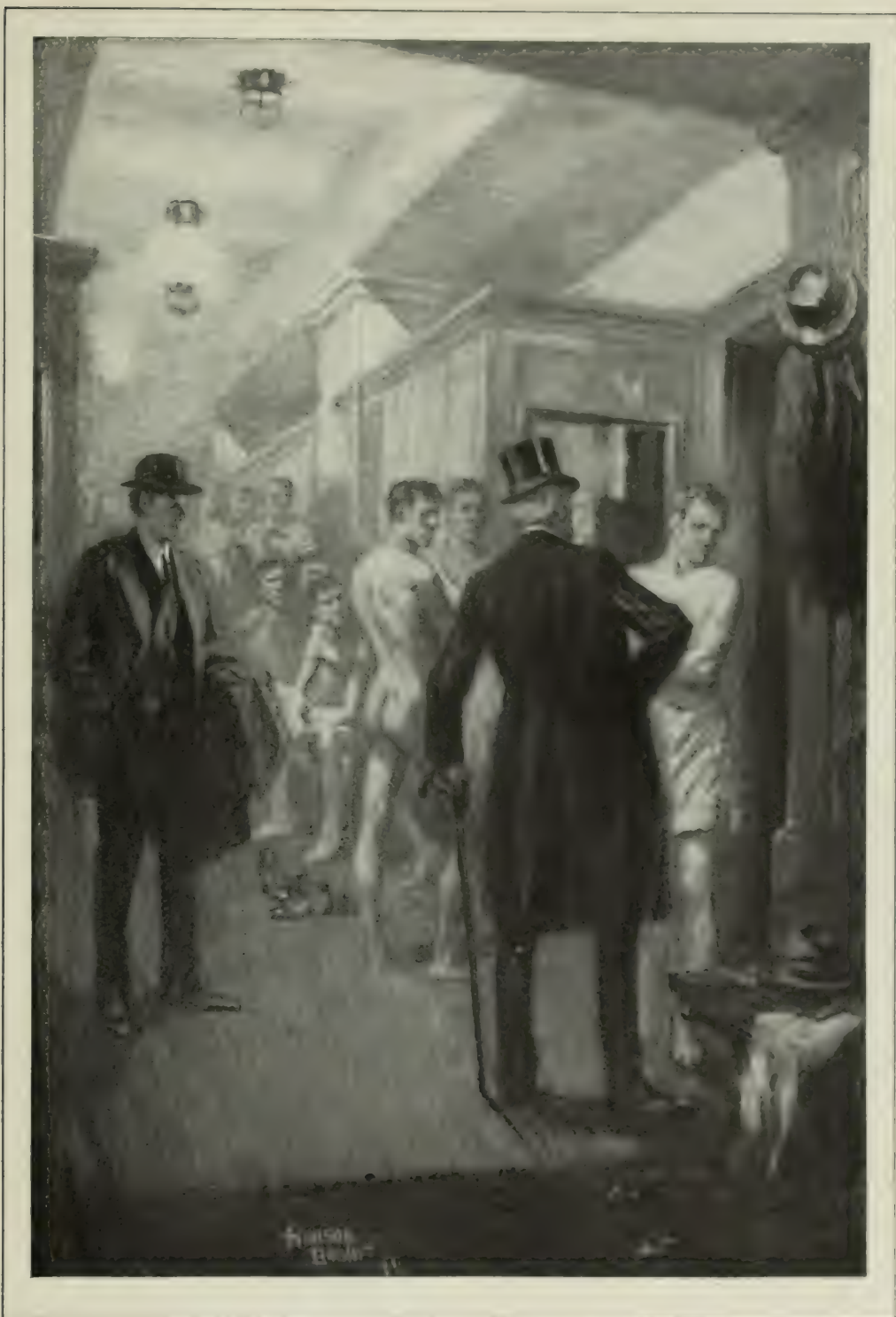
“A splendid youth,” said Tillotson. “It makes his unparalleled ignorance of the elementary facts of ancient history all the more pitiful.”

Later Tillotson wondered whether his friend Cooper had been subtly at work that entire afternoon leading up to this very situation. At any rate, the professor of biology and the physical sciences turned upon Tillotson with extraordinary vehemence.

“Ancient history! Good God, Tillotson, look at the boy. You have said it yourself. He *is* ancient history. He *is* Athens. Look at him!”

“Your plea is undeniably sound,” said Tillotson. His eyes were fixed on the naked boy, who had stopped to exchange the compliments of a wet towel and the flat of a hair-brush with an intimate acquaintance. “Phidias would have been delighted to cut that body in marble and Pindar might have been inspired to an outburst of glorious dactyls. It is not at all unlikely that young Gillespie in his bath-towel would have been chosen senator or possibly high priest by the Athenians, whereas you and I, Cooper, might have been delegated to the task of





"It is a matter of regret," said Tillotson, "that my roll-book, recording no less than fourteen absences should have debarred you."—Page 744.

sweeping off the temple steps after the sacrifice."

Gillespie was passing the doorway on his way to the shower-room when Tillotson stepped out from his corner and confronted him. The boy stood still. Behind him the long room grew silent, and the naked figures, rigid in varying atti-

tudes of astonishment, made the place more than ever like a gallery in the Louvre.

"Mr. Gillespie, I believe," said Tillotson.

"Yes, sir," said Gillespie, neither timid nor insolent. With his towel knitted about his waist he looked like a frank,

fearless, well-brought-up young cave-man.

"I gather from my roll-book that you are a member of my class in Greek and Roman history," said Tillotson. "And, in fact, as I look at you, I do detect a certain familiarity of facial expression. I have just seen you run the half-mile. It was handsomely done."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy; "I tried to do my best."

"It is a matter of regret," said Tillotson, "that my roll-book, recording no less than fourteen absences in the space of six weeks, should have automatically debarred you from participating in next Saturday's trial of strength and skill against Kiowa State."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"This draught from the doorway is not too strong, I hope, for your somewhat exposed attire?" said Tillotson.

"No, sir."

"In that case will you tell me the name of the Athenian youth who brought news of the victory at Marathon to the city?"

Gillespie thought a moment and flushed.

"I'm afraid I don't know, sir."

"Very well, then. Will you kindly tell me with what event in Greek history you connect Mr. Browning's poem of Pheidippides?"

"I am afraid I can't, sir," said Gillespie.

"I distinctly feel the draught in this open doorway," said Tillotson. "If I am not careful I shall sneeze very shortly. Kindly enter the shower-room, Mr. Gillespie, and I will follow you."

Gillespie walked into the vaporous, humid chamber and Tillotson balanced himself on the threshold. The granite floor was awash.

"No doubt," he said, "you can recall the date of the battle of Thermopylæ?"

"I was always poor on dates, sir," said the boy.

"Then one more question, Mr. Gillespie. In running the half-mile against the representative of Kiowa State would you claim a handicap of fifty yards?"

"Why, no, sir."

"And when you, having abandoned your studies for the track, enter the field against a Kiowa runner who has devoted sufficient time to his studies to attain

satisfactory scholastic standing, are you not in fact demanding a very handsome handicap?"

"I could give Jones on the Kiowa team thirty yards and beat him, sir."

"That does not alter the moral aspect of the situation," said Tillotson. "I will detain you no longer. Chills are easily caught in the early spring even by robust organisms like yours. If any reasons occur to you why I should lift my inhibition against your taking part in the games, I shall be pleased to give them thought."

Gillespie hesitated.

"There is one thing, sir. But I cannot speak about it here."

"Very well," said Tillotson, "if you will accompany me to my house—naturally after you have bathed and resumed your clothes—I shall be happy to continue our discussion."

He turned and walked down-stairs, his head held high. Cooper followed him, silent and disheartened. In the locker-room, pandemonium; to use the language of the *New York Times*, broke loose. Jenkins, the football captain, stood up naked and unashamed on a chair and offered to bet ten to six that Old Man Tillotson had gone bug-house.

### III

"It isn't really an excuse, sir," said Gillespie. "I know I have loafed on the job. I don't know why. I guess I never should have been sent to college. This is my senior year and I suppose it will serve me right if I lost my last chance for the games. I shouldn't mind it for myself."

Tillotson looked up from beside the fire. It was a raw April.

"Then there are others who would feel the disappointment more heavily than yourself?"

"There is some one else, sir."

"And she is coming down for the games?"

Gillespie looked unhappy.

"She is, sir."

"That makes the situation more difficult than ever," said Tillotson.

"It does."

"Not in the way you possibly imagine," said Tillotson. "If it were a mere ques-



tion of providing adequate punishment for you, I should remain convinced, as I am at present, that the inglorious close of your athletic career at Silver Lake—it

"She *is* proud, sir," said Gillespie. "I know she would feel the disgrace of it."

"And might even have recourse to extreme measures?"



But when Gillespie was gone Tillotson sat before the fire and wrestled with the devil.—Page 746.

would be idle to call it an academic career—was just and proper. But punishment now would only be a mistaken kindness."

"Kindness, Professor Tillotson?"

"Naturally, kindness. It would render you a martyr in prejudiced eyes. The young lady in question——"

"What, sir?" said Gillespie, looking up quickly.

"I repeat, the young lady in question, instead of making you feel the shame of the thing, would only pity you and justify you. So where would your punishment be?"

"I don't know what you mean by extreme measures, sir."

"I mean," said Tillotson, "that the young lady, after the first generous impulse in your behalf, might be impelled to consider that a man so flagrantly derelict in his consideration for others is not the man to whom she should trust herself for life. That would be punishment indeed."

Gillespie's face worked and he shaded his eyes with his hands. Tillotson was sorry for him.

"My dear Mr. Gillespie," he said. "I hope you will not consider me imperti-

nent in thus intruding on your private concerns. Only you see that I approach my duty in a state of mind heavily tinged with regret."

"I quite understand, sir," said the boy. "I guess I can take my medicine."

"I will not as yet commit myself on the case," said Tillotson; "as I have endeavored to explain, the moral issues involved are exceedingly complicated. Until I arrive at my decision, a persistent application to the first three hundred pages of Martin's 'Outlines of Greek History' might not be misspent."

"I will try, sir," said Gillespie, "but I haven't much hope."

"Neither, to be frank, have I," said Tillotson. "But even if I decide not to offer you the privilege of a special examination you will at least have acquired merit."

But when Gillespie was gone Tillotson sat before the fire and wrestled with the devil. He felt his standards being undermined by a tidal wave of sentiment. Soft, warming memories of his youth inundated him and shook him so badly that for shame he took refuge in the appeal to reason. To punish the boy would be not merely harsh, it would be absurdly futile. Gillespie was above academic rewards and penalties. Tillotson had seen him on the track and in the "gym," and knew that the boy had the glory of conquering strength and youth and beauty. Now he knew that Gillespie had also the crowning gift of life—love. What could a university give him or take away from him? What more, indeed, could a university ask of its candidates for a diploma?

Still he did not yield. In the end he knew that he must, but others did not know. The days went by and the campus writhed with suspense. Gillespie was out on the track, keeping himself in condition against what seemed an impossible chance. He had made a dab at his books and given them up. He did not try to see Tillotson again. Nor was the latter accessible during that critical period in Silver Lake's history. He kept himself in seclusion against Brinkley and the horrified gaze of the freshmen. Cooper, presuming on a closer intimacy with Tillotson than any other man in the faculty could boast, made a feeble attempt at intercession and was snubbed.

It is written in the annals of Silver Lake that Tillotson's ban on the university's champion point-winner was not lifted till the very last moment. Saturday came and the crowds poured into the stands on Sherman Field. Kiowa's delegation, aware of how matters stood, was jubilant, and four of Kiowa's cheer-leaders were voiceless for three weeks after the games. Silver Lake ate its heart in silence. The head coach chewed tobacco with tears in his eyes and murder in his heart. Tillotson was not in the stands.

The story goes that President Brinkley was on the point of starting for Sherman Field when Tillotson rang him up.

"I have come to the conclusion," said a strained voice at the other end of the line, "that it might be advisable to set young Gillespie another examination in Greek history some time next week. This, I presume, renders him eligible. I will confirm my verbal decision in a written statement to the same effect."

Brinkley's dash for Sherman Field was not a bad sprint in itself. Kiowa State was beaten that afternoon by fifty-three points to thirty-six, Gillespie carrying off firsts in the half-mile, the mile, the hurdles, and the broad jump. That night the plate-glass and mirror insurance in the down-town section was a total loss.

#### IV

PROFESSOR TILLOTSON was thinking of Gillespie over his coffee and cigar when riot went loose in his front yard. He heard a mob and a brass band. He heard cheering. Giant torpedoes exploded against his windows. His door-bell kept up a hellish clamor, under the stimulus of three sophomores specially detailed for that service. Tillotson stepped out on the porch and was received with a roar of friendly cheers. They called him Good Old Tilly and demanded a speech. He held up his hand for silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I appreciate your extraordinary enthusiasm in a cause which does more credit to your hearts and your vocal organs than to your sense of right and wrong. Is it necessary, do you think, to persist in applying pressure to my door-bell? Thank you, that is much better. I need not tell you, of course, after an academic career of fifty





*Drawn by Hanson Booth.*

Tillotson stepped out on the porch and was received with a roar of friendly cheers. — Page 745.

years but faintly punctuated with popularity, how stimulating it is to have earned this remarkable demonstration of public favor by saving our university from the inconceivable disgrace of being beaten by Kiowa State. With your per-

In front of the library he met Gillespie walking arm in arm with a white-haired woman in black. The boy stopped.

"My mother, sir," he said.

Tillotson bowed.

"And the young lady?" he asked.



"My mother, sir."

mission I will now return to my library in order to ascertain whether I am more gratified than ashamed. The door-bell, I presume, can be repaired at moderate cost. I thank you."

They gave him the locomotive cheer and departed. But Tillotson had spoken disingenuously. He was not ashamed. He was elated by the victory over Kiowa, and altogether he was in a state of mind where reading or going to bed was out of the question. It was an interesting psychological condition which he thought it would be worth while talking over with Cooper.

"The young lady?" said Gillespie, and looked away.

"I see my error," said Tillotson. "It was your mother who really formed the subject of our conversation."

"It was, sir," said Gillespie.

Tillotson raised his hat and walked on; but instead of looking up Cooper he went home. There he wrote the following letter to President Brinkley:

"MY DEAR MR. BRINKLEY:

"In confirmation of my verbal message of this afternoon, I hereby give formal



notice of the annulment of Mr. Gillespie's disability as to participation in the games concluded several hours ago. Moreover, I do not think it necessary to subject Mr. Gillespie to any further test in his work in Greek history. If the object of that course is to imbue the student with the standards and outlook of the classic world I consider that I have admirably succeeded in the case of Mr. Gillespie. I testify that he is thoroughly steeped in the spirit of the pagan civili-

zation. Not only can he run faster and leap farther than any normally constituted Christian youth should, but his ethical outlook convinces me that for him the Christian system of morals has never existed. Years of post-graduate study in the literature of the ancients could hardly produce a more acceptable heathen. I have the honor of recommending him unqualifiedly for his diploma.

"Sincerely,

"JOHN FRÉMONT TILLOTSON."

## THE LIFTING OF THE BURDEN

By Edith Rickert

### I



HERE come moments in the lives of all of us when the door of the present swings sharply shut and leaves us dizzy before an untried future. Sometimes this ends an imperceptible narrowing of the way by which we have come through the long gallery of the past; sometimes it crashes like a portcullis and cuts our loves in two. But, be it slow or swift, there is always a moment, and then a moment, and all the world between.

For Ruth Payne it came with the reading of a letter in the twilight of a snowy afternoon. As she sat very still, looking across the red-and-gray city below, her sparrow came and chirped expectantly on her window ledge. She had taught him to look for crumbs, and this night he could not make her hear.

The letter was incomprehensible. It came on a Wednesday from Alice Underwood, when to-morrow there should be one from Ben himself; and this which came out of its proper time told the incredible news that he was dead. Suddenly dead. Dead? It was less than a week since they had parted.

"I don't believe it," she said. "If it were true, I couldn't bear it. God, don't let it be true!"

The sparrow chirped piteously; he had his own troubles.

She covered her face with her hands. "If I am very quiet, I shall wake up presently. Things don't happen this way."

She was still so long that her thought took wings and fled back to the week before. She seemed to see again the low box hedges that bordered the path to his door, the white-flecked barberry bushes, the purple shadow of the porch on the snow. So it had looked when she had come back from the post-office that last day but one of her stay.

Indoors the sun was streaming red through the big west window of the hall. Ben's door was shut, but she could see Mrs. Underwood with her lace pillow and Alice with the cat on the rug by the fire.

"That you, Ruth?" Alice had called in her babyish voice. "Would you mind calling Ben? Tea's ready."

He was clearly at home; smoke betrayed him even through the closed door. But she had to knock two or three times.

He was almost hidden by books, of course, and he did not look up until she could have touched his shoulder. Then she had laughed a little and he had sprung to his feet with the light in his blue eyes that seemed always a miracle.

"Oh, is it you? I was miles away. I've found the most interesting thing; just sit down here a moment and look at this."

Then she had been in the arm-chair and

Ben had knelt to explain, and they had both disgracefully forgotten all about tea. Was that Wednesday? Only a week ago? And now, what was the impossible thing that somebody said had happened?

It was on Thursday night that she had taken the midnight train to New York.

She had only a dim remembrance of the dingy, crowded waiting-room, but a vivid image of Ben, in his rough coat, with the visored cap that threw strange, distorting shadows on his face.

"You work too hard," he said. "Be good! If you are good, you can do anything!"

"But I don't want to do *anything*!" she retorted. "What does it matter, doing things?"

"What does matter?" he had caught her up.

It was clearly impossible to answer "You, Ben!" She evaded him with a plea that the icy platform was better than a stuffy room, and they went outside.

But he did not drop his point. "Tell me what does matter."

She was glad of her broad hat-brim as she answered, "I don't know unless it's living while you live. Work isn't the whole end of life."

"Perhaps not," he had answered, "but some people aren't allowed to choose."

O Ben, Ben, who knew better than she what his hard work had done for Alice and his mother?

"So I have found," she had answered, and then, ashamed, had turned away to the glittering rails, dreading to see the approaching headlight of the engine.

But stronger than this dread was the force that drew her to turn again and look at him. Their eyes met and could not part until the flash and roar of the train shot into consciousness with a sensation of physical pain.

And now they were saying that he was dead! Ben!

Her room faded away into cloud.

Outside, the sparrow ruffled his feathers and humped his shoulders against a pitiless world.

## II

SHE leaned forward with a start at the sound of a voice in the darkness. "What is it, Alma?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Ruth, but the grocer forgot to send the salted almonds."

Ruth fell back with a sigh of relief; then she laughed to find that she was awake at last, and that her loss was not more serious than salted almonds.

"It doesn't matter, Alma, I must have been asleep. What time is it? Is anybody coming to dinner?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield, Miss Ruth," answered the girl reproachfully. "It's past six!"

"Oh, well, will you turn on the light, please? Thanks."

After that she did not remember much what happened until she found herself in her own room, sitting on the edge of the bed. She felt too weak and ill to see the Sheffields. But her watch told her that it was now too late to telephone. She would have barely time to dress. Well, what of it? To-morrow would come and next week, each day with its own burden of living; there was no escaping the days.

She went hurriedly to her wardrobe and took out the first dress that touched her hands, a soft black thing with little frills of red at the neck and sleeves. The memory stung that she had worn it at the Underwoods', the night before she came away, and Ben had greeted her with, "Well, Lady-bird!" She had supposed he liked it as he seldom noticed such things.

She pushed it away, then drew it back with swift defiance. Certainly she would wear it; it would help to keep away bad dreams. She dressed without looking in the glass, afraid to meet her own eyes; and so hurriedly that she found time to arrange the flowers on the table and to light the wood fire in the library before her guests arrived.

The flame of it was scorching her cheeks when she heard the click of the elevator and voices on the landing.

"Ruthie, dear, you're prettier than ever! What a color!" said Belle Sheffield, fluttering up to be kissed. "It's an age since I've seen you! That's what comes of being too happy! We're atrociously selfish, Harry and I!"

It was no difficult matter to keep the little bride chattering until dinner was announced. And when they sat at table, she had only to give her guests food and play chorus; they were sufficiently occupied with each other and with a house that they were



going to build in the spring. She had not dreamed that it would be so easy to play the game.

When they returned to the library, there was always the fire to play with, and, presently, coffee.

Turning suddenly, she once surprised the two holding hands. They had the grace to blush, but not to move, and Belle said: "When are you going to marry, Ruthie?"

Ruth went away out of the circle of light, not finding any answer.

"You'll never know anything about life until you do," continued Belle placidly. "So how can you write? What are you doing over there in the dark?"

"Finding cigarettes for Harry."

When she had poured the coffee, remembering that Belle took sugar but no cream and Harry cream without sugar, there was nothing more to do. She leaned back in her chair and let them go on telling her how happy they were together.

It was near midnight when Belle said, "Mercy, mercy, child! What's the matter?"

"Why?" asked Ruth.

"Your cheeks are all spotty!"

"I suppose I've been pinching them," she answered truthfully.

"Trying to keep awake! We've talked her to death! Harry, let's run; she won't be able to write a word to-morrow."

"The world will go on just the same—don't worry," laughed Ruth.

When she was alone again she moved about the room, setting it to rights; but when all was in order as she liked to have it, there was no longer any excuse for not going to bed. She tried to fix her mind on the process of undressing, put things away without seeing them, and at last lay still in the darkness with her hands pressed over her eyes to keep away everything that threatened to impinge upon consciousness. So she might hypnotize herself to sleep—a moment at a time, the night would pass. Soon she would be tired enough.

She did not hear the striking of the clock. She was too intent upon holding the door against the beast that clawed for entrance to her mind and tore so that she seemed to be all one pain, even though she would not let him in; but the night would pass if one held out long enough, and in the morning—things were always better in the morning.

There came a moment when the tide of

consciousness ebbed a little, but it surged back with a sudden cry. "O Ben, I dreamed you were——"

She found herself sitting up in bed, with her arms stretched out into the darkness. She laid her head on her knees, sobbing in utter misery. "O God, if it were yesterday!"

And presently sleep came and found her so.

### III

SHE rose with the gray dawn to shut out a wintry fog that drifted in through the open window. But after a moment she realized that this was only an excuse; her growing trouble was beginning to cry out for proof. If it were all a dream that she had had a letter from Alice! God, if it were all a dream!

But the white envelope lay on her bureau, inexorable, never to be escaped again.

Hours later Alma brought her breakfast. "You looked so tired last night, Miss Ruth," she said, her eyes moist with expectation of praise. She must eat something, not to defeat kindly forethought.

Letters were brought in. With eyes that could scarcely see Ruth turned them over and then let them all slip to the floor. The one was missing.

Then the morning began its claims, an urgent telephone message, the weekly bills, household orders.

Oh, that sparrow, that sparrow!

She could not interpret his shrill piping: "You gave me nothing yesterday. Am I to go hungry to-day?" But when she could stand his clamorous persistence no longer, she slipped into her dressing-gown and found crumbs for him. At the window her lace sleeve caught in one of the ferns, and in saving it she felt the soil dry and powdery. Clearly, if one incurred the responsibility even of ferns, one had to live up to them. What was the use of going back to bed? One could not stop things any more than one could hold one's breath; one had to go on and on.

After all, had anything really happened? There was her pretty flat, unchanged as yesterday; every book in its place; the piano open; the morning paper on the table; Alma singing in the kitchen. Duties,



the old duties, pressed upon her; pleasures, new pleasures, had been arranged for: there was no outward change in her environment. Was not everything quite the same as yesterday? Call it so.

When she sat at her desk, a little later, looking at her unfinished manuscript, she remembered that there was first a letter to be written. What could she say to Alice? She could not tell the secret that clung to her heart; yet she must write—what people usually wrote when such things were true; what other people expected to hear.

Somehow the letter was finished in the course of the afternoon. She posted it herself, afterward walking on, without knowledge of her footsteps, until darkness overtook her, chilled and damp with fallen snow, far from home.

She was almost glad that an oppression as of the onset of illness gave her an excuse for not dining with the Gorhams. She would go to bed, and in the relief of sheer physical pain would forget.

#### IV

THE morning brought Mrs. Gorham, full of nervous concern. "*Had* she been working too hard? *Would* she go South or somewhere? What she needed was a *change*."

"Change!" There was a sudden bitterness in Ruth's heart.

"By the way—" began Mrs. Gorham, and stopped short.

Ruth felt what was coming and steadied herself.

"Do you know? But it's all in the papers, of course. Wasn't it horribly sudden?"

Ruth looked at her without speaking; it did not seem worth while to contradict the story.

"It must be a terrible shock to his mother and sister! How will they get on? I didn't realize, I'm such a little stupid, that he was a great man. You did, of course, knowing them all so well?"

"Yes," said Ruth. She was thinking that the sound of Minnie's voice was better if one disassociated it from all meaning.

When she had gone and there was no more need for watchfulness, the saving physical pain came back fourfold. So the day passed, with the ticking clock, the drip of melting snow, the noisy sparrow.

Alma was tearful with pleas that she might send for the doctor, and urgent with delicacies of her own making, so futile is complete devotion, and at length Ruth sat up in bed and spoke severely. "If I'm not better to-morrow, Alma, you shall have your own way. But I shall be better, you will see."

Meanwhile the blessed screen of illness gave her a little time to fight off the things that could not be borne.

In the morning the pain was gone, and in its place was come a strange sort of stoicism that helped her to take her letters steadily, and without expectation. But her lips drew tight when she saw the black border of a note from Alice.

Funeral? Alice was writing of a funeral? Of flowers, people, ceremonies? It was a wonder, thought Ruth bitterly, that she did not describe her own mourning.

But what had all this to do with Ben? He had always been so alive, so intensely practical, so scornful of the sentiment that vainly tries to cloak the brutal facts of life. He would have been the first to laugh at all this show; Ruth covered her face against a sudden stabbing thought. Clearly the best proof that he was dead was that he had not protested against his own funeral.

Suppose it true, then—was she bound to keep on living? Why? There was none to make special claim upon her: her parents were long since dead; her brothers and sister married and absorbed in their own families; her friends, for the most part, had homes and careers of their own. Here was a way, a reasonable way, out of an impossible situation.

Of course, one must be careful not to make a mess of it. One must put one's affairs in order and then so arrange that there could be no doubt of success.

She had seen it done once. An unknown man had pointed his hands above his head and leaped from a steamer crossing the Channel. A bell had clanged from the bridge, the engines had thudded backward; with a swift running of feet and slewing of ropes a boat had been lowered; for half an hour a silent crowd had watched the little craft at her searching while the big steamer heaved and sank in the slow wash of the waves. Then the little boat came back as she went away, and the engine-bell clanged full speed ahead. When those who had seen the jump had described the manner of



it to those who had not, the incident was closed. There might have been a brief paragraph in various newspapers, and perhaps some people were still waiting for that nameless man to come home; but for him how indescribably quick and easy had been the transition from the known world to the unknown. To be sure, he might have been saved—ignominious! One would have to guard against that.

It may have been late that same afternoon, or perhaps the next, when Alma brought in a small box that had come by express.

She was expecting it; Alice's letter had explained. They had been going over some of his things already, sorting them, arranging them, putting them away, giving them away. So soon!

They meant to be kind, according to their image of her friendship for him. They were sharing with her things that she might cherish for the sake of old, dear associations.

There were books—she did not read their titles—and in one of them a letter from Alice, enclosing a single sheet in his writing. She laid it gently aside; it was more possible first to read what Alice had to say. She skimmed the lines, but the essential matters stood out sharply in the maze of words.

"We found the few lines on his desk, dear, the morning after; but in our first trouble we did not realize for whom they were meant. . . .

"You will wonder why I sent you the old cap, I know, yet it is hard to explain, and perhaps after all you won't want it. But I couldn't bear to see it hanging in the hall, and I couldn't put it away; it seemed somehow as if he might come back and look for it. Then I remembered you, and I thought perhaps you would keep it and love it for my sake as well as for your own."

Did Alice guess? But what did it matter now?

She found courage presently to read that other message; it was so pitifully short.

"Well, little gleaner—" but there she had to stop. It was the name he used to give her when he was especially pleased with her.

When she could read on, she was soon at the end. "I haven't time for a letter to-night; but there's one thing I must tell you for fear that it might never get said at all. I don't want you to be in doubt even for a

day. Bother! Telephone for me; I'll be back in a moment."

That was all; the telephone had cheated her of the one comfort that might have brought a measure of peace—certain knowledge of his love. Had he had some foreshadowing that the end was so near? But the words had not been said or written, and now they would never be said—never, never.

In the morning they had found him at his desk asleep, with his head on his arms. And all that she had to live upon was memory, and these few things.

It was when she came upon the gray-green tweed cap that he had worn the last night they were together that the barriers of her unbelief gave way before the tide of realization. That it should be hers at all, meant that its owner would never come back to miss it.

## V

THE night passed for her, as it has done for millions of women, in sleeplessness and tears.

As she lay still at last, with the rough tweed against her sore cheek, she was suddenly beset by a ridiculous memory of Dutch peasants in church, the men praying in their caps as she had often seen them do. The memory stirred the thought: If she were to pray now? Was not prayer for such a time as this? But what could prayer do, now that everything was lost? She should have prayed sooner!

Yet the idea clung to her in the morning. She had gone to church perhaps as much as most people; but religion had nothing to say to her now. She had heard a thousand sermons; but she could not remember any of them. She had uttered thousands of prayers; but they were all paralyzed now.

For all that, she presently brought out her Testament, in despair of finding other help. Half-blinded with tears, she read here and there at random, trying to glean some sense that would bring relief. . . . But it seemed a hopeless turning over of pages. Where was there help? In Paul? He, too, had doubted and suffered, and he, more than the others, had talked of a resurrection. Old words, scarcely heeded in old, happy days, echoed dimly now in the recesses of her mind: "How say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?"



She found the chapter and read breathlessly, and at the same time half rebelliously, until she came to the verse:

"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"

That was the cry of her sorrow.

She wanted Ben as he was, with all his faults—the Ben who smoked too much, who swore sometimes; the Ben whose slightest headache stabbed her with pain, whose smile was like no light other in the world.

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

"But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body."

She read on, a dozen verses, and as she read lost heart. Paul did not stop to reason out his own analogy; he went off into a vain reiteration of terms. And the analogy itself seemed to her cruelly false. If it meant anything, this figure of seed-bearing, it was that immortality is in the passing of life from father to son; the rest was imagination based on longing. What was this "spiritual body" of Christ that had appeared before the very eyes of such and such witnesses? The contradiction of terms was not to be explained away. Life went on in the race, but the individual perished, the human qualities that made one man dearer than all the rest of the world, these would never come together again as long as the world lasted. Ben!

"Behold I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

O Paul the dreamer! To him it was all mystery and credible, and by mere vain reiteration his faith grew into the great war-cry: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

But when one came to look for meaning, for proof, what then? If resurrection was

a miracle, no less miracle was faith in it; and the very essence of a miracle was that it must happen in the soul. But if it did not happen? What did other people do? Could one shut one's eyes to law and reason, and walk blindly the way the heart led? What matter then if heaven lay at the end of the chain of years? One was safe. But to have known heaven and lost it; how find it again?

That way lay madness. She walked the floor until the walls of her room seemed to close in and suffocate her, and then she fled from herself to the streets.

She was still weak from her illness, and yet instinct drove her an endless, weary trail, seeking help in the eyes of all that she met.

It seemed to her then that she found the scars of trouble, no less than her own, on most of the faces that passed by. Rich and poor, they seemed to her alike sorrowful beyond understanding, except some against whom she shut her eyes, shuddering. For the first time in her life, it seemed that she had the power to look through the veil of sense and read souls.

## VI

NEAR dusk she found herself in front of Gertrude Lingen's doorway in the neighborhood of Washington Square. In a sudden overpowering need to speak, to be spoken to, she went up-stairs.

Yet at first she found little to say. The silence of two was comforting.

But Mrs. Lingen understood, and it was not long before she ventured: "Can you tell me, dear?"

Then words seemed impossible.

After a while: "Nothing is unbearable, dear."

"What is worst of all?" asked Ruth.

There was again a pause before the answer came: "Slow decay of the soul, I think; if you see what I mean. It's like standing on the shore and watching a man drown; no, it's worse! That would be merciful, by comparison! If some one you love goes away, you can stand it; but to watch him changing under your eyes, and be helpless, that's like being tied while murder is done before you, inch by inch."

She added with a little catch of the breath: "But that's my trouble. What's yours?"



"Oh!" said Ruth softly. "Yes, I knew; but—" She added after a pause: "If one could only make sense of the world!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lingen, "a good many people wish that at one time or another in their lives. I suppose we must be rather a stupid race. Shall we have the lights on?"

"Not yet. All the people I met to-day are breaking down under burdens too heavy to bear."

"No," said Mrs. Lingen; "they bear them mostly."

"How?"

Gertrude laughed gently. "As if I know! Each finds his own way."

"How do you?"

"I? Oh, I try not to make a fuss. And I have my housekeeping, and the children, thank God!"

One does not always know when one touches the quick of a friend's pain, even with the gentlest finger in the world.

"That's it," said Ruth. "You have them, and in them something of his old self that you used to love. Even if it came to an absolute break with him, you have that. If you had not so much, Gertrude?"

"Then it would be harder," confessed Mrs. Lingen, but she added: "Yet perhaps in them, for all that I can do now, I may have to see the same thing going on. Mothers never know."

"But you have them now; they keep you alive now."

"Yes, now."

"That's the whole thing. Tell me what to do *now*," pleaded Ruth. "Tell me what I have *now*."

The answer was slow to come and unexpected. "At least, you have your soul alive, or you wouldn't suffer so; and that is the main thing. You will keep it alive, and so doing give life to others."

"What does that matter when——?"

"When?"

The words came easily enough now. "When he is dead."

Mrs. Lingen asked no questions. Perhaps she was piecing out the story: certainly she knew that silence was the best sympathy.

"I don't think I'm unreasonable," said Ruth. "I ask only something to hang on to, something to live by, the next twenty, thirty, forty years."

"It grows with the need, dear," said

Mrs. Lingen. "You are beginning to find it now, although you don't know. You'll just have to fight on; you'll win in the end."

"It isn't fighting to beat the air," said Ruth. "One takes weapons, makes plans."

"You have your weapons, and your plans. Why change your way of life? It all comes in."

"Copy, you mean?" laughed Ruth bitterly. "Oh, wait a month; it's only decent."

Mrs. Lingen disregarded her. "Your days will go just the same. It isn't as if you had been living with him for years, missed him in every room, almost every moment. That would be worse, darling."

"No," protested the girl. "At least I should have had much to remember. Now it is only dreams."

They were interrupted by the bell. Lights were turned on and Mrs. Sheffield came in, full of chatter about everything in the world. Her joy in life bubbled like champagne. Ruth, listening, wondered when it would begin to grow flat.

Mrs. Lingen, who had been at the telephone, came back with an entreaty. "Ruth, do something to please me—there, it's a promise. Stop at our doctor's and get something for that cold of yours. He's at home; I've just asked."

For a moment Ruth's cheeks flamed at the interference, then she crept into her friend's arms and half-sobbed: "All right. I'll be good."

## VII

SHE was shown at once into the consulting-room. "Well, Ruth; well, my dear," said he. He was a man long past sixty and had been a college friend of her father's.

As he rose he knocked the green shade of his reading-lamp aside so that she was for a moment in the full glare of the light; then he let her drop into the shadow of an easy chair.

"Got a bad throat, Gertrude tells me. Put out your tongue. What—no? Let's have your wrist. A touch of influenza—hey? I shall carry you home and chuck you into bed presently. What do you mean by trailing round the streets in this state? Oh, I'm not saying that it will do you any great harm. You're made of gutta serena."



"Warranted for how long?" she asked, trying to adopt his light tone.

"Fifty, sixty years—what you like." His eyes twinkled and he chased an unuttered protest on her part with a quick, "Oh, yes, you will—when you know *how* a little."

"Do you know how?" she asked without irony, but in simple eagerness to learn the secret.

"I? Lord, no! Thank heaven, school keeps for most of us, all our lives. We've a chance to learn a thing or two from day to day."

"You, really, find it a good world to live in?" she asked in a kind of wonder.

"Good? A most infernal world! A howling wilderness of hyenas chewing up babes! But that's the very point: it gives a man a chance to put his shoulder to the wheel, with a heave-ho and all together, lads."

As she was silent, he challenged her with "Well?"

"How did you come to feel that way?"

"You remind me of the deacon who said he could stand anything but temptation. By trying it, my dear; laying hold of the ropes, so to speak. Well, of course, I understand by the look of you, to speak plainly, that you've been through an earthquake lately. I should judge it has shattered all the little glass windows of your faith into a million bits. Trying to piece 'em together, are you? Better get new ones."

"I know," she said. "Go on." Then she added hastily: "But I wanted them as they were. If I could only shut my eyes and make believe."

"Just like you women!" he jeered. "Always pining to be fooled, are you? Well, it can be patched—your faith, I mean. Go to church reg'lar, take up good works, live in a settlement, hey? Besides, you have your little story-book writing to keep you out of mischief; also you can go to Europe, you know, and bring home rags and plaster to trim up your house with. I'll give you a tonic for a beginning. It'll do you a lot of good, especially if you have faith when you take it. You'll be surprised to find how the tragedy melts away as you go on living. I'm not sure that that isn't the worst of it in many cases. Yes, I know I'm a brute," he concluded with placidity. "A man always is when he speaks the truth."

He lifted his eyebrows at her silence, but after a time she said: "I can face the facts. But that's mere endurance, not living. I want a new faith; tell me where to go to look for it."

"That's the very dickens of it," he conceded frankly. "I can't. Nobody can. There's no saying where it's to be had or what it will cost until the bill comes in. Then we whistle and reach in our pockets to see whether we've cash enough; and we usually haven't."

"No," she agreed. "What then?"

He rubbed his thin, straight, white hair. "Then we pay on the instalment plan. It works out in time."

"Does it?" she asked. "Should you like to have to live sixty years longer?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! I'm greedy; I'd take a hundred if I could get 'em!"

"And after?"

He shook a long finger at her. "After? See here, little girl, you let the sealed jam-pots alone. There's plenty of marmalade in this world for your little spoon. After? Fiddlesticks!"

"No," she answered quietly; "it isn't fiddlesticks when you have to face it, when you have lost all that makes life worth while."

He moved impatiently and took up the book that he had been reading when she came in.

She said at once: "Shall I go? Do you want to read?"

"It's an interesting book," he admitted, "but it doesn't attempt to answer all the questions that a young person can ask. No, you don't get off that way. Bring them on, one by one; I rather like to hear myself talk, you know."

"What's it all for—the misery in the world?"

He answered gravely and without pause: "To water the plants, my dear. Prosperity is a desert as far as growing your soul is concerned. Pretty dried-up plantations in my part of New York. It always pleases me to hear that my patients are in trouble; I should like to make a little for some of 'em occasionally.—Two?"

"That may do for Fifth Avenue. But what of the East Side?"

"Too much irrigation there, that's all. There's an amazing lack of proportion about the human race. We let Tommy stuff himself until he dies, body and soul, of



sheer repletion, while Dick and Harry may gnaw gutter bones until they turn into them—provided they don't squeal. But all this seems rather general to have pinched your face into that expression. The only thing you can do about it, as far as I see, is to button-hole a young congressman now and then, unfledged preferably, and tell him you and the other women won't vote for him when you get the chance, unless he cleans everything up before the next session.—Three?"

"Meanwhile," she said, "they starve."

"So they do, and your worrying won't help them; besides, it's not half as bad as it looks. The body adjusts itself by degrees. Many diseases are more painful; no good getting sentimental about it unless you mean to act. Much better come out with your own little grievance if you want relief."

As she was silent, he whistled and at last murmured: "No symptoms, no treatment."

She could not yet speak and again he tried to help her. "What comet has come swishing into your little world and smashed it?"

"Death," she answered.

He twirled his watch as it lay on the table, and it was some seconds before he replied: "Death isn't a comet; it's a kind of—loadstar, I suppose, if we must keep the figure. I have seen death in almost every conceivable form, in hospitals and homes, on land and sea, battle and murder."

He snapped his watch shut and put it into his pocket. "Count it out."

He saw that she doubted her hearing, so he repeated with emphasis: "Count it out, I say. Life's the thing."

"And yet," she protested, "you have lost some, that you loved."

"Lost them? No. They are dead, as we say. But I have not lost them."

There was bitterness in her tone. "So you believe it all then—about resurrection, I mean?"

He rose and went to the cupboard in the wall behind her. "Oh, I don't know. You must define your terms. I believe in my own experience. It is hard to go beyond that."

He brought her a glass of cordial. "Drink this, steady! No, I shouldn't pass for orthodox even in these days of latitude. But I know what I know." He checked

himself and laughed. "That is, if I know anything at all."

"It's the how," she said, struggling for control. "Oh, tell me how!"

"I can't," said he, "and you wouldn't believe me if I did. People never do until they find out for themselves. But you've got to get a creed of some sort to live by, in the meantime. Christianity answers very well for some millions; Buddhism for a good few; Mohammedanism for more. Some still pin their faith to totem poles. If you can't make any of those do, you will have to make your Bible as you go. It happens every now and again. No harm done as long as you don't try to thrust your new doctrine down the world's throat; then you pay the penalty with fire or rope, or some such thing. But the great thing is to build and build and go on building, and let the rest take care of itself. Later you may feel that you have a message to give to the world. Well, the world can take care of itself and needn't buy."

But she put all that aside. "Tell me," she said, "why things hurt so when we don't mean them to—when we try to be brave?"

He paused a moment before he answered. "I suppose it's because we're all selfish to the core—man and nation. That's the primal curse. It's like a hard shell growing round the pulpy inside that we commonly call the soul; it leaves no room for germination. It takes pretty brutal treatment, even with the best of us, to knock a hole through and let in light and air."

"Well, take your axe to me," she urged.

"Have I leave? It will hurt. Well," he laid his watch on the table again and began to twirl it slowly—a bedside mannerism, she knew; "here's your case. You've been thinking you'd found the greatest thing in the world, what you women call love, and Lord knows what you mean by it! The man has died, I take it, and so, of course, there's nothing left. What are you to do? Right so far? It seems a little odd that the greatest thing in the world should hang by so slender a thread as the life of a human being, and that, having once had it, you should lose it in the tick of a watch."

She covered her face from his eyes.

But they looked kindly upon her as he continued: "Right? That big emotion of yours that drowns everything else, millions of people on this planet—we'll omit the



others—never know it at all. Think big, my dear! There's something outside you and your love."

Even while she wondered at his brutality, it came over her that Ben himself, under such circumstances, might have talked much that way. . . . Was it only the difference between men and women?

As she said nothing, he continued meditatively: "From a practical point of view, I might help you, I think; but you wouldn't listen to me and carry it out. Women never do. They only curse me in their hearts for an old meddler who doesn't know what he's talking about."

"Try me," she whispered.

"Well, if you are like other women, you will have kept certain things of his—letters, gifts, or whatever—to cry over. Go home now and burn them to-night, before you have time to think."

He was interrupted by her voice, half-choking. "No!"

"I thought not," he said dryly. "Well, at least, you will let me drive you home; I'm making a call your way. And you will go to bed and get some sleep, I'll see to that."

She needed all her will merely to keep a decent self-control, and nothing much was said until the carriage stopped at her door. He insisted upon going up-stairs with her, and she could tell by the way he wandered about her room that he had still something on his mind.

"You may trust me, you know," she ventured.

"Yes, you'll do," he answered absently; then added with more fire: "If I could only knock it into you, or knock it out of you, that life isn't shut up within the four miserable walls of self—stupid, ignorant, greedy, damnable Self! What is it, anyway? A bundle of little loves and hates and ambitions and messages to the world that the world doesn't want, and all the rest of the sickening rot. Plain speech, my dear, but you'll forgive an old man. Look you here now: do you know, or don't you, that all men are, literally, made of the same stuff? The identical cells, infinitely split up, infinitely built up, in all of us. My patients are not usually pleased when I talk to them about their greasy brothers; but the sooner you come to an understanding of the situation, the sooner you'll hammer out a working theory of life. You

don't have to worry about the beginning of the first amœba before you work out a creed that will keep you going and make you of some use to the rest of the world, hey?"

As she did not answer, he continued musingly: "All one blood—if we could only see it."

He could not guess at her heart-cry: "But what of Ben?" Aloud she said: "You speak always in terms of the body."

"Most people live largely in terms of the body," he caught her up, and added: "I understood you to put your loss on that basis."

He saw that he had startled some new thought in her, and took up his hat to go—paused and drew from his vest a small packet. "It's against my conscience, but you women seem to require soothing powders when you are cutting your wisdom teeth. Follow directions and you'll get some sleep to-night. It's the first step back to sanity. I'll look in again to-morrow morning."

He had closed the door before her defiance reached him: "I'll do anything else, not, not that!"

### VIII

SHE no longer felt ill and she would not go to bed as she knew he expected her to do. She would not turn over the little pile of letters on her table, knowing well that there could be nothing in them that mattered to her happiness.

She would not have her dinner, though she drank the hot milk that Alma brought her by the fireside. Then was the time to take the powder the doctor had left; but her soul was in rebellion and she would not. He had required too much—the one thing that was impossible.

She sent Alma away and turned out all the lights except the one on the library table where she sat with her few treasures gathered up in her arms.

"It would be like burning live things," she moaned, "and some day they might help me to dream again."

To dream again, to go through life dreaming, that was the only hope. Yet, now that she most needed this blessed grace, it had left her—the power to dream had gone. She could no longer see his face distinctly, much less call up the sound of his voice, his ways, his words. Try as she



would, she could only remember brokenly, this feature, that phrase; the impression of the whole personality seemed to be gone.

Other things associated with him, often by mere chance, peripheral things that had never mattered a straw, lingered as sharply drawn in her mind as if they had been photographed there: the litter of papers on the study table; the design of the poker with which he had played with the fire; the dress of a casual visitor who had bored him more than usual at tea one day; the kitten that preferred his shoulder to any cushion in the house—trifles scarcely heeded at the time. He who had absorbed all her consciousness was gone, and all the other things that she had brushed aside now lingered in her memory.

"I will not burn them," she vowed, hugging the things that had been his.

"You need them, then, to jog your memory? You are afraid of forgetting?" It was almost like a voice in the room—the doctor's.

"He may come back; it is the only way; they may bring him back again, or I can't bear it," she sobbed.

To this there came no reply, although she listened long in vain.

She did not know how long she sat thus with her face hidden. She was startled by a slight thud on the hearth. She looked up to find that one of the logs had broken and fallen forward and threatened the rug.

She bent forward to push it back and, after some little trouble, succeeded. But as she sat watching it, she came to observe a smell of burning in the room, and looking down, saw that two of his letters had fallen on the tiles and were fast turning brown.

Even then she did not move. A strange despair ran through her veins; if it was possible for these infinitely precious things to burn, they must burn; it was not hers to save them.

She sat and watched stonily until it was too late to save those that had fallen; then she knew that by so doing she had given consent to the destruction of the others. She gathered them in her arms, held them close a moment, then without a quiver laid them together behind the back log, in the very heart of the fire.

When her lap was empty she covered her face. She heard the sudden leap and flare of the flame, and felt the fierce heat of it

scorching her hands as she knelt on the hearth; but she would not look until the roar had died away into the slow dropping of ashes.

## IX

IN the morning she lay awake a long time with closed eyes, wondering what had happened, or was going to happen, that she should be so content. She had an odd sensation as of sunlight on her eyelids, and yet she could hear the sleet beating against the pane. Presently she gave up the effort to think, very sure, though she could not tell how she should be sure, that whatever was coming would be hers without struggle on her part.

When she knew by the tinkle of silver in the dining-room that it was time to get up, she sprang out of bed with a curious sense of lightness. She even lifted her hands to her head, with the sensation as if a great weight that had crushed her to the earth had been suddenly removed. She could not remember anything, could not think of anything except that she was in her own little home, that everything was going to be all right again, something was going to happen to make her live again, something too good to believe, only it was true.

She had a return of her old joy in cold water that morning, and with it came back something of her old vigor. She dressed with more than usual care. Somebody was coming. The doctor? She had forgotten his very existence. She could not imagine who it would be; no matter, she would know presently.

When she came out into the library, very trim in her embroidered white linen waist, she watered her ferns and fed her sparrow, half-smiling all the while in inexplicable content. She was expectant, too, and listened much; but not hurried or anxious. There was time, all the time, and one could be infinitely patient, now that one was sure. Sure of what?

That did not matter; she cut off the questioning voice but without impatience. To be sure, that was enough.

She was still too early for breakfast. She crossed the room to her piano, closed now for days, opened it, and, after a few doubtful chords, began to play. She was not conscious that she chose any particular theme; but the keys kindled beneath her

fingers and Schumann's "Warum?" came forth like a living voice asking for ever and ever the question that none can answer. In her hands it spoke as perhaps it has never spoken before in this world and may never speak again, its despair swelling into a cry of triumph.

At the end she sat on, smiling at the keys. "Yes, dear, we know; don't we?"

What was it? Nobody had spoken. There was nobody in the room. It was nothing, nothing at all, and everything: the Guest had come.

If there was a voice in the room, it was perhaps a ghostly echo of the doctor's: "I have not lost them; but I understood you to put it on that basis." What basis?

Nothing had happened, nothing that could be perceived by any of the five senses of man, nothing that could be described in words. The past had gone, that was all—the old, tangible past; the future did not exist; only the present remained, the living present, reality at last. . . .

"Count it out. Life's the thing."

"Yes, dear, we know."

To know, not to dream; to live, not to

work; to be, not to think! Was that the sense of it all?

To have lost everything and to be infinitely rich; to be robbed of all and to be repaid a thousandfold; to crawl out of the chrysalis of death and to spread wings in the open—did it mean that?

The Guest was with her. He was not dead; he could never die. They two were together now and for ever more, and there could be no parting. She had the greater burden, to live for both through long years and lonely, tired days; but there was gladness in the memory that she had spared him doing it for her; and all the while he was there, would be with her, and no one else would know.

It had come to her, the incommunicable experience, the one reality in a changing world, and it had brought with it a joy that could never be outworn. It told her that life is nothing other than the love that is sufficient in itself, the hope that is its own fulfilment, a faith in the Reality by which alone all things are held together, that is stronger than the foundations of the world.

## THE SUMMONS

By William R. Benét

### I

TO-DAY the dreamy distances  
Of grape-stained, purple hills  
Spun out thin, hazy mists that ran  
To greet far plains where streams began  
World-faring from their rills.

And oh my heart was singing, dear!  
The wood, the wind, the sun  
With age-old scents my nostrils thrilled—  
With fierce, young strength my being filled—  
The hills and I were one!  
For, follow—follow—follow!  
The sweet wind calls to me.



Hill-rim to misty hollow  
'Tis follow—follow—follow!  
And oh the far hill crest that hails  
The first gust of the sea!

## II

To-day a pagan wreath wear I  
Of goldenrod and corn.  
To-day the russet world is clad  
In Bacchic mirth to make me glad—  
The joy of souls reborn.

Oh, glad my heart is faring, dear,  
Through wood and wind and sun!  
The oils that flame yon western sky  
Are not more brave—more brave than I.  
The hills and I are one!  
For, follow—follow—follow!  
The leaf-crisp highway calls.  
Hill-rim to misty hollow  
'Tis follow—follow—follow!  
The drunken wind's mad vagrant I  
Beyond the city's walls!

## III

To-day to cloud-blown sky above  
My reckless gage is flung.  
To-day a creaking highroad tree,  
A bonfire's blaze shall frantic me  
To ecstasies unsung.

For oh my heart is singing, dear,  
With wood and sun and wind!  
Ho, bark-brown dryads of the trees—  
Ho, nereids of the cresting seas!  
The world is left behind.  
'Tis, follow—follow—follow  
The sword-flame of the sky!  
Hill-rim to misty hollow  
The cry goes, Follow—follow!  
And vagabond—thrice vagabond—  
Oh vagabond am I!

# CHAMOIS-HUNTING IN SWITZERLAND

By P. Kühner

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



HE who is a stranger to the Alpine world, or only knows it from the great visitors' centres, will generally have a rather vague idea about the big game of the Alps—the chamois, the total existing number, and the way to hunt them. He gathers his knowledge from old legends, and, since he never saw any of these animals on his flying visits, he concludes that they must be very nearly exterminated, as was their cousin, the ibex, which has disappeared except a few specimens kept in preserves. However, the chamois was the fitter, and so it survived. In its struggle for existence, the government in modern times has assisted it with a certain number of protective laws. During nineteen days only, in the month of September, hunting is allowed, and the severe observance of this law is guaranteed by a number of gamekeepers and, above all, by the hunters themselves, who of course do not allow the poacher to take an unlawful advantage. The offender is threatened with fines out of proportion to the possible gain, and in case of a repeated offence the fine is doubled and the transgressor disqualified for several years. Hunting itself is rendered more difficult by the prohibition of small calibres and of repeating guns. In order to prevent, in any case, too big a slaughter of the game even by the most intense hunting activity during those nineteen days, the government has given refuges to the persecuted animals. These are the "Freiberge," whole districts which are under the care of gamekeepers, where hunting is prohibited during years. If such an asylum is opened again, these gamekeepers take pains to scatter the undisturbed animals by firing with blank cartridges and making a great alarm, so that the hunter may not get his prey too easily. If in spite of this precaution the killing off is excessive, or the game is har-

assed in an inhuman way by too great a number of hunters, the government again closes the "Freiberge," sometimes after two or three days, and the gamekeepers and policemen warn off the sportsmen.

In the early game-lawless times traps, too, were set for the animals. Their efficiency was based on the eagerness of the chamois for salt, and their construction was so simple and ingenious that it may be worth while to describe one. The whole apparatus consists of three laths only, two of which are joined so as to form a rigid acute angle, whilst the third shorter one is fixed to the one side of the said angle with a peg around which it can swing freely. This apparatus is mounted in a suitable place, so that it is accessible from one side only, the plane of the angle standing vertically, and the lower side practically horizontal. In this position the third piece hangs vertically and is allowed to swing inward toward the vertex, whereas the opposite outward movement is stopped by a peg as soon as it has come back to its perpendicular position. The animal to be caught approaches the trap, puts its head through the angle where it is wide enough to admit it, and begins to lick the row of salt which runs parallel to the lower side. It follows the row of salt, gradually moving toward the vertex and lifting unconsciously the crosspiece with its neck. Finally, the neck reaches the end of the crosspiece, which then falls back to its perpendicular position against the peg. So the animal is caught loosely in the triangle formed by the two sides and the crosspiece. Of course such traps are forbidden nowadays, and their use is punished by a fine up to four hundred francs.

Whilst the chamois is thus protected by the government against human eagerness for prey and hunting, nature on its part has equipped it with effective means of defence—that is, fine instincts, keen senses, and astounding strength and endurance.



The chamois is a species of the antelope and a close relative to the goat. It is easily distinguished, however, from the latter at a distance by the circular, glossy-black, hook-shaped little horns which we all know as ornaments of the nicely polished though useless Alpine sticks of our carpet tourists. On closer inspection a number of other distinctions become evident. Compared with the goat, the chamois has a deep, broad chest to which the muscles of the shoulders and fore legs are affixed in such masses that the animal might appear clumsy did not the ease and grace of its movements render such an impression altogether impossible. The hind legs being equally well developed, the whole body appears compact and massive. And to this appearance the animal's physical ability answers perfectly.

The present writer one day, on a mountain tour with two friends and a guide, surprised five chamois. The animals noticed the party first and ran clattering close past them, the hard, steel-like hoofs sounding on the rock like hammers. In a few minutes they had gone a distance which it would have taken quite an hour for any man to clear. Then they vanished in a saddle between two peaks, whilst the valley behind them rang with the shrill noise of the loosened stones they had kicked down, that leaped from rock to rock. Very soon these strange sounds, too, had died away, and the small troop of men left behind only then noticed how slow and laborious their own progress was.

In November, during the rut, harsh encounters take place between the bucks. The roe willingly follows the victorious one, and bears one, sometimes two, kids toward the end of April or the beginning of May. In spring the hair of the chamois has the color of the deer, in autumn it turns dark brown, and in winter almost black. Then the flocks move down from their very high pasture-grounds toward the woody regions, where they find both food and shelter under the broad branches of old pines, which keep the ground underneath free from snow. But no sooner has the snow melted far enough to allow them sufficient food above the timber-line than they are off to return to their favorite abode, the high, inaccessible Alpine pastures. There they live together, in flocks

of five to twenty, most gayly, as appears from their playing, sham fighting, and merry jumps. Meantime they never fail to mount a guard, mostly an elderly roe. It seems that these are fitter for this duty than the bucks, probably because of their greater carefulness owing to their motherhood. Their scent is so acute that they detect a man at a distance of miles. As soon as the sentinel perceives something suspicious she gives a sharp, hoarse whistle. Then the whole company keeps suddenly quiet, as though petrified, and after a few seconds chase away like lightning toward some safe refuge, or for a distant point of observation, where they constantly and with great attention eye the disturber. No doubt this scent, too, is the reason why even a zealous tourist so rarely sees a chamois. He does not pay any attention to the wind, which reveals his presence to the chamois long before he is near enough to see it. Strange to say, as soon as the animal has got the scent it keeps on flying much farther, as though frightened by a report. On the flight all the incredible strength and swiftness of the chamois show up to their best advantage. It clears crevasses thirteen to eighteen feet wide and jumps onto rocks fourteen feet high.

It is plain that this kind of game will not be hunted successfully by the first comer. It is not enough to be a good shot when, besides the whole hunting outfit, an animal weighing about sixty pounds is to be carried down from a giddy height over deceptive glaciers and brittle rocky boulders; nor is it sufficient to be a good mountain tourist who, under a safe guide, shows remarkable strength and courage. No, the hunter must combine in his person the qualities of a good shot, an excellent tourist, and a guide. A small number of select ones only fulfil these conditions, and their number does not increase. How should it? The short space of nineteen days every year cannot turn out hunters like those who formerly carried on the hunt throughout the year and yet alarmed and drove off the animals much less than the thousands of tourists do to-day. The fact is to be added that the high valleys show a tendency to depopulation owing to the greater comfort and better chances of gain in towns and cities. Therefore the question may be raised whether the



chamois or its hunter is more likely to be extinct first.

Formerly, as nowadays, the élite of hunters consisted of the peasants of the upper valleys and the guides. These people, whose regular trade is generally much more remunerative than hunting, are enthusiasts and accordingly spend a good deal of care and money for their outfit. Their attire is made of the natural wool of mostly self-raised sheep. It is of a light gray color equally difficult to tell from the rock and from the glacier, and the coat is provided with very wide and spacious pockets which render the knapsack superfluous and give the whole suit a peculiar appearance. The hat is of a soft gray felt. As important as the hard, sharp-edged hoof is to the chamois is the quality of his boots to the one who will follow it. The boots are made of strong leather with the soles projecting little or not at all, and studded all round with hooded spikes the pin of which is driven through and then bent under the hood. Everybody who knows how life and death may depend on the keeping firm or yielding of a single spike will understand the special care bestowed on this part of the outfit. The proper hunting implements are the gun, the telescope, and the stick. The guns, the calibre of which must not be less than 9 mm., are some private arms, some old military rifles. Most of the former are rifles of the well-known falling block system, called "Martini"; the latter, Peabody or Vetterli guns, for sale in the arsenals for five francs or a little more. The smokeless Vetterli cartridge is used for ammunition. As to field-glasses, the so called "Zugspiegel," a telescope magnifying twelve to twenty times, is still most popular. These instruments have a rather bright field but a narrow angle of view, which, however, does not appear to be a drawback. On the contrary, it is said that the big angle of modern prismatic field-glasses leads to a less thorough inspection of the field. Nevertheless, the modern glasses gradually come to the front, since both their luminosity and their magnifying power have been increased. The hunter's stick is somewhat shorter than the ordinary "alpenstock," and either without any shoe—in order to avoid the noise through touching stones

and rock—or it is provided with a boat-hook. This contrivance enables the hunter to lift himself when climbing, and means a safeguard in dangerous positions. The ample pockets of the jacket contain the provisions, mostly bread and dry meat, the cartridges, and, above all, the hunting license, for want of which the man risks being taken up as a poacher.

Unlike the neighboring countries, Germany and Austria—with the exception of three cantons only, where hunting-grounds are let out by the government—Switzerland maintains free hunting. Every blameless person is free to hunt inside the canton during a certain period fixed by the government and after having taken a license. This license is made out by the local police at a price determined by law. In the Grisons, the biggest and most mountainous canton, the fee for natives is 12 francs, for Swiss of other cantons 40 francs, and for foreigners 100 francs. Of course, the hunt itself is carried on in very different ways according to its being free or on leased lands. The grounds on lease are under the care of tenants who have the exclusive right to hunt, are free to arrange battues, can nurse and foster the game tenderly or kill it. Whilst the tenant has on his ground the monopoly of the hunt, with the license system every holder of a license is the authorized competitor of every other. Accordingly, every one starts on his own account and as a rule alone. The most zealous hunters repair to the limit of the hunting district the day before the hunt is opened. They are not allowed to go any farther with their equipment, and so they lose no time, starting at midnight, and try to reach a considerable height before sunrise. Thus they gain a wide field for examination with their telescopes and foil the most effective means of protection of the animals—the scent.

By sunrise, when the upper regions of the mountains are warmed by the first rays, the warm air rises and by suction causes a current going up-hill. Therefore the hunter tries to reach a point above the supposed stand of the game before the treacherous current begins, and so approach it unnoticed. If he has been successful and sighted the animals or the buck, the second more exciting act of the spectacle begins, the issue of which shows



whether we deal with a comedy or a drama with bloodshed. The point is to advance with extreme care and under constant control of the wind to shooting-range; that is, in such a case the superiority of the native hunter shows most distinctly.

At last within range, the hunter has—if a whole flock is before him—to choose his



Chamois.

about eighty metres. Stooping and creeping, utilizing every cover and avoiding every noise, the hunter draws closer, like a cat to the bird. Often, however, this direct stalking is not possible, because the ground may not offer any cover or possibility of advancing noiselessly, or because gorges or crevasses bar the way. Then the position must be turned, an operation which may take hours. It stands to reason that this manœuvre has any chance of success only when combined with thorough knowledge of the locality, and that

victim. Since shooting kids and suckling does is forbidden, he must select among the other animals, as far as possible, one whose position admits of hitting it in the shoulder-blade. If the doe has been separated from its kids by previous chasing it is difficult to tell her from the other animals, because the udder is very small and entirely hidden between the hind legs.

With the report of the rifle the whole flock springs up, hesitates an instant until the scent reveals to them where danger threatens, and rushes away. Very rarely

a hunter will succeed in placing a second shot during the momentary hesitation preceding the rush. The first one, of course, has been fired in the stooping attitude in which the man has crawled forward and which impedes his movements. He would therefore have to jump up, load afresh, and aim, manipulations which certainly do not require much time, but still more than it takes a chamois, as a rule, to get out of harm's way.

And yet three years ago a hunter of the Grisons managed to shoot from the same spot four chamois. He had viewed a flock grazing at the foot of a rocky wall. There was no possibility of approaching the animals across the open hillside between him and them. He had to turn them. In order to land in the proper place, he counted from below a number of projecting rocks in the wall which he meant to pass on his way down, and ascended the wall from its back. Looking down from the top, however, the aspect was so totally different from what he expected it to be from below that he had to estimate the direction and descend without marks. Having descended cautiously to a place which, according to the length of his course, could not be very far from the flock's pasture, he lifted himself a little to view the surroundings, and saw the animals couching unsuspectingly at a level with his position and within range. Between him and them extended a narrow gorge, the lower end of which was formed by a rock cut vertically on its outer face. The foremost animal was aimed at. As the report rang out the whole flock bounced up and rushed down into the gorge that divided them from their pursuer. But he, too, started to his feet, slipped a fresh cartridge into the barrel, and shot at short range an animal, galloping by, right through the shoulder-blade. The bullet, having gone through the animal's body, struck the ground immediately in front of the last two fugitives and kicked up a cloud of dust and splinters

among the rotten stones of the gorge. The two, frightened, stopped short, and a third cartridge glided into the barrel. A third shot and the foremost of the animals fell, whilst the other tried to escape uphill. There in the steep rock the flight is slower and the bullet overtook the fourth and last victim. The first one had still been able to flee with the flock through the gorge but then had broken down under the rock at its mouth.

The strange concatenation of circumstances and chances that led to this most extraordinary success shows how rarely a similar one may be obtained. Often, for instance, it will be impossible, in spite of all stratagems, to get within range. Up to a little more than two hundred metres a true shot is not unlikely to hit the animal. If so, it will generally be wounded only and remain somewhat behind the flying flock. In such a case a calm and experienced huntsman will not urge the game to a more speedy flight, which might possibly be successful, by firing once more. He will rather follow it, expecting that the loss of blood will finally arrest the escape.

Thus he will come to a surer second shot and prevent the wounded animal perishing miserably and for nobody's good, which grieves a true hunter more than its escape.

If the circumstances are unfavorable, if a strong wind often changing its direction keeps blowing, or rain, blizzards, and fog veil the distance, even the most skilful hunter will come home empty-handed. He then must seek shelter in out-of-the-way Alpine huts or the little stone refuges of the shepherds, and may consider himself very happy if, instead of a chamois, he gets a chance to shoot a fat marmot. And yet the real hunter will be off whatever the weather, and will not miss a single one of the short nineteen days.

Every means is used to improve upon the uncertain chances of the difficult hunt. Salt-licks are the favorite method. They are made to attract and accustom the animals to certain places. Secretly, so that



The trap.



no other one may see him and reap the fruit of his labor, the hunter, long before the hunt is opened, puts out salt, either pure or in the shape of lick-stones made it while it is at it, because the surviving ones would not return to the place for a long while. Of course, even using these means, chamois-hunting does not turn



Looking for game.

of gypsum or cement slaked with salted water. Still more effective and durable proves the painting of rocks with a mixture of salt, water, and gypsum. At the beginning of the hunt the animal is watched on its way to the lick. They do not shoot into mere waylaying, since the impediments of wind and weather, and the interference of other hunters, remain. In some cases, particularly when a bigger flock has been sighted, several hunters make common cause, if surrounding the game prom-

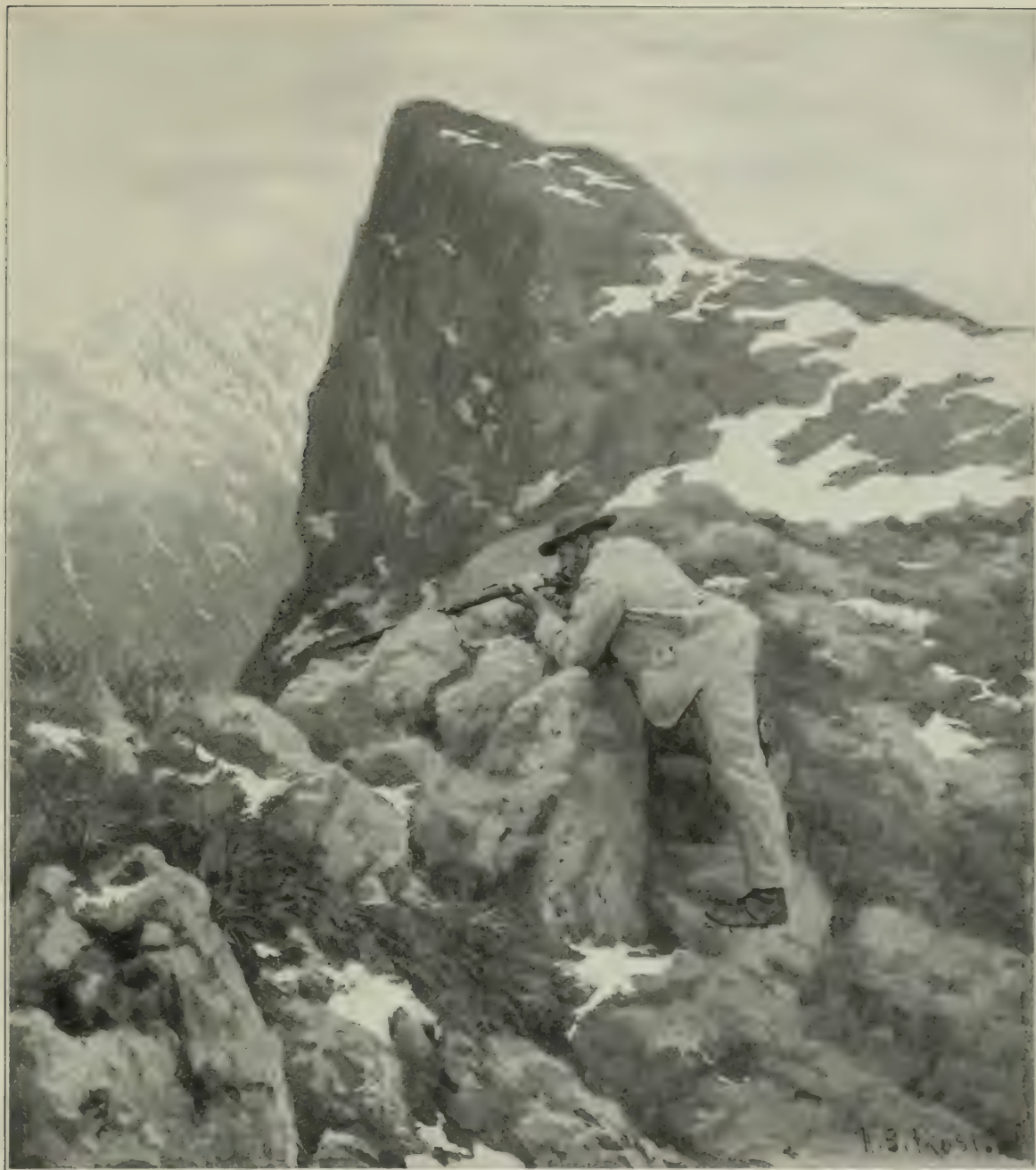


Waiting for a good shot.

ises a better result for each hunter than working separately. This is far from meaning a regular battue, which is impossible because there is no central direction or anybody who would pay for the beaters, who, apart from their wages, would have to have licenses. The affair is managed so that one man tries to get within range while the others at great intervals place themselves in those spots where the animals are likely to pass. Here, too, success is most uncertain, a chamois's opportunities for escape being always much more numerous than the hunters. Where

an animal is difficult to get at, they try sometimes to bring it within range by one or two men approaching it from different directions, who start it fleeing toward a hunter on guard. Or sometimes the chamois runs into a dead lane, which leads to a projecting rock or one that blocks up the passage so that the game is compelled to return in order to continue its flight. Its pursuer, barring its way, may gather in rich spoils provided he be well posted. If his stand, however, should be on the narrow path of the fleeing game itself, he is in imminent danger of being over-





The shot.

run and flung into the abyss, or else the wounded animal falls down into some inaccessible place or is shattered in the depths for crows and birds of prey to feast upon. A fall from a considerable height may cause the bursting of the intestines, which makes the meat uneatable.

All the difficulties conquered and the animal safely killed, the roughest and most trying work begins. Often it is difficult and dangerous merely to reach the place where the game has fallen. All the zeal and ambition of a hunter are required. Lucky the man who is accustomed to

carry his whole hay harvest on his own shoulders into the shed by loads of hundredweights, as the peasants of the high mountains do. To him the return home becomes a joyful triumph. As soon as the animal is brought to a fit place it is eviscerated. In order to carry it with the greatest amount of ease the front legs are tied to the hind ones; then the hunter slips his head between the body and the legs of the animal, so that they rest against his forehead. To avoid soreness, the hat is put in between, and to make the whole burden as compact as possible the ani-

mal's head is bent backward and hooked under the knee of a front leg with one of the little horns. Thus the weight rests chiefly on the porter's neck, who must bend forward in order to diminish the pressure on his forehead. During the journey it will sometimes be possible to facilitate the job by dragging the burden over steep snow-covered fields or to roll it down some grassy slope.

Thus they proceed toward the bottom of the next valley or the nearest place offering some conveyance to a neighboring game dealer's or a railway station. In most cases this will be the small peasants' and tourists' inn situated at the upper end of some high valley. In the September hunting-season the inn is haunted by hunters only, when every night the general room shows a most lively aspect. The room is low, entirely wainscoted with wood, has small windows, which form deep recesses in the thick walls, a cupboard built into the wainscoting with numerous doors and drawers, and a huge stone stove, surrounded by a clothes-horse on which to hang up and dry the wet garments. At the fall of night hunters from all directions come together there. Gaiters and boots are taken off, the pipes lit, the guns cleaned, and the day's events talked over. The one who has brought home the richest booty finds the readiest listeners, especially when he has killed a chamois out of a flock which may be hunted in common next day. So a merry but usually rather quiet conviviality develops. When the ever new topic as well as the nourishing warm supper have been thoroughly enjoyed, the Swiss national play at cards, the "Jass," begins. He who takes it and his vocation as a hunter seriously is satisfied with one game, in order to be in good form on his way next morning before the break of day. Others whose enthusiasm is divided between hunting and "Jass" may still be found sitting up when the other starts.

The biggest, most mountainous canton in Switzerland, and at the same time the richest in game, is the Grisons. Its government in 1910 ordered a commission to examine the hunting question, from whose most interesting report the following statements are taken. In the five years from 1905 to 1909 chamois-hunting has

twice been suspended, namely, in 1906 and 1908, and opened in the three other years from the 7th to the 25th of September. In these five years 4,418 chamois were killed, that is, an average of 884 per annum, or 1,475 per hunting season. In 1909, that is, after the close year of 1908, in nineteen days 1,580 were killed, which shows that the chamois increased rapidly after the close season. In the five years from 1900 to 1904 the hunt was open from the 1st to the 25th of September, and an average of 1,196 animals were killed. The commission estimated the living chamois of the canton for the month of August, 1909, at about 7,000 head, and held that by a proposed system of hunting-ground leases, under which the animals would be cared for during winter, the live stock might be brought to 20,000 head; and, moreover, the income which commonalties and the state draw from the hunt would be multiplied. Submitted to the plebiscitum, the bill proposing the system of hunting-ground leases was nevertheless rejected by a great majority. They would not allow their government to take away from them the right of freely roaming about the hunting-grounds of the whole canton, and accept in exchange a number of strictly limited leaseholds, which the rich only could rent. An increase of the license fee, however, to a three or fourfold amount would probably not have met with serious opposition. As a matter of fact, other cantons charge from sixty to eighty francs for the license, and at the same time offer fewer chances for game than the Grisons.

Formerly, that is, until the year 1874, hunting was practised by professionals, or at least those people whose income largely depended on the produce of the hunt. In those days hunting was sometimes altogether free, or open for a much longer period of the year; partly without effective supervision against poaching, and, above all, the most effective one, the mutual control by numerous license-holders. Moreover, the high mountain regions were then much less accessible than nowadays, when they are approachable by numerous paths and shelters. Then a single hunter, well acquainted with the remotest parts of his mountain district, and known to be a good shot and bold fel-





*Drawn by A. B. Frost.*

The quarry.



Bringing home the quarry.

low, could establish a kind of reign of terror. This reign was tacitly understood by the local population, because it was directed against those only who would have hunted in the usurped fields, and therefore it was not dangerous to the commonwealth. In so far as such a hunter was a great help to the peasants and shepherds in their struggle against beasts of prey, such as wolves and bears, and the damage caused by other kinds of game, he was often very popular.

Professional hunting under circumstances at that time so much more difficult required, of course, the most robust

ones of a race of men robust in itself; accordingly the reports about the deeds of chamois-hunters of the last century often sound fabulous, even though authentic. The most interesting collection of accounts of such hunters' exploits are certainly found in F. von Tschudi's well-known and famous work, "*Das Tierleben der Alpenwelt*." Foremost amongst his heroes of the High Alps stands Johann Markus Colani, who by cunning and terror had secured the hunting monopoly throughout the vast territory of the Bernina group. Two thousand seven hundred chamois are said to have been that power-



ful man's victims, and a certain number of men, too. A friend of his, A. Cadonau, of Bergün, asserts, however, that there was one only, a Tyrolese poacher, who was shot by Colani, near Piz Ot. To-day it would probably not be possible to find out what really happened eighty years ago and longer in the remote gorges and rocks of the Bernina. Anyway, it is not very probable that the choleric and violent man would have dismissed amiably a poacher from his hunting-ground, and that a third person who by chance had been witness of the deed would have felt tempted to bring a complaint against him.

Another hunter of the Grisons of a later period, whose name is still alive amongst the population, was Jacob Spinaz. He started hunting when twelve years old, and after twenty-two years had killed about 600 chamois. The Bergell, too, the southmost valley of the Canton des Grisons, that extends from the upper Engadine down to the Lake of Lugano, has always turned out excellent hunters; so also Pietro Soldini from Stampa, who until the year 1868 had shot 1,200 to 1,300 chamois, 49 thereof in one season.

Most fascinating are Tschudi's descriptions of those perils and exertions of the hunters to which the greater number finally succumbed, whilst a few most marvelously escaped. One, on a narrow cornice with a yawning chasm underneath, fights a strong buck to the death; another is seized by an avalanche and his bruised body swept down into the valley; high up among the rocks they find the skeleton of a third in the place to which he had been able to drag himself, with an ankle broken when his strength failed and he perished by hunger and cold. Many were never heard of again; they went and did not return.

The city visitor who spends his holidays in the High Alps, when he sees the hunter coming down with blood-stained jacket and with the noble chamois on his shoulder, is probably shocked at such brutality and cruelty. He certainly would never be dangerous to a chamois, and the struggle for existence that man fights against man in the big cities of the plain costs no blood; but the greater inequality of their weapons makes it more cruel and imbiting than that between the strong, fleet game and its daring hunter.

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## SOLACE

By Walter Malone

WHEN I am bowed with grief, let me not say,  
 "Lord, I am cheered in mine adversity  
 To know that countless thousands in this world  
 To-day are bowed with burdens heavier  
 Than those allotted unto me." Let not  
 The selfish thought that hearts of others ache  
 With pangs more poignant than mine own, be made  
 A balm to soothe me to contentedness.  
 No, rather let me say, "Though I am thrall  
 To sorrow, it is comfort unto me  
 To know that countless others at this hour  
 Are glad of heart. I thank Thee that my gloom  
 Eclipses not the noontide of their joy."  
 O brother, though my hearth be desolate,  
 Lonely and dreary, let my solace be  
 To know that in thy house is warmth and love,  
 Dancing and feasting, and the sound of mirth:  
 Yea, brother, let my worthier comfort be  
 To know thy path is bright though mine is dark.

# A PATRIOTIC PILGRIMAGE

By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton

Author of "Martha Washington," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



AMERICAN interest in England will centre for some months around a picturesque hamlet in Northamptonshire on whose outskirts lies the Manor of Washington. The British Committee for the Celebration of the Hundred Years of Peace between England and the United States, by buying the English home of the family of George Washington, has paid a graceful and generous tribute to the character and ability of the former's quondam foe. For many years Sulgrave has been regarded by students of American history as a point of interest; but not until 1888, when Mr. Henry F. Waters proved that the Sulgrave Washingtons were the direct ancestors of George Washington, had they come to regard this little village in Northamptonshire as a genuine historic shrine.

When his Excellency General Washington said, in reply to Sir Isaac Heard's questions about the English origin of his family, that he had always heard that they came from Lancashire or Yorkshire or a still more northerly county of England, he little knew that he was starting genealogists of the future upon a hunt as exciting as one of his own Virginia fox-hunts. From the days of Washington Irving to our own time genealogists have engaged, more or less profoundly, in this sport, and we can only wonder that the ingenious and imaginative Weems resisted the temptation of supplying his hero with an 'appropriate line of ancestors. Colonel Chester, keen genealogist that he was, was thrown off the scent by Washington's own statement that his was a north country family. In this he was quite correct, but he evidently did not know of the removal of the Washingtons from Whitfield and Warton township, Lancaster County, to Northamptonshire prior to the emigration to America. Colonel Chester, making no allowance for migratory hab-

its among the English, who usually stayed where they happened to be born, unless they came to America, overlooked many valuable leadings toward Sulgrave. Again, as if further to confuse him and his brother genealogists, is the fact that there are quite distinct footprints of the Washingtons in and around Durham prior to their settlement in Lancashire. Near Durham is Washington Hall and the hamlet of Washington, once Wassington or "Town of the Wassings," dating back to the days of the Conqueror.\* This Washington Hall at Durham, now a tenement-house, affords another shrine that may some day be visited by the curious American tourist; but Sulgrave being nearer in time to the emigration of the Washington brothers is the most interesting spot in England associated with the family.

Strange as it may seem, after searches and researches in which Mr. Waters, Colonel Joseph L. Chester, and Sir Henry Drayton engaged for years, with ardor such as belongs to a still hunt after a baffling historical fact, a scrap of parchment found in the parish register of Tring brought them back at last to the simple statement made by Washington Irving: "The branch of the family to which our Washington immediately belongs, sprang from Lawrence Washington, Esquire, of Gray's Inn, son of John Washington of Warton in Lancashire." The only difference in Irving's treatment of this genealogical puzzle is that he seems to have overlooked one generation of the Lancashire Washingtons.

Interesting as Sulgrave will doubtless prove to the American visitor, his patriotic pilgrimage will be quite incomplete if it does not include Brington, where the

\*The Wassingtons or Washingtons probably dwelt in Yorkshire before settling in Lancashire. We find mention of them, however, as owners of land in Lancashire as early as 1261 when they held half of a village in Carneford, and in 1484 a John Wassington, thirty years of age and upwards, is spoken of as son and heir of Robert Wassington, who died December 7, 1483. . . . (From Townley's "Abstracts of Lancashire Inquisitions," vol. II, p. 117.)



Washingtons made their home for some years after they left Sulgrave, and also Ecton, the quaint little village in which the ancestors of Benjamin Franklin lived for many years. Both of these places are in the same county and within easy motoring or driving distance. In their eager quest after data concerning the English home of the Washingtons many historians have overlooked the coincidence that the ancestors of the two men whose influence was so great upon the early fortunes of the United States lived for several generations in the same county of England. Parton, adverting to this circumstance, and following in the footsteps of the aristocratic Irving, makes the following picturesque contrast between the two families: "Knights, abbots, lords of the manor, valiant defenders of cities and partakers of the spoils of conquest, bore the name of Washington, whose deeds and honors are recorded in ancient parchment, upon memorial brass and monumental stone. Franklin, on the contrary, came of a long line of village blacksmiths. A Franklin may have tightened a rivet in the armor, or replaced a shoe upon the horse of a Washington, or doffed his cap to a Washington riding past the ancestral forge; but, until Postmaster Franklin met Colonel Washington in the camp of General Braddock in 1755, the two races had run their several ways without communion."

This paragraph would only serve to provoke a smile, in view of the distinguished ability and achievements of the two men, did they not both owe certain characteristics to their English ancestry. The soldierly qualities, the habit of command, the stanch loyalty, the high courage, and the marked dignity and reserve of Washington, who had spent his early years in the simple life of colonial Virginia, may well be regarded as ancestral traits, while in Benjamin Franklin we find reproduced the perseverance, industry, inventiveness, shrewdness, and keen insight into character which belonged to a long line of village blacksmiths who needed in their business to use their heads as well as their hands to good purpose, and naturally studied men as they came and went in the course of their busy lives. One biographer goes so far as to attribute

Franklin's unequalled power of holding his tongue upon occasions to the ancestral village smith who, hearing all the gossip of his little world, needed to observe great discretion in the repeating of it.\* If in affairs of state Franklin knew how to be discreetly silent, about his own concerns he was open and communicative, in which again he differed from Washington. When the latter was approached with regard to his English connections he dismissed the question courteously but summarily. He had heard that the English family had lived in one of the northern counties of England—this much he had heard and he gave himself no further concern in the matter, as if to say, whoever his English forebears may have been and in whatever part of England they may have lived, he himself was a Virginia gentleman—that fact sufficed. Franklin, on the contrary, having, as he acknowledged, a curiosity in collecting family anecdotes and a habit of making notes, recorded in his autobiography, with evident pride, the fact that he was descended from sturdy Northamptonshire yeomen who had held land in the village of Ecton for three hundred years and more, adding that the eldest son had always been bred a smith, a custom which was followed by his father. Well equipped as he was with ancestral lore, it is not strange that, at the time of his first mission to England, Franklin should have made his way to Ecton to pay his respects to the memory of those who had gone, and to enter into pleasant relations with members of the family still living in the neighboring town of Wellingborough.

He who to-day delights in genealogical quests may readily imagine the interest with which Franklin turned from serious affairs of state to spend a few days in the lovely midland county of old England in which his forebears had lived for three centuries or more. This historical pilgrimage may be made now with far less fatigue than in Franklin's day—by rail from London or in a five-mile drive from Northampton. The Manor farm-house, still

\*The village smith was a man of importance in early times, as there was then scope for his craftsmanship in both practical and decorative matters, and the forge seems to have been a part of the Franklins' heritage. They were freeholders, as the name indicates, the term Franklin being in use as early as the days of Chaucer, who says:

"This worthy Franklin bore a purse of silk  
Fixed to his girdle, white as morning milk."



standing, has frequently been spoken of as the early home of the Franklins. There is no proof of this, although the records of Ecton show that a stone house belonging to the family was sold to the Lords of the Manor in 1740. The village church is well worth a visit, as here are to be seen tombstones and records which prove that Franklin was able to read his title clear to ancestors who were landowners in Northamptonshire for many generations, while the line of the Washington family has been definitely settled only within a few years, which brings us back to Sulgrave and its associations.

Some years ago, while travelling from York to London, an English lady who happened to be seated near me in the railway compartment spoke authoritatively of Sulgrave as the ancestral home of the Washingtons, and wondered that Americans interested in the history of their country should not more frequently visit this old town. At that time so many doubts had been thrown upon Sulgrave that I felt disposed to reserve my enthusiasm until I could be quite sure of having found the true goal of pilgrimage, recalling the story told of a patriotic visitor to Mount Vernon who was found shedding tears over the old ice-cave, under the impression that he was weeping over the tomb of the *pater patriæ*.

It was not until 1907 that I visited Sulgrave. Being in Oxford and misled by the fact that the places lie near each other on the map, my friend and I set forth upon what seemed to be a short journey; I believe, however, that one can make more changes of train in twenty miles in England than anywhere else, and although we left Oxford at nine in the morning we did not reach Sulgrave until long after noon. At Banbury, immortalized in nursery rhyme, there was a change of cars, and finding that the connection between Woodford and Helmdon involved a wait of nearly two hours, we secured a brougham, and so between hedges of hawthorn, and in rain and sunshine, we drove to Sulgrave, via Culworth. Upon this visit we saw the church, the Washington tablets, and the Manor House; but on the whole the visit was unsatisfactory, as we had no intelligent guide. Just before leaving Sulgrave we met the vicar, who told us many

interesting things about the church and the Manor House, but regretted the absence of his sister, who had, he said, made a study of the Sulgrave Washingtons. At the vicar's suggestion I afterward corresponded with this intelligent Englishwoman, who offered to answer all my questions but at the same time urged me to come again to Sulgrave: "Come talk to me, my dear lady," she wrote; "I am the romantic one of the family; come as soon as you can." This, you will admit, was a sufficiently enticing invitation, as romantic people are usually enthusiastic, and nothing in the world is as contagious as enthusiasm! Being practical also, and thrifty, my correspondent had appended to her letter a list of trains and connections with a minute table of expenses down to the last penny, after the delightfully exact English fashion.

By far the most direct route to Sulgrave is from London by the Great Central to Helmdon; but being in Oxford, in October, 1909 I again made my journey from there. As the weather was quite hopeless on the morning of the one day that remained for this expedition, and having a foolish American prejudice against visiting rural landmarks in a pouring rain, I waited for the noon train to Helmdon, and so again journeyed by winding ways, but fortunately in sunshine which never seems quite so beautiful as in England. Heavy clouds still overhung the meadows of emerald-green, as green as June fields in America; the woods that skirted the meadows were of a darker shade, with a suggestion of October in the scarlet of the rose hips on the hedges and of the rowan-berries, with here and there a touch of russet-brown. The land swells gently from the dead level of Oxford northward, for not far away are the Basset Hills, and Edgehill, where the first battle was fought between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians, in which struggle George Washington's English relatives took part on the royalist side. At Banbury we exchanged the railway-train for an electric tram to Woodford, where we took still another train to Helmdon. All these changes, although the distance is not over twenty-five miles! I wired *en route*, as directed by my English friend, to James Watson, carrier, Brackley, this last being the post village nearest to Helmdon. No carrier's wagon was to be seen when I





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The Manor farmhouse, Ecton, has frequently been spoken of as the early home of the Franklins.—Page 775.

reached Helmdon, a charmingly picturesque little village where every one knows the business of his neighbor. As in Barrie's "Thrums," it would have been impossible for Lawyer Ogilvy's servant Cassieky to have gone to the T'nowhead farm for extra milk without Jess and all her neighbors knowing there was to be company at the Ogilvys' and that "they'll be ha'in' a puddin' for supper the nicht." So the station-master, with the air of one in authority, said that he had just seen the carrier's son, who had told him where his father had gone—he could not say how long this errand would delay him—on his return he would find my telegram and in answer to it he would reach the station at Helmdon "sometime during the afternoon." This information not being entirely satisfactory, and as it was then three o'clock and Sulgrave and its treasures lay only two miles away, I set forth to walk, but was soon overtaken by the carrier himself, who entertained me during the drive with the agricultural and social affairs of the countryside.

Sulgrave appears in Lewis's Topographical Dictionary as a parish in the union of Brackley, containing five hundred and

sixty inhabitants. As we drove through the little straggling hamlet, with its one shop that is also the post-office, I wondered where the over five hundred souls were lodged—the houses are so few and so small. The parish is large, however, including two thousand acres, even if the living is pitifully poor, as the parish church is a discharged vicarage, valued in the King's books at £9, 17s. To the west of the little church of Saint James, with its square tower, so common among early English churches, is Castle Hill, around which many traditions cluster; but the crowning glory of the sleepy little town of Sulgrave, its title to distinction even in the English mind, is that it was the home of the ancestors of the great American. Perhaps also, back of the glory, in the minds of these thrifty villagers, is the hope of possible revenue accruing to Sulgrave from the open hands of patriotic American tourists coming here to do honor to the ancestral home of Washington. For, however genealogists may have queried and doubted and wandered far afield on a false scent after the Washington line, even to Scandinavia, to Ireland, and later to Yorkshire and Middlesex, the family at

the vicarage, where the living has been held by the Ardennes for several generations, seems never to have wavered in its belief that Sulgrave Manor was the home of the forefathers of George Washington. Tradition may go wrong in certain details,

that monarch. In the pavement of the south aisle is a stone slab bearing effigies of Lawrence Washington, his wife Amy or Amee, and their four sons and seven daughters. The inscription, in black letter, is dated 1564. When Washington



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The village church, Ecton. Here are to be seen tombstones and records which prove that Franklin was able to read his title clear.—Page 776.

but it is not likely to go far astray in the framework of an historical structure.

As I had been invited to stay over night at the vicarage, the afternoon—all that was left of it—was mine, and between showers, with a cheering regale of tea and plum-cake sandwiched in between trips, my enthusiastic and intelligent cicerone conducted me to the church and Manor House. The church came first, early English in architecture, the beautiful north door with its carving dating back to 1350, other parts of the building being of later date, about 1650. As if to guarantee the antiquity of the Sulgrave church there is in the chancel a leper's squint which belongs only to very ancient sanctuaries, while carvings in stone of Edward III and his wife Philippa go to prove that it was built or rebuilt during the reign of

Irving visited Sulgrave, prior to 1855, the brasses of the slab were still intact. Since then some vandal, supposed to have been an American, has despoiled most of the effigies of their glory. A member of the Washington family in England has placed a tablet on the east wall, near the Washington pew, and has had the remaining brasses on the slab securely fastened to the floor. The wall-tablet bears the following inscription, a copy of that on the floor:

HERE LIES BURIED YE BODIES  
OF LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, GENT. AND  
AMEE HIS WIFE BY WHOM HE HAS  
ISSUE IIII SONS AND VII DAUGHTERS.  
HE LAWRENCE DYED THE — DAY OF  
— AN<sup>o</sup> 15— AND AMEE THE VI DAY  
OF OCTOBER. 1564.

Lawrence Washington survived his wife Amee more than twenty years and the



date of his death, October 19, 1585, was evidently not added to the inscription, although he was buried in the Sulgrave church. Both wall-tablet and slab bear the Washington arms in color—argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second. Hither from Sulgrave Manor came Lawrence Washington to sit in the family pew with his wife Amee, whose

effigy with those of her eleven children once shone forth in memorial brass. Fortunately, drawings of these figures have been preserved, which represent the four sons in frock coats—the old coat that was really like a frock—and the seven daughters in close caps and long gowns, the mother in the costume of a woman of rank in Tudor times, while the father, Lawrence Washington, appears in the long fur-bordered robe of a mayor. This Lawrence Washington, of Gray's Inn, son of

John Washington of Warton, Lancashire, and of Margaret Kytson, was a successful wool merchant in 1539 when he bought Sulgrave Manor. As his maternal uncle was one of England's foremost merchants, it is reasonable to suppose that the nephew was attracted to commerce by the success of his kinsman, who was known as "Kytson the Merchant." Another reason for Lawrence Washington's engaging in the wool business in Northamptonshire is that his neighbor, Sir John Spencer, with whom



The little straggling hamlet of Sulgrave.—Page 777.



The church came first, early English in architecture — Page 778.

he was connected by marriage, was the foremost patron of the wool trade in the Midlands. This first Lord Spencer, knighted by Henry VIII, is said to have aspired to possess twenty thousand sheep, but never could count more than nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine at one time.

Lawrence Washington of Gray's Inn lived in or near Northampton before his removal to Sulgrave, and besides being a

It is quite plain that at this time the Washingtons had fallen upon evil days and the removal of Robert and his son to Brington, which was part of the Spencer estate, was doubtless in consequence of the family connection with Earl Spencer through the Kytsons and Pargiters. That this nobleman befriended his Washington kinsfolk is proved by the fact that Lucy Washington is spoken of as "lady housekeeper" in



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Hither from Sulgrave Manor came Lawrence Washington to sit in the family pew with his wife Amee.—Page 779.

successful wool merchant was evidently a man of some importance in the community, as he was twice mayor of the town and one of the original trustees of the Free Grammar School. It was not from Lawrence Washington's eldest son, Sir Lawrence, that our Virginians were descended, but from his second son Robert. This Robert married Elizabeth Light, of Warwickshire, and through her the Sulgrave Manor came into the family, being already vested in her father-in-law, Lawrence, the mayor. Robert Washington and his wife lived at Sulgrave until 1610, when he and his son Lawrence sold the Manor to Lawrence Makepeace, Esquire, of Lincoln's Inn.\*

\* Lawrence Makepeace, the purchaser of Sulgrave, was a grandson of old Lawrence Washington the mayor; so that, although the Washington Manor passed out of possession of those of the name, it still belonged for some years to those of Washington blood. It was in the family altogether for a hundred and twenty years.

the Spencer family, and that the names of the young Washingtons appear upon the registers of Althorpe as frequent guests of the house. Although Robert Washington did not own Sulgrave Manor after 1610, he desired that his body should be buried where his father's was, in front of his pew in the church, under the same stone. Lawrence Washington, son of Robert, died before his father and was buried at Brington in 1616. His son, the Reverend Lawrence of Purleigh, born in 1602, was the father of the John and Lawrence Washington who came to Virginia about 1658.

Leaving the church and its epitaphs, we turned to more cheerful memorials of the Sulgrave Washingtons, and walking down Church Street, soon reached the old Manor House. By crossing a field we entered the court upon which kitchen and side door





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Sulgrave Manor is now little more than a farmhouse.

both open. The house is of limestone in fairly good preservation, and either only a portion of the old house has been preserved or it was never completed according to Lawrence Washington's original plan, which makes it appear odd in style and architecture. The court from which we entered is not the front of the house, as the great door is on the other side, facing to the southeast, and leads into what was once a large hall, now divided into dairy and living-room. When Washington Irving visited the Manor House he noticed the Washington crest (the raven or eagle wings) in colored glass on a window of what was then used as a but-tery. He says that another window, on which the entire family arms was emblazoned, had been removed. Sir Henry Drayton, a local genealogist of repute, referred to two similar compositions in the possession of Lady Hanmer which are known to have come from the Manor House at Sulgrave, and others at Fawsley Church, presumably from the same place.

Sulgrave Manor is now little more than a farmhouse, yet there are many indications that it was a building of size and im-

portance in its day. Over the front entrance is a shield embossed in plaster, now quite indistinct, said to have once



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Over the front entrance is a shield embossed in plaster. . . . above this shield in the gable are the royal arms.

borne the Washington arms. Above this shield in the gable are the royal arms, with a lion and griffin, or dragon, as supporters, and in the same embossed plaster-work are the initials E. R.—not Edward Rex, but Elizabeth Regina. In the two span-drels of this principal door are the Wash-

room that we were glad to escape from its incongruities and make our way up the handsome dark-oak stairway, with its twisted oak balusters, to a spacious room above, simply furnished as a bedroom. It was in this room that Lawrence Wash- ington, son of Robert, and ancestor of



*Photograph, copyright by Topical Press, London.*

Walk by country roads to Little Brington, where another Washington house is to be seen.—Page 784.

ington arms, with the mullets or stars and the bars sunk instead of relieved, and in the apex of the gable the arms again appear above the royal arms. This door leads into the hall, on one side of which is the living-room with large windows from which the mullions have been removed. On the left-hand side of the entrance we noticed a niche which was once used for holy water, as this house was an ancient priory of Saint Andrew's, before it was discharged by Henry VIII. The present living-room of the house is a large square room with dark oak beams in the ceiling and a generous fireplace, which has been filled up with some unsightly modern heating apparatus; this and the tasteless furniture were so out of place in the old

George Washington, was born. At the head of the stairway is a large closet, which was pointed out to us as of special interest as the place where Queen Elizabeth hid while engaged in a game of hide-and-seek during a visit to the Manor House, when Robert Washington was living here. It is said that this queen, who seems to have had the same talent as our own Washington for sleeping about in different houses, spent a night here on one of her royal progresses; and desiring some light diversion before retiring to rest engaged with her host and his guests in a game of hide-and-seek. After a suitable time of looking elsewhere the sportive lady was found in this large closet, and much praised by her diplomatic host for





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A short half-mile from Little Brington is Great Brington. In the church, beautifully situated upon rising ground, we find Washington tombs.—Page 784.

finding so good a hiding-place. So runs the tale, and, whether true or not, it serves to light up the sombre old house, fast falling into ruin, with the light and color that belonged to royal progresses and pageants.

To Americans who are interested in Old World associations with the family of our first President, upon this peace anniversary between the two great English-speaking nations, I say, as my enthusiastic friend said to me, come to Sulgrave, cross the threshold so often crossed by the men and women who lived and loved within these walls, sit



Road leading to the church at Great Brington

by the chimney-place where they once sat with their children, and look out from the windows upon the green fields and hedges of the old England that they loved and that we love to-day, and see how the surroundings, side-lights, and village traditions give reality and substance to the story of the Washingtons who lived here more than three centuries ago. From Sulgrave go to Northampton, as I did, and see among its many memorials, dating far back in English history, the name of the first Lawrence Washington with the dates of his services upon the mayors'



shields in the town hall. Then drive through Althorpe Park, the fine well-wooded estate of Lord Spencer, or walk by country roads, set about with pretty thatched cottages, to Little Brington, where another Washington house is to be seen. Over the doorway of this dwelling is a tablet bearing the devout inscription:

THE LORD GIVETH  
THE LORD TAKETH  
AWAY BLESSED BE THE  
NAME OF THE LORD  
CONSTRUCTA 1606.

From the date upon this tablet it was evidently placed upon the house before the Washingtons sold Sulgrave Manor and moved to Little Brington. In the old garden some distance from the house is a sundial upon whose stone face the Washington arms are carved with the initials R. W. and the date 1617.

A short half-mile from Little Brington is Great Brington, typical English village, tidy, comfortable, and well cared for by its owner, Lord Spencer. In the church, beautifully situated upon rising ground, are the richly carved tombs of the Spencers, from the first Baron Robert to recent times. Here again we find Washington tombs, that of Lawrence, son of Robert Washington of Sulgrave, set in the stone floor of the chancel. Upon this tomb, the Washington mullets and bars are impaled with the three goblets of the Butlers both very handsomely carved in the stone. After seeing the stars and bars as they appear upon Lawrence Washington's tomb we cannot wonder that many persons have attributed the design of the American flag to this source, a very natural inference and one that has never been disproved. On the seal and book-plate used by General Washington the arms are given as upon the tomb of Lawrence Washington at Brington, except that the Butler goblets are omitted. The story in the Washington family is that a ring

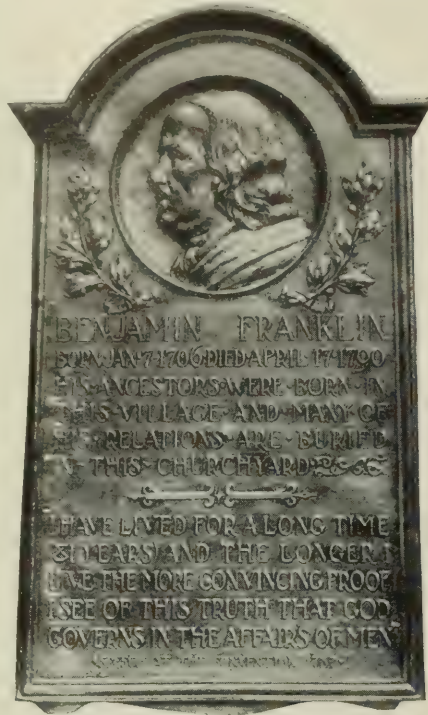
which had been for some years in the possession of an aunt of the Reverend Lawrence Washington of Purleigh was given to him by her, and in turn given by him to his son John, the emigrant to Virginia. As the early settlers of America did not

trouble themselves much about heraldic symbols or quarterings, the three goblets of the Butlers were not missed by John Washington, and the seal as it stood while the family lived at Sulgrave has always been used by the American Washingtons.

This patriotic pilgrimage might well be extended to Purleigh in Essex, where the Reverend Lawrence Washington, the great-great-grandfather of George Washington, held a living which was subsequently sequestered from him by the Parliamentarians, he being on the Royalist side and his two brothers, Sir William and Sir John,

in the army of the King. It matters little to us to-day upon which side the Washingtons fought in the civil war in England—it is enough for us to know that they were loyal to the cause which they espoused, and I must confess to a distinct thrill of enthusiasm when I learned that Sir Henry Washington, own cousin to the Virginia emigrants, refused to surrender Worcester to the Parliamentarians even when menaced by greatly superior numbers, with lack of ammunition and food staring him in the face, because, as he loyally stated, he "awaited his Majesty's commands."

General Washington's high courage and loyalty in the darkest days of the Revolution seem to have been hereditary traits. The old motto of the family was in his blood as well as upon his arms—the end crowns the work, or, as the even more opposite legend of his Butler ancestors reads, *Persevere, never despair*. No commander ever persevered more val-



Memorial of Benjamin Franklin in  
Ecton Church.



iantly in the face of overwhelming difficulties than George Washington, as if to prove, as his first biographer said in this connection, "Hereditary rank

may be an illusion, but hereditary virtue gives a patent of innate nobleness beyond all the blazonry of the Herald's College."

## THE TRICK OF THE VOICE

By Edwin W. Morse

"**T**HAT was about the worst performance of *Carmen* I ever heard," said Heartfield, laying the copy of *Il Secolo*, which he had been reading, on the compartment seat, and gazing out of the window at the peasants among the mulberry-trees. "I'm glad to see that this paper roasts her."

I assented: she was pretty bad.

"I suppose," Heartfield went on, reflectively, with his eyes still on the ever-changing landscape, "I've seen half a dozen *Carmens* in the last twenty years, and, do you know, the one whose voice lingers most gratefully in my memory is the first one I ever heard—Minnie Hauk. You remember her, Jim? Weren't those great days—when the old Academy was as sweet-toned and as resonant as a Stradivarius and when Campanini and Del Puente were young and lusty! I was young myself then. Perhaps that's the reason Minnie Hauk's voice made such an abiding impression on me. I can hear it and see her yet in every scene!

"I have a theory," my friend continued, still gazing meditatively out of the window, "that the *timbre* of every person's voice, yours and mine as well as a singer's, is distinct from that of every one else's voice—just as distinct as one's thumbprint is, and that this individual quality persists through life. Perhaps," after a pause, "it lasts into the next world, and if so I'd wager a harp that I shall be able to pick Minnie Hauk out of the heavenly choir by her voice, unless"—and he looked at me with a mock expression of stern reproach—"you and a lot more of my friends succeed in dragging me down to Mr. Lucifer's rathskeller."

Heartfield's visions were suddenly dispelled by the conductor and his demand for our tickets; and the high spirits in which we had both left Milan were momentarily dashed when we learned from this functionary that we should have to stop over for two hours at Piacenza before we could go on to Parma, where we were to renew our acquaintance with the Correggio frescoes. As usual, I was to blame. Through my stupidity in misreading Bradshaw up or down, I don't know which, we had taken the wrong train. There was no help for it, however, and we were too light-hearted to mind such a misadventure. For Heartfield had received a cablegram the day before, bringing the welcome news that his designs for a city hall in Milwaukee or Saint Paul, I've forgotten which, had been accepted, and we were as happy as two boys out of school. It was this competition and another for an art museum for some town in the Middle West, over both of which Heartfield had worked nights and Sundays for weeks, that had upset his nerves and had made this brief holiday in Italy necessary. With some difficulty I had got a leave of absence from the *Recorder* office, and with more difficulty I had finally beguiled my old friend—we had been chums at Dartmouth in the late 'seventies—into hanging up his T-square for a few weeks in order that we might both get a change of scene and a rest. John's wife, Grace, had gladly entered into the conspiracy to coax him away from his work, for she realized more keenly than any one else did the overstrained condition which he was in; the children and her other interests, she generously urged, would occupy her until he returned, rested and refreshed.

"This is a deuce of a place to be



stranded in on a hot forenoon," exclaimed Heartfield, as we descended to the station platform at Piacenza. And the surroundings certainly were unattractive—a dingy station building; two or three care-free, sleepy-eyed porters; the railway officials gesticulating and important; a few native travellers getting in or out of the train; and, at one side, two soldiers, mere boys apparently, trying heroically with their knives to carve a hunk of bread from a loaf which they had wedged firmly into the architecture of the station.

"Look at those fellows, John! They ought to have a cleaver or an axe for that job!"

"I have often wondered," rejoined my companion in his gravest manner, but with a twinkle in his eye, "whether or not the regulations of the Italian army provide for the use of these loaves of bread as weapons in hand-to-hand fighting or as breastworks. Teak sawdust baked in one of Andrew Carnegie's Pittsburg ovens couldn't be tougher or harder."

Leaving the soldiers to their bread we set out from the station, through the stillness, the glare, and the heat of the June forenoon, to see what the Palazzo Farnese looked like. Whenever it was possible we took advantage of the loose awnings which hung in front of the shops. The streets were deserted; every one seemed to have gone indoors to wait for the cool of the afternoon. Once Heartfield stopped for a few minutes in the shadow of a wall to make a hasty sketch of the detail of a cornice which had caught his practised eye. "It differs a little from anything in the books," was his only comment.

As we strolled leisurely along, stopping now to examine the design of some iron-work on an old door or glancing at a pair of brown eyes only half concealed by a striped window awning, we both noticed an elderly man on the other side of the street looking at us curiously and apparently keeping pace with us. When, on leaving the Palazzo Farnese, we set out to see the church, a short distance away, for which Raphael painted the Sistine Madonna, we saw, not a little to our surprise, that the same old gentleman was eying us and apparently following us.

Thus challenged, we looked at him more carefully. He was under the average

height and stooped a little as he walked. Although he was dressed like an Italian, for some reason he did not look like one. His gray hair and longish beard, his slightly bent figure and the halting deliberation of his gait, told us that his age might be seventy, perhaps more. His eyes, however, were keen and alert. The thin, loosely fitting dark-colored clothes that he wore, with a soft hat and a blue silk handkerchief carelessly knotted around his neck, indicated, we thought, that he might be a petty tradesman or the owner of a small farm. The most curious thing about him was his evident interest in us, the motive or the purpose of which was beyond us to fathom. A year had not yet passed since our war with Spain ended, and there was still, here and there, a feeling of hostility to Americans, of which we had been made vaguely conscious, among the Italian people. There was nothing sinister, however, in the bearing of this inquisitive old gentleman. On the contrary, his attitude seemed friendly. And when he turned down a cross-street and disappeared we indulged in all sorts of conjectures as to the cause of his unusual behavior.

Just as we were emerging from the Church of San Sisto we came face to face with the mysterious stranger again, and, not a little surprised, we instinctively drew back a step. The expression of his wrinkled and bearded face reassured us, however, and the next moment he advanced haltingly with the words, "You're Americans, ain't yer?" adding, when we admitted our nationality, "I thought so. Not many come to this place, and it does me good to see one. I'm an American, too." The old fellow picked his way, so to speak, among these words, as if, by reason of long neglect, the English tongue had become a matter of memory instead of an instinct with him.

Our curiosity and interest in turn were now aroused by our new acquaintance, and we urged him to show us the way to a café where we could have a talk. So, with only an occasional word, he led us slowly by a zigzag course through several streets to the Piazza dei Cavalli, the centre of the town, where, in the Café Roma, we found a table in a cool corner near a window. During the walk we had had an opportunity surreptitiously to note the clearness of



the old man's bronzed skin and the neatness of his whole appearance, and especially of his shoes. When we were seated and Heartfield had asked the waiter to bring us some bread, Gorgonzola cheese, and a flask of native wine, our new acquaintance added a few words in Italian that was incomprehensible to us, but which improved, no doubt, the quality of both the wine and the cheese.

Having laid a foundation for a smoke, we lighted our cigars, the old gentleman, declining our offers, loading and lighting a pipe of curious shape; and then we boldly asked him to tell us how he happened to be in such a place as Piacenza.

"There ain't much to tell," he replied slowly, it evidently being an effort for him to recall the English words he wished to use, simple as they were. "I was a soldier in the Civil War—a sergeant in a New Hampshire regiment. In 'sixty-three I was wounded in the head and captured and thrown into Libby Prison. A year later, while I was bein' taken to Andersonville, I escaped and made my way north. For a year I was in the hospital at Nashville, and when the war ended I managed to get enough money together to come over here in a sailin' vessel. I was so tired, and somethin' ailed my head, and I wanted to sit 'n the sun and rest. I've been here ever since. But I'm goin' back some day to die 'n my own country. It's good to talk with an American again."

A wan and pathetic smile flickered around the corners of the old man's lips as he ended this simple tale, behind which, we instinctively felt, lay much suffering and many tragic experiences. We wanted to know more, but a certain dignity and reserve surrounding the old soldier prevented either Heartfield or me from inquiring more particularly into the circumstances of his life. The sweet wine, being free from all such scruples, came to our aid by loosening the old fellow's tongue a little, and, as if he wished to justify as well as to explain his long expatriation, he went on, even more slowly than before, searching for his words carefully:

"I'm very comfortable here. Many years ago, when I had got my health back, I married an Italian woman, and we have three grown children, and all of them work in the mulberry groves. I make shoes,

but," with a suggestion of a smile, "I don't work very hard now. I enjoy the sunshine and the warmth. It makes me shiver to think how cold and bleak it used to be in New Hampshire. But I shall go back there before the end comes."

As the old soldier paused to take another sip of the sweet wine, Heartfield, glancing at his watch, reminded me that we had less than fifteen minutes in which to catch our train. Hastily paying the score, while Heartfield went into the piazza to find a cab, I gave the old veteran my card with my club address in New York, and urged him to let me know if I could ever be of service to him. He thanked me rather awkwardly, adding, with another suggestion of a smile, "I haven't any card: we don't need 'em here. But I'll write my address on one of yours."

He did so, and I thrust the card into my pocket as we hastily bade him good-by and wished him the best of luck. Jumping into the cab we were hurried across the piazza, the old soldier looking after us rather wistfully, I thought, and waving his hand. We reached the station barely in time to get our hand luggage together and secure a compartment as the train pulled out for Parma.

The incident of the meeting with this veteran of the Army of the Potomac had sobered us both. We looked out of the window at the slopes and summits of the Apennines as they swept by and at the yellow torrents flowing from the gorges and under the long bridges which we crossed from time to time, but we saw nothing. My thoughts were following the old soldier, sorely wounded, into Libby Prison and into the hospital. Heartfield, I suspect, was thinking of his own father and perhaps of the self-sacrificing devotion of his widowed mother while he was working his way through college and through the Tech. If, as I imagined from one or two things I had heard, his father had been a man of rather weak character, his mother was certainly a remarkable woman in many ways.

Suddenly Heartfield broke the silence. "I never meet a veteran of the Civil War without being strangely affected—I suppose from the recollection of my own father, who, you remember, enlisted and left home when I was six years old, and

who now lies in a nameless grave on some Virginia battle-field—we never could learn where. But there was something about this old man that moved me unusually—whether it was his story or his manner or his voice I can't say. I think it must have been his voice which reminded me of some one or something. I wonder what part of New Hampshire he came from and what his name is."

"I have his name here," I replied, reaching into my pocket and pulling out the card which the old soldier had given me. Glancing at it I saw, in faint, pencilled writing, the words:

GIOVANNI CUORECAMPO

Via Felice Cavallotti

*Giovanni Cuorecampo—John Heartfield!*

The words swam before my eyes, and I read them again more carefully, so as to make sure that the unfamiliar handwriting was not playing me some trick. There they were, however, ominously uncompromising—*Giovanni Cuorecampo—John Heartfield*. Slowly the dreadful truth, or my surmise of what the dreadful truth might be, engulfed my mind, leaving me

dazed, irresolute, and, for the moment, helpless. Instinctively I clutched at the window frame in a nervous attempt to pull myself out of the whirlpool of emotions in which I found myself struggling, and as I did so a gust of wind blew the card from my loosened fingers.

"Confound the luck!" I cried, with confused feelings of genuine regret and of unspeakable relief surging through my mind. "There goes that card! How careless of me to lose it!"

"Can you remember the name?" asked John calmly, his eyes still fixed on a waterfall in the distance which had prevented him from noticing my momentary agitation.

"Ye-es," I replied hesitatingly. "I—I think so."

"What was it?"

"Giovanni Bianco," I answered in a low voice, after a pause.

"Ah, John White," he rejoined easily. "Not much of a clew, but when I get back I shall have to see if I can find any trace of him in the records of the War Department. The old man interests me for some reason or other. I wish I could get the sound of his voice out of my ears."

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## THE HOMEWARD ROAD

By Charles Buxton Going

THE fields of workaday are thickly sowed  
With tangled troubles and the thorns of care;  
But when night comes, it brings the homeward road—  
And you are there.

Together, in the cool and fragrant hush,  
Cares fall away, and love and life grow strong;  
And lo! the restful fields with flowers are lush,  
And full of song.

A little wishing moon, above the hill,  
Hangs in the saffron sky its silver bow;  
And to the murmur of the crickets' trill,  
Homeward we go.

To home and hearth and heart—how glad the quest!  
Through dusk whose velvet bloom half veils the view,  
Homeward and loveward—oh, dear heart, the rest!  
Homeward, with you!



## · THE POINT OF VIEW ·

AT our doorway we find it hard to tell whether the nearnesses or the distances are more enticing. The shade of one's own trees is grateful, and the small pink-and-white clover that blossoms in the lawn close to the earth is sweet; yet the far-away paths are always calling,

Old Trails calling, as they must ever to human souls. Past the blue delphiniums of the border, themselves suggestive of distance, as a subtle-minded gardener once told us, to the hazy blue of the distant hill is an inevitable journey for the eye, and where the eye wanders the feet would fain follow. Wherever we glance, we see stable and permanent surroundings slipping into the beginning of trails. Our neighbor's trim green lawn, surrounded by the tidiest hedge in the world, under a huge, overshadowing elm, would seem to be a very abiding-place, stationary and unchanging, yet it is here that we get our first glimpse of the highway, and one glance at the open road is sometimes enough to set the feet a-going. Another way, one sees the living green of sunlight in the wild grass and least birch-trees on the hillside, and may not stay, for a little wind entices, and one follows with swift feet down the slope, through the intervale where a stream wanders, up the hill where it runs riot in the long, waving grass, to a sunny bit of road which lingers as if waiting for a comrade before entering the shadow of the wood.

As we stand wavering on the threshold, uncertain whether to go or stay, spring calls to us in the early note of bird or the cry of the hylas, in young greens and faint rose tints that run swiftly over distant hill and wood; or autumn beckons, with its magic, haze-haunted distances, and its gray-blue mists beyond the oaks that burn deep-red with the late fires of fall. Even winter, sometimes austere, over white snow that seems the end of things, sometimes gayly, with tingling in the blood, stings one forth, over crisp paths, by naked, lovely branches against a clear, cold sky, past roadsides where every branch and withered blossom bends with its soft weight of new-fallen snow. And the call of the summer nights,

the charm of the road one cannot see, who can resist that? The familiar pathways are full of challenge of the unknown; sweeter, more penetrating odors creep out in the darkness, from dusky tangles of vine and shadowy fields; the common roadways seem to end in stars.

This is a gently rolling country, that lingers in its passage toward the sea, by many a low-lying meadow and reedy stream; and through it, here, there, and everywhere, a little loitering river wanders its own wet way. If we lack opportunities for steep climbing, yet there are gentle heights to tempt our feet. One, that to which the delphinium beckons, you reach, after your tramp by the roadside is over, through an old New England pasture, full of unforgettable charm. By gray rocks covered with ancient lichen, by clumps of tall fern you go, climbing a broad slope past wild rose and barberry tangles. Blueberries, dim in color as this hill summit from our distant home, grow here among the bay, and juniper, and sweet fern. You hold a few in your hand as you go climbing on, past the tiny sentinel cedars that dot the close grass, to a broad and gracious summit. You are higher than you thought. Miles and miles about you stretches the encompassing green country, with the silver line of the river, and the soft, deep-foliaged trees, out and out; the entire horizon is clear, in perfect circle. In the west lies the faint blue outline of distant mountains, and between, slight ridges that the misty sunset finds, wave upon wave of land shining out toward the sky. It is silent, except for the tinkle of a cow-bell now and then, and the cawing of a hoarse old crow.

Some of the roadsides about us are as neglected and as full of charm as if they did not know they are living in an era of landscape gardeners. Long grass sways by the fences; wild grapevine, berry-bushes, woodbine tangle there; asters, white or purple, and tall, starry goldenrod nodding over fences still are spared us, by the grace of God and the forgetfulness of man. That highway whose invitation is ever before us charms by its onward directness, its over-



shadowing trees, elms, oaks, and ancient maples, and by its bordering meadows. Neither gypsy caterpillars nor automobiles have as yet destroyed it, though both are making progress. This highway, in all seasons, in all moods, we know, in sunlight, starlight, and in misty rain. Here, in a sheltered hollow, spring comes earliest; over the half-hidden, sunny water one sees the delicate ripple of young leaves, myriad-tinted; trailing willow branches are there with their faint golden gleam, and red blossoms of the maple, all wearing the iridescent glory of April days. To the broad grassy meadows just beyond, in May, the bobolinks come home and build again, madly singing in the summer.

On sleepy, sunshiny afternoons, so great is the charm of these meadows, and the pale, indescribable green of the young wheat-field near, or its later golden grain, that you almost forget the open road. A sense of warmth and rest and fulness of life possesses you; you sit upon an "old gray stone" and doze in the sun, with the fragrance of pine in your nostrils; then you waken with a start and trudge on.

Still more compelling is the invitation of this highway in late evenings, in the dampness and wet fragrance of full summer. Everything calls one—the booming of the old frogs from the low, marshy pond, answering each other from under the great willows on opposite sides where they make their homes. Tree-toads are calling, calling from shadowy trees close to the road, and the cheep of drowsy birds comes from unseen nests near by. Fireflies everywhere lure one on; that field of wheat is full of them; so is the long grass where bobolinks are asleep.

There is another road, whose loveliness at night belies a touch of sordidness it wears in the light of day. Here we go to see the stars, for it commands wide open spaces. Orion, the pole star, the corona borealis—and the steady swing of our stride seems in unison with their steady swing. Common things take on a dim, mysterious beauty, lent by the fireflies and the star-shine. Through the soft darkness of the neighboring corn-field the tasselled tops shine like dull torches, as we stop to breathe in the sweetness of it all—the moist, cool sweetness. Would that John Keats might have smelled this of a summer night!

Something is always calling us from chair

or hammock in our birch-trees' shade—the drifting flight of a butterfly, the beat of a swift bird's wing, floating bit of thistledown, or flower and driven leaf of autumn, sharing the wind's wild flight. I would not have the challenge of the distances find me lacking, nor discern heights or glimpses of far roads that I do not know. This sense of constant quest is but part of the eternal impulse which we share with all the universe toward change and movement. It is well that radium—potent in modern surgery—has opened the minds of scientists to a suspicion that matter is but a form of energy, of motion, and that they begin to waken to an idea suggested by Greek philosophers more than two thousand years ago! Great is the joy of moving where all things move; deep is the thrill of that sense of wide companionship that nothing escapes. The symbolism of the open road has always been our best and profoundest symbol; the "pilgrimage of man" suggests more potently than any other figure our lot between the cradle and the grave. There is an unescapable charm in feeling one's feet move slowly along the common highway; each step reaches back to our earliest beginning, and onward to one end, connecting our two ultimate selves. Something primeval perhaps lingers in it; a sense of those earliest stages when the animal found itself floating free from the old vegetable fixedness, in fearful joy of oozy motion; something too of the thrill of those first moments of ability to choose a path, the flash of the living will through the incipient stages of animal being.

THE thought of one's primeval self suggests primeval process; there are walks hereabout that bear witness to the ceaseless growth, the stir and unrest, at the heart of apparently stable things. Such is the path about our little lake, by shelving shore, under overhanging trees, past jutting points where the reflected beauty of moss and tree ripples down into the water with exquisitely changing gradations; and the more rugged path about the upper lake, where, between hemlock branches, we get glimpses of an irregular wild shore, and of secluded corners overgrown with reeds and lily-pads. We know, for the wise have told us, that, through timeless and imperceptible nature

Afoot and  
Alone



process, our bright sheet of water is filling up from the other. Through the silence, we can almost hear

"The moanings of the homeless sea,  
The sound of streams, that, swift or slow,  
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow  
The dust of continents to be."

Of the glacial action that determined the shape of our rounding hills and wide sand plains, dim pictures form themselves in one's mind, but the "imagination boggles at" that cold world of ice. Curiously interesting is the walk along the "eskar," or bed of a glacial river. High, winding, with uniform wooded slopes below—you would think it an aqueduct but for the curves. You are with the tree-tops, touched with faint spring color or autumn-tinted, and you know, though you are far up in the air, that this is the bed of the most ancient type of river. You are going the way the water went uncounted years ago, under the slowly melting mass of ice, heaping up débris.

The aqueduct in places would seem to be imitating the eskar, save that it runs straight, at times with even, grassy slopes perhaps seventy feet high. Here and there it is carried over marshy stream or deep gully by stately Roman arches of gray stone, the dull Pompeian red of its brick walls fading and crumbling above the green. All about, a network of aqueducts, converging cityward, afford for us and for other tramps enchanting trails, with always a footpath running through the grass, sometimes at a height, sometimes across a level meadow, most charming of all when sunken and sheltered by high banks, where deep cutting was necessary to keep a level for the water. Here summer lingers into autumn, and autumn keeps winter out long after the highways are surrendered. Violets and low wild roses blossom along the slender trail; the gently sloping sides are clothed with gracious grass and fern; goldenrod, asters, sumac, and scrub-oak bring autumn glory there.

For country near a large city, there is an amazing amount of woodland hereabout. Though much of it is second growth, and it lacks the deep solemnity of the ancient wood, it has the immemorial appeal of the forest, which is different from the appeal of anything else earth has to offer, more intimate, more subtle, perhaps going farther back. There are wood-roads here and there,

deep ruts with grassy strips between; you can walk for miles under delicate, translucent young leaves in spring, and see everywhere about the flame of green sunlight in ferns that light the shadowy corners. In autumn, the brown and red and gold, interlacing overhead, the slim tree-trunks, the tracery of branch and twig, recall, but with far greater beauty, the glory of living color of the Sainte Chapelle. Here one is aware, more deeply than anywhere else, of eternal process, stir, and change, at nature's very heart. Some rustle across the stillness brings constantly a sense of encompassing life.

"Enter these enchanted woods,  
You who dare.  
Here the snake across your path  
Stretches in his golden bath;  
Mossy-footed squirrels leap,  
Soft as winnowing plumes of sleep.

Change, the strongest son of Life,  
Has the Spirit here to wife."

If you wish a companion for your wayfaring, perhaps you seek the little river that goes gently, with innumerable twists and windings, toward the sea. From the highway you pass through an opening, once guarded by a pair of bars; you follow, through a low bit of meadowland, a road deep grown with grass, daisies and buttercups blossoming at the side and between. Under the aqueduct, beyond the tall grasses of the marsh, where wild blue iris grows, beyond the reeds and rushes, you find the river, the slow little river, the laziest stream in all the world, outside of England. It is, of all the rivers in existence, the one for those divided in their minds, not knowing whether to go or to stay at home. It flows gently past its mossy, wooded banks, so full of reflections of birch and maple, pine and dogwood, that it must almost think itself a forest, with so untroubled, so clear a surface that you cannot tell, by looking, which way the current goes, and the floating leaves are of no help. This is because of the many curves and turnings; it goes back on its course again and again. Opposite lies a great estate, once open to the wayfarer, now, alas! closed, with miles of magic, tree-bordered driveway.

"Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion,  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,"

and still does, I fancy. Sacred? Of course! Is it not the river Charles?



It is an enchanting stream, gracious, companionable. In spring and autumn, boats and canoes with young men in white flannels recall the Oxford students of old days, except that these young men sit up straighter, as behooves them, the companion being not the undergraduate fox-terrier but a college girl.

The path skirts the shore closely, through beds of fern, past wild honeysuckle and tangled vines, up a little slope fragrant with pine. You reach at last a beautiful pine wood, with its fragrances, its brown bed of needles, its "sunny spots of greenery," and here you stop, letting the river ripple on through wood and meadow to the sea.

So we keep moving, moving, in spite of the enticement of the threshold, the immemorial desire to wander being ever with us, the need of being up and away. This slow progression sets mind and spirit free; you walk out of old worries, old tangles, into fine freedom. And the joy, the sheer joy of going on! Beauty is greater because you pass and go; the charm of the wild rose that you see but once haunts you endlessly. The sting, the challenge, the potency of change have deeper cause than we know for so commanding us. If each step reaches back through eons of life to the very threshold of being, it reaches forward still more endlessly. Each onward footstep brings its thrill; it is one footstep nearer the goal, and seems at times to be about to touch the very outer edge of mystery.

The most appealing path is no path at all, but a bit of open country, where high slopes with softly swelling hills and hollows stretch out like a bit of the Wiltshire downs. In the

bottomlands below, the river comes nearest us, and here lies a sunken meadow, safe and hidden; automobilists cannot see it as they speed along the highway, for on one side it is wood-sheltered, on the other guarded by the gently rounding hills. It is beloved by birds and butterflies, by fireflies, crickets, and by us. Most of all we love it at the folding-time of the birds, when we face the even grass and hear the good-night chirping, with the gurgle of the frogs, and the "noiseless noise" of slow water. This, like the upper slopes, is covered by smooth short grass, with the gold of close-clinging buttercups everywhere, tiniest daisies, and reddening sorrel tints. Like much of New England, it has no luxuriance of vegetation, but a spare and delicate beauty, wrought by nature in one of her fine, ascetic moods; yet the soft hollows of the downs keep all winter, under the snow, the freshness of living grass, and the first flush of pale green in earliest spring over hill and hollow has enchantment that I find nowhere else.

I know the way I shall take, when the last moment comes. Not by the highway shall my feet fare forth, nor any main-travelled road; not by aeroplane or motor, but afoot and alone, under the wide-branching oak, over the brow of the little hill, dipping into the hollow, by the half-hidden path bordered by sweet fern and the least goldenrod, up the broader slope where the world opens out to westward. Bare hill and hollow, stretching on and on; trees beyond trees; a glimpse of the lake, and beyond—the red-brown bars of sunset. It would seem but an easy step from this world to a fairer—if indeed any could be more fair, which I doubt.





# THE FIELD OF ART.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL—CARTOONIST



Good Sir John!

A tribute to Sir John on his retirement, by Linley Sambourne.

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FOR about a dozen years before his death, on February 26, Sir John Tenniel, so long chief cartoonist of *Punch*, had done no work. Yet the obituaries seemed to indicate that the memory of his accomplishment was still fairly vivid, that the impression made was a lasting one.

What is the underlying cause of this? Not caricature; Tenniel's cartoons were free from distortion. Not rampant humor; Tenniel's sense of humor was ever restrained though ever ready. Nor primarily strength of drawing; Tenniel had, indeed, a clean-cut line which was generally adequate and at times remarkably so. He used always a precision in linear statement which imparted to his drawings an effect of sureness that did not always bear analysis. The salient quality of Tenniel's draughtsmanship is its simple directness, a very important, a very necessary, quality in political

satire. But the success of Tenniel in the field which was peculiarly his own for so many years was based initially on certain inher-



It was the rabbit returning splendidly dressed.

From "Alice in Wonderland."

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ent qualities which, to some extent, at least, may not strike the beholder, at first sight, as potent factors in political caricature.



"I weep for you," the Walrus said  
"I deeply sympathize."

From "Through the Looking Glass." Reproduced by permission of Macmillan & Co., Ltd.



First of all, seriousness. Cartooning of the best kind is a serious business. It is not the agile wielders of the slap-stick whose names appear most prominently in the annals of political pictorial satire, but men of the weight, the force, the energy of Gillray, Daumier, Tenniel, Nast, Keppler. And seriousness finds its highest expression in honesty of purpose such as was Tenniel's. "The secret of the power of his cartoons," said an American writer, "has always lain in their inherent truthfulness."

Next, dignity; a dignity racial as well as individual. That is, an element which emphasizes the high standard set by his serious intent. An element which places us, indeed, in an atmosphere of reticence and good breeding. It has been said somewhere that this reticence, this restraint, was in accordance with the policy of the publication on the pages of which it was displayed. If this is so, if such restrictions were imposed, the remarkably large number of indubitable "hits" scored by the artist in his two thousand cartoons becomes all the more noteworthy.

Underneath the dignity of demeanor, the reserve, there are felt strength and variety both of invention and of suggestion, and often strong dramatic feeling.

Such qualities Tenniel employed with singular, straightforward effectiveness. Sharp he was often—witness his Civil War cartoons—but bitter, hardly. Certainly not bitter with the ferocity of Gillray, nor with the relentless mercilessness of Nast's Greeley-campaign drawings. And even if we winced under his attacks on the North during those trying times of the sixties, we can smile to-day at the recollection of kindlier

notes. His conception of Lincoln as the coon ready to come down from the tree on being assured that Crockett (John Bull) is in earnest has an American tang that appeals to us. And there is grim humor in his summing up of the situation in his picture of Lincoln stirring the hearth fire, from which pours forth a thick volume of sooty

smoke resolving itself into innumerable minute Africans; "What a nice White House this would be," he sighs, "if it were not for the blacks!" Tenniel's cartoons against Lincoln have been referred to repeatedly, but there can be no doubt of the good faith that animated them. And be it said now that for the height of bitterness in attacks on the war President one must turn over the caricatures produced at the time in our own land. As for the rest, the cartoonist is neither omniscient nor an infallible prophet, but a human being. Tenniel made the *amende honorable* on the death of the martyr President in his drawing with the



Dropping the pilot.

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accompanying verses by Tom Taylor. The reference to prophecy recalls the "keen political foresight" attributed to Tenniel. Once, however, hopefulness and optimism inspired a cartoon which proved fallacious. On April 12, 1884, desire prompted a picture of General Gordon at Khartoum straining his eyes to see needed help coming, and rewarded only by a "Mirage." On February 7, 1885, came the scene of the arrival of relief, with the joyful caption "At Last." A week later the news of the taking of Khartoum did away with all hope, and Britannia, "Too Late," despairingly sees the Mahdi's hordes pouring through the gate into the beleaguered city. Gladstone was prime min-





"HUMBLE PIE."

Mr. Bull. "Humble pie again, William!—You gave me that yesterday?"  
Head Waiter. "Yes, sir—no, sir—that were GENÈVA humble pie, sir. This is BERLIN humble pie, sir!!"

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WHAT NEXT?

Russian Bear. "You've read my 'Circular!' You know my intentions are strictly honourable! What are *you* going to do?"  
British Lion. "Blest if I know! Ask the Government, and if they can't tell you, try the Opposition!"

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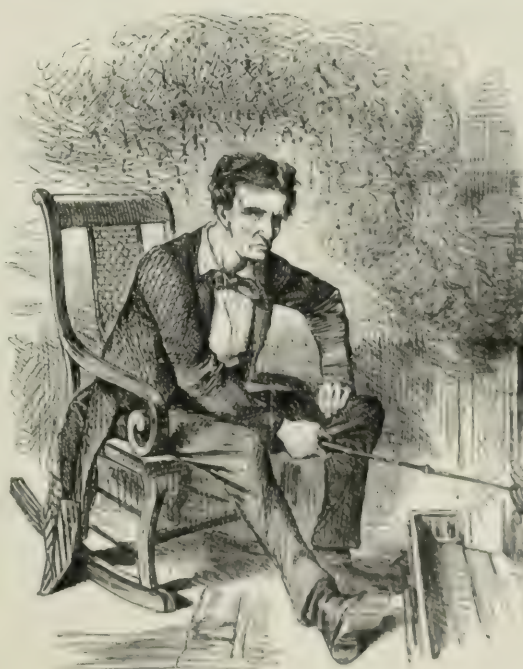
ister at the time, and he and Beaconsfield were prominent figures for years in Tenniel's weekly pictorial comments. Separately or in juxtaposition, he presented them again and again with a happy seizure of salient characteristics in feature and expression, with a subtle yet simply expressed summarizing of such fundamental traits under the changing influences of mood and circumstance and varying attitude of mind.

When in 1850 Tenniel was called to *Punch* in place of Richard Doyle, he was apparently not too enthusiastic over the prospect. His eyes had been turned to other spheres: at sixteen he had exhibited and sold his first oil-painting, and subsequently he had been

one of the competitors for the frescoes of the Palace of Westminster. But he had also illustrated Æsop, and it was this work which attracted Mark Lemon's attention. If he

really uttered at that time the statement attributed to him: "Do they suppose there is anything funny about me?" he certainly experienced a change of heart subsequently. "Some people," he once said to Spielmann, "believe that I am no humourist, that I have no sense of fun at all. . . . Now I believe that I have a very keen sense of humour, and that my drawings are sometimes really funny."

He was absolutely right. That appears most markedly in the title pages of which he drew so many for *Punch*. There is the



THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY

President Abe. "What a nice WHITE HOUSE this would be, if it were not for the BLACKS!"

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The Roundelay of Rollo.

From an original drawing by Sir John Tenniel in *Punch's Pocket Book*, extended to thirty-eight volumes, with one hundred and twenty-six original drawings and twenty-five tracings. From the rare-book collection of Charles Scribner's Sons.

inimitable Punch standing beside the imperturbable British lion, whom Toby, his fat little dog, is aping in carriage. Or Punch being carried off to the Chicago Fair of 1893 by the American eagle. Cosmo Monkhouse well characterized these titles and the head-and-tail-pieces as showing "decorative ingenuity and sprightly humor." And who can fail to see the twinkling eye behind the scenes he drew for "Alice in Wonderland"? He has fixed for us, with hearty sympathy, types of the hatter, the mad hare, the carpenter, the loquacious walrus, and the rest of the company. Finally, in his cartoons, the humor is often least apparent, yet often there. One has but to glance at the Beaconsfield series to see that.

The reference to the British lion brings to

mind a bit of stage property which Tenniel often used, and to the best effect. The first appearance, which I remember, of this royal animal in his cartoons occurred on August 22, 1857, in the print entitled "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger," revenge, that is, for the Sepoy massacre of women and children at Cawnpore. Tenniel, in fact, was happy in the delineation of animals; his Russian bear was an inimitable mixture of strength, clumsiness, and cunning. Again and again he appears: paying his addresses to Gladstone (as an elderly maiden), slowly crushing Turkey to death, clumsily yet stealthily playing his game on the chess-board of European politics.

Particularly noteworthy in all this is the fact that the story is told, the point made, with but a few figures, not infrequently with only two. That is an important element: conciseness, clearness. Summing up then the characteristics of Tenniel's style and expression, there are found seriousness, honesty, directness, force, clearness, the saving salt of subtle humor, and adequate presentation.

F. WEITENKAMPT.



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